

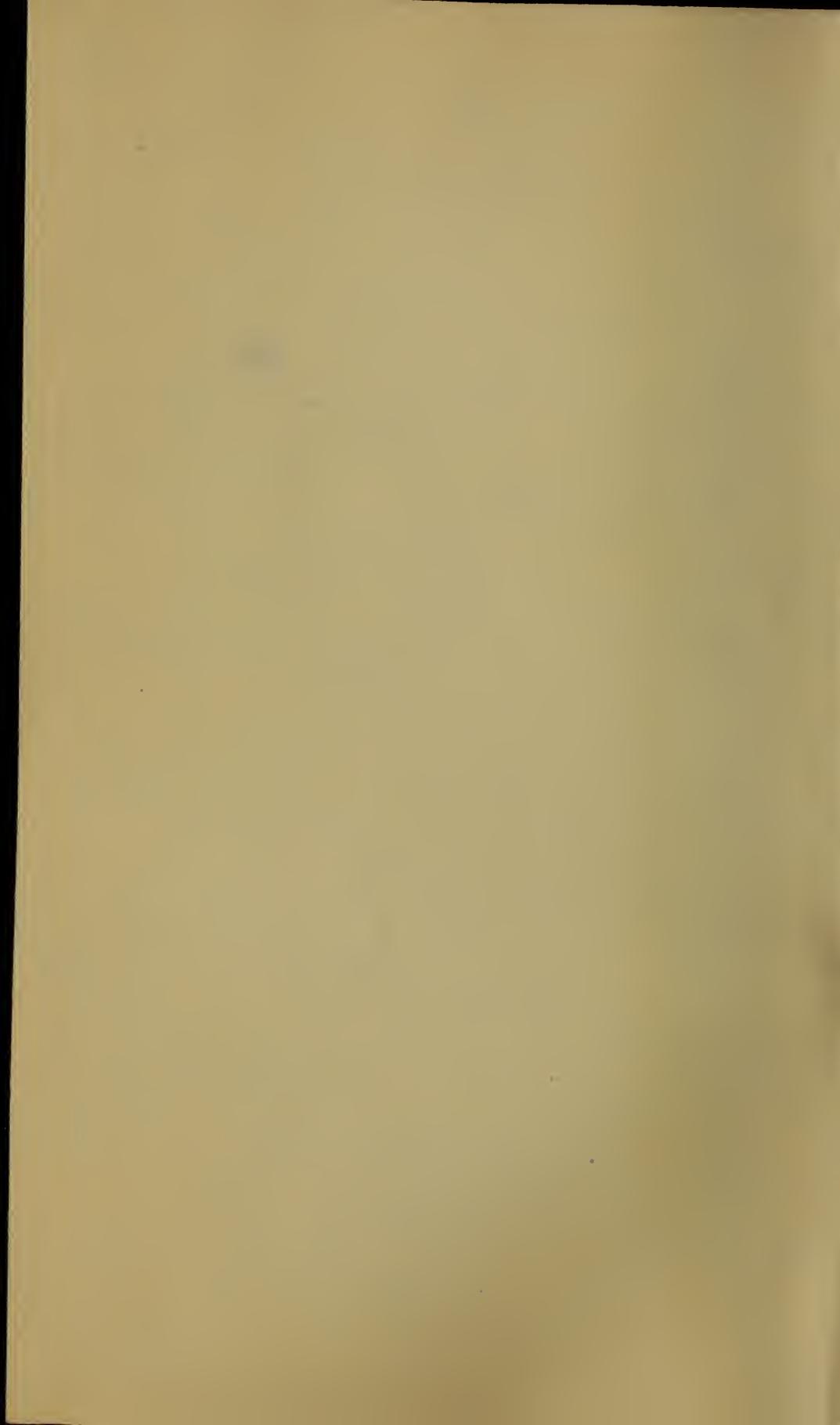




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Engr<sup>d</sup> by W. G. Jackman.

*Yours always with unchanging affection*

*Caroline P. Keith*

*THE CONFLICT AND THE VICTORY OF LIFE.*

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# MEMOIR

OF

MRS. CAROLINE P. KEITH,

MISSIONARY OF THE

*PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH TO CHINA.*

EDITED BY HER BROTHER,

WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

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"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—ST. JOHN.

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—  
ST. PAUL.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 443 & 445 BROADWAY.

LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.

1864.

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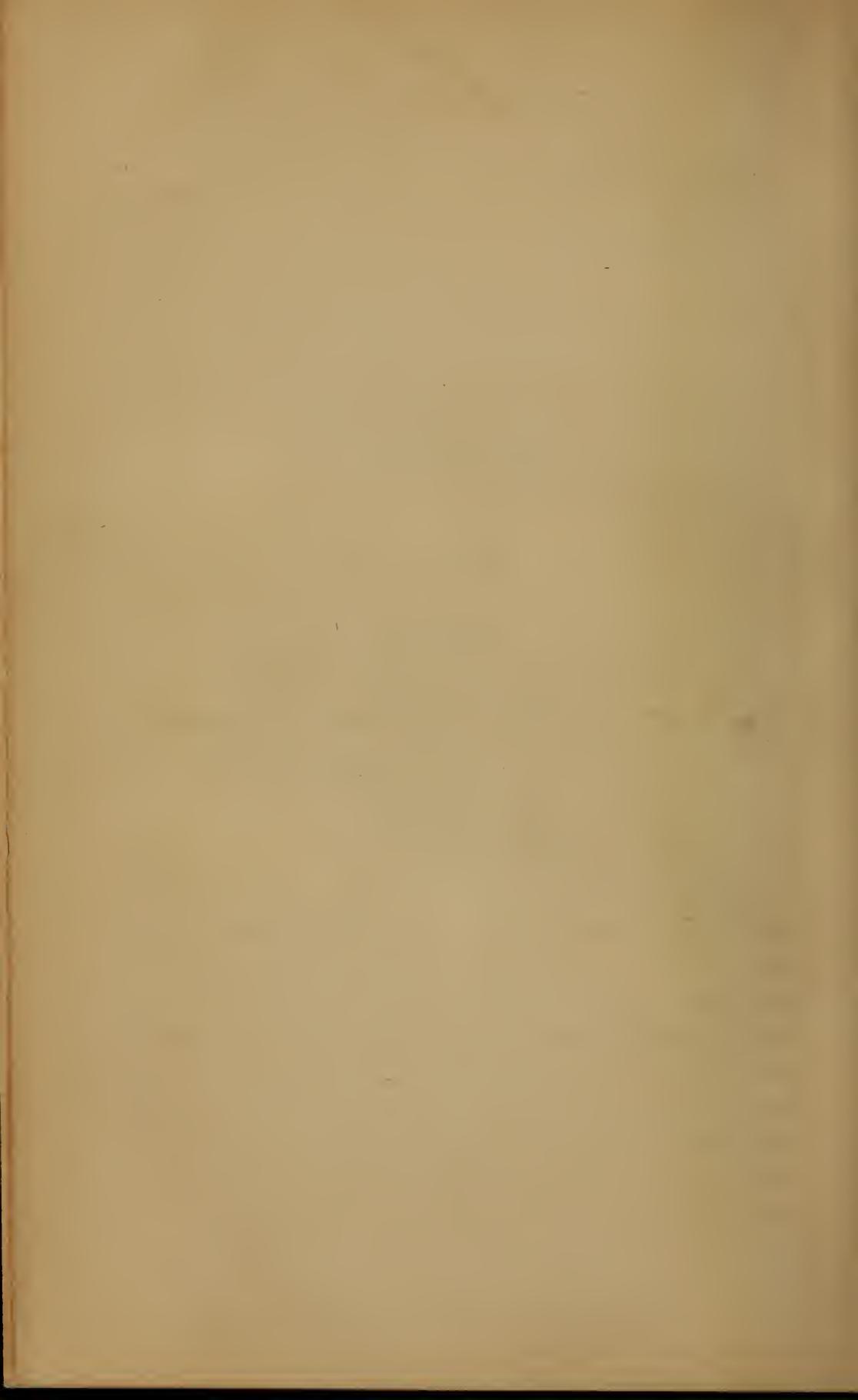
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TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
MY MOTHER,  
*This Memoir*  
IS DEDICATED,  
WITH THE DEEPEST AFFECTION  
AND GRATITUDE,



## P R E F A C E .

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I HAVE felt it to be a sacred duty to the memory of my sister, to give to the public a memoir of her life.

The readers of this book will judge for themselves, whether or not, in the design itself and in the carrying it out, my decision is to be commended.

The fatal conflagration and shipwreck of the "Golden Gate" doubtless destroyed all the letters ever addressed to my sister by friends in this country, not one being now to be found.

In the autumn of 1852 she writes, "I have now been two years and eight months away from America, and in that time have written three hundred and twenty-five letters to more than fifty different persons, receiving in return two hundred." The whole number of her correspondents, regular and occasional, from her girlhood to her death, was probably not less than one hundred. The names of scarcely more than one fifth of these are to be found in the following pages. The remainder I have not been able to ascertain. Many carefully prepared and interesting letters (some of them not inferior, to say the least, to any in this book) cannot now be recovered.

Let it also be remembered that, *for the most part*, letter writing was only her recreation amid her toils, and it will at once be inferred that, intellectually, she is far from being fully represented in this work.

Yet her inmost heart is here revealed, written as the contents of these pages were to her nearest kindred, her dearest friends, her most frequent correspondents.

My great perplexity, after all, has been in selecting from the five or six hundred (most of them long and closely written) letters, that have lain before me in the preparation of this work. Desirous, and even anxious, as I was, to avoid making this a bulky book, repeated excisions have not permitted me to leave it shorter than it is.

For myself, I have never forgotten that I was not an author, but an editor, whose duty (it has also been my pleasure) is to allow the subject of his memoir to speak for herself, without intrusion of his own opinions, or criticism of hers. I thank a kind Providence that I have been permitted to pay this tribute to the memory of a beloved sister, for whom,

“Fought the fight, the victory won,  
Death is swallowed up of LIFE.”

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# PART I.

TO HER THIRTIETH YEAR.

GIRLHOOD—SCHOOLDAYS—LIFE AS TEACHER—RELIGIOUS PERPLEXITIES—PERSONAL TRIALS—DEVOTES HERSELF TO A MISSIONARY LIFE.

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## CHAPTER I.

1821—1838.

Childhood—Early Influences—Schooldays in Derry—Death of Parents—Removal from her native Home.

CAROLINE PHEBE TENNEY was born in New Market, in the County of Rockingham, New Hampshire, on the 13th day of May, 1821.

She was the only daughter—and the younger of two children—of William and Phebe (Wheeler) Tenney; her brother, who writes these lines, being nearly four years her senior.

Our father was a native of Hollis, N. H., a graduate of Dartmouth College of the year 1808, and a member of the New Hampshire bar. His ancestors were of the Puritan stock, the first of the name in this country being members of a colony of Puritans who came from Yorkshire, Eng., as early as 1639, and settled on a spot in Essex County, Mass., to which, from their old home, they gave the name of Rowley. From my earliest recollection, he was a man of slender health, and, consequently, variable and frequently depressed spirits, needing, amid the anxieties and vicissitudes of his life, just the support and solace which he found in the companion of his days.

Our mother, with deficient early advantages, and with some faults, lying, as did those of her daughter, on the surface of the

character, was, nevertheless, a woman of decided mark and ability. Of quick and sharp discernment, fastidious in her choice of friends, but devoted in her attachments, with excellent practical judgment and executive talent, capable of making great sacrifices for those she loved, of quenchless determination, energy, and perseverance in whatever she undertook, she ministered with unflagging hope, and tireless, unrepining fidelity, to the wants of an invalid and somewhat desponding husband, till, her excellent constitution imperceptibly undermined, she sank, as in a moment, into the grave before him.

From her my sister inherited the industry, energy, persistency of purpose, which were subsequently so noticeable in her life, as from our paternal line she derived her love of the school and the church.

Our parents were married in 1815, in Salem, N. H. (our mother's native town), and immediately removed to the place of their future residence. The town, in itself small and socially uninviting, was, in several particulars, not an unfavorable location for a young lawyer of delicate health, and beginning the world with slender pecuniary means. The introduction of the cotton manufacture, eight years subsequently, largely increased the population of the place, and permanently promoted its prosperity. In that prosperity our father participated (with the engagements of his profession, to which his ill health forbade him to confine himself, interspersing other occupations), attaining, though not affluence, yet a competence, from which, spite of some subsequent reverses and unfortunate investments toward the close of his life, he was able to educate liberally his children, and leave them a small inheritance.

Our village, with the sudden growth and prosperity, was, also, not without the disadvantages and perils to the young incident to a new manufacturing town. Restricted means, in the first instance, had led our father thither; ill health forbade him to change, in middle life, and with a young family, his place of residence. To speak with plainness, yet within measure, its influences and tendencies, social, mental, and moral, were always far from being desirable or salutary. With tender and unintermit-

ting watch, our parents, striving to protect their children against the temptations which were on every side, felt it to be their duty to adopt with them an isolating and restraining policy, that, to the subjects of it, seemed severe and often needless. Experience and reflection afterward convinced us that, under the circumstances, they were right; and blessed be their memories for that strict and faithful care! Yet sad is the alternative which necessitates such seclusion, with its consequent introverting of childhood's sympathy and love, longing to give and to receive. The thoughtful reader will not fail to attribute some of the peculiarities in my sister, brought to his view in the following pages, to the necessary one-sidedness of early training.

To the older and even the middle-aged readers of this memoir it is needless to say, that educational advantages were then inferior to those of the present day. Those of our town were probably neither better nor worse than the average in Southern New Hampshire. The common schools at that day did but little for their pupils. Academies, with rare exceptions, were not of a high grade. Our own education was, up to a certain period, conducted mainly at home. There, except a very few weeks spent at a small academy, I was fitted for college under my father's supervision, becoming, at sixteen, a student at Phillips's Exeter Academy, only to fulfil the requirements of the freshman year at Harvard, preparatory to entering the sophomore class. There, too, though less exclusively, my sister pursued her studies up to her sixteenth year, when she was sent to a seminary for young ladies, probably not excelled, if, indeed, equalled by any other in the State. I make this last remark (I can best do it here) in connection with the reference by herself, in subsequent pages, to the defects of her early education. In fact, that education was as good as the standard of female culture at that day demanded or provided for. Very few young women of her age, even of families in far easier circumstances than ours, began the world with better mental furnishing than she. Our parents, though backward to indulge us, shrank from no sacrifices to procure that which would be for our mental and moral profit. And the regrets—almost complaints—seemingly forced from her afterward,

were partly a misjudgment, arising from the reflex influence of an improved system of female education, partly the contrast between her childhood's lofty ideal and its comparatively defective actual.

Our parents were (as, indeed, most of our relatives are to this day) New England Congregationalists. Up to 1828 there was no house for religious worship in our village. A few of the neighboring towns had regular, educated Congregational ministrations; and to one of them, four miles distant, we frequently resorted to worship. Our own and a large circuit of the adjacent towns were overrun by illiterate, ranting exhorters, filled with hatred to the "standing order," as the Congregational body was called, and lashing themselves and their hearers up to profitless, or worse than profitless spasms of periodical excitement. My father was one of the few in our village who began the work of establishing there stated Congregational worship; and very frequently, during the three first years of the movement, our house was the transient minister's Sunday home. The commencement of public Congregational worship, made in the year 1825 or 1826, in the warehouse of the Manufacturing Company, was followed by that degree of success which encouraged the little society to settle a pastor and erect a house of worship in the year above mentioned. I well remember the rancor of the rival sects in their struggles to establish themselves in the young village, not yet adequate to the work of sustaining them all. I make this passing allusion to it, only to exhibit the influences bearing upon my sister's childhood and youth.

Our parents, though not communicants, were constant and reverent attendants upon the ordinances of religious worship. The Sabbath was, in their household, an honored day. Public worship, the verses committed to memory from the Bible or the hymn book, the lesson in the catechism (I vividly remember some of the many Sundays spent over the Westminster Assembly's Smaller Catechism), and, later, when the Sunday school was established, *its* lessons—all contributed to the formation of the religious life of their children. The spirit of the home, though not directly religious (family worship was never established in it),

was always in alliance with religion. No contempt or neglect of the observances of public worship could ever have been tolerated there. Our youth was nurtured on a sort of modified Puritanism. A few years before his death, my father, in antipathy and alarm at the "protracted meetings" and "revival measures" which characterized the popular denominations of the land—the Congregational among the number—came by degrees to adopt Unitarian views; and, in 1835, sent me to Harvard College, in preference to any other. My mother remained a moderate Trinitarian Congregationalist to the last.

In such a household, among such circumstances, under these influences, my sister passed through her childhood and youth to her eighteenth year. I need not dwell on her early characteristics. Her case is no exception to the spirit of Wordsworth's line, "The child is father to the man." And so transparent was her character, so open and communicative her heart, that her pen, in womanhood, reveals what her youth must have been. Were she now by my side, she, who wrote of herself, "My patience must all come of grace, for I have none by nature," would not forbid me to say that her temper was originally uneven and difficult. But, from a child, she combated her besetting sins. Whatever her faults, she had no deceit, but was ever frank and truthful, willing to be told where she was wrong, unreserved to confess and earnest to amend, and, the rebellious mood past, all affectionateness and docility.

The influences of the home on her religious character have been already alluded to. It remains to speak of those of the Christian ministry. At the dedication of our church, on an evening in the winter of 1828-'9, she, a child of only seven, begged and obtained permission to attend. With a necessarily imperfect appreciation of the services of the occasion, her young heart was nevertheless thrilled with an emotion which a lifetime did not efface, by the striking hymn, read with remarkable impressiveness by the preacher:

" Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name ?

“ Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

“ Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace  
 To help me on to God ?

“ Sure I must fight if I would reign :  
 Increase my courage, Lord ;  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.”

Our first pastor, Rev. David Sanford, now and for the last quarter of a century minister of a church in Medway, Mass., left us when my sister was too young (being only in her tenth year) to retain more than a partial impression of the tenderness, fervor, and devotedness, full of love to God and to man, which bound all hearts to him. Our third pastor, Rev. Constantine Blodgett, now and for twenty-eight years past a Congregational clergyman in Pawtucket, R. I., came to our church in its weakness and destitution in the autumn of 1833, and self-sacrificingly remained its minister two years and a half, though urgently invited, meantime, to more encouraging fields of labor. I need only say, so hearty and glowing are my sister's references to him in some of the following letters, that, a punctual, earnest, reverent, impressible pupil in his Bible class, and worshipper under his public ministrations, she had received from his ministry, when, at the close of her fifteenth year, he removed from the place, impressions which abode with her—a mighty power through her earthly life, to accompany her, I cannot doubt, into eternity.

Such, imperfectly sketched, is the outline of her early days. A small family circle, removed by distance from frequent intercourse with kindred ; with uncongenial surroundings ; with occasional though not violent fluctuations in worldly prospects, intensifying, however, the anxieties consequent on the slender health of the household's head ; a father with an invalid's varying moods ; a mother with unyielding hope and resolve ; an only son

with a boy's bright visions of the future; an only daughter, with but casual associates and no intimates, craving not only the substance but the tokens of affection (the manifestations of which our parents, genuine New England people, rather repressed than indulged), with few recreations or amusements, thirsting for knowledge, with quick sensibilities, with warm affections, with tender and thoughtful religious musings, with the dreams, hopes, and forming resolves of an ardent and aspiring girlhood—these, some of the features of the youth as it was, may help the reader the better to appreciate the earnest, lofty, devoted maturity that was to be.

Sent, in the summer of 1836, at the age of fifteen, to the Adams Female Seminary in Derry, N. H., then under the charge of Mr. C. C. P. Gale (a teacher enthusiastically beloved by his pupils), my sister completed the regular course of study, receiving its diploma in October, 1837. To this oasis in her life-journey she frequently and feelingly refers in her letters for many succeeding years. Among congenial youthful companions, in the pursuit of studies that fixed her interest, and partaking, with her schoolmates, of the ardent yet friendly emulation that stirs the young mind, to her buoyant spirit the hours sped by with winged step.

The following letters, her earliest now to be found, introduce what, in the sequel, is to be virtually her autobiography.

## TO HER BROTHER,

*(Then a member of the Senior Class in Harvard College.)*

New Market, N. H., Feb. 25, 1838.

\* \* \* I have attended church this afternoon; heard Mr. R. His text was John xviii. 38: "What is truth?" \* \* \* You speak of a "certain book"—I suppose, Unitarian. Well, I will read it with attention, whatever it is. I read one aloud of the tracts you sent home, about every Sunday; and sometimes another not aloud. It happened that I read Mr. Gannett on "Revivals" last Sunday. There have been a great many protracted meetings around us. I don't know of any one's suffering; but then, Mr. Gannett says the good results are proclaimed, while the evil is not known.

\* \* \* I long for the 18th of July perhaps almost as much

as yourself, and shall be very happy to see you at home on a short visit in April. \* \* \* N. B.—Last Sunday I read Mrs. Barbauld's tract [on the "New Birth"], with which mother was highly pleased, and said it was the plainest discourse on that text that ever she had heard. I am going to read one to-night. I'll tell you what one when I have read it. \* \* \* I have re-read Gannett on "Revivals," much liked by all. I believe mother demurred a little when you read it [in December previous]; but now it has her full assent.

In explanation of some of the allusions in the preceding lines, I would state that there had been religious protracted meetings in three of the four village churches during the autumn and winter, and many communicants had been added to their numbers. My sister had deeply participated in the prevalent religious interest, but did not connect herself with the church with which she was a worshipper.

Ten days after the above letter was written, I was summoned home from college by the sudden, alarming, and, as it proved, fatal illness of our dear mother. Stricken down in an instant in convulsions, she lingered on through seven weeks of suffering, to die on the 23d of April. The four last weeks of the time, our father, who was in the latter stages of consumption, was himself confined to the sickbed, and was unable to see his dying wife, or to attend her funeral. In May, he rallied sufficiently to allow of my return to Cambridge the last of that month, to conclude the college term, which ended about "July 18th."

TO HER BROTHER.

New Market, N. H., June 10, 1838.

MY DEAR, ONLY BROTHER: \* \* \* Last Sunday, as father informed you, we visited the remains of our mother. But, William, it was not my *mother* there. I cannot describe my feeling, when I saw my best friend literally "mouldering in the grave." \* \* \* When I see a mother and daughter together, I think with deep grief that I have no mother. If I had a sister, to her I could speak freely, without reserve, and her company and sympathy would greatly lessen the affliction. But a brother is more away—his mind on other things; to him a sister cannot speak so freely, and their minds are not often so congenial. \* \* \* I miss your company and assistance considerably, of

course; but we get along better than I feared when you left. We count the days for your return, as perhaps you do.

TO MISS MARY E. PLUMER,

(Then at School in Cambridge.)

New Market, N. H., June 27, 1833.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: \* \* \* I expect to go to Commencement with my brother, unless something unforeseen prevents. I shall go the week preceding Commencement—probably Saturday. Now, the “request” is, that you stay to Commencement. I entreat you to think of it, and by all means to decide in my favor. Only think how much more pleasant for you to stay, and, with you, my dear friend Sarah Plumer; and then, you know, how much better I should enjoy myself. Now, dear Mary, you will not say me “nay,” will you? How earnestly I would plead with you, if I could see you! I wish you to stay at Cambridge, as much as I wish to go to Commencement. I shall anticipate “yes” for an answer; and I hope, Mary, you will not disappoint your (old) friend and schoolmate. \* \* \*

I am now alone, the domestic having left a day or two since; and I have a hand in almost everything, and the main hand in housekeeping; and, in most common things, my vanity flatters me that I succeed very passably well. My father's health, though better, is still quite feeble, and he requires considerable care. Although we are only two in a family, I find enough to occupy my time. But employment cannot take away the consciousness that I am a motherless girl. You can anticipate, on your return from school, a joyful meeting with your beloved mother; but, go where I will, whatever may be my lot, there will never be the hope of meeting, in this world, my tenderest friend. My dear Mary, only those who have stood by the dying bed of loved ones can tell the agony of such a moment. To feel that the smile that has beamed on our soul in gladness must be quenched in death; that we shall no more meet their look of deep affection; that there must ever be a void place in our home, with a weary longing for the music of a voice whose melody is hushed—oh! these are severe chastenings to wean us from earth's ties, to raise our affections to that blest place where are the “spirits of the just made perfect,” and where the bereaved hope to be reunited to those they loved. When I think of my dear mother's tender affection, her anxious solicitude, her exertions, her advice, and think that I have lost them all, the thought is almost insupportable. But there is great consolation in the reflection that she is at rest, and that there is a resurrection and glorious immortality

beyond the grave. And, though I may be even cheerful, there is the sad thought that I am motherless, and without a sister, that saddens every moment. I will not weary you longer with my afflictions, but do hope it is not your fate soon to know the deep, deep loss of a mother. \* \* \*

This letter I enclose in one to my brother, and he will probably bring this to you; and I will give you a little less than three weeks to write me a long answer, in which the most important word will be "yes." Do not let me see "no" in the letter. I hope I shall have once again a season of enjoyment with the friends of happier days. Mind my injunctions. Forget not.

My sister accompanied me to Commencement, which took place August 29th, closing, instead of, as now, preceding, the long summer vacation. Our father, with an invalid's persistency, overruled our misgivings at leaving him to the care of others, in order that my sister might enjoy a change of scene and a relaxation, even though but brief and partial, from her cares. Our return, September 1st, after an absence of eight days, found him as comfortable, apparently, as when we left him: His sudden death occurred just two weeks later—less than five months after the death of our mother. About the New Year of 1839 we left, for life, our native home.

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## CHAPTER II.

1839, 1840, 1841.

Three years in Danvers, Cambridge, and Charlestown—Joins the Unitarian Church—Spends a year at the Charlestown Female Seminary—Prepares herself to become a Teacher.

TO MISS MARY E. PLUMER, EPPING, N. H.

Danvers, Mass., April 3, 1839.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: After an absence of more than two months, it is with great pleasure I sit down to talk to you by means of my "feathered instrument." But it takes from my enjoyment to think you will not and cannot speak and talk with me as fast as we did in "auld lang syne." \* \* \*

I had a very pleasant visit of four weeks at West Chester,

during which time I read some, worked some, visited some, and enjoyed myself much. I then went to visit my relatives in Haverhill [Mass.], and spent three weeks. I then left for Danvers. My visits have all been exceedingly pleasant, but I was glad to come to a place I call home for the present. I have been here four weeks, and expect to leave for school in the course of a month. \* \* \*

Give my respects to your parents. I shall always remember the time spent at your house with pleasure and gratitude. Kindness is doubly appreciated by the heart of the orphan. I hope it will be long ere you and I forget what is laughed at as "school-girl attachments." Now I am left an orphan, I think of some of my friends with increased affection. Is it necessary to say you are one of those "friends"?

Caroline passed the summer in Cambridge, pursuing her studies under my direction, I being then a member of the theological school connected with the university. The autumn she spent with our friends at Danvers. In September she united herself to the Unitarian church in that town, then under the pastoral charge of Rev. Charles C. Sewall.

## TO HER BROTHER, AT CAMBRIDGE.

Danvers, Mass., Sept. 30, 1839.

DEAR WILLIAM: \* \* \* I cannot express to you the loneliness I feel. It seems to me I realize, I feel it more and more. Only when you are with me, I feel almost happy. Perhaps I ought to maintain a more equal frame of mind. In the conversation of Mr. Sewall, when I was sick, and was, at the time, rather low-spirited, he remarked that a Christian should always be cheerful, and appear so. Generally, I at least appear cheerful; and I often fear that, though I am sometimes sad, I am also sometimes too gay, or rather indulge in too much mirth. Be that as it may, "I am what I am," and hope to become better. There are, doubtless, worse things than these I have spoken of, for me to conquer.

In December, 1839, Miss Tenney became a member of the Baptist Female Seminary in Charlestown, Mass., where she continued one year, attending public worship, during the time, at the Unitarian church.

TO MISS MARY E. PLUMER, EPPING, N. H.

Charlestown, Mass., April, 1840.

MY DEAR MARY: I received a letter from a very dear friend, dated Epping, March 2, 1840, which began thus: "Impute my long silence, my dear Caroline, to anything rather than want of inclination to write; for I can assure you I have daily thought of you, and wished to answer your last kind letter, but it has really been impossible." I placed implicit confidence in the truth of those words, and was satisfied. Now I wish to adopt those words as my own, as my explanation for my delay; and you will receive it, I doubt not, as frankly and as fully. \* \* \* This term I study French, drawing, music. I shall take music lessons twice a week, and shall practise three hours a day, if I can get the time. I draw two hours, and shall do so out of school, if possible. I have relinquished Latin—my dearest study—for the present, to make faster progress in French, for I can pursue Latin with my minister at Danvers at any time. I go into two recitations in French, the third class (which is really the second) having gone ahead of the one called second; and I go into the first class also. My first lesson in the first class was four long exercises in the middle of the grammar, and two pages of phrases. Having only commenced French last term, I shall have some difficulty in keeping up with those who have studied for more than a year; but no other classes went as fast as I wished to go. I was provoked last term, all the time, by the dunces and the lazy ones in the Latin class. My teacher pitied me, and has now arranged it to my satisfaction. In the third class we read "Corinne;" in the first, "Racine." In drawing, I hope to arrive at painting this term, but do not know as I shall. \* \* \* I suppose you have heard that a Unitarian school is to be established at North Andover. Do you not almost wish to go? I do. \* \* \* My friends are few. Those friends, my dearest Mary, I assure you, are thought of often, and loved most truly. And "when on my bended knee I pray for those I love," you, dear M., will be near my heart.

TO THE SAME.

Charlestown Female Seminary, Sept. 3, 1840.

MY DEAR MARY: \* \* \* I am now just ensconced for a new term, and, before my studies shall be rulers of my time, I am careful to write to you. My pursuits this term will be French, drawing, music, chemistry, and geography of the heavens, with a weekly composition; and I must sit up only till ten o'clock. I

am rather glad it is my last term here, for, though there is good instruction, yet the atmosphere of the school does not suit me. The joys of Derry are too distinctly remembered to permit me to be easily satisfied. I do not know whether or not I shall attend school any more; probably not, for you know I am now nineteen. I shall continue study in the winter, and, if I remain in Danvers, I shall study in the winter with Mr. Sewall, our minister. I see no end to what I wish to learn, and might as well leave school one time as another.

## TO THE SAME.

Danvers, Mass., Nov. 23, 1840.

MY DEAR, DEAR MARY: \* \* \* I believe my last letter to you was written just after my long vacation. I returned to Charlestown for my last term with a great deal of vigor. The rules annoyed me a little at first, but I soon got used to them. I used to think I was studious at Derry, and that I was smart to rise at six o'clock at this time of the year. But all the past term I have risen as early as four, frequently at half past three, sometimes at three, two, one—this is truth—and never retired before ten. My studies were partly drawing and music, or I suppose I should have been worn down; but I am not, in the least. My brother has gone to Charleston, S. C., to spend, probably, a year. So you must suppose I am quite alone. He wished me to leave the hard study I had pursued and was anticipating, and accept the invitations of some of my friends to visit them. His advice decided my already wavering mind, and, for a time, I shall give myself up to the joys of visiting. Your affectionate and earnest invitation, my dearest, I am but too happy in accepting; and my heart leaps at the thought of another pleasant visit at your house. So you may expect to see me in Epping about the middle of January, bag and baggage, but no beau.

## TO HER BROTHER, IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Danvers, Mass., May 29, 1841.\*

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER: \* \* \* Your life must really be very monotonous—and no meetings! I hope I shall not be just so situated. If I am, I can be contented with my books and employment. Your encouragement for me from Rev. Dr. Gilman gives me much pleasure. I hope it is not for disappointment. When once in business, a great load will be taken from my spirits; but you know I am pretty cheerful now, and can bear, I

\* No letters of the previous six months are now to be found.

think, a few battles. Could it be that you should not be far from me? I should indeed be happy; for it is the feeling of strangeness in every place I enter, that often makes me sigh in the midst of gayety.

The summer and early autumn of 1841 were spent in Danvers by Miss Tenney in fitting herself to be a private teacher in the South. By the kindness of the late Rev. Dr. Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., she obtained an eligible situation, residing in Charleston in the summer months, and through the winter on the family plantation, about forty miles distant from the city.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A YEAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

1841—1842.

First Impressions of the Episcopal Church—Acquaintance with Rev. J. B. Gallagher.

TO HER BROTHER, AT MONK'S CORNER, S. C.

Richfield Plantation, near Wilton, S. C., Nov. 29, 1841.

MY DEAREST BROTHER: To-day I have commenced labor; to-day one week ago, I met you, and stepped upon the shore of South Carolina; to-day one fortnight since, I set sail at New York; to-day three weeks ago, I was anxious and desponding. I send this letter by Mr. Faber, who is going to Charleston to-morrow.

\* \* \* Rome, I have always heard, was not built in a day; and I will not despair that, at twenty, I am not a finished teacher. Had my advantages been what I could have wished, long before now it might have been; and it will yet be so. I wished (yet am not disappointed, because I did not expect) that your forty miles from Charleston lay in this direction.

TO THE SAME.

Richfield, near Wilton, S. C., Dec. 6, 1841.

\* \* \* Wilton Bluff, as it is called, four miles distant, is a lovely spot. It looks down on a very pleasant plantation across

a beautiful stream. The parsonage, near the church, is surrounded with liveoak trees covered with moss. Mr. Gallagher is the present rector. I have heard one fine sermon. They had communion last Sabbath. I had never before witnessed one in these forms. I hardly like the method so well as the primitive one of sitting. \* \* \* Mr. F. I like very much, as you well suppose. \* \* \* I am contented—profitably, pleasantly, usefully, constantly, happily employed.

## TO THE SAME.

January 4, 1842.

\* \* \* I spent a very pleasant day at the parsonage last Tuesday. The conversation of Mr. Gallagher, the minister, is no less profitable than interesting, and all without the least ostentation. He remarked concerning Dr. Ware, Jr., and Mr. Gannett, that he should like very much to see these two men in the church, if they could see their way clear to enter it; that they were evangelical, as nearly as any one could be who believed in the Unitarian doctrines. Although Mr. G. is very much attached to his belief, he is, so far as I can see, liberal in his feelings. \* \* \*

Unitarianism has not promoted my growth in grace—it has played about the head; and, although it is a lovely system as held by such men as Henry Ware, yet, with the great body, it is a nominal faith. I do enjoy the Episcopal service much. In the first place, it is *worship*, as a great proportion of all services in church ought to be; it is rational and beautiful; the preaching is profitable, and I feel a delight in going to the house of God that I have not felt for many a day. I should miss the service much, and I doubt about my attempting to attend Dr. Gilman's church when we remove to the city. Though I am still undecided as to doctrines, I now enjoy more of the peace in believing than I have for two years. Yes, I have been "tempest-tost." In future, however much doctrines may trouble me, I will not let go the assurance I feel that God will not cast off a sincere worshipper.

## TO THE SAME.

February 5, 1842.

\* \* \* My greatest fear is, that my quick, sensitive, impatient temper will never be perfectly controlled; that I shall never be the gentle, forbearing one I ought. Not that it troubles me now—for there is nought to disturb it here; but it may awake from its sleep, when occasion stirs it up and I am unmindful. It has done so, when I believed it to be under my control. \* \* \*

I have been reading a very interesting biography of Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia. He was "low church"—an admirable man, and an instrument of much good. Also a work called "A Walk About Zion," showing and explaining Episcopacy and its reasons; and I think them excellent. "Magee on the Atonement" has also claimed my attention. What are your reasons for not liking him? He is self-sufficient; but Priestley reminds me of Parker, the transcendentalist—that is, in his rejection or distortion of Scripture. \* \* \* It is communion to-day here. Of course, I have no part or lot here. Mr. Gallagher preached a first-rate practical sermon. Last Sunday he preached a highly finished and most thrilling sermon on the text, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." He drinks deeply of the spirit of the Scriptures, and therewith he comes refreshed to edify most richly his hearers.

## TO MISS PLUMER.

April 9, 1842.

\* \* \* [I have been reading] the "South Sea Missions," a work not only interesting to the Christian, as illustrating God's providence and showing the fulfilment of his promises, but interesting in relation to the climate, productions, and manners of another portion of our race; Buchanan's "Life and Researches in India;" Mrs. H. More's Life; and later, but not less, "The Nestorians," or lost tribes of Israel, proving conclusively that these Christians in the heart of Media are the ten tribes, and that "God hath not cast away his people." I have had so much quiet, retirement, and leisure for serious thought, that I am not anxious for a residence in the city. Yet it is in the world that we ought to live, and prove there the strength of religious principle. I find all mere worldly desires becoming engrossed in the great wish to live to benefit the immortal spirits of others, if I may. \* \* \* I rather dread the hot weather; it is a long while from May 1st to October or November. I am happy to think that Mr. Faber's residence in town is uncommonly cool. It is seated on a river, a mile from the city, and constantly fanned by the sea breeze. \* \* \* Could I have chosen a situation, perhaps there is not one in the United States more suited to my feelings and qualifications than this. I ought to make it a subject of special gratitude to Him who is the Father of the fatherless.

## TO HER BROTHER, IN NEW YORK CITY.

Charleston, S. C., May 28, 1842.

\* \* \* We have excellent preaching at St. Philip's, and I

like the forms, and do not care to go elsewhere, although I am so much of a Unitarian as to be unable to join in all the Litany, &c.

TO THE SAME.

Charleston, S. C., Aug. 5, 1842.

\* \* \* I see, or fancy I see, manifestations of a feeling of insecurity, from which the people here are never free.

In November, my sister returned to the North. The year 1843 she passed with me in the city of New York.



## CHAPTER IV.

### ONE YEAR IN NEW YORK CITY.

1843.

Religious Doubt and Indecision.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE GOODRIDGE, DANVERS, MASS.

New York City, Feb., 1843.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE: Did you think your friend's character was changed, or that I had forgotten you? \* \* \* The effects of my long journey from New Hampshire, and of my suffering from the cold, of my constant exertion the day I was in Danvers, and total want of sleep on board the steamboat, were too much even for my strength and robust health. Two or three days I had much need of the care and tenderness of a sister, and you will not doubt I received it. It was Sunday morning when we arrived, cloudy, chilly, the streets almost literally filled with dirty snow, nothing stirring, and, on the whole, looking as cheerless as a November scene. Had we not been a bridal party, our spirits might have been affected; but as it was, we were superior to such weakness. It took some time to get settled, but in a little time we felt quite at home. \* \* \* I am now studying algebra, with which I was a very little acquainted some years ago. With my usual spirit of hurrying, I have been trying to see how soon I could get through with it. I have nearly completed it, having been poring over it most assiduously seven days, and hope to finish it in two more, or, at most, in three; when I intend to take up the same subject by a different author, and go on as

rapidly as possible. Each week I study excites new desires for more knowledge and greater opportunities for mental culture. The field of acquirements that I wish to make mine, constantly extends; and, though my eye is able to take in more of its extent than it once could, it still sees a boundless expanse.

\* \* \* I have heard Mr. Huntington twice at Dr. Dewey's church. His discourses were excellent essays, finely written, and contained enough for a dozen common sermons; but they were calculated to produce no effect, and leave no impression. How many do we hear in our churches of this stamp!

TO THE SAME.

New York City, July 15, 1843.

\* \* \* You ask about the "Christian Union." You are right—very right—in supposing some of its members to be wise above what is written; but there is some palliation of this, perhaps, in that they are made so by the unfaithfulness of existing associations of Christians. Many of them are dissatisfied, but are not real, humble, fervent Christians; and in this they are somewhat like many who take refuge in Unitarian churches. There is too much speculation, and too little practice; too much talk, and too little prayer. Mr. Channing, their leader, has, I am sure, much of the trust in God, the courage, the humility, devotedness, and conscientiousness of an apostle. \* \* \* With many radical notions, they do not preserve that spirit of reverence which is so beautiful and necessary. Yet I hope and believe that they will, at length, be closely united in love and good works.

TO MISS PLUMER.

New York City, Aug. 3, 1843.

\* \* \* If it be so ordered that I remain in the city long, I mean to seek earnestly some way to which I may systematically devote all my efforts, however humble, and whatever I can spare, however small the offering. There is enough to be done everywhere, and of all places, in this city; the difficulty is to know how and where to begin. You express so far my own mind, when you say you were pleased with parts of the pamphlet relating to the "Christian Union." It is so with myself; nor has it ever been otherwise. There is a great variety of opinion among those who go to make up its number. I hope and believe there are some earnest spirits among its members. I shall attend the meetings just so long as I think I derive benefit from going, and until I find a more scriptural order of things.

As our meetings are suspended for a little time, we go now and then to hear Mr. Bellows; and a very smart man he is, and an earnest spirit. If he does no good, then there is no truth in his system. We are going to the Swedenborgian church next Sunday. I see some truth there. \* \* \*

It has latterly seemed to have been impressed on my mind that I have not yet learned that first lesson in Christ's school—viz., real self-sacrifice; and, till this lesson is learned, and the cross is embraced in love, I fear little is done acceptably.

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## CHAPTER V.

### A YEAR AND A HALF IN UPPER VIRGINIA.

1844—1845.

Solitude—Impressions of Slavery—Religious Perplexity continues.

TO HER BROTHER.

Near Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., Feb. 1, 1844.

\* \* \* "Great box, little box, handbox, and bundle," are safely here (five miles from Charlestown, sixteen miles from Harper's Ferry).

TO MISS GOODRIDGE.

March 5, 1844.

\* \* \* My pupils now are nine in number, six belonging to the family, and three besides, their ages from fifteen to six years. I shall see very little company, and probably go abroad very little; and, what is much worse, we are five miles from church, and, as the roads in Virginia are generally intolerable, we shall often be detained. Indeed, it is almost a day's work to attend church once on a Sunday, and get home again. The family attend the Episcopal church, though Mrs. ——— is, in sentiment, a Baptist.

TO REV. CONSTANTINE BLODGETT, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Near Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., April 23, 1844.

DEAR SIR: I venture again to write you, to inquire after the health of Mrs. Blodgett. I should have sought to know ere this, had I not feared you might deem it strange boldness in one whom, perhaps, you remember as a child, and of whom, for sev-

eral years, you have known nothing, that she should trouble you so much as to ask you to write. It is asking much, because you have so many duties and cares to occupy your time. But if I *was* young at the time you were my pastor, yet the memory of those days is ever present with me; and permit me to say, that, as my pastor, you received from me a larger share of reverence and grateful affection than any other individual has ever done; and my experience teaches me, that feelings cherished in early youth do not soon pass away. \* \* \*

Should you have any desire to know the present situation of one whose prospects have been so much changed since you knew her, I will just say, before closing, that I am now teaching in a family in this county, having about ten pupils. My stay here is uncertain, the solitudes of the South not possessing sufficient charms to keep me long among them; nor are the "peculiar institutions" and restraints of Southern life agreeable to a lover of New England.

I hesitate to send this, yet will venture, trusting to your kindness and candor. Praying for the health, prosperity, and happiness of you and yours, I remain, believe me, ever your attached and grateful friend,

CAROLINE PHEBE TENNEY.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Near Charlestown, Va., April 23, 1844.

\* \* \* When in Carolina, I had, by various means, good access to books; but not so here. When I go North, however, I mean to bring quite a number. "Go North!" I hear you exclaim; "when, pray?" Why, nothing is certain; but I intend to do so in my vacation, commencing July 1st. Imagine my life here for five months, and then ask yourself if it is not the most natural thing in the world that I should return with the greatest alacrity. Month after month to see no one, to go nowhere, to have no books, to be deprived of church (for I have heard but four sermons since I came)—do you not think I shall relish a visit to the North? There is but one family here that I have visited, and they have been here once. I never ride out, and the walks are not safe. More and more thankful am I that I was born in the North. Women here are completely fettered by the power of custom and by the opinion of "the world." Unable to move without a "protector," and not always having one at command. Protector! I always blush to use the word; it makes me feel the yoke that woman bears. If, at the North, men have less "gallantry," they have, I hope, more genuine

respect for the character of woman as an intellectual being, formed not merely to please, but to have an independent existence; and if woman has less "grace" and "sweetness," she certainly has more character and energy. Mr. ——— has frequently said I should become so attached to Virginia, that I would prefer it to the North. "No, indeed!" have I answered; "I should feel fettered; I should make wings and fly, if I thought my life was to be spent in a Southern State. Woman cannot act, breathe so freely here as in the North."

And the curse of slavery! I feel it more here than in Carolina—a curse not only upon the black, but upon the white population; and I can now almost join the cry, "Texas and Disunion!" You are told the South wish to abolish slavery; but bring the question home, you see they shrink from really dispensing with their menials, though they do dread the future and its consequences. I wish I had, during my residence here, the head, heart, fancy, language, and pen of Mrs. Child, that I might see, think, feel, speak, and write.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Near Charlestown, Va., May 27, 1844.

DEAR BROTHER: I can no longer refrain from taking up my pen to express the gratification your letter, received Saturday night, gave me. I might use a stronger term, and say *delight*, were it not that experience has chastened the hopes I allow myself to cherish for the future. I do not forget—and I know you cannot—the peculiar trials incident to the life of a Unitarian minister; but if you have counted the cost in the right spirit, the prospect may give you a firmer purpose, a holier zeal. \* \* \*

The best wishes and prayers of your sister ever attend you.

## TO MRS. WM. T. CUTTER, NEW YORK CITY.

South Andover, Mass., Aug. 21, 1844.

DEAR COUSIN FRANCES: Ere this time I hope you are almost well; and perhaps you have begun to think of my promise to write you from Hollis. It is seldom necessary for me to ask pardon for negligence in writing, because I generally love to write as well as most people love to read letters. Letter writing is to me what daily intercourse with friends is to others—my happiness; and in some cases it has seemed almost necessary to my life, as it has certainly been to my comfort. But, distracted by visiting, paying and receiving calls, as I do in Andover, there are few moments when leisure and inclination agree; so, while

the one is waiting for the other, time flies, and a broken promise and an unperformed duty stare me in the face. \* \* \*

The graves of my parents in Hollis. . . . I would love to place over the spot "the earliest flowers of spring with the hand of affection," and with affection's tear to keep them fair; but it may not be. Yet it is vain to wish so. I could not but feel, as, alone and lonely, I stood by the spot where rest the mortal remains of those I loved best, that there was little satisfaction in remembering mortality; and I seemed to hear a voice, "They are not here; they are risen." \* \* \*

Let me, ere I close, dear F., once more express the deep and grateful affection I feel more and more for yourself and your husband. I have little claim upon your kindness; yet you treat me as though I had great claims. I can only pray you may be regarded by the God of the orphan.

TO REV. CONSTANTINE BLODGETT.

Danvers, Mass., Sept. 16, 1844.

TO MY FORMER AND MUCH-LOVED PASTOR: I again write, to say that, on my journey back to Virginia, I should be happy to fulfil my long-cherished purpose of visiting Pawtucket. I feel almost ashamed to write again—to send my letter, like a strange intruder; but I cannot relinquish easily a desire and intention so long and constantly cherished; nor do I wish to postpone to a distant and uncertain future what can be accomplished in the present.

I trust Mrs. B.'s health has been confirmed, and that her life will long be spared to her family. I cannot tell you with how much pleasure I have anticipated a visit to the kind counsellors of my early youth; for, though many years have rolled on since then, they have not diminished my affectionate regard, or obliterated all their instructions, then so deeply impressed on my heart and conscience. With earnest wishes for the happiness and best good of you and yours, I beg leave to subscribe myself, with expression of grateful affection, your former parishioner,

CAROLINE PHEBE TENNEY.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Near Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., Oct. 23, 1844.

MY DEAR MARY: How can I better celebrate this anniversary, than by writing to one who, seven years ago this day, shared with me the pleasures and anxieties of an "examination"? Is not the scene before you, as you read that word; and can you

[\* The place of their reinterment on our removal from N. M.]

not, for a moment, live over again the past? Seven years! How endless, then, seemed to us a term of seven years! But they have gone, and the account of them is sealed up in the past. Could we select a circle of twelve, and together sit down to recount to each other the histories of these same short years; could the inmost heart of each be laid bare; could each one understand the discipline life had laid upon the others, which, think you, smiles or tears, should prevail? And would not the conference end in a deep and involuntary silence, while intense thought and busy recollection would move our very soul? Oh! Mary, can you understand the interest with which, as I sit alone and glance over those days, memory revives the pictures, that can never fade, though time may throw over them the dust of ruined hopes? So many have been the changes that have come upon me since the first sad change, that I could easily believe twice seven winters had gone over my head since I stood in that gay and laughing group in that loved New England. There is a strange feeling of age upon me. You may smile; but the great fact, the existence of that feeling or impression, or whatever it may be, remains. Partly it may be ascribed to the many changes, partly to an increasing sedateness of character. Perhaps you start as you read the last three words, and exclaim, "Merci, spare me! You are 'sedate' enough already." So I am—too much so for my own taste; yet an influence beyond my control has been and still is increasing such a tendency. Just think a moment, how much and how constantly I have been thrown among strangers; and, as a resident at the South, I have been cast upon my own mental resources for entertainment, till I have come to prefer the company of my own thoughts to any persons except those for whom I have a particular fondness. Memory, reflection, conscience, keep me busy with the past, while the duties of the present take hold of the future. Sometimes anxieties for myself, or those dear to me, trouble my spirit, till, by a new effort, I submit all to Him who holds in its place the atom as well as the round world. Thus I live *in*, though I hope not wholly *to* myself; thus has my character been moulded, almost when I knew it not, in solitude, and often in sorrow, till now I am startled—absolutely and really startled—to find myself merry; and when my spirits are rising with an unusual elasticity, they are checked by memory, the handmaid of experience, who whispers, "'Tis the precursor of a tempest." But do not suppose I am gloomy. No, I am very cheerful now, else I would not take up my pen to write you; for I remember that my last letter but one to you was but a sad affair; and my last was little better than an excuse for that. I then determined that should be the last time I would indulge in expressions of such

feelings; so I have been waiting for a perfectly peaceful mood ere I should write you.

I am now, by the goodness of God, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," enjoying more real peace than since I returned from the South, two years since. I say "by the goodness of God," because He has at last made me see His hand in all that has afflicted me, and has brought me to rejoice in His wise though mysterious providence. He has made me see how I have maintained a struggle against His ordinations, though I was not at the time aware of the fact; and has kindly given me to see the reasons of some of them, that I might give all up to Him who ordereth all things well, and "chasteneth whom he loveth." And there is no rest, Mary, except in this renunciation of self, the giving up of the individual will to God. There may be a kind of rest when all goes well with us—a kind that may soon be destroyed. But this rest none can disturb; this peace no man taketh away. I have repulsed the heavenly hand when it has corrected me; therefore it has, in kindness, though seeming severity, visited me many times. Although now in the safe harbor, yet, as with a ship that has just outrode the tempest, the vestiges of the storm still remain. I find, dear M., I am running on in the same old egotistical style, and with my accustomed prolixity. \* \* \*

My time here, no doubt, will pass monotonously away; one day, in all outward things, being the history of the preceding. As the roads in this country are very rough in the winter, I expect to go very little even to church, and to see few people. Indeed, the few whom I do see are not the sort to please me; and one does not care to meet indifferent people a few times, because one cannot find out what is really worthy, and has to endure the tiresome constraint. Very agreeable people are not met with every day; and, though I know I ought not to be so particular, inasmuch as I am but one of the dull ones myself, yet I cannot help it; so it is. \* \* \*

You read with a discrimination so admirable, and a memory so retentive, that you ought to improve the golden season. But I will not preach. I wish I had some of the books here that lie around you. I always feel, when I return from the South, in relation to books and general intelligence, that there has been a suspension of existence; and I am then ashamed of an ignorance for which I am really not to be blamed. I know not what my future course may be; but of this I am sure, I shall not again leave New England to teach at the South, unless something splendid tempts, or something in the way of duty commands. It is not half a life to come out here as a teacher; it is mere existence.

Think of it, for a New Englander to leave the society of books, intelligent people, religious privileges, to dwell apart, to live pining for food such as most Southerners know not of, or cannot appreciate.

TO MRS. WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Near Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 1, 1844.

DEAR COUSIN FRANCES: With real pleasure I remember your parting command, and sit down to obey it. The weeks of this latter sojourn in Virginia have hitherto passed very rapidly away, owing in some degree, perhaps, to the apparent laziness of the sun, who gives long nights and short days, and to the many things that must be accomplished while he is so kind as to lend the light of his lamp. But not by the light of *his* lamp am I writing, but by a "poor glim," as the sailor would say, that most sadly "blears my e'en." I never performed a journey with so little annoyance and vexation as this. Perhaps the difference was in me; for, as you may suppose, there were many pleasant memories of my visit to bear me company; and, of these, not the least pleasant were those of the kind treatment I met with under your roof. The affectionate reception and cordial welcome do not cease their healing influence upon a bruised spirit, when the occasion that called them forth has passed away. Never could such manifestations have been more acceptable and soothing; and it was with a full and grateful heart that I left your house, and parted from cousin William, and with the fervent prayer that your children might never want such kindness as you so cordially extended to me. When, the morning of my departure, I knelt for the last time with you all at the family altar, my heart was filled to overflowing at that earnest, touching petition for me. It was peculiarly appropriate, too—far more so than the one who formed it knew, or would recollect. To me it seemed to have been inspired by Him who knows the trial of each individual. Had I uttered for myself the prayer of prayers, it would scarcely have been in other words; and I rose up and went on my way, resting in the assurance that He who is the inspirer, is also the hearer of prayer. Dwelling, as I do, so much among strangers, and, as here, among irreligious people, can I convey to your mind an idea of the happiness I feel, when, even for a little time, I sojourn with those who in all their ways acknowledge God? Those of my friends who think of me as a Unitarian merely, would not, perhaps, believe that I understand the meaning or feel the influence of the "Christian tie;" yet I do know at least something of it, and it constitutes one of the elements of my enjoyment when with you and in your family. When I am with

those who call upon the same Father and love the same Savior, I seem to have come home. And is not home a delightful place to those who have been exiles and wanderers? I did not mean to talk so long about myself; but I would express the grateful and happy emotions that ruled my spirit while I was at your house. \* \* \*

I have access to very few books, see little or no company, so that I am not likely to fall into the sin that is said to beset the weaker part of creation—viz., that of gossiping. I feel far more the loss of religious privileges; but then, I hope to be able to prize all my privileges better when I return.

TO REV. CONSTANTINE BLODGETT.

Near Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., Jan. 11, 1845.

MY KIND AND EVER-ESTEEMED FRIEND: Nearly four months, well counted, have passed since my last arrival in Virginia; and daily, as I have thought of my friends in Pawtucket, I have wished to write. I have hesitated to do so, especially because, now so long a stranger, I doubted whether I might with justice, or even propriety, claim one moment of time or thought, already so entirely engrossed by near and imperative duties. But the recollection of your own and Mrs. B.'s expressions of interest, and of your invitation to write, so kindly given, added to my own inclination to do so, has at length gained the victory—I was going to say, of my better reason. I pause, half ashamed of my boldness, yet go on, trusting to your kindness to pardon (for this once) my trespass, if such it be. Let the long-cherished and unfading memories of my early youth, and the refreshing influence of my recent visit at your house, plead my excuse. I have used the expression "refreshing," because I can truly say that no other visit, no interview I enjoyed last summer at the North, did me so much good—conferred so much real happiness—as I received under your roof. \* \* \* The thoughts and feelings of early days, saddened, certainly, by the experience of intervening years, were present with me; and as, with more than former delight, I listened again to your voice, each word seemed to meet some want, dispel some doubt, inspire new courage, and shed light on my future path. These were causes of the long and peculiar happiness I enjoyed. I ought not to have written so long of myself. I began to do so from the desire to express the pleasure I have in the recollection of my recent interview with yourself and Mrs. B., and my gratitude for your kindness.

\* \* \* You will like to hear about my intended Bible class. [Mrs. ——— gladly and eagerly consented, and Mr. ———

offered no objection.] The children, also, expressed their willingness, and even seemed pleased. So the way was open, and nothing remained but for me to enter the field, though with fear and trembling. And though I am but too often reminded that I have only a small talent, I cannot forget that it must be used and improved. Had I ten, it would be not less true that sufficiency is of God.

\* \* \* My privileges for reading have been greater than they were last summer, though I cannot do otherwise than follow a very desultory course. It has generally been so; I have seldom an opportunity to follow out any one subject. But I do as I can, gleaning here a grain and there a grain. I have now access to the parish library (when I can get to town to procure books), which I improve, chiefly that I may select books to interest and profit my pupils in Sunday reading. They are principally biographies and light religious works, most of which I have read. Out of sixteen Sabbaths, I have been to "church" six times, and two or three times to a Methodist meeting not far off. This was in autumn; and, as I am selfish enough to wish to excite your sympathies, I must add that, some time since, our carriage received an injury, so that my prospects for some time to come are very unpromising. I must regret my inability to attend church, and the deprivation of such a means of improvement; yet good can be educed from evil, and, what is better, I am able to perceive the good—whether or not it balances the evil, is another matter. I now see much more company, having made many new acquaintances. One family I consider a valuable acquisition—intelligent, religious, and possessing what in this region is termed a "library." I speak of these things (for, though small, they are important to me) that I may show you the bright side of the picture of my life. \* \* \* Of my own views it is not worth while to speak, for I have already spoken too much of myself; yet I must add, how often I recall those words you addressed to me, as once spoken by a pastor to a hearer whose light had become darkness: "Look toward the light;" and I silently and involuntarily made the same reply as the hearer: "Why did I not think of that before?" I found I had been seeking truth from fallible man, from books, from my own dark but earnest mind, I need not say in vain. Unsatisfied, and athirst, I came back with (as I hope) a more childlike disposition, to seek the fountain of living water—to Him who is "the Way, the Truth," and also "the Light." Doubts sometimes disturb my peace even now; and, though a long intercourse with Unitarians has materially shaken my belief in the personality of the "great adversary," yet I have never been so much inclined to account for some frames of mind last

summer, as by reference to his agency. The thought of the "gross darkness that covered the people," and of the numbers who knew not or cared not for the Savior, so haunted me, that I was unwilling to believe this the only state of probation; and "how could they hear without a preacher?" Such was my feeling, that I made haste to search for external evidences of the truth of revelation, lest these internal evidences on which I had been resting might be a dream—an illusion sustained by the force of education. I could not bear the thought of giving up the Bible, to grope in darkness; yet I feared I should be left to do so. But that is past, I hope, forever. Of one thing I am certain: the Bible is full of Christ; and Unitarianism, as I have heard it, can get along without much mention of Him whose name, to those who believe, is precious. I have had the satisfaction of seeing nearly the whole of the article in the *New Englander* on Liberal Christianity and Theodore Parker, as it was fully quoted for review in the *Christian World*, sent me by my brother.

## TO HER BROTHER.

February 11, 1845.

\* \* \* When the delegate from Massachusetts \* was treated so scandalously in South Carolina, Mr. ——— could hardly help crowing. I came down stairs, one Sunday morning, after he had been feasting on the mortification of Massachusetts, and he began on the "fanatics." With a voice trembling with emotion, but a manner as firm as his own can be, I expressed the repugnance I felt to being addressed on the subject, especially in such a manner. I said that I had never attacked the South, and that I could not, without a painful restraint, listen in seeming patience to such language concerning the North; that his opinions could not be changed, nor could mine; and that, as we could do each other no good, we had better be silent. He talked on, to mend the matter; but, as the "candle was not snuffed, it went out;" and, though the affair of New Orleans † has since hap-

[\* Hon. Samuel Hoar, sent by Massachusetts on a perfectly constitutional and legal mission to South Carolina, was, with his daughter who accompanied him, driven from Charleston by a genteel mob in November or December, 1844.]

[† Hon. Mr. Hubbard, of Pittsfield, Mass., sent to Louisiana by Massachusetts, on the same mission as that of Mr. Hoar to South Carolina, was, under the peril of his life if he should remain, driven from New Orleans, a city which has since been placed under the military government of Major-Generals Butler and Banks, of Massachusetts.]

pened, he has not spoken of it. He is constantly boasting that the North will rue the day, &c. ; that the North cannot live alone ; that the South and England against the North, &c. As though we should be starved ! At such times I wish I was a politician ; but I do not hesitate to tell him that, the more I see of slavery, the more I detest it, and that nothing could induce me to own a slave.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

March 13, 1845.

DEAR SISTER : "The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." To a mild and pleasant winter has succeeded a delightful spring ; the wheat fields are covered with a rich green, and several kinds of trees are putting on their dress. The days spoken of in your letter as rainy, were here most lovely, especially Sunday, the 23d ; but we could not get to church, because our carriage, broken three months ago, was not mended ; and that is a fair specimen of Southern thrift. That same important carriage was, however, sent to town, and, having returned on Saturday, I did hope to go to church. But where there is no will there is no way ; and I remained at home, to look from my window over a country beautiful indeed, but cursed by slavery, Sabbath breaking, and infidelity, to repeat, as applicable to this plantation and many around, "The sound of the church-going bell," &c. Oh ! shall I not be able to say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord" ? Think not, however, that my Sabbaths are gloomy. I manage, generally, to have some profitable book on hand ; and, when that is not the case, I speak merely the fact, when I say that the Bible has a richness and meaning such as it never before possessed for me ; and I have a firm conviction that I shall look back on these lonely Sabbaths with grateful pleasure, not as lost or wasted. I feel that it is a discipline that I needed ; and there are several good reasons for this feeling, but I will not trouble you with them now.

TO HER BROTHER.

Monday, March 31, 1845.

\* \* \* By the kindness of a neighbor (who sends a little boy to school), I went to church a week ago yesterday ; and next Friday night, by invitation, I am to go to visit there, to go to church on Saturday and Sunday. These same neighbors (Presbyterians) lend me books and newspapers. The gentleman is a physician ; the lady one of the most cordial, hearty, hospitable women I have ever seen—pious, exemplary, and most kind.

They are a treasure to me. One Saturday evening they called here, and took me away to spend the Sabbath and go to church. The next morning my next kindest neighbor, a "church" woman, sent for me. A gentleman visiting at the latter place amused himself at the idea of "seeing which could get me." Our regular minister at the Episcopal church is away, and next Sunday his place is to be occupied by a most eloquent man, whose discourse I would on no account lose, were I not engaged to my kind friends. Had it been my lot to be teacher in such a family, how much at home I could have felt! but my hostess, though kind, is unable to make me feel at home. \* \* \* To-morrow is a mile post. I count the weeks. Come what will, I will never be an exile in the South. Did I like ever so well, I must say I think I could exert a stronger and more extensive influence somewhere else than in these regions of "Castle Indolence;" and woman here is bound by the iron law of custom.

## TO THE SAME.

June 5, 1845.

DEAR BROTHER: What is first in the mind will soonest find utterance. Therefore I must begin my letter with what you already know almost as well as I do; viz., that, three weeks from to-morrow, I shall be free.

Mr. ——— asked me, yesterday, if I had fully made up my mind to go North. I said "yes;" and I could have added, that only some imperative duty could keep me, if a thousand dollars per year were offered me.

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Danvers, Mass., July 23, 1845.

DEAR MARY: Four months have winged their weary way since the receipt of your last letter. Weariness and ill health took away from even my usual amount of cheerfulness, and I resolved not to write till my return North. I was literally almost starved to death at the South, and, consequently, my usual labors wore upon me very much. My whole being suffered; and I shall not soon entirely recover. I have suffered for several months from a sinking, exhausted feeling, and yet have no relish for food. I am poor, pale, and almost low spirited; though, when I am excited or travelling, strangers would not notice a want of health.

\* \* \* I hope to engage in teaching again this fall; but if I do not recruit materially, I shall not venture to do so. The latter part of my stay in Virginia was very unpleasant,

though I tried to make the best of it; but I have little doubt my health would have been permanently affected by a much longer stay. I hardly know myself, so much of languor and lassitude possess me, so little energy of body or mind. But enough of this. It has long been the prayer of my lips, and, I trust, of my heart also, that my life might be useful, whether long or short; and I will not regret the summons that shall call me from the pilgrimage in this world of sin to the presence of Him, who is the theme of the new song, and the light of heaven.

Irregular, unsuitable, and poorly prepared meals for the last three months of my sister's stay in Upper Virginia fastened upon her system (which had a slight tendency to indigestion) a dyspepsia, from which she was not afterward entirely free. Fatigue, after over-exertion, never failed to bring on something of the sinking feeling at the stomach. There was no unkindness on the part of her host and hostess, but absorption in business, thoughtlessness, and backwardness in estimating the wants of a sedentary and solitary female teacher. Almost "starved in three senses—in body, in mind, in soul," as she expressed it, she returned North. Her excellent constitution was never again, at best, quite what it previously had been.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### LIFE IN LOUISVILLE.

1845-1847.

Meeting with her former Pastor, Rev. Mr. Gallagher—Unites with the Episcopal Church—Reasons for this Step—Marriage Engagement.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 23, 1845.

MY DEAR MARY: Your kind, most kind letter shall no longer be unanswered; but I will not stop to make apology. I will tell my story, and you will see that a multitude of things must have

so occupied my time as to leave me few moments for writing. I had many things to do ere my departure West on the 6th of September. My protector was one provided by my brother—Rev. Mr. H., of this city. Perhaps the fame of his goodness is known to you; for all his acquaintances, in speaking of him, allude to his excellence. By this time you are ready to ask why I have come to Louisville. I will tell you. You have heard me speak of my friend Miss Willard. You know it was by her means I went to Virginia. Well, last year she came to Kentucky to engage in a school with her brother. This year they visited the North, and I had the opportunity to come out with them, and assist in the school. Having seen something of South Carolina and Virginia character, I had the wish to see something of the West. I was glad, not only to go West, but to come into the home of a friend; to be all the day long with one I loved; to meet her kind smile to cheer me in my labors; to lie down by her side at night, and feel that the heart whose beatings were against my bosom, beat for me. And then, too, I wished to teach in a school, and not by myself. Then, there is the rector of St. Paul's, whom I knew when in Wilton, S. C. He is an elegant and an excellent preacher, and a pleasant man, as his wife is a lovely woman. I feel strangely at home. The school is not large. Last year it had fifty scholars. But different, indeed, are scholars here from those in New England. Not accustomed to habits of deference to their parents, of course they wish to have their own way; and not only so, but there is no love of study to lead them to application. But I expect to like—I mean to like—the West. The people, if rough and uncultivated, have a frank, hearty spirit that I like. \* \* \* A visit to you would have given me more pleasure than any other; but my duty called me away. How often, and especially at this season, do I look back to Derry, and thence down the lapse of years! How varied have been the fortunes even of those I know! What, then, would be my emotions, could the whole, the unknown and invisible, be brought before my mental eye? And, as I send forward my thought to the end of our generation, how unimportant become all enjoyments and pursuits that are not connected with an eternal existence! What folly it seems, to live merely for time! At such moments I can with most earnestness pray, "Make me useful; fit by trial, if it please Thee, for an eternal home." But then, as I look at my past life, it seems one constant failure, and I one of the most unprofitable of servants! \* \* \*

I have read nothing new lately, and shall have no time for weeks to come. I sometimes sigh that I accomplish so little. I hope I am in my "sphere." I will hope to fulfil my "mission"

(to use the cant of the day), and to find the rest so beautifully described :

“ Rest is not quitting the busy career ;  
 Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere ;  
 'Tis loving and serving the highest and best ;  
 'Tis onward, unswerving—and that is true rest.”

I believe I had much else to tell you ; but I have no time and little space to add more, only that I am always your affectionate and grateful schoolmate,

T.

TO WILLIAM T. CUTTER, NEW YORK CITY.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 1, 1846.

MY DEAR COUSIN : Your last two letters—tokens of kind remembrance—were duly received. Christmas, a holiday so much observed here, has come and gone ; and New Year, the day in New England for good wishes, is passing in silence, and almost without a thought. No, not entirely without thought ; for I seize my pen to give utterance, in a well-known phrase, to what my heart dictates, to wish you “ a happy New Year.” But what a day you are making of it, in your city of Gotham ! Nought to-day is to see in the street, but gentlemen in the blackest coats (or, if it is very cold, perhaps they are blue, as is the fashion here), and the most shining hats, under which are beheld the most smiling faces. These same gentlemen, young and old, grave and gay, married and single, return wearied yet excited to count the number of ladies they have kissed, and to hear their female friends repeat the calls and the compliments they have received from the lords of creation. Worthy people and happy day, welcomed, no doubt, in its coming and in its departure ! Seated quietly in my rocking chair, looking out upon a cold, cheerless, rainy day, known by few and cared for by fewer, I am content to think that such as love me remember me to-day. Yet I would like to hear the merry voices and see the glad faces of you all, as you would bid me a “ happy New Year.” Can you not remember with what delight you heard and uttered those sounds when a child, when no regrets marred the memory of the past, or fears dimmed the brightness of the future ?

Time has passed with meteor-like velocity since I left New York. When I think that four months have passed, I almost involuntarily pause to take breath. I never knew time pass so rapidly : partly I may attribute it to the difference between my life here and in the solitude of Virginia. Eight New Years since I left the hearthstone of my childhood ! Memory and conscience are busy at the thought !

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 2, 1846.

\* \* \* Oh! there is much in a Slave State to make the patriot, male or female, mourn for the prospects of his country. There is much in these Western lands to make one not only tremble, but to long to labor to avert (so far as individual influence may avail) such evils. I said "the patriot;" but there is a higher stand: it is that of the Christian philanthropist, who sees a world lying in sin and ignorance—this land, the brightest spot, yet how dark! The hope of the world (you may say that I see with the eyes of a teacher) is in the proper training, moral and intellectual, of the young. But I did not mean to give a lecture on this subject; for, luckily, it needs not my pen to advocate such truths as the reflecting observer must write with painful earnestness. A daughter of Dr. Beecher, in her late work entitled, I think, "Duties of American Women," has shown the want of, and the supply for our country. It is the influence of religious, intelligent women, as mothers and as teachers. I have seen vice, want, and misery in New York; but it did not, for some reason, excite my anxious sympathy as does the sight of ignorance here. As my duties as Sunday-school teacher have led me repeatedly to different suburbs of the city, bringing me into contact with poverty, ignorance, and vice; as I have passed the hundreds, yes, hundreds of "coffee houses"—(for it is an alarming fact that intemperance is on the increase here, and the demand for strong liquor has more than doubled in a few years)—I say, as I have passed these spots where bodily, mental, and moral death was dealt out seven days in the week, and by night as well as by day, I have asked, "What can save this land?" If you say I look upon the dark side, remember you are in bright New England. Yet, even there, visit thickly settled places, and behold the wants of the sailor, the degradation of woman, the suffering of the poor. But too much of this. I forget you cannot go with me and see what moves my feelings. So long as Providence shall open a field, I believe I shall wish to stay here, dearly as I love New England. I am engaged in two Sunday schools, one of them a colored one; and here, too, is food for sad thoughts and presentiments. I will not inflict them upon you. As I generally go twice to church, you will suppose my Sabbaths are quite busy. As to the rest of the week, one evening I go to church, one evening to a teachers' meeting, and, on an average, one evening or two are demanded by some other meeting or visit. Saturdays are consumed to the utmost in assisting my friend [during the long sickness of Mr. W.]. These short days I have hardly found

time to make my calls. I have not ventured to write, and hardly have dared to read by night, as I wished to give my eyes a fair chance to recover their native strength. Evenings are my days; yet I dared not use them for my proper and favorite employment, study. \* \* \* The friends and acquaintances I have been able to make here have been very agreeable. There is a cordiality and whole-heartedness which is not often met with at the North. In some, I have found a good degree—in one, an uncommon degree of intelligence. But, to a stranger, an open hand and heart is a great consideration; and certainly I never made acquaintances so fast, and with so much pleasure, as in Louisville. I feel at home. Owing to the fickleness of popular favor, Mr. W.'s school has not had the prosperity it last year promised. I have therefore withdrawn my engagement for the rest of the year, and am at liberty to return; but I shall remain at the West, if I see anything to do. I believe so fully in an overruling Providence, that, having committed my way to God, I shall trust in His care and guidance. \* \* \*

I feel less of loneliness than I have felt for years, and, I trust, more devotion to the work God has given me to do; but the serious aspect of life is so constantly before me, that I do not enter into the spirit of mirth as I wish I could. Your own love is more and more precious to me, Mary—so fresh, so constant, so warm. As I think of you and Miss Willard, I feel that God is good to give me such friends—so different, yet both needed.

TO WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Louisville, Ky., March 31, 1846.

DEAR COUSIN WILLIAM: I take it for granted that you would like to hear from me, though my last letter remains unanswered. However, as I did not much expect a reply to so trifling an affair as that was, and as I can, to some degree, understand the multitude of your engagements, I shall keep silence no longer, but indulge in the pleasure of writing to my dear friends in New York. I presume ——— told you that my connection with Mr. Willard's school had ceased, and that my course was, when he left, undetermined, except in so far that my face was westward rather than eastward. My purpose was to remain at least two years, before a return; and I have constantly retained that purpose and hope, and even earnest wish. But you will wish to hear of my present location and prospects. After about six weeks' leisure, I opened a school in a part of the town where I have hearty friends, and where there was a good opening for a school for girls of twelve and fourteen years and less, also admitting small boys,

brothers of the little girls who might attend. There was some difficulty in procuring a schoolroom; but, aided by the kindness and perseverance, and hope and courage and love of a female friend, I obtained a pleasant one, and opened school on the 16th of March. The first week began with six scholars, and closed with twelve. Now I have sixteen, and several more will enter in the course of two weeks. I wish only twenty-five. Teachers who have been patient laborers in this city, from small beginnings building up an established reputation, tell me that my prospects are flattering; and some of the best here began with less than that. They tell me that, if I pay expenses the first term, I shall be doing very well. If people pay me, I shall, with my present number, do more than that. The friends who encouraged me in this course have aided me substantially in various ways. Knowing that my school was, in some sense, an experiment, they wished to save me from expenses as far as possible. One of my friends wished me to board at a certain place, where I could not be received for some weeks; so she urged me to come and visit her till that time. Some aid me by their influence, and strengthen my hopes by kind words and wishes. Thus my way is opened, and made pleasant by those who, six months ago, were unknown to me. Since my first arrival here, I have become acquainted with and really attached to more people than I have ever done in any place before this, in double, treble the time. I would like to retain the opinion that Yankees have as warm hearts as any Americans, though they have more reserve in manner. But how precious to a stranger is a kind word and a cordial greeting! I have forgotten to feel that I am a stranger—I am at home; at home, not only among my friends, but in church, and in the Sunday school and Bible class. I still attend the Episcopal church; though it is more than probable that I shall always retain the principles peculiar to Congregationalists. The reasons for my attending this church at present, are love of the form of worship, attachment to one whom I loved as my pastor in South Carolina, and liberty to think what I please about certain doctrines which are rather strongly expressed in certain "Confessions." I am at present connected with two Sunday schools, one of which is colored. Several of the Sunday schools are "union;" that is, connected with no church, and admitting teachers of various denominations; and some of them were established by a devoted city missionary, who is also superintendent of tract distribution. And I suppose you will think I am busier than when in New York, if I tell you I am one of the tract distributors. I suppose it is one important reason why I like Louisville, because I have a plenty to do. I am not in the country, dependent on the will or conveni-

ence of any one for religious or social privileges. I see enough to do, where not so much the money as the laborers are wanted. I think I shall never want to live in a village or small town again—at least, if I live a “single lady.”

Thus you have a picture of my public duties and my enjoyments. I have perfect health and the best spirits. Have I not, then, abundant reason for thankfulness as well as gladness, and renewed consecration to Him who gives me all things richly to enjoy? Do you not rejoice with me? I have filled this paper with self, and will try to fill another to Frances with something else. I trust you will carry into execution your intention of coming to Louisville. May I look for you and F.? Can you not write soon to your ever affectionate and grateful cousin,

C. P. TENNEY?

Fragment of a letter to the same, written, probably, within a few weeks of the above:

As I go and return, on the Sabbath, from the church and Sunday schools, I mourn that Christians are not awake and at work for their Master. What, think you, would be the effect in this city, or in New York, or in any place, if Christians individually, and as in view of the account they must give of their stewardship at the great day, were for one year to do what they could? Would the churches mourn that so few come to their solemn feasts? Trinitarians wonder not at the past coldness of Unitarians, but it would be good for them to wonder at their own. I do believe it infinitely more culpable, thus in the face of such truths as God's word reveals, to sit down in stupidity. Can it be that these things are believed? I don't know how I got into this strain. I believe Louisville has generally an interest in religious matters, very, very faint and small. And yet there are here peculiarly infidelity and Romanism.

TO THE SAME.

Louisville, Ky., May 13, 1846.

\* \* \* It was characteristic of Oliver Cromwell, that in every event he saw and confessed the hand of an overruling Providence, even in his own wilful and atrocious burning of a church full of men, women, and children. His cant so disgusts me, that I almost dislike to be like him in any matter. But I was going to say, that we were bound to acknowledge a wise and kind Providence in adversity as well as in prosperity, and that there is a promised supply of strength for every vicissitude of life.

Love to cousin F., and your children. In haste. Ever yours,  
sincerely and affectionately,  
PHEBE.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Louisville, Ky., May 13, 1846.

\* \* \* And here I may as well proceed to speak to you of what will, at least, occasion strong surprise; and if feelings more painful should also be excited, be not hasty to pass judgment upon a course you may not be able to understand or account for. I speak of my having become an Episcopalian, and a member of that communion. You will naturally exclaim, "What can have led to such a consummation?" but you will not—as some may, who know me not—suspect me of being influenced by low motives, such as a desire for popularity, and so forth; being kindred in spirit to those who, in years past, ascribed my Unitarianism to concession to a brother. Except as it may injure usefulness, either opinion is of little consequence to me; for cringing is not my besetting sin, and to a higher tribunal the matter must eventually come. To some, philosophically inclined, the change is somewhat accounted for by early training. To such I am not eager to offer an apology or a reason. To you, as my earliest, dearest, truest friend, who have long loved and trusted me, and who kindly and candidly, yet in surprise, inquire further into the matter, I am most willing to speak fully. Have patience, then, while, briefly and imperfectly, I lay open my spiritual history. In early girlhood I was accustomed to hear from the lips of a venerated pastor the preaching of "Christ crucified" as the ground of the sinner's forgiveness; early I was led to see my own sinfulness, and to rejoice in just such a provision. Events, of which I cannot now speak particularly, changed the course of my life, and I began to read my Bible less, and the reasonings and controversies of men more; assumptions, in many cases, of what would be the dispensations of Infinite Wisdom. You know the result of my inquiries: that, though in painful opposition to all my friends, I avowed myself a Unitarian. I had then the highest views a Unitarian could possibly hold; and, having entered their church, I found little sympathy in actual faith, and still less in feeling. It is a solemn fact, which I used in sorrow to confess to myself, that I enjoyed myself less with members of my own church than with others. The sermons of my own pastor were truly excellent; but he was regarded by his hearers as too "orthodox." The discourses of the lights of the church were intellectual treats, and very often quickeners of thought, and earnestness, and the life of the soul. The sermons of the rest had no degree [\*]. Not having,

[\* Two or three words probably wanting.]

as I think—as I then often painfully felt—the principles of life, they starved my soul. More than this, never could I perceive any feeling of union among members of the church as such. Alone and lonely, I looked back to a former faith that had given me joy. I feared, I doubted, I was distressed and in the dark. Passing, in this state of mind and feeling, to the South, I found in the preaching of an Episcopalian minister great delight, and very soon became attached to a service uniting so many excellencies. But even then I was very far from accepting the distinctive notions of that church, or those which they held in common with others. Yet the preaching was direct to the conscience, and much of Christ. For a while, distressed by doubt, I put away the questions as much as possible, and lived in peace, and again enjoyed the services of God's house as I had not done for a long time. Coming North, however, I accompanied my brother—who was at that time, though I knew it not, far, far from his present faith—to meetings which I cannot describe by a single epithet, but which tended to social reform rather than anything else. During that year I enjoyed little communion with God, and to me He was afar off. Oppressed with a sense of unworthiness, I would often seek to approach His mercy seat, to feel the sense of pardon that in former times had been so sweet. Without a word, I have sometimes risen and turned to the Bible, which was no more as it had been. Well, I went to Virginia. I entered a family of children. They had before their eyes the example of a father who was tender to them, just to his neighbors, but forgot his God, broke his Sabbaths, neglected his worship, scoffed at his ministers, and sneered at the Bible. Upon such children a strong religious influence ought to have been made to bear, I thought, and their mother was not a woman to exert it. But should those children ever come with earnest spirits to ask me, "What is truth?" how could "the blind lead the blind"? I cannot describe to you my state of mind, or how, at length, I came to question the truth of everything, even the Bible. The cloud of despair was on my brow, its darkness in my heart. The cry of my spirit was almost come to this: "If there be a God, would that I might come to the knowledge of His existence!" Life seemed a burden; and I speak the simple truth, when I tell you that I was startled to hear myself laugh. Had I come to you then, on my return North, in the summer of 1844, you would, as well as all my other friends, in the simplicity of their heart, have exclaimed, "How you have altered! You look worn and melancholy." And it was then, and afterward, the remark of my friends in Virginia, that they never had seen any one alter so much in the short time I was there. My visit afforded me no pleasure; other causes added

weight to my depression, and most emphatically did I move on in sorrow. It seemed to me that I must have lived many more years than I really counted, so entirely gone were the elasticity and hope natural to my constitution. I turned back to the South, and, on my way, stopped to visit my former pastor, Mr. Blodgett, and to him spoke somewhat of my then present and past state. I had kept all to myself, and had, from reading the Bible as my last resort, come again to regard it as the Book of God, and, with humbled spirit, only prayed that I might know the truth. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" was the constant breathing of my soul. Oh! I cannot write half that I would say to you. I am wearying you; but I can now change my tone. With a lightened and happy heart, with thoughts never wearying of dwelling upon Him who is the "Light," with feelings that led me often to the place of secret communion, I went again my way to my Southern home. The Bible was a new book, ever fresh and precious, and with grateful tears I read again and again its pages. My latest and my earliest thoughts were of Him who, to the believer, is precious, and in whom dwelleth "the fulness of the Godhead." From that hour, with more or less steadiness, I have gone cheerfully on my way. Coming here, to whom should I so naturally turn as to the church and the pastor who, in another clime, had so blessed me, under God? And for many reasons, which I cannot now stop to mention, I prefer the Episcopal to other Trinitarian churches. You perceive I have spoken mainly of my feelings; for arguments on either side are not new to you, and it would do no good for us to enter upon them now. I trust I have written intelligibly, and that you have perceived nothing dogmatic or unkind. It is not for me to speak lightly of the intellects or the hearts of such men as the Unitarian body boasts; and their system is not without its strong reasons. But I must think differently, very differently from them. Enough for the present. May God lead you and me to a closer study and more sincere love of His word, and a constant looking to that better life, where the truth will be bright as He who is the light of the city above! May we here be united to Christ in the obedience of a holy life, and to each other in the love of Him!

TO MISS GOODRIDGE.

Louisville, Ky., June 17, 1846.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE: Nearly ten months have rolled away since I parted from you; and though I cannot say I have expected, I must say I have hoped for a letter from you. I shall not stay to reproach you now, and thus render my present com-

munication unwelcome to you. My heart is too full of happiness to dwell on aught but pleasant topics. I have intended to write you in spite of that total silence, when a convenient opportunity should offer. My feeling was quickened, a few days since, by a letter from my cousin Almira—the second only that I have received in the time I have been West. What interested me more than anything else, was the information that you had left the Unitarian Church, and were now attending Mr. Field's ministry. From the conversations we had together, last summer, I am not astonished at your course. I felt that you were no more at home among them than myself, and that you would never be. I long to hear from your own pen how you at length came to your present conclusion; how long you have been attending Mr. F.'s church; whether you find in his ministry, and among his church, the supplies which you wanted in the Unitarian communion. Tell me how much and how little of the Trinitarian system you hold, the difficulties that still darken your way, as well as the hopes and comfort that are still yours. How I could wish to be with you, to hear you, and to speak with you! In all, or most of this conflict of religious doubt, remember that I have preceded you; and remember that you speak to one who would be a helper of your joy. Write me, then, as soon as you receive this; commence, at least, a reply at once. I shall look for a letter from you constantly, till I receive one. Of my own feeling—my doubts, conflicts, hopes, fears, and convictions—I spoke to you somewhat when we were last together. You would like to have me tell you something more about the matter, I am sure. You know, in coming out here, that I came to the acquaintance and ministry of one who had been to me a helper and a true pastor. Mr. Gallagher had won my respect and affection when I listened to his preaching in South Carolina; he had fed me when I was almost starving for the food of the word. Since then my way had been providentially directed to the Episcopal Church, till I had become attached to its beautiful and refreshing service. You will not wonder, then, that I attended here on the ministry of Mr. Gallagher. With him I have had many conversations, and a patient and faithful pastor has he been to me. Becoming convinced that episcopacy is the "primitive order," and of Divine institution, and most warmly attached to the service and ritual of that church, on last Easter I joined the church, and on Whitsuntide (commemorative of the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and coming on the fiftieth day after Easter—for they are to the Christian what the Passover and Pentecost were to the ancient church) I was confirmed by the laying on of the hands of the bishop. And if, to all appearance, I am

moored and settled in the church, not less so is it in reality. It is daily becoming more and more the church of my affections. In all its offices and ritual I see the aids to piety, and I realize the responsibility I am now under to excel in goodness. I am led now to the green pastures and beside the still waters, and my soul has rest. Would that the same church were yours, and that I could do aught to commend it to your preference! The language of my heart is that of gratitude, that, though by a devious path of great length, I have, by the goodness of God, been led to the ark, and have found rest. \* \* \*

Let me hear from you soon, and then I will write you one of my long, old-fashioned letters. I write few of them now. My kind remembrances to all inquiring friends.

Yours, as ever, with sincere affection,

CAROLINE.

For the next twelve months my sister wrote scarcely any letters. She left Louisville, May, 1847, and spent the ensuing summer with me at my residence in Maine.

The latter half of her residence in Louisville (which was, in all, of twenty months' duration) was not profitable to her, pecuniarily, intellectually, or spiritually. Although happy, she was not blessed. I did not fail to observe, on her return, that her high standard had been lowered. No time, from our parents' death to the end of her earthly life, did she pass with less benefit to herself than her second winter in Louisville. In this view of the matter I think she herself ultimately acquiesced, though she never ceased to prize most highly some of the friendships there formed.

During that second winter in Louisville she became engaged to be married to a medical student who boarded at the same house with herself (subsequently, and I believe still, Dr. C——, of Todd County, Ky.), whose partly weak, partly base desertion of her will be shown in the sequel.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TWO YEARS IN LOWER VIRGINIA.

1847—1849.

Deepening Dislike to Slavery—Desertion by her Betrothed—Severe Mental Conflicts  
and Spiritual Struggles.

TO MRS. ABBIE M. SUMNER, LOUISVILLE, KY.

New York, Nov. 3, 1847.

MY DEAR MRS. SUMNER: Delighted as I was to receive your kind letter of October 14th, I did not mean to answer it till I could tell you about my location in Virginia. You regret that I so soon leave my brother, and add that frequent change does not conduce to eminent domestic virtues. I know it well; but my reasons for leaving a brother's roof were these: In the first place, I had been freezing all summer with the damps and chills of a residence on the seacoast so far at the East, and it seemed to me that one winter's stay would be a trial to my constitution which I had better avoid, especially as, for two preceding winters, and particularly the last, I have had severe colds in the form of coughs, and as, by a cold taken early this fall, I seem more disposed to cough than ever, hoarseness also constantly troubling me when I sing. But even this was not so weighty a consideration as the fact that I must have care and employment of my own, and that regularly, in order to a moderate degree of cheerfulness. Nor were both these so important in the chapter of reasons, as the fact that my marriage being at an indefinite and probably at a remote distance, and my own pittance diminishing, I must seek not only employment, but one which would afford me the means of support. Providence (shall I not suppose so?) sent to me a young lady who had been four years at the South, and whose mother's health required her return to the East. I go, therefore, "on the track of duty." \* \* \*

Poor Mr. Gallagher! What has he done with the children? Has he broken up housekeeping?

Where I am going, in Virginia, I expect to go to an Episcopal church. \* \* \* Again let me thank you for your letter. I rejoice in the prosperity of the emancipation *Examiner* in Louisville. How I long to see you! Love to all; and believe me, ever yours, gratefully and affectionately,

C. P. T.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Oaken Brow, King George Co., Va., Nov. 16, 1847.

MY DEAR MARY: You will acknowledge that Oaken Brow is a "mighty pretty" name wherewith to commence my letter, will you not? Well, the spot thus named is worthy of its cognomen. An abrupt yet rounded brow, thinly covered with oaks, locusts, and holly trees, overlooks a low, smooth field, bordering the river Rappahannock. Upon this is built a fine brick dwelling, and from its portico is a lovely view of the river, and numerous mansions on its banks. At the distance of some three miles lies the neat village of Port Royal (and neat villages do not abound at the South). Such is the outward, only more beautiful than these few words have told. On the day after my arrival, the lord of the manor died, and now sleeps quietly amid scenes his eye was proud to rest upon when he could call the fairest his own. From what I have seen of Mrs. ——— I think I shall like her much. Her characteristic manner is gentle dignity and sweetness, which is a manner I most need to imitate, and which is the most agreeable of all to me. Two daughters, of thirteen and fifteen, and a little girl of ten and a son of eight, make up, with a little nephew and niece who come in occasionally to read, my school. The family attend the Episcopal church, which is held at Port Royal once in two weeks. The minister is a native of Newburyport; and the reasons I speak of him are, that a preacher is an important circumstance in the items of my surroundings, and because, "horribile dictu," he is an extreme conservative, pro-slavery, and all that. He spoke of voting for Taylor for President, "merely because he was a Southern man! for, in the crisis approaching, the South will need a President to support its interests!" Yes, truly it will; but shame upon a Northern pro-slavery man—a preacher of that gospel which declares that in Christ there are "no bond or free"! \* \* \* I meant this letter should look very nice; but, with these short days, and giving lessons after school on the guitar, &c., I find little daylight, and it will not do for me to write long by candlelight. My eyes are some stronger. I think that beadwork and my colds tried them, and I am now very careful of them. Thus, one by one, the signs of old age creep on! The hoarseness which troubled me at your house has still continued to trouble me, but to-day and yesterday I have sung with much more ease than for a long, long time. I have been singing and practising to-day to my great satisfaction.

## TO MRS. WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Oaken Brow, Port Conway, King George Co., Va., Dec. 17, 1847.

\* \* \* My hostess is tall, with dark hair and eyes, gentle and dignified in her manners, sad, of course, at present, a woman of deep and consistent piety, unfeigned humility, very watchful for my comfort, more so than I have ever met one before. My pupils are pleasant and docile, though not advanced. My labors are much less wearing than in Louisville, and I have not been so free from the feeling of exhaustion consequent on teaching since my first three months in Upper Virginia. \* \* \* During the first two and a half weeks I had completed that quilt (and it is very pretty), and had accomplished in the neatest manner the making of that same nice English collar you gave me. One of these days I shall want to know where I can buy ten or twelve yards just like it. I am afraid none could be found in Louisville; if not, I wish W. T. C. would just make a purchase for me when in the way of it again. Besides all this work (and I can assure you it was no small job to make up such cloth), I have made four nice caps, and parts of two more, and have progressed considerably in making up the linen I bought. More than that, I have learned a good many songs for the guitar, besides writing fifty-five pages of letters. Have I not been industrious? Time flies, and I cannot do half I wish. I have been to church only once, there being Divine service in Port Royal only once in two weeks; and as we have to cross a river, we cannot go if it threatens rain. But last year was a round of excitement, and it is probably good for me to be quiet, to hear less and think more. No doubt by all this I shall be better fitted for my future duties and privations in the West, for privations I expect. Constant occupation, a feeling that I am, in some measure, usefully employed, and a measure of affection, are necessary to my happiness, though I have given up the idea that this world will ever seem a pleasant home to me.

With most grateful and affectionate regard to yourself and husband, believe me, truly yours ever,  
CAROLINE.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Oaken Brow, March 22, 1848.

\* \* \* Though the petitions [to Congress, on the subject of slavery] are laid on the table, conscientious men are awake; they are heard, and the truth will prevail. However, all this you know. I am obliged to you for sending me the dissertation.\* I

[\* Read before an association of ministers. Its position was, "No Christian union with voluntary slaveholders."]

can see no defect in your reasoning, and believe your prediction "that the Northern church will eventually take this ground." Your position that the institution of slavery is anti-Christian, ought not to need an argument. The *Examiner* [an emancipation paper published at Louisville, of whose New-Year number (1848) she speaks as "a beautiful specimen of literary taste, Christian courage, hope, and effort"] hits, now and then, the clergy for their indifference.

TO WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Oaken Brow, near Port Conway, Va., April 4, 1848.

MY DEAR COUSIN: Yours, mailed 28th ult., came to hand this P. M. I do not feel altogether well, or in good spirits; but since you were so kind as to write me, I will not, by neglect, seem to think little of your attention. \* \* \* There is here a class of people, within a mile or two, as degraded as the Hottentots. Thus slavery is not only a system of complicated injustice to the blacks, but is so oppressive to the poor white people, that it would be for their comfort to be black also; nor would it increase their present ignorance, indolence, and degradation. And with all this, remember that the higher classes are by this system vitiated in morals and enervated by indolence. Cousin, consider well your obligations as a Christian philanthropist, and—may I say it?—abjure that unprincipled party that is willing to swallow Polk, war, slavery, Mexico, and every abominable thing, to perpetuate its power. Join the party of freedom, and battle for the truth. Christian politicians should be known, if there be yet any love for country, any fear of God. But I spare you. You have seen the West and South. Is there not moral death and mental stupor at the South? My brother's last letter was dated February 7th; he was to leave ——— March 1st. I am glad he is out of ———; they are the narrowest of narrow people; and to be a narrow Unitarian is abominable.

TO MRS. SUMNER.

Oaken Brow, near Port Conway, Va., May 7, 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. SUMNER: I do not often write on Sunday; but it is not "church Sunday," and this solitary day has had many thoughts of you. Not that this is a day when I have thought of you more than ordinary, for you little believe how frequently, how affectionately I remember you. I wished many times to write, but have hesitated to enter your presence unbidden.

\* \* \* You may have heard that my brother has left Maine. I do not know the specific reason of his departure,

though I know that he had been intending to leave the coming July, at the latest. His independence on the subjects of the war and slavery was doubtless the true reason. I presume you have seen his article taking the position, "No Christian union with voluntary slaveholders." He sent it to me, remarking that it was "written not for the South, but for the Northern churches, and that they would, though slowly, come to take that position." For myself, though I would gladly see differently, I must confess that I think his premises Scriptural and Christian, his reasoning evident and logical, and his conclusion unanswerable.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Oaken Brow, May 9, 1848.

DEAR SISTER: Your acceptable and interesting letter of the 3d inst. came to hand this morning, and I will allow myself the privilege of commencing a reply at once. Your letter, in every point of view, was decidedly the best you have written me since we were girls together. Perhaps your present fine spirits had something to do with it. If I may speak first of what interested me as much as anything, it will be of Bel. How I wished I could have heard that sweet accent: "Did aunty send them to me?" There is a little niece of Mrs. ——— here occasionally, who, in her prattling, reminds me of Bel; and I know you will not accuse Caroline Tenney of affectation, even though I tell you that I have often felt a sudden pang akin to homesickness, as I have been reminded of Bel, to think I should hear those sweet childish accents—yes, that one tone, "Dear aunty!"—no more. But, as long as I live, I shall send her something to speak for me to her quick affections. I can sincerely rejoice with you in the prospect you speak of, and I cannot help being a little pleased, too, in the happiness Bel will derive from a little playfellow. One child is so lonely.

I can well understand your feelings in having been permitted to leave ——— so soon. The air, the situation of your house was enough to prostrate one's energy; and then, that social apathy seemed to stagnate one's blood. ——— is a dead place, as to its every aspect, moral, intellectual, social, and physical.

I was interested in your mention of Miss ———. I am sure—I know from my own experience—there is no joy so pure, so satisfying, as that of having strengthened or aided a fellow immortal. I was yesterday cheered by a little note from a teacher in a neighboring family, of deep feeling, fair, yes, superior mind, thorough cultivation, and most retentive memory. But she is very homely, awkward, naturally depending in her character; has

been cowed by a life of dependence and neglect, arising from poverty and not being understood. To her I have given a sympathy which arises from a perception of her difficulties and an appreciation of her character; advice, which is the result of more experience and a keener observation; and, more than that, have uttered those high, hopeful, noble sentiments, which, though I can never live them out, may inspire her with resolve. She looks up to me, and I suppose mine is a nature that demands deference, in order to have satisfaction in my friends. I would it were not so, by the way, but I believe it is. She says she seems to have so many things made clearer to her when she has been with me, &c.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Oaken Brow, May 13,\* 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your long, full letter was something like; it seemed as though I had had a "talk" with your very self. Your increased happiness is to me a source of joy. Oh, William! when, last summer, at your house, I saw you—when I thought of you, fettered in that prison, a heavy weight was upon my heart. And frequent were, and frequent have been since I left, the thoughts that your health would fail in that horrid place. And in Massachusetts one feels that life is worth having—so free, so active. \* \* \*

It seems to me there is no more elasticity, no more pulse in my soul, except to sorrowful emotions. Days have I of dark and hopeless melancholy, more or less intolerable, but not one happy. † Do you ask how long this has been? Three months, intensely so. I sometimes wish I had been an ordinary woman—ordinary in capacity, ordinary in aim. I have thirsted for enjoyments which are pure, noble, high; enjoyments that will never be mine on earth. I have cherished hopes, not unreasonable, but they will never be realized. I could not help—I did not plant that thirst. It was, it is my nature; it commenced in childhood; it must burn my soul to fever through life. So I do not care what becomes of me. I sometimes think I will go to work in the factory, for its dull monotony may suit my dead spirit. There is one serious preventive: I believe God has given me talents for a higher work.

## TO WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Oaken Brow, near Port Conway, Va., May 27, 1848.

\* \* \* By the way, my "democratic" cousin, how go the times? Which of those miscreant Northerners, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_,

[\* Her birthday.]

[† The cause of this will soon be seen.]

or Buchanan, is your choice? The halls of Congress hear new language, and Mr. Calhoun, whether he will or not, must hear slavery discussed. It is to be hoped that honest men will begin to understand that iniquity must belong to a system which seeks silence and darkness; which would stop discussion and overthrow the press. The beginning of the end is come. While Americans are sending congratulations to struggling freemen in Europe, let them blush to remember the legalized oppression here. But I did not intend to lecture. I stop my pen.

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Oaken Brow, July 2, 1848.

It is not that I have forgotten my best friend Mary, that I have permitted her kind letter of April 5th to remain so long unanswered. It is because, at that time, "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" appeared in my horizon; and as I had written you so many gloomy letters in my life, I was determined to avoid such unkindness in future. But if I wait till sorrow and disappointment have ceased to pursue me, my dear Mary will have reason to conclude that I am dead really, or, at any rate, dead to friendship. You have often predicted for me a brighter future, since my path has been so clouded. I could never give assent to your prophecies; it is not according to the analogy of nature. If, in the morning, clouds obscure what was at first a bright sun, very seldom does the sun return to gladden that day. But, to leave poetic fancies, and speak of the reasons why I cannot hope for a bright future: Does not the beginning which one makes in the world mould as well as foretell his career? I know it is so. Misfortune has claimed me for her own. Lest you should for a moment blame me, and be impatient with what you may be disposed to think are unreasonable vapors, let me come at once to the point. You have heard, no doubt, of the fickleness of woman; but since that is not my sin at present, let me ask you if you have never heard of the inconstancy of man? I have to tell you that I am its victim. \* \* \*

And now my story is done. Weeks of anguish inexpressible his acquaintance has caused me, and a blighted future. \* \* \* Mrs. ——— wishes me to stay; but Robinson Crusoe was scarcely more solitary. The people here, though the aristocracy, have less ideas than any I ever knew. Yet there are two toadyish Yankee men teachers in the county, who play sycophant on all occasions, preferring the South to the North. The South! with all its mental and moral stupor, its dissipation, its utter forgetfulness of man's noblest duties! The South! a moral waste—to the free, enter-

prising, intelligent North, because there is more luxury here than they knew—more leisure! As if life was meant to be a leisure day! Oh, I could tar and feather such Yankees! But to return to self: Here am I, my chafed spirit tearing in vain its prison. For hours I walk my solitary chamber to exhaust my body, that my mind may sympathize, and sink into calmness. The weather is the hottest I ever felt. What is there in the world for me? My fate has ever been one long contradiction between reality and my tastes and desires. It began in my childhood. \* \* \* You are surrounded by a gay party. Let me not cloud your mirth. Withdraw to give but one hour to a sorrow-stricken, broken-spirited woman. I shall be here till August 1st certainly; probably I shall remain next year—an interminable year.

TO MRS. SUMNER.

Oaken Brow, King George Co., Va., July 15, 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. SUMNER: I know your patience and charity will pardon this intrusion. When I was within reach of your kindness, it never failed; and since you ever manifested so generous an interest for me, I would fain have you know my more recent fortunes. Since to you was known the commencement, so would I have you know from me, rather than from rumor, the close of the deepest tragedy in my history hitherto. My lover has told me "to seek happiness elsewhere than from him"! The subject is painful; but I wish you to know his course, and as briefly as possible I will narrate the story that has for its subject my disappointment and sorrow. Immediately on his return home, though his thoughts had more liberty to turn to me, his letters fell fifty degrees in temperature. The words, the form were there, but the spirit had fled. He spoke of his friends' feelings on the subject, and their reasons—namely, my being a "Yankee," "not rich," my age and consequent fixed habits in connection with my training in a Free State, and my known disapproval of slavery, my superior education, and my religious preferences and opinions!! I saw the cloud in my horizon "no bigger than a man's hand," and I became gloomy as when I wrote you last! But I scrupulously kept the knowledge of it from him. I would sometimes rewrite a letter three times in order to make it perfectly free from anything like sadness. May 15th he sat down deliberately, and stated the "reasons which forbade the consummation of our engagement." You shall hear them. First, "my superior mind and its unusual cultivation, together with my age, would make me much more than his equal." Second, "our temperaments never would chord, for his love would ever seem to me careless and in-

different." In proof of this, he quoted those old misunderstandings that had long ago been mutually forgiven. Yet, three times since our reconciliation he has left me to suffer agony from his confessed—mark, I say confessed—habit of procrastination. I never complained. Admonished by the past, I schooled my heart to suffer in silence, but I felt it a dark omen for the future; for if a man can procrastinate in writing to his betrothed, in what will he be punctual? Third, the fact that "he had been raised by slaveholding parents, and held notions abhorrent to mine"! Take notice: last winter he requested me to write something on the subject of slavery, and let him have it published in the *Examiner*. In my reply, speaking of the "evil," I ventured to call it a "sin." He took fire as though I had slandered his parents. I suffered what, I tell you, I would not suffer again for the love of the very best man that ever trod the earth. I made an idol; I resolved that that should be to me, thenceforth, an untouched, forbidden theme for his sake. I wrote him a gentle reply, expressing my regret. Then it was *his* turn to repent, having thus harshly turned upon me. What is slavery but a sin? for every evil is a sin, or the result of sin. You have now all his reasons as laid before me; and, lest you should think my own indiscretions have brought this upon myself, I will quote other expressions from his letter. He began by saying he "took the side of reason against hopes which had shed the only light upon an existence dark in its boyhood, but dimly lighted in its early manhood, and that was now about to enter a double gloom for the rest of his life." He says his admiration and esteem for me have never grown less, while his love has increased; that he still and ever places me higher and higher as a moral and intellectual being; that, having known me, he can conceive of perfection in no other; and he has no expectation that time will extinguish his affection. But while he is so imperfect, he can never be competent, consequently never willing to receive my hand! He continues: "I know that I am loved more truly, more sacredly, than it is the lot of many to receive; for but few have your capacity to love. I know that you will make one (worthy of you) more than happy;" and then, with a brief wish for my happiness, without one lingering word to the sweet memories of our pleasant hours, our united hopes, he bids me adieu.

\* \* \* I wrote him such a reply as I could. His answer came—one page! In that, he again called me his "dearest friend," but said "he knew not what to write, for he had proved himself defaulter in every principle that constitutes a man; sleeping and waking, he saw the frowns of all that was sacred and dear; he was completely changed in every respect; more aban

doned in his hopes than ever ; not a particle of confidence in himself in anything, and asking the "curses justice demanded."

TO HER BROTHER.

Oaken Brow, King George Co., Va., July 21, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours of July 7th was long in coming. It arrived the 18th. In reply, I have so much to say that I know not where to begin, what to omit, or where to end. I was sorry after I sent off that "gloomy letter." Yet perhaps it was as well—at least, for one constituted as I am. When I had fairly written down in black and white the unchristian and impious thoughts that possessed me, I more fully realized their sinfulness and inconsistency. For several days subsequent, a struggle was going on between my will and God's providence. I knew, I felt the devil within me; and the consciousness that I was wrong in spirit added bitterness to every other sorrow. I remember two days—a Saturday and a Sunday. I do not think I can ever forget them. For hours and hours of those days I walked my room, until I could walk no longer from veriest fatigue. Not a tear moistened my eye—for they choked me, and my head seemed full to bursting. The same condition lasted two or three days longer, only the duties of school partially diverted me for a few hours. This was misery, unrelieved by one smile from Heaven; for, in a state of rebellion, how could I look for support where only it was to be found? Almost desperate, one day, immediately after dinner, I went to my room, and locked the door, determined, by God's help, then and there to commune deeply with my own spirit; to wrestle earnestly for all needed grace in this my time of trial; to bend my will, resign all to Him, and then to prove, while I trusted in the truth of His promise, the reality of His presence. And need I tell the sequel? Did any one ever seek the ear of Infinite Love, and go away unheard, unpitied, or unblest? From that hour to this I have been at peace. The healing dews from Heaven have cooled and refreshed my fevered spirit. In other days I have been at peace, when storms had passed, and when a brighter sky was opening in the distance; now, though clouds are upon every side, I am able to possess my soul in patience. I can respond to your conviction, for I have a "witness within myself," that by this great trial of my life "my character will be purified and strengthened." Most of the possessions, the hopes, the ambitions of my past life have vanished; but there is an enduring possession, an undying hope, a purified ambition, still my own. I have delayed many times in the past to pluck the flowers that spring up in my pathway, and have withdrawn my gaze from the unfading flowers,

the changeless treasures, that are in store only for the faithful. But now it seems to me "the weights" have fallen off in this furnace, and that I shall come forth girded for future effort and conflict. I speak thus in no spirit of boasting or of self-confidence—far, far the contrary, as the All-seeing One is witness; but I feel that life's fevered years for me are gone, never to return. My spiritual eyesight is cleared, my spirit wiser, my aim more earnest. It is now almost three years since I sought the West. What years they have been to me! and I have frequently thought that all the joy that could be expected in my future years, were they many, would not suffice to outweigh the bitter moments I had spent in these three years. But I do not feel so now. Though in many things I ought to have done otherwise, and done better, done wiser, still I can but feel that my life West, and its consequent experiences, have fitted me for larger usefulness than could have been had my life passed on in the ordinary routine of woman's sphere. My whole being is quickened, my mental horizon enlarged. In this view, therefore, I do not regret the past, and I look with chastened but firm hope to the future. I say with hope; but mark, no hope of ease, or wealth, or exemption from trial; no hope of what is called "bright days to come." But I do hope, I do expect to be useful in the more elevated sense, in influencing the minds and hearts of those who may come in the sphere of attraction. And in this noble aim I must think often and drink the spirit of Christ's words: "For this cause I sanctify myself." I have often, and for many years, thought that, for my highest training, a peculiar and a severe discipline was needed, and would be given; and theoretically I have not wished to avoid the means of moral purification, whatever it might be. Shall I practically not only shrink, but murmur when the ordeal comes? Nay, shall I receive the appointed token of adoption as one "whom the Lord loveth," without the disposition of grateful, trustful submission? Oh! no, no. Amid the wreck of so many hopes, beneath the clouds that darken the future, my trust in God was never so firm; and as I review the many pure influences of the years that are gone, which His providence gave me, and, with them, gave also the disposition to receive them; when I recall the teaching and example of those who have been my own pastors, men of moral character so elevated, and from whom my young mind drank in the love of excellence and noble aims; when I see how a serious mind and a taste for books have led me into communion with the truly noble and good;—when I see all this, and ten thousand times more, most sincerely do I enter into the spirit of the thirty-fourth Psalm, especially the third verse. \* \* \*

And this reminds me of one of my late aims and hopes. It

is, a moral power over individuals, resulting particularly from my power of reading others, and from my varied experience and quick sympathies. Now, I am deeply sensible that I need much more discretion and moderation than I have, and a holier, more consistent character, to make the most and best use of what must be otherwise a useless gift, often a pernicious one. I could fill pages with examples and illustrations to the point. How many have said to me: "You seem to read any one like a book—to look them through;" \* and not merely to read and look, but to "meet the experience—to anticipate it—to develop to others their own undefined difficulties." I know my dangers in connection with this gift (it was a gift that belonged by nature to my mother), but I will try to consecrate it to the holiest uses. I speak of this, to show you what thoughts, purposes, hopes, fill my mind. I want you to see that I "look not mournfully on the past." No, it is not for the Christian to despair. My misanthropic speculations were always rebuked by the thought that for such a world as this the Son of Man came down from heaven;" for such a world He toiled here—died—rose—intercedes. How impious, that an imperfect, sinful being like myself should be out of patience and hope with a world which a holy God has done so much for, and bears with so long! My literary, or rather my bookish tastes seem fresh as ever, and I know I enjoy the pure world of well-chosen books more than the love of Mammon and his wealth; for the source of pleasure is higher, more exquisite. I tell you I would not sell my taste for books—for pure and serious reflection—for the Indies. I wish to enter immediately on a course of real study, that will develop, enrich, and strengthen my mind—give it more depth, and yet variety of power. I do not know what may open before me, and I remember: "Wisely improve the present; it is thine." In regard to my sphere and my capabilities, "Excelsior" must be my motto henceforth.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

July 26, 1848.

MY DEAR KATE: As I have written so long a letter to William and to Bel, I must make the most of this little sheet of paper. I am relieved from anxiety to hear of your welfare, and am glad your gift was a boy. \* \* \*

Reading and study will be the order of exercises for next year, if I live and have my health. I see, more plainly than ever,

[\* This remark needs qualification. Some persons she seemed to read by intuition. In other cases, especially where biassed by her affections, she made very great mistakes.]

my faults, my mistakes, and my powers; and, with God's help, the former shall be avoided, and the latter used as they have never been. I feel not only that I give satisfaction here, but that I am doing good in the color I give Mrs. ——'s views, for she is a mother. I speak thus, that you may see what hopes they are that fill my heart and sustain my spirit in such an apparent desolation as this. Yes, Kate, I have endured much, but "as seeing Him who is invisible;" and I know it will be my fault if I do not experience the truth of the promise: "All things shall work together for good." I do not mean good things or bright things, as the world see. I no longer look for them; but I know I can be a useful woman.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Oaken Brow, Va., Aug. 31, 1848.

\* \* \* I purpose to remain here till next August (1849), and then farewell (I trust) to the land of mental torpor and moral death; welcome the land of Sabbath bells, of schools, of books, of freedom. How deplorable the degradation of the poor in Virginia! A New Englander has no conception of it. There are some Yankee teachers about here, who drink wine, praise the South, flatter, fawn, ridicule the Yankees! I pity at times, at other times despise. Sons of New England, yet not able to appreciate her mental and moral elevation! Of all the places it has been my lot to know among the upper class, this King George County is the most devoted to self in all the forms of ease and dissipation. When Mr. B—— was here, he taught singing for the sake of improving the church psalmody of the Methodist and Baptist churches. He went among the "Blags" (the degraded white men) to teach them. How can I help saying to myself sometimes, "I wish I was a man"? I see so much that Yankee men might do even here, if they would; but then, perhaps, I should be engrossed with men's ambitions. \* \* \*

For bosom companions, I admire Fenelon and Thomas à Kempis. I intend soon to dive into the merits of Upham's "Interior Life." Christians do not make the most of their privileges. They are not willing, in the true sense, to "go up higher."

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Oaken Brow, Va., Sept. 3, 1848.

MY DEAREST MARY: Your kind and affectionate letter of the 3d ult. was peculiarly welcome, for it came to me during hours of illness. I was just becoming convalescent from an attack of bilious fever of the remittent character. \* \* \*

Half of Virginia would not tempt me to live South. "Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish," I will live no more in Slave States. I desire to speak in submission to Providence, for I have learned that it is vain to oppose our destiny; but I long—oh, how I long!—to go back to the free, intelligent North! One year more, Mary, and my slavery, I trust, is ended. Mrs. ——— is very kind, and I live much at my ease; but oh! the mental and moral torpor that reigns here! this isolation! this living death! Sunday after Sunday to see no church; week after week to see no one who cares, or ever will care for you (for here teachers are a caste), is not life; it is sleep (to use the mildest term). I am applying myself most devotedly to my books; and, if my health is spared, I expect to accomplish a great deal the coming year.

By tasking the day and myself, I get along without much *ennui*.

"Though the present has its tortures, and the past its stores of ill,  
To the future—to the future let us look with courage still."

I can still be a useful woman, and therefore a happy one; not happiest, but still happy. And from this furnace I trust to come forth purified. By natural tendencies I have many faults; they lie on the surface of my character, while, generally, people's faults are more hidden. Thus, though always thirsting for usefulness, I have failed to attain my desires. Now, I see and am ardent to pursue the "more excellent way." I look with humble, prayerful hope to the future. I see enough to live for. \* \* \*

How ridiculous it is to see the Southerners, who have never entered a Free State—who never read (for they cannot easily fall in with) books of "large discourse" upon men and manners, laws and institutions—who see only speeches of Southern men, and the lies about Northern ones—how ridiculous to see them sit down and glorify their dying States! It is the glory "that was." \* \* \* It is after severe storms only that a healthy serenity reigns; it is after great tribulation that the soul attains deep-seated peace. Yes, dear Mary, the Comforter is present with me, and I cannot, as I ought, express my gratitude to God for His sustaining, healing mercies in this sorrow. Except a few awful days, I have been able to look up with submission, even though the cup seemed bitterer than death. But does not our kind, infinite Father "do all things well"?

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Oaken Brow, Va., Oct. 4, 1848.

MY DEAR SISTER: Yours of September 22d was duly received; but I cannot describe the shock it gave me. I would have taken my pen immediately, but I felt too, too sad. Perhaps you will hardly believe it, but I did little but weep the rest of the day and the next but one; for, on the intervening day, I was constrained to make a visit for which I was engaged, and I have acquired sufficient control over myself in my many sorrows to smile when my heart is aching.

I could tell you how I was discouraged and grieved for myself, when I knew I should never see that little Charles; but I thought more of you and William. \* \* \* But I will not recall all that crowded upon my spirit to oppress it, nor will I dwell upon my hitherto ineffectual struggles to regain quiet resignation. I have alluded to them only that you may be convinced of my deepest and tenderest sympathy. Fain would I speak of what may console and cheer; yet I hesitate, for the fount of a mother's love I may not approach. It is too sacred. Those only who have suffered as parents have a right to speak of comfort. But I rejoice that you have been so supported under a dispensation so trying, that you are able to say: "Thy will be done." And I cannot be thankful enough that little Bel is spared to you, to comfort you by her affection. I cannot tell you how I long to hear those sweet tones. Tears blind me as I write. Teach her to love me; for I have no one else to speak to me in the tones of love.

TO MRS. SUMNER.

November 6, 1848.

\* \* \* Since I wrote my last, I have struggled with many waves and billows of feeling, of anxiety, besides even the one keenest sorrow and trial of my life. But, as the winds and tempests sometimes drive the shattered bark into a safe, nay, even a calm haven, so am I quietly anchored in implicit trust in God's wise and kind Providence, in sincere submission to all His will concerning me. I bear marks of the perils and sufferings of the past. I remember the various rocks and quicksands upon which I had wellnigh made shipwreck; and here am I, resting, to learn wisdom, if I may, from the mistakes and dangers of the voyage, and getting repairs and new outfit against my summons to a new cruise upon the untried sea of the future. It may be more dark and troubled than any I have hitherto known; but shall I not more frequently study the Chart and consult the Compass, and use

oftener the lead and measuring line, and, in the last extremity, cling to the "sure and steadfast Anchor"? \* \* \*

I purpose to pursue farther some studies under my brother's direction and supervision, such as logic, rhetoric, mental philosophy and moral, probably Latin, &c. I hope to be allowed to fill some place in New England honorably, wisely, usefully. Surely the discipline of the past, what it has taught me of my own heart and character, and thus the more certainly of human nature in ordinary, is not all in vain. I hope I have made some little progress in that difficult branch of study, self-knowledge; and I try to move on (though I confess I go but slowly) in the still more arduous pursuit, self-improvement—improvement of the moral nature. I do hope that at length I may be of some use; that my life will not all be wasted; that, now my pride has been so sorely chastened, my hopes sobered, my motives analyzed, and, it may be, purified, my passions moderated, my whole nature softened—oh! I do hope that I may be strengthened to discharge more faithfully and earnestly life's duties, and, without impatience or repining, to take up its burdens, and pass on.

#### TO HER BROTHER.

Oaken Brow, Va., Nov. 18, 1848.

\* \* \* There is no misery so perfect as that which consists in hard thoughts of God, especially when the conscience, faithful to her trust, constantly whispers that to cherish such thoughts is the most Heaven-daring sin. In past years, in the days when my sorrows were in imagination, in fear of the future, I used to indulge in the "luxury" of grief. But, in this time of real trouble, I have never ceased to struggle, by every means, "to keep up," to keep busy, "to do the duty that lay next" me. I have been greatly burdened with sorrow and care and anxieties and fears, and I could hardly keep my footing; but I feel as securely planted now, as it is best for frail mortals ever to feel. I have cast all my burden upon Him who careth for me, and there will I leave it. Yes, I have suffered, and have yet to suffer; but I not only know, but feel it to be all for the best. \* \* \* Shall I not more effectually remember, and act as remembering, that this world is not my home, and, with singleness of purpose, address myself to the work of a Christian pilgrim? My deepest trials and gloom have been suffered in Virginia. When under that Egyptian darkness of religious despondency in Jefferson County, I felt that I could endure anything patiently, even cheerfully, could I but know the truth, and be sustained by Christian hopes. I am a very imperfect and inconsistent Christian; yet it

is Christianity that has sustained me now, and I would go through any imaginable earthly suffering, rather than be destitute, as in 1844 I was destitute, of religious light and comfort. \* \* \*

I cannot but feel that it was a kind Providence that prepared for me this quiet, pleasant home, while the storms were beating upon my soul. The labors are light. Mrs. ——— is very kind, and nowhere could I have been so much at my ease. You know I could not have enjoyed society; and here I have been screened from it, and in silence, unobserved, I have struggled alone.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

November 21, 1848.

MY DEAR KATE: As I sit down to reply to yours, just received, I cannot but acknowledge the wish that springs up in my heart, that I could spend a few days with you. I feel confident that, while I could offer the truest sympathies of an affectionate relative, I could also help cheer and encourage you. Not that I think of you as sad or desponding, for you say, "God's goodness is ever before me;" and if such is the case, I know you can say, "Sorrowful, yet rejoicing." Much, very much of God's precious word is addressed to the afflicted; and would not that portion be to us a sealed book, had not the hand of sorrow reached to us the key? And, in my trial, I have been so helped to exercise (except at some few and brief intervals) submission—nay, more, I have been granted such a sense of His goodness, that it seems to me I wish to impart to every one who is afflicted something of that trust, that childlike trust, which can make every burden light. I have somewhere, some time, read of a man, who, being in great affliction in the near prospect of death of a very dear child, as the hour of affliction drew near, betook himself to his closet, and, when he left it, relieved the apprehension of surrounding friends (they being afraid to tell him the child was dead), by declaring that, "for such views of God's love, goodness, and excellence in every perfection as he had that hour enjoyed, he could be content to lose a child every day." This may seem to you exaggerated and unnatural; but, in my own case, I can assure you, in the language "of truth and soberness," that I have, more than once, or twice, or thrice, felt that I was willing to go again all through this furnace of last summer (seven times heated though it often seemed), if I might often enjoy that delight in God as my wise Sovereign, my tender Father, my merciful Redeemer, my ever-present Comforter. You remember, and, I doubt not, you know the meaning of that line of the poet:

"Sweet to lie passive in His hand,  
And know no will but His."

In great trials, I am aware, we are more apt to attain this feeling; for, conscious of our own weakness, we fly to Him who alone can and who ever will help the needy suppliant. You are not without great trials; but you have also little ones, and these, I know, are the most dangerous to our peace. I read that St. Paul says that "all things shall work together for good to those who love God," and have come to feel the significance of that word "together." Do they not all work by His appointment or permission? and the little and the great must work "together." This may seem like cant, or, at any rate, may be tiresome. But I feel every word I say, and hope to feel it all my life. To have a lively impression of God's goodness, a proper remembrance of our own unworthiness, a suitable sense of what Christ has suffered for us, is all that is necessary for enduring, not only with submission, but with grateful submission, all that He appoints. Dear Kate, I hope I do not seem unfeeling, or to talk lightly of affliction. But my predominant sentiment is grateful praise to God. I am [not] content to cherish these feelings in silence, and I want some one to help me praise. Now, if this expression seem Methodistical, I cannot avoid it. In that respect King David was a Methodist. \* \* \*

All anxieties now seem to have vanished into one—viz., to be useful. \* \* \*

I thank William for the item concerning Mrs. Dana.\* How well can I understand the whole process which her mind has gone through! How well do I sympathize in the sweet feeling of repose she finds in her present church relation! Often have I thought of her, and, only a short time since, I remember reflecting that it would not be surprising to hear that she had sought that faith which teaches, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

#### TO MISS PLUMER.

Oaken Brow, Va., Dec. 9, 1848.

\* \* \* I have forgotten when I wrote you last. I presume it was in August, and I have been on the point of writing several times since then; but I have written and thought so much about "myself" for the last six months (that is, to my intimate friends, in Danvers, in New York, Louisville, and to my brother),

[\* Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, of Charleston, S. C., educated a Presbyterian, afterward a Unitarian, and author of a work concerning her change of doctrinal opinions, entitled "Letters to Relatives and Friends," had just been "confirmed" in the Protestant Episcopal Church.]

that I could not convince myself you were not as tired of the subject as I. \* \* \*

You say truly, that, "with the hopes and plans I entertain, I may be far happier than the so-called child of good luck." Yes, for how few have any great plan or purpose in life! and, though I may never succeed, may never attain, yet is it not much to be able to keep alive my resolutions, my efforts, my high aims, and a noble object? When I approach this subject, dear Mary, I feel as though I could find no language strong enough for me but that of the Psalmist: "Oh! magnify the Lord with me, and let us extol His name together." I have been enabled to meet what His chastening hand permitted, and to say: "Thy will be done." And He has not tried me beyond what I was able to bear, or left me without His presence and support. I have suffered deeply, but never before could I speak so experimentally of the joys of religion. Had it not been for religious motives and hopes, I am sure I should have become for years a self-abandoned, wretched being. I do not see how irreligious people bear trials. For my part, I have no "philosophy," and it is only by a recognition of God's paternal dealing that I ever could approach such a state of content. You say: "If you are able to maintain these feelings," &c. I have some things I would like to say in this connection that I cannot now do justice to, and so will go on by saying that I have a humble confidence that I shall be supported. \* \* \*

"Look not mournfully on the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadow future without fear, and with a manly heart," cannot be too often repeated. I have dwelt much on my feelings, and especially upon my religious consolations, because I thought it would be what you would wish to hear. In spite of rules, egotism in letter writing is mutually desired by friends.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Oaken Brow, Va., Dec. 23, 1848.

MY DEAR KATE: I sit down to chat with you a little; not that I feel "in the mood" particularly, but I am always in the mood to talk to those I love. \* \* \*

I sometimes wish I could have again that girlish enthusiasm, vivid emotion, intense, trusting attachment; but that is fled. I am cheerful and content, but I must say I am one of those who deem early youth the happiest. Those fresh, vivid feelings of delight, awe, wonder, affection, are crushed by time. But I did not mean to give a "homily" on this. You speak of your Fair. I am glad to see you satisfied and happy; but I cannot feel

any pleasure in the prosperity of a Unitarian church as such. Though I am not a prophet, or a prophet's daughter, depend upon it, five years from this will not see William a Unitarian preacher.\* \* \* \*

I wish I had been a man, or else a meek, quiet woman. This dependence is so galling. I should fret about it, if religious principle did not forbid. When I see dead-and-alive, half-hearted, half-spirited men, unconscious and unfaithful to their duties as men, in this world of sin and suffering, I am indignant. But "in patience possess your soul." I suppose you will be glad to have me stop, for I have mounted a sharp pen. Well, it is all in real good nature. Now, don't imagine a sharp tone to it.

TO HER BROTHER.

Oaken Brow, Va., April 2, 1849.

\* \* \* By this mail I send you two Louisville *Examiners*. I would send them oftener, but they are all so good, I do not know how to choose. Queer reason! They are admirable, indeed; but I cannot half enjoy them, for want of some one to taste them with me. It is like sitting down to an elegant repast without a companion. If humility be the "first, second, and third grace" for a Christian, truly patience must be a similar requisite for a successful reformer, who sees clearly, feels acutely, yet must get on slowly against the stupidity, prejudice, and selfishness of human nature. The prospect in Kentucky does not promise as well as I had hoped: still it is evident there is an advance.† The prosperity of Liberia is a most fortunate concurrent, for it has been a favorite theme with slaveholders, to scare the negroes with bugbears about Liberia. Once in a while I find out something on the dark side of slavery (I use the adjective comparatively, since all is dark) which it was not intended for a Northerner to get hold of. Rev. Mr. ——— says he likes Virginia better than New England. I did not ask him his reasons (they must be curious), because I respect his character so little, that I was afraid I might be betrayed into an unbecoming expression. Of all contemptible individuals, he is the most contemptible who prefers the mental and moral apathy of a Slave State to the activity of the Free States.

I forgot to remind Kate, in reply to her allusion to Macaulay, of what, perhaps, she does not distinctly keep in remembrance, that it is a "hierarchy" wedded to state about which she reads. The human heart seems to be nearly the same in its manifesta-

[\* A prediction still unfulfilled.]

[† The subsequent election showed, instead of advance, retrogradation.]

tions, when power is given. And if you refer to the reigns of Charles II. and James II., you may lay nine tenths of the sin at the door of those disgusting fanatics of the days of Cromwell. I read the Life of that latter wretch by Carlyle, his apologist, and, since then, his name is abominable to me. What cant, what vulgarity, what blasphemy in those days! Well might there be a reaction. The more I study history, the more I see reason to be proud of the Anglican Church; of her learned, wise, apostolic ministry; of the ages that were contemporary and successive to Luther. You smile at that word "apostolic." Mr. ——— is no apostle, but he owns Macaulay. I don't, however, like to ask him for it.

I have been reading Miss Strickland's "Queens of England" —an intensely interesting work. Of all the queens I have yet read of, I sympathize the most with Margaret of Anjou, of whom you see, in current histories, the passing remark that, though her sufferings were great, we can have little sympathy with her in them, because, forsooth, she had a masculine spirit. Well might she have, when fighting for her husband and son! But I pity intensely any woman, now or in past ages, in private or in public station, of masculine mind. Could I choose my own character, and enter again upon life, I would beg to be saved from anything but mere passable sense and the most superlative amiability. Since a part of the "curse" was the subjection of woman, it is better she should be so constituted as not to perceive it. I got about as mad, the other day, with some of Dana's lectures on Shakspeare, as I used to do with the commonplace Mrs. Ellis. And yet they, not I, are in the right. Indeed, the greatest trial of my life has been to content myself with the sphere of woman. Her dependence—oh! it is excruciating, and yet necessary. You remark that you are glad I have found out ——— so soon. Yes, it is well. It did relieve my sorrows at the first, and it will do so in future. But, after the first day or two, there was a reaction, like that of scattering some local pain or disease over the whole system. When I remembered the apparent truth, sincerity, and conscientiousness of ———, and also his later deceptions, I no longer was able to maintain even my usual charity for this world. Who can stand the test? And I had no longer the consolation of thinking I had loved an object morally worthy of my affections. I had thought him conscientious in his errors and shortcomings; but now, what excuse was there for his writing letters expressive of superlative misery and despondency, while he was flirting with others? I found such thoughts as these very painful, but I try to believe I shall yet be able to be patient and hopeful with myself, and other sinners.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Oaken Brow, April 10, 1849.

MY DEAR MARY: Your long and interesting letter of March 1st was duly received; and from your request that I would write immediately, and my usual attention to such requests, you have probably looked for a reply from me at a much earlier date. Why I allowed you to be disappointed, I will presently proceed to relate; for, though supported by an unshaken trust in my Heavenly Father's wisdom and love, though calm, if not hopeful, I was passing one more painful ordeal. You will think my trials are never to end, dear Mary; and I am almost ashamed to tax further your attention and your sympathies. You must remember it is my apology for not writing immediately upon the receipt of yours. The subject to which I allude is the revelation of C——'s duplicity and unworthiness! Yes, I must write it; and I have learned that what Corinne says to Oswald is true, and not merely a sentiment: "Dear as thou art," she says, "I could sooner resign thy affections than to know thee unworthy of mine." I was able, last year, to resist the tide of misanthropic thoughts, to turn from the dark view of human nature, to stifle bitter feelings against a world in which I had suffered so much. Yes, I was enabled to hope, to resolve, to do. But to learn that he whom I trusted in all his errors and strange conduct, as most assuredly truthful, conscientious, and therefore suffering—that he should be otherwise, was too much! I had always felt that, if he could be happy, I could bear my own sorrows with cheerfulness. I deemed that, in obedience to the voice of conscience, he had resigned a loved object. Of course, then, the thought of his apparent baseness and my desolation must wring his heart with continual agony—must forever darken his heaven with a frown. My letters to him had been devised with every possible consideration to remove this load from his conscience, and to inspire him with hope and courage for a future in which I should have no share. His replies were the intensives of agony, remorse, gloom, and despair; and, with a heart heavier than stone, I wrote him a farewell, and then wrote to —— [a common friend in Louisville], begging him to make some effort for his friend. He replied, to my surprise, that, though ——, in writing to me, might feel gloomy, yet he was not the one to be ruined by any such despair; and, in less than a month, he announced the fact, on the most reliable authority, that, in the past year, C—— had courted no less than half a dozen girls, and was now flirting with a Miss ——.

[Here follow details entirely conclusive.] To be deceived in the moral qualities of a friend, and that friend one to whom you had given your

deepest devotion—oh! Mary, this is to veil the face of day in midnight darkness. It is almost in vain to theorize—to resolve that there *is* excellence on earth, and that I will believe in it. How shall I know that, if the temptation be encountered in sufficient strength, any human virtue would endure? \* \* \*

To be solitary has been my singular trial, and it began in my childhood. Those N. M. children I never associated with much—they were so addicted to falsehood; and, as I advanced into girlhood, I liked them still less. Then came the sunshine of my Derry life; then the death of my parents, and loss of my home—and so on. I have about half a dozen friends scattered at the North, and, with a bleeding heart and fainting spirit and lagging energy, I have to begin life anew. Now, do not imagine that I am conquered. No, I do not yield.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

OCTOBER, 1849—AUGUST, 1850.

Determination to be a Missionary—Interesting Statement of her Reasons—Selects China for her field of Labor—Becomes the Missionary of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y., to the Protestant Episcopal Mission at Shanghai—Voyage—Religious Experience on the Voyage—Arrival at Shanghai.

TO MRS. SUMNER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. SUMNER: With real pleasure I devote a few hours of this rainy Monday to the reply which your kind letter of July 23d demands. I had, indeed, despaired of being favored by you again. (I recollect, by the way, that you ever deemed me wanting in hopefulness.) I think the very last vestige of hope had vanished; but very far was I from being “offended by your silence.” I ought to be above the very common absurdity and ingratitude, which leads people to forget the nine hundred and ninety-nine favors received, while they think only of the one thousandth which they fail to enjoy. No, my dear Mrs. Sumner, I have too deep a sense of your constant and disinterested friendship for me while I was in Louisville, and of the kind interest you have since cherished for my welfare, to allow me for a moment to claim one remembrance more. And I felt sure that, if other duties were not paramount, you would not only have thought

of me, but have given me, by letter, the usual sign of remembrance.

As I had left King George County some days before your letter was mailed, it did not reach me till the first week in September, which was some eight or ten days after my arrival in Brooklyn. In leaving the South, I had cherished the hope of visiting once more the scene of my former labor in Jefferson County, Va. The cordial welcome I received from my old acquaintances there was very cheering, and the time I spent there passed most rapidly and pleasantly. My former pastor was anxious for my return, and another gentleman made me quite a tempting offer (don't be alarmed—not of marriage), which, all things considered, I thought more desirable than any previous one at the South. Mr. Jones, the pastor in whose parish I had resided, seemed very solicitous for me to return, and offered me his aid, counsel, books, and so much of his society as I wished and he could spare; and these were important items in my sum of enjoyments. But I could not see it best to live longer at the South.

I found my brother in Northfield, Mass., a town, as you may be aware, situated on the blue Connecticut, touching the Vermont and New Hampshire boundaries. The scenery of that region, I need not say to you, is magnificent; and the environs of Northfield, in their natural features, reminded me of Cincinnati. The air is, of course, pure and invigorating, and we hope our drooping Kate may be greatly benefited by the refreshing influences of her new home. Her health is, indeed, a more serious cause of anxiety than ever, and my brother seemed to watch over her as though he felt he might not keep her long on earth. To me there are manifestations of a deepened piety, a purity and serenity in her character, that remind me she is indeed ripening for a better world, and may be called very soon. She seems every hour to enjoy the natural beauties that surround her. \* \* \*

When you write (you see I have "hope" now), tell me how Mr. Heywood and his coadjutors of the *Examiner* bore the severe disappointment of their total defeat as to emancipation in Kentucky. I will not, however, say "total defeat," for no true work is lost. You remember, doubtless, that old "orthodox" line:

"Though seed lie buried long in dust."

Were I conversant with Emerson, or a quoter of poetry or Carlyle, I could give you a more elegant saying; but there is none more consoling than "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

My long visit in Jefferson County, and my prolonged detention here, made me determine to relinquish all further visiting, except to my brother, and to one other, the loved pastor of my

early teens, who did more in two years to shape my character and views religiously, than all others can ever do or undo. It was thirteen years since I had listened to his impressive words in the house of God. Then, he was to me the impersonation of all that was excellent and desirable. In seeking to hear him again, I was not quite sure the charm would not be in a measure dispelled. So far from it, inasmuch as I was the more able to discriminate, I saw the more to demand my admiration in his high views of duty and his perfect devotion to it, and in all those graces that conclusively prove that the possessor of them does indeed walk with God. I spent several days in his family, deriving from his conversation, and the influences around me, a salutary tonic for subsequent duties.

I have returned to my cousin, William Cutter's, in Brooklyn, to spend the winter, and teach his children. I do not know what my facilities will be for making acquaintances this winter. Perhaps cousin William will be much absent. His wife is not in very good health, and is burdened with many cares. We live two miles or more out of the city, and near us desirable acquaintances are not very numerous. The house and situation, however, are delightful. \* \* \*

You allude very kindly to the sainted pastor of my happy days in Louisville. The "memorial" which you mention is probably the sermon by the bishop, the notice by Mr. Craik, the "resolutions." Now they are gone, I hope I shall more thoroughly appreciate and more earnestly strive to acquire their Christian graces. How sweetly Mrs. G. would say: "It is all for the best." I used to look at her in wonder, then; yet I trust I have since learned something of the sweetness of a submissive temper.

It only remains to answer your inquiry: "How are you now?" I could say much in answer to that simple question; but perhaps one sentence contains it all. Through the grace of God, I may say emphatically, as never before in my life I could say, that I am in "perfect peace." You refer to my "self-sustained, trusting epistle of November, 1848." Perhaps there was too truly, and not in the best sense, a self-reliance. I thought I had conquered; but when, in February, I learned that he, who had been my ideal of what was true and pure and noble, had become not only weak, but false; that, while I, in solitude, had wrestled with sorrow, and spoke to him in cheerful hope, and he, in unusual despondency, had added mountains to my burden by expressions of hopeless gloom; that, while he thus received my sympathy, he was really addressing and flirting with others—I tasted then the bitterest drop in the cup of grief. Then, indeed, I feared I should yield to a bitter spirit toward him—toward the world. If

he were so utterly weak, whom could I trust? Reason and religion contended with feeling; and in this, as well as in all other conquests, I may truly say: "Thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The thought of His unspeakable love would always soften and purify my heart, and help me say steadfastly, that I would still love and labor for the good of humanity. The usefulness of my life would have been gone forever, had I yielded to that strong temptation to misanthropic gloom. It passed; but, in indifferent bodily condition, I felt that a change of scene would benefit me. I needed to break up the accustomed channels of thought, to escape from the scenes associated with hours of anguish. I find here (that is, at the North) much that I cannot find at the South, that gives me new food for thought; that stimulates the benevolent affections, and thus occupies the heart and mind to the utmost.

What other discipline than the one I have endured could have wrought in me the work I needed to sustain? I trust I say it in all humility, that I have acquired in my own character, and in the new views of life, of duty, of God, what I would not be without for the throne of England. I do think I can say with the good old shepherd of Salisbury Plain: "What pleases God, pleases me." Perhaps, by some new test, I shall learn that my will is not yet thoroughly subject to the Divine will; but this I am sure of—there is a calm now, deep, uniform, delightful. All my friends say they never knew me so cheerful. They never seemed to love me as they now do. Some of them wonder they "did not use to like me so"! I smile and sigh at once, for I know too well why they did not. I was proud, harsh, impatient, impetuous, uncharitable, sarcastic. Of this last I think I am almost, if not quite cured; and I think I am less entirely destitute of humility, patience, gentleness. I say these things to you, as I used to confess to you in old times. As you know my faults, you will not think it improper in me to confess to you what I think I have profited by the school of the last year and a half. My brother says he never knew me in so good a frame, so stable and serene. He and Kate said much for my encouragement. I give you their testimony, that you may be sure I am not writing in any exalted mood merely, or deceiving myself with fine dreams. I think I can even now see that "the forces of my life are mightier for good" than ever. With all my restless and sincere desires to be useful, I was ever thwarted by a few traits in my character. Perhaps the beam is now removed from my eye. I see a work to do in my cousin's family; I see a work in the streets and lanes of the city; I see a work in my own heart; I have enough to do. In God's dealings

with me, in His providence, in His word, in His character as revealed there, I see enough to study, enough to rejoice in.

I have written thus fully, my dear Mrs. Sumner, because you told me "to write you all about my feelings." I am sure I speak in no language of cant, when I say that I never had such affecting views of His gracious forbearance, notwithstanding all my unfaithfulness and provocations, as I had while His hand was heavy upon me, and since, when He has permitted me to hold sweet communion with Him in love and faith and prayer. Once I tried to bear up, alone, life's burden; now it is so easy, so sweet to leave all to God. I feel secure—at rest—at home. And I am convinced that God has been preparing me for usefulness; and He knows how earnestly I now desire to do and suffer all His holy will, and, by a life of humble obedience, to glorify Him, and recommend the religion of Christ. The world looks to me different from what it ever did before. Once my first thought was: "Oh! Father, give me strength one hour for the burden of life." Existence was scarcely a blessing. Now, my first thought is a cheerful consciousness that I have a work to do. In a word, I am at peace; I am happy in God, in a will somewhat in unison with His. Such joy no one can take away. And when I recall that state of unrest in which I used to live, as you are aware, can you wonder that I feel a delightful sense of relief?

Writing once a year, I may be excused—may I not?—for long letters. I hope you will not follow my egotistical example; and remember that your letters always refresh and strengthen the heart of your grateful and affectionate

CAROLINE.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1849.

\* \* \* Mary, what should you say to my being (mind, for the present, strictly *inter nos*, or, as you are not versed in Latin—I forgot—I should say *entre nous*) a missionary to the heathen? Don't exclaim. I am thinking seriously about it, and, if God opens the way, I am clear to go. Nor think it strange. If an earthly love can make one willingly leave a native land, how much more the love of our Redeemer? Do you tell me there is work enough here? Oh! yes; but others can fill my place here; and who will go to the heathen? Do not speak of this. I have spoken only to two persons, but it has been with me a subject of serious thought for months, and is becoming more and more desirable for me to anticipate. Day before yesterday I returned hither, and shall soon take measures to decide the matter. But, whether I go or not, this one thing, by the grace of God, is

certain—that my life, henceforth, shall be one of self-denial, and filled with the spirit of the missionary. Long enough have I lived a cumberer of the ground. \* \* \*

Farewell. When we meet, let it be to recount and be grateful for the kind dealings of our Heavenly Father with us. I hope I have not written anything in a spirit of self-complacency and self-sufficiency, but rather in humility, and with an earnest desire that all, and especially my Mary, should find what treasures of strength and peace and joy are in God.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1849.

MY DEAR KATE: I think you would like to hear from me by this time. Certainly I am anxious to hear from you. I can with difficulty believe that it is more than two weeks since I left you.

I duly arrived at Pawtucket, and, I need not add, I was affectionately welcomed, and that I enjoyed every moment of my stay most fully. I am writing to you, Kate; but I expect William to be especially interested about my visit to Mr. Blodgett.\* Time had been busy in printing the lines on the brow and in bleaching the hair of both my friends. Mr. B. looked careworn. Well, I did enjoy Sunday. I could hardly realize that thirteen years had passed since I heard him, still so unchanged. I had feared that I might find the charm of my childhood dispelled, and he be to me only the ordinary man. I thought it was possible that, as years had taught me to discriminate, I might discover deformity where I had dreamed of perfection. But no. Discrimination and judgment only showed me more to admire and love. When Mr. B. ministered in N. M., how often, as I entered the church, have I felt the most vivid impression of God's presence in the sanctuary! And when again I entered where he ministered, and some of the scenes of my youth passed through memory's chambers, need I tell you that emotions of unspeakable solemnity and gratitude possessed me? There he stood, who so often had pointed me to truth and duty; who had impressed upon me the unspeakable responsibilities of life; there over again he stood, as of old, with the message of truth on his lips. As those silvery tones, so deeply reverent, were heard in supplication, so humble, so trusting, so earnest, so fitting, while my own spirit was in some accord, must there not have been in my soul one dominant note—that of

[\* I well know that the taste may be questioned which inserts in this memoir this long and warm tribute to a living man, whose own modesty also would prefer that it had lain in manuscript. But when I recall his influence for life on my sister's character, I cannot for an instant hesitate.]

praise and thanksgiving? Yet, in the bitter consciousness of my wasted years, there was heard throughout the saddened undertone. And then the sermons, and the remarks in the vestry room Sunday and Wednesday evenings (for I did not leave till Thursday), how I can remember them yet! Just as of old, a few points dwelt upon with great directness, so that it would be difficult not to take home a portion. And then, his views of truth are, as of old, ever new in interest. "Christ and Him crucified" runs through all, just as it did through Paul's preaching, but ever in the most interesting connection with duty. Besides this, an earnestness, an absorption of soul exceeding that of any minister I have ever been acquainted with. I cannot describe it. And then, what humility!—But I must stop. Every hour I spent in Mr. B.'s society was as good as a sermon; and I hope to be a great deal better for the visit all my life. I could not but be impressed with so high and holy an example. I could not but feel that, had I continued to enjoy his pastorate, I should have been saved much that I have endured, and have been so much more efficient as a Christian. My views of duty would have been higher, my zeal stimulated and guided by his wisdom, and I should not have been, as now, mourning the utter waste of years of precious, irrecoverable opportunities. From his life I get a practical idea of what true life is. I see in him true self-denial. I see in him the life of faith. As in 1844, so in 1849, I came away much happier, and, I could not but hope and trust, some better than I went.

I met with a lady in Pawtucket who gave me a letter of introduction to Rev. Dr. Lewis, of this city, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which I shall avail myself of when I get a letter from the rector of St. Paul's, Louisville, which I hope will be this week.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER: I am not surprised that you do not think my "temperament" fitted for the work a missionary must perform. And were I not very sure of a great change within me from what I once was, I should fully agree with you. Not that I am, at present, what I could wish, or what may be needed or desirable to the full extent (and the same might be affirmed of any one who proposes to take up the missionary work), but the peculiar training to which Providence has subjected me, as well as some natural characteristics of mine, do, I firmly believe, direct me to the missionary work. And I say this after long, repeated, and careful consideration. I wish I could give you, briefly and intelli-

gently, a sketch of my inner life, beginning in my earliest teens. In common, probably, with many young people, I had large ambition and unsatisfied desires; but it was not for wealth, or splendor, or ease. These things, no doubt, I valued, for I was proud; and yet it was not, it never has been these things *per se* I esteemed, but the estimation, influence they would give me. But more than these—unspeakably more—did I desire to do some great and good acts (of course, I use the word great relatively). You will bear me witness, that I thought less than ordinary of what I might “seem;” and, further, you will testify that, in spite of natural obstacles, I have endeavored “to be” what, in the far-off ideal, I admired. You know, too, better than any one else can know, how little the early circumstances of my life tended to give or aid these tastes and desires. You know the manner of my education, and that, before the age of nineteen, I had no habits of application. In the mean time, my parents died, and I began to make acquaintance with the world, and to learn the bitterness of disappointments. I was affectionate, yet I found nothing to satisfy my affections. Thrown constantly among strangers and strange scenes, without engrossing occupation, I was constantly dwelling in thought upon the few who loved me—upon my own faults, and the unattainable objects of my desires and dreams. One great sorrow of my life was, that none loved me so entirely as I had loved. I had a vague, but not a clear idea (as now) why it was that I failed to win the warm love of the few I valued most. Hours and hours have I wept in the anguish of an unsatisfied and yearning heart; with a loneliness of spirit too deep for description, or for alleviation in the diversions of society. But there was another grief deeper than this. It resulted from a feeling of discouragement. My earliest and strongest ambition, I may truly say, was, not to live in vain. I wished to exert an influence for good. I was inexpressibly anxious to see that I did some good. Years were passing on, and I could not see this; nay, worse, I seemed in my own character to be stationary, if not retrograde. I seemed to be no nearer the excellence I aspired to, and I despaired of myself—which was far more painful than to despair of others, or to give up the hope of elevating or blessing those around me. Yet I could not cease to struggle onward and upward. The world saw my faults and failures, and probably mocked at my baffled purposes, my lofty aims; but God saw and pitied. Nevertheless, He saw fit to let me go on in darkness and weakness, that thus I might be surely taught, in His good time, from whom cometh my help, and in whom is my refuge. He alone knows how I mourned that I seemed to live in vain—how I sought help that I might be a blessing to the world. He knows

my tears, my anguish, and He has made me to hope, and to be in peace. I need not dwell upon my doubts and questionings on religious subjects. You know too well the misery of a dark, unsettled mind. Here again I see the kind hand of my Heavenly Friend, for I was unavoidably thrown under influences which soothed and enlightened me; and if I came very slowly to a settled conviction, I may add that, on what are called essential questions, it is a conviction as firm as my belief that the Bible contains the revelation of God's will. Thus, up to the time of my departure for Louisville, I had constantly, and from my early girlhood, and more or less deeply, suffered from three or four causes; namely, the desire (unsatisfied) of being encircled by warmly affectionate friends; the desire (unsatisfied) to do real and extensive good—a good, at least, that would require great energy, if not great power; a desire (unsatisfied) to attain the standard of excellence necessary to accomplish this good; and, with all this, painful doubts on religious questions. All my trials, sorrows, losses, the pains of loneliness and separation from family joys, sink into insignificance when compared with the constant and heavy burden I endured from the causes above described. I went to the West, and another world opened before me; and, notwithstanding the suffering my life there subsequently and indirectly introduced, I would rather forget all else in my career than my sojourn in Louisville. I was loved—loved deeply, loved by many; and oh! how my heart rejoiced in the consciousness of its power to win love! Not only was I loved, but I saw how to be useful, and gladly did I make the attempt. Not only this, but my religious doubts all cleared away; and, under the sweet influences of hope and love and congenial effort, my character seemed to have advanced, and for a while I lived in what (compared with the past) was perfect sunshine. My dream was sufficiently realized, and the future was bright with promise. I said, "I never cared to be happier in this world." I forgot the Giver of my blessings. I acted as if it were by my own might and power that I had attained the things in which I delighted. I forgot my great responsibilities, and God left me to go alone through thick darkness and sorrow. He designed thus to reveal to me my own poverty, selfishness, weakness, my errors, my sins, my pride, my folly, my utter worthlessness. How my lost happiness, my neglected opportunities for usefulness stared me in the face! How the memory of my unfaithfulness preyed upon my soul! I am not writing figuratively, but I speak soberly; and I tell you that, had not hope of pardon remained, the accusations of conscience, aided by a supernaturally active memory (it seems to me), would have driven me crazy. For all this world offers, I would not endure

again the horrors of remorse. How sweet would have been forgetfulness! And there was one whom, with all his faults, I loved. To him I gave the hours of thought and affection which were due alone to God. And that God had thoughts of kindness toward me, and designs of mercy and love. He took away that which I had made an idol, yet He did not leave me to faint and die. Oh! my brother, most sincerely, most deeply do I feel that the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father has to me been wonderful! When, with all my strength, I submitted myself to what He had permitted, He refreshed me by His presence. When with the fullest purpose of heart I gave myself to Him, He blessed me with peace, deep and abiding—a confidence sure and full of comfort. That peace and confidence may have been sometimes ruffled, but never long or deeply disturbed. There, in the long solitude of my last twelve months in Virginia, with a calm view I looked over the past and realized my present. I searched my own heart, and tried to weigh my motives of action. I endeavored faithfully to ascertain the weak and the strong points of my character, in order that I might use my energies to the best advantage in a sphere of future action. The question of my soul was: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" You know the circumstances which hastened my arrival in New York; that I was not greatly moved, and how my presence seemed to have been blessed to those around me. More perfectly than ever before I consecrated myself to God, and more than ever He blessed me. There is a little chamber in this house which has been to my soul as one of the "sacred mountains." There have I sought strength for the present hour; there, if ever, have I wrestled in prevailing prayer. There I have resigned every wish that was dear to me, so far as it was not in unison with the will of God concerning me, as revealed in His word and providence. There have I asked earnestly for direction, and that I might be wholly the Lord's. I may have been too enthusiastic in the past, but never have I been a fanatic on religious subjects. Once I could scarcely have replied to the sceptic from personal experience. Though religious subjects were ever most interesting to me, yet I often thought it possible that all my religion was a matter of education and habit. The holy peace, the joyous hope, the patient endurance, the deep sense of sin, the sense of God ever present, the humble yet firm confidence, the sweet submission, the entire devotedness, the ardent aspirations for holiness, the adoring views of God's character and government, the conscious and living union with Christ—these, as they were developed in the Christian experience of Bible saints and of eminent Christians, I did not possess. And far be it from me to boast that they are mine now;

but this I can say with humble gratitude to God, that I have learned something of these things; that I have had visions of spiritual things which I shall never forget. Surely I have known the peace which is as a river, so that, with the apostle, I could say, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." This world, though infinitely important as a sphere of duty, seemed little in its trials, compared with the glory to be revealed. Time seemed so short to suffer and to do the will of God! Eternity seemed unspeakably yet delightfully near. Much of this sweet experience has been since my return here; that is, my faith is firmer, my views clearer, my soul more serene. I have known in Virginia, in my deep sorrows, hours and days of deep peace; but nothing like that firm, elevated trust, that unutterable joy in God, which I have known since I left you. Why is it? It is not the influence of my present home; it is not from eloquent preaching (for I have not heard three fine sermons, and have often been obliged to stay at home); it is not my companions, for I have none; it is not my books, for I have little time to read. What is it? A fever of the imagination? There has been nothing, there is nothing now, to excite particularly the imagination. But I do believe God is leading me by His Spirit; that He is answering my prayers, and will make me fully His own. When the great sorrow of my life came upon me, it was my impression that God was preparing me for His service: how or where, I saw not; but it was my consolation to feel that He would carry on His work in me, and bring me nearer to Himself. As I believe I mentioned to you, Mr. Jones once asked me (1845, in leaving Virginia) how I would like to be a missionary—saying that China offered an open door, and that woman had an important sphere. He said I had two elements of missionary character: namely, a desire to be useful, and an energetic temperament. I knew very well that in many other equally important characteristics I was entirely deficient. I told him so. He added: "Should you ever decide to become a missionary, let me know." It was said half in jest, half in earnest. The missionary work ever interested me, and I have often thought that, were I a man and fitted for it, I would be a missionary, or that I would like to be a missionary's wife. Since China and Africa have been open to efforts such as women can bestow with advantage, I have often thought about a personal engagement in the service. But I knew my natural character and its defects, and I desired not to run before I was sent. I wish I could convey to your mind how deeply and firmly, though slowly and almost imperceptibly, the conviction has been settling upon me that God was training me, and would call me to a life of self-denial and arduous labor. I have sometimes longed, almost pined

for a home with you; but the feeling would instantly arise: "No, that would be a life of too much ease and pleasure. There would be no discipline; self-denial is rather for me." I assure you it is no recent feeling, no dream of fancy (for I even expressed the thought to Mr. ———); but it seems to me that I ought to be engaged in something that would tax every energy of my being, mind, body, heart, and soul. I might live comfortably, happily, with you, and not be thus engaged. Well, the temptation to Virginia was strong, for my friends are numerous and cordial, my duties pleasant, and society good (in Dr. A.'s family); but I could not feel that there all my powers would be taxed. Brooklyn affords a good field; but this is one of the pleasant corners of the earth. Here, again, the conviction meets me: "It is for you to take a less inviting field." More than a year since, I noticed in the *Superintendent of Missions* a call for two female teachers, as well as many other laborers, in Shanghai, China. Two female teachers? Who are to go? I have watched and waited for that call to be answered, but none appear! Each one replies: "I pray thee have me excused." For more than one year the subject has been in my mind, and I have not made haste. I have prayed for direction; I have weighed the matter as well as I could, and have sought advice from those who are or ought to be informed on the subject. I have watched the missionary intelligence, and considered my own circumstances and duties. The version of the New Testament in Chinese is complete. Every board of missions calls for more laborers. The American Episcopal, especially, has more money than men and women to go!! The bishop begs for help. One of the brightest—Mr. Spaulding—has fallen a martyr to his zeal. His life hangs on a thread. He learned the language in one year so as to preach, and preached three or four times a week for six months. It was too much. One other minister—Mr. Syle—and the bishop (in indifferent health), both married, remain to labor. Two females belong to the mission, and two more are wanted. And men are wanted. Oh, if I were a man! I do not suppose I should do great things, but I would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.—Let me consider your objections in order. You say, "I could be very useful here, and not much if any more useful than some others who would be willing to go." In the first place, there are few willing to go at all; and the secretary told me he had refused one or two whom he thought impelled by feeling or imagination. In the second place, any one who would not be very useful here, would be unfit to be a missionary; for the earnest missionary spirit would do good in any place. In the third place, China is a field, both from the character and language of the people, that

requires the greatest energy and talent that can be brought in. I have been thought to have more of each than the average. If I had a thousandfold more, it would all be taxed in China. Again, you say "my temperament is unfitted." In reply, I would suggest that not one in a thousand who become missionaries, or who become ministers, or who become teachers even, are fitted in all things as they could desire. There are those who have the natural powers, and perhaps the willing mind, but whose duty to friends, or some home field, most plainly forbids them to go; or the willing mind may be wanting, or not the "mind," but the qualifications otherwise. It is not a little work, that of being a missionary to China; and I am aware, I think, of my weak points; but when will the world be evangelized, if it must wait till those who are perfectly fitted by nature and grace, and allowed by circumstance and impelled by duty, are ready to go? Again, you think "that imagination colors and exaggerates." You allow too much to my imagination, but too little to my reason. The Chinese are jealous, unimpressible, cold-hearted, stereotyped. I expect to labor in patience, and often in tears; to labor long, and, perhaps, see but little result. But, when my duty is done, I think I can leave the event with God. I do not expect great or speedy results from my efforts. I have no "exhilarating ideal," though I suppose it is not possible fully to realize the trials of a missionary before entering upon the duty of one; but there is a promise: "My grace is sufficient for thee." The climate of Shanghai is like that of the Southern States. I saw a missionary from Cape Palmas, Africa, who insists that the climate there is not so bad as people think, but that missionaries are always overworked. Africa surely claims from Christendom the largest benevolence. I should have thought that you would have preferred my going there! I would not have been very reluctant to go. The trials there are of a different character; but I do not think them greater than in China. And then, the missionaries in Africa return oftener. It is resolved by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to bring back their missionaries from Africa once in three years. The lady whom I saw—Mrs. Herring—was impatient to get back to her station.—But I am away from my immediate subject. At Shanghai, there are missionaries of the Baptist, of the English Church, and, perhaps (I am not sure), of the American Foreign Mission. There are English and American residents. Bishop Boone (a Southerner) is a very agreeable man. His wife is sister of the admirable Bishop Elliott, of Georgia. Mr. Syle is a native of England; his wife is a Virginian. One of the female teachers is from Georgia. I don't know where the other is from. I hope the one who is appointed to go out with me has good sense

as well as piety. You know I have naturally an extreme fastidiousness, which I have found it ever difficult to overcome, but which it would be very unfortunate now if I did not entirely throw aside. The missionaries are now sent out with every comfort, and have every possible comfort in China. It required much more faith, fortitude, and courage, forty years ago, when communication was unfrequent, and deprivation of various kinds was greater.—These are some of the considerations in reference to China and the work. Now, as to the reasons why I should undertake the work, I have partly unfolded them already. Further, I have no ties to any place or places, to any particular and endeared circle. Nowhere do I have a real home feeling. Always I am a pilgrim and a stranger. Many have left father, mother, and brilliant prospects, and many to weep for them. None will miss me, or pine for my absence. I have become inured to separation from what I would naturally find delight in, so that I have fewer new habits to form. Then, I have become weaned from the world most emphatically. Once, when I heard of friends who enjoyed the love of parents or husband, who were surrounded by luxuries and agreeable society, I felt discontented, and thought my lot a hard one. Now I can truly say, as I have heard such things, I have felt an emotion of gratitude and pleasure even, that God had spared me the dangers and responsibilities of such a position. I no longer hunger and thirst for what I once thought necessary to my happiness. I am content even to be without intellectual society (so they are not the haughty and narrow-minded Southerners). I would not now desire ease and wealth for myself (except as wealth is a gift for usefulness). I cannot express to you how deeply I feel that life is to be filled with labor, and that labor seems not now a burden, a painful necessity. Common topics, common society interest me less than ever. Merely intellectual subjects are now of far secondary and inferior interest. These attractions, then, I have not to break away from. Christian privileges, to some extent, must always be given up. Aside from these, I have much less than most to resign. For your sake, for Kate's, for Bel's, I should desire to remain in America, at the North; but here, again, are neutralizing considerations. Were your views and my own similar, I should rejoice to be ever at your right hand; but more and more deeply and painfully do I feel the want of unison in our religious tastes and views. Slowly, but firmly and most delightfully, have I become settled in what you think the "narrow doctrines." Some of them are fearful; but I see none others consistent with the book of revelation, and of man's nature and propensities. I should then spend most of my time away from you. The thought

which preys upon Kate's mind is distressing to me. I cannot dwell upon it, though I have many answers to it. One only will I make. Suppose I had given my affections to any human being, and that my happiness in the most intimate relation required me to go far away: you would not have detained me by the motive that Bel might require my care? I may add, there are many of milder manners, though of less enlarged and intelligent views, who may do much better than I could. But God is always kind when we trust Him. Is it not wrong thus to darken the future with fears? If I go at all, why should I wait? The millions of China wait for the few messengers whom Christendom ekes out to them. It is high time that I began the difficult language. It is not probable that a proper escort can be found before early spring.

I believe I have not told you particularly how I have been led along in this matter. After all my meditations in King George County, it was my fixed purpose to talk with Mr. Jones, when I visited the upper country. This my unexpectedly sudden departure prevented. More and more I thought of it during my tarry here, and spoke of it to Frances only. I went to Northfield. Other plans entered into my mind, but China had a place, and it was then my determination, as soon as I should find a pastor, to confer with him about missionary work. By a great effort, I revealed my thoughts to Mr. Blodgett. Free and judicious were his words, serving to condense my thoughts, deepen my self-examination, and elevate my aims. The day of my arrival in Brooklyn, I sent to my friend Mr. Talbot, to get for me my letter dimissory from Mr. Rookers, the rector of St. Paul's [in Louisville]. For reasons unimportant to mention here, that letter was long delayed; and, feeling the want of my own church and pastor, and stimulated by new intelligence from China, I sought the acquaintance of Dr. Lewis, of the Church of the Holy Trinity. At Mr. Blodgett's I had met a lady who offered to give me an introduction to her former pastor in Brooklyn, which I might use or not, as I thought proper. Well, November 15th, that great day of military parade, I went to Dr. Lewis with the letter, and then made allusion to China, and to my own thoughts as to personal engagement in duty there. A smile of pleased surprise spread over his countenance as he told me that he had, a few days before, received a letter from Mr. Spaulding, one of the missionaries there, who again pleaded for reënforcement; that he (Dr. Lewis) had that week been writing a sermon on missionaries, and the ensuing Sunday the collection would be for China; that he had left his study to see me when engaged in writing to Mr. Spaulding!—that my coming seemed providential. He then procured

for me an interview with the Secretary for Foreign Missions. Mr. Jones, to whom I wrote for reference, replied in the most decided manner as to my peculiar fitness for the work, and Mr. Blodgett also. The latter writes most affectionately, beginning, "Dear child." When I wrote him of your reluctance, he replied: "Ask William to attempt to estimate the moral grandeur of the enterprise of giving the light of life to the Chinese, and he may, in the attempt, be better able to estimate the privilege of giving an 'only sister'\* to that enterprise." Two weeks since, Dr. Lewis came up for the second time to see me, and invited me to come to his house, and to spend the night when I wished to attend night service, and could not else attend, and to come that night to the missionary meeting. I could not go; but promised to go the next night, to meet the ladies of the benevolent society, whom he wished to know me and to become interested in me, that they might become more interested in the mission, and do something for my comfort when I should go. I attended—had a pleasant time—was for once the observed of all observers, as one who was going to China! I gathered, from the communicativeness of the ladies, that my providential coming, and so forth, as related at the missionary meeting by Dr. Lewis, had served to interest them much. I had a pleasant time.

*Saturday.*—I spent yesterday with them; heard Dr. Tyng on Sunday schools. By the way, the Church of the Holy Trinity is considered the handsomest in the United States. The rector is as humble and meek as Mr. Gallagher was.—So here I am at my utmost limit. Write soon. I have reasoned, and have not allowed any burst of feeling. You can imagine those which should kindle in a missionary's breast. Again, with love—ever so much love!—to Kate and Bel. I really have no time now to write to Bel, though I would love to do so. Ever yours,  
CAROLINE.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1850.

With what earnestness and sincerity, my ever dear Mary, do I this morning write the oft-repeated salutation, "I wish you a

[\* My own recollection is most distinct and positive, that I never wrote a line or breathed a word of discouragement based on giving up an "only sister;" and I instantly wrote her, on receiving the above, requesting her to disabuse Mr. B. of his impression. I was entirely willing she should be a missionary, if so she could find satisfaction and peace. Not knowing the time and thought she had given the subject before deciding, I had written to her as referred to above, in order that she might never regret or retrace so important a step once taken.—W. C. T.]

happy New Year!" All of earthly enjoyment that our kind and wise Father sees to be consistent with your best progress and highest welfare, do I desire for you; but, above all, as the richest blessing and highest happiness, that you may live more and more in communion with the Father of your spirit, and walk in the light of His countenance. I have come to feel that, if my friends have "chosen the good part," and have learned to "live in faith," they are all and have all that the fondest love could desire for them. \* \* \*

I smiled when you said I was just the stuff that "saints" (of course, Romish saints) were made of; and yet I felt that you but read me aright. I have often thought that, had I been a Romanist before I was fourteen years old—had I been unrestrained—I should have undertaken any pilgrimage or penance I could have endured, if I had had faith that it would have atoned for sin or procured my salvation. And again, I have felt that, at later periods, I should have entered a convent, and made myself famous for "meritorious" (!) deeds in the "popish" sense. But not less entire, not less intense, I trust, will be my consecration and energy and usefulness now. God has permitted me to have many conflicts, that I might have rich experience of His goodness. Do not suppose I have "ecstasies," but a calm, deep, sweet peace. But too much of self.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

New York City, March 16, 1850.

DEAR KATE: I have a very few moments, of which I must make the most in a short letter to you. \* \* \*

How great was the struggle to leave you, sick and suffering, God alone knows. Were it not for your health—rather *un-*health—I should leave in perfect happiness. But our God is above us both, and has ordered all things for the best. I am of "good cheer" and of good courage; and I am more and more confident that I am called by providential events to a work for which I have been peculiarly fitted. I find that, by the kindness of individuals, my outfit of one hundred and twenty-five dollars has been doubled, and, besides all that, comforts amply provided. The ladies of Dr. Tyng's have given, in money, sixty-two dollars, besides abundance of presents. The gentlemen gave me thirty dollars' worth of books, and other individuals add one by one. Dr. Lewis's society are wide awake. I met a large company of them night before last. They pledge themselves for my support; and a committee of three ladies is appointed to correspond with

me. Believe me that I am happy. Pray that I may be useful, and thank God for calling me to His service.

I sail to-day, at twelve o'clock. And now, dearest Kate, again I commend you to our Father. His love can never fail. And believe me to be, ever, most affectionately, your sister,

CAROLINE.

TO HER BROTHER.

Ship Tartar, Atlantic Ocean, March 25, 1850.

\* \* \* Thursday morning, in leaving the Mission Rooms, Dr. Lewis met me, having just returned from a fruitless call at my friends' in Sixth street. He informed me that the lecture room was crowded the evening before, on account of the question of my support; that the support, with various other plans of benevolence, had been unanimously undertaken, and that a meeting was appointed for that evening, at his house, for the purpose of a further acquaintance with me. I went—had a pleasant evening. To all appearance, there was a good deal of interest. Everybody was introduced to me, and I was obliged to talk about China till I was very tired. Shall I not thank God and take courage for the hopefulness of this beginning? \* \* \*

There are, in all, nine passengers, five of us missionaries—Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian, Baptist (South), Methodist, and Episcopalian. Religious services were held on board the ship. Address by Dr. De Witt; prayer by Mr. Taylor (Baptist), from Richmond; benediction by a Methodist; and the doxology, "From all that dwell below the skies." Never before were these two verses so full of meaning, or the promise of the last verse so full of comfort. Dr. De Witt's address was most admirable; and, in alluding to the other missionaries going out, of so many denominations, he made beautiful allusion to such "evangelical alliance." Indeed, the moment I heard of the number and various denominations of our company, it was to me a bright omen. My room-mate is a Methodist. \* \* \*

There is only one thought that clouds for a moment my serenity. It is the oft-recurring question, "How is my dear Kate at this moment?" Oh! I did not dare utter one word of all I felt in parting from her, such was her delicate state; nor will I do it now, in view of the long interval ere this can reach you, and of the changes that may take place ere then. One thing I have long noticed—how her sweet spirit was ripening for heaven. For her, for you and for myself, and for that dear, dear little Isabel Caroline, I know that all things are well and wisely ordered. In this confidence I rest; and I thank God, who, by means of grief, has taught me to cast all my care upon Him.

April 23, Lat. 17° S., Long. 25° W.

\* \* \* If I could describe the sunsets of the equatorial regions, so that you could imagine their glory, it would be worth many efforts. But the richest tints, from the peculiar purple pink to golden brown, the form and position of the clouds, the strangely beautiful kindling of the clouds that kiss the moon, the trembling waves, sometimes throwing back the light of that moon in crimson, not in silver coloring—all this cannot be painted with black ink by such an one as I. The heavens are certainly more beautiful than they appear from the land; and it is a source of ceaseless pleasure to watch the ever-changing aspect of ocean. Thus far I have not suffered from the monotony of a sea voyage, and I look forward with increasing interest to the work in China. I am humbly but surely confident that the love of my ever-present Savior will sustain me there. My thoughts, you will not doubt, my dear brother, often and often turn to you and that dear, patient sufferer, and to the little one. I dared utter scarcely an affectionate word to you or to her while I was with you last, lest I should lose command of myself. Yet I think you could guess my heart; and you will not need that I should say how fondly, how closely that heart's tenderest fibres would clasp around Isabel. Kiss her, and give her Aunty's love, and teach her intelligently to pray for me. You will notice, by the date of this, the anniversary of our dear mother's death. I have wept to-day much in thinking of her, of my father, and of the three distant ones I love best. Yet I find the consolations of God neither few nor small. May they be yours abundantly in all trials!

*May 13th.*—You will observe, by the date, that it is my birthday. Twenty-nine years since, our parents welcomed a daughter. Their life was one of conflict with the world, of trial and sorrow and disappointment. How anxiously they sought to screen us from trouble! “Oh, blindness to the future wisely given!” I mourn not so much for disappointment, as that so many years of my life have been wasted—years of intelligent conviction, of good intentions, of much energy, but of poor results. I am often moved to tears, when I think how God has borne with me, has waited for me, and has even given me joy and peace. I hope for many years in which to redeem the past and labor for Him. \* \* \*

The sailors are very civil and well behaved, and a remarkably good crew. The captain (Webber) is a pious man, and one of the kindest in the world, and studies our comfort in every possible way. But I have never been thrown so directly, and for so long a time, into company with those who hate religion and those who profess it. Though the wishes of the captain restrain every one

(for all have a respect for him), yet I see the evil, rebellious, ungrateful temper of man. Never before have I read such lessons in the human heart. The Bible and my own consciousness compelled me to acknowledge the doctrine of utter depravity. What I have read and observed, corroborated my opinion; but the sight of my eyes, in circumstances from which I cannot for the present escape—this impresses me with the deepest sense of man's awful sinfulness, and of God's wonderful mercy. God's commands are so good, his claims so just, and man rebels as though no being had a right to control him. Never before have I felt so deeply my obligations of gratitude and obedience to God as now. "Who maketh me to differ?" \* \* \*

*May 22d.*— \* \* \* We have a treasure in our captain; but we are all looking toward China. Yet I am not so impatient as in the early part of the voyage, because I have become accustomed to sea life. Every day, it seems to me, gives me deeper convictions of the opposition of the heart to God, and to His most reasonable commands. I had heard, but I could not realize the wickedness of ship's people. And now, of course, I do not see or hear the half; besides, the wishes of the good captain restrain them; and it is true that our ship's crew are uncommonly good. Ah, my brother, you say I did not get the "scholastic system of theology" from the Bible; but I know that, from those days of anguish in Virginia, in 1844, to this time, I have never read any book with special reference to what are called, by some, "the peculiar doctrines;" and slowly and by degrees did I adopt them, as, by the grace of God, I was experimentally taught them. And nothing is more clear to me than that man must be made a "new creature" before he can enjoy God. I wonder at myself that I could have been led away from "the hope of the gospel," even Christ.

*May 31st.*—This is the anniversary of my "confirmation" in the Episcopal Church—an event, certainly, of no little importance in my history. I have to mourn over broken resolutions; yet I have been led forward, and have been favored with abundant consolations. And now I want to be wholly His. I have been reading, with much interest, "Wesley on Perfection," "Mahan" on the same, several other works on "Holiness," "Faith, and its Effects," and re-reading very carefully the "Life of Mme. Guyon." Though I am not prepared to accept fully the Methodist view, I must confess that my inquiries have almost resulted in conviction as to this "Life of Faith," as explained by Upham. I remember that, when I first met with the "Interior Life" at your house, in the summer of 1847, I felt reluctant to make the sacrifices his views required. When, in 1848 and 1849, I re-read his works, I

wished I could attain. Now I seem to see and believe, and most deeply do I hunger and thirst after holiness. I know that there is an earthly affection which pervades and governs every waking moment; and can there not be a "perfect love" for a Being so infinitely worthy as God is? Is there not in Christ a complete redemption? I have been much more cheerful and happy during the voyage than I expected to be, yet it is not because my friends are less dear. No; my heart lingers more fondly than ever before around you and Kate and Bel; and when my eye has fallen on the few lines you traced in your parting gifts, or on your bundle of old letters (which I placed on the shelf, but never dared trust myself to open), I have repeatedly burst into a flood of tears. But God sustains and comforts me, and I feel more and more inclined to my chosen work.

Monday Morning, June 10, 1850, }  
 Indian Ocean, Lat. 28°, Long. 101° E. }

MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER: I wish you could know, this morning, how fondly and earnestly my heart asks for your welfare! 'Tis lovely here, and I am very happy. Is my brother in joy, or grief? This I cannot know now, and I leave him with God. It is now a little more than a week since the date of my last page; and what have I to record? The pen is slow, and words are cold to express the gladness of my soul and the goodness of God. But, without indulging in expressions of feeling, I will endeavor to give you a clear and simple recital. You notice what is penned on the leaf under "May 31st;" you see there the breathings of my soul after holiness, the seeking for the "life of God" in the soul. Though not destitute of religious enjoyment, though most earnest in my desires and sincere in my resolutions on that "anniversary," there was the deep pain of feeling that I had not fulfilled my purposes; that I had, even that day, sinned in heart and word. On Sunday evening, June 2d, as I thought of my Redeemer, He seemed far off. I longed to love Him with the fervor I had wasted on earthly objects; to feel His presence ever near, as I had realized their presence; to rest, to delight in His love as I had in that earthly love. I was going to commune with my heart about this—to seek Him—to plead for light and love and intimate union. But Miss S—— (you remember I said she is a Methodist) begged me to stay with her; and I replied: "I will stay, if you will talk to me about 'sanctification.'" I had wished to ask her this before, but was too proud. Of course, she was glad to comply; for, as she told me subsequently, she had watched my apparent interest in the doctrine, and had prayed for me. Our conversation was brief. I began by urging that I did not understand, I did not see the reason of this sudden feeling,

this sudden progress in holiness; and that I did not see how it was possible to keep the thoughts pure, the desires pure, even if the words were always right. I was aware of my own inconsistency in limiting a power and experience that, from the nature of the case, was above my vision. My friend replied: "You have nothing to do with that. Do you believe there is truth in the doctrine, and that the blessing is for all?" My convictions compelled me to reply in the affirmative; "but," I persisted, "I have not the unspeakable earnestness of desire which I must possess in order to seek and find." I knew my own inconsistency; but, as a poor excuse is better than none, I wanted something to excuse my want of faith. She replied: "Feeling must not be your stumbling block. Do you not desire, above all things, conformity to Christ, and consecration to Him?" I knew such was my desire; for it has been my most constant, earnest prayer for many months, "Lord, make me to suffer as Thou wilt, but make me holy; bring me near to Thyself." I therefore confessed that such was the strongest desire of my heart. "But then," I continued, "I have some peculiar obstacle—at least, one dear idol; and yet I hate it; that is, pride. It is the poison tree of my life; it acts out in all I do; it makes me love the admiration and fear the scorn of the world. Can I ever conquer this?" "No," she replied; "not yourself; but this is the victory that overcometh, even our faith. Accept Christ as a perfect Savior, and He will be such to you. He can be such to you this moment." She then began singing a hymn, which is very dear to those who love the doctrines of Jesus' divinity and vicarious suffering: "There is a fountain filled with blood," &c. I joined her (I have learned to sing the second treble), and we continued, singing one more commencing, "Come, humble sinner." In this exercise my faith had gathered strength, and there was a pause. After a few moments' hesitation, I felt compelled to speak, though I tried to do so in a very indifferent manner. I said: "Miss S——, I feel that I must believe." She replied: "That means, of course, that you *do* believe." I could not but answer, "Yes." She continued: "Believe what?" I replied: "That the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I have brought myself, in entire consecration, a living sacrifice. I believe I am accepted; for 'the altar sanctifieth the gift.' I am here, and His word I dare not doubt. He will cleanse me from all sin." I was startled at my own confession of faith, yet I dared say no less; and I said, "will cleanse," because I was afraid to speak faster than my faith—my new and trembling faith—would warrant. But this did not fully satisfy my friend. She rejoined: "But can you say, 'He cleanseth me now?'" There was only one answer, which would not necessa-

rily imply a doubt of Jehovah's repeated promises. I therefore was compelled to reply: "Yes; He saves me now." I was astonished at myself, and astonished, too, that I could utter such a momentous confession with so little emotion. But Miss S—— told me afterward, that she saw at once that peace had entered my soul; and it is true that I was conscious of having done what was so imperatively required of me—viz., believed in the word and promise of God. In this, therefore, there was satisfaction. I returned to my room, and wrote a letter which I had for some time felt it peculiarly my duty to write; and it was late before I finished. I then took my Bible, and thought I would read in 1 Corinthians. I opened, and found the first chapter, and, reading on, I came to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and especially the 8th and 9th verses. What new meaning! what fulness! Delighted, I turned, and the passage, 1 Thessalonians v. 23d and 24th, came to hand. But time will not allow me to mention all the texts that beamed upon me with fresh, new significance. Reluctantly I laid down my *new Bible* to seek my rest. With a heart ascending in thoughts of prayer and praise and love, I slept. Awaking after a few hours, my soul at once was drawn to my Redeemer in strong confidence, and I exclaimed: "He is, indeed, my Savior from all sin! I am united to Him in the closest union, and by an everlasting covenant. He is mine." Again I slept, and, awaking before dawn, I longed for "the morning watch," that I might feast on His word. As soon as I could distinguish the letters, I was reading, or, more correctly, I was devouring the contents of the Holy Book. No novel reader (and I was once a novel reader) ever seized the newest work of a popular author more eagerly than I pored over this *new volume!* Yet how slowly I got on! for on every verse my heart would pause in prayer and praise. I pursued, in a measure, my usual avocation, or, rather, I endeavored to do so; for my thoughts would dwell upon one subject alone, and I was a long time in finishing the letter I had commenced. Then I yielded to my bent, and returned to my Bible. All this time I had said nothing of my feelings to Miss S——. Not that I was ashamed—for I longed to tell her—but because I almost feared she would not credit my state. But, when it was nearly night, I began by saying to her: "I seem to have found the key that unlocks wonderful treasures." With a kindling cheek, she replied: "I see—I have seen that it was so." "Why," replied I, in return, "I have tried to conceal my feelings!" "But you have not," said she; "your countenance has beamed with joy." In talking with her of Him who is altogether lovely, my heart was still more kindled in ardent love; and, as she left me, I felt that I could only retire into my heart, and there commune

with Him who had inspired, and who alone could understand its fervor. But my joys became too full, and I felt constrained to go and tell Miss S—— of the new and increasing happiness. I speak, my dear brother, of joy, happiness, delight; but, remember, it is delight in the love of Christ; and Christ is the glory, *the* glory of God. Owing to a bad cold, I could not sleep well the next night; nor did I wish to sleep. I had “songs in the night;” and, at midnight, I lighted my lamp to read again the precious words of Him whom my soul loved. Morning, life, comforts—all were a fresh gift from the “Lover of my soul.” The next day, and next, my joys were so intense, that I felt like saying, “Reveal to me no more than I can bear.” Yes, I felt the pain of excessive love and joy. And thus it has continued till now, with certain variations of feeling, such as earnest, almost agonizing prayer for others, or deep, painful sense of so many wasted years; but all is swallowed up in this perfect love and perfect faith. In this interval of nine days I have read only my Bible, and the new Methodist hymn book, which contains so many of Charles Wesley’s hymns on sanctification. I have read (I now recall it) about fifty pages of Mme. Guyon, on the method of prayer. I have remained in my room in deep quietness, reluctant to leave communion with my God. As the poet, in exploring some new work, fastens on some gem of thought, and is riveted to it, yet feels in haste to leave it and find succeeding beauties; or as the child, to whom a casket of jewels is given, seizes one, yet is attracted by the rays beaming from some other brilliant gem—so I with my Bible. When I tell you that, by faith every moment exercised in Jesus Christ, I have lived day after day without condemnation, dwelling in His love, and seeking every hour to glorify Him, do you think there is self-righteousness in this? or spiritual pride? No; all, all of grace—“the Lord my righteousness.” And I feel that upon the chief of sinners this, the exceeding riches of His grace, has descended.

You will hardly need me to say, after all this, that I agree with Upham, Mme. Guyon, Fenelon; that I have caught a sight of these high attainments; and now, every weight and idol being cast aside, with what speed I can press forward in the strength of Him who can do all things for me!

Miss Tenney arrived at Victoria, Hong Kong, July 6th, the ship having touched at Java for a day or two. On the 2d of August she arrived at the mission in Shanghai, and speaks warmly of the cordial greetings of the missionary band there. Bishop Boone’s most courteous, kind, and Christian letter, welcoming her

to China, had already met her at Hong Kong. Of him she speaks as "a gentleman who would adorn any circle; as a Christian, any church." She repeats the expression written on ship-board to an intimate friend: "I rejoice more and more that I am an Episcopalian."

## PART II.

### MISSIONARY LIFE.

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#### CHAPTER I.

AUGUST, 1850—MARCH, 1852.

First Impressions—Commencement of her Work—Earnest Missionary Appeals to her Friends in America—Severe Bereavement in the Death of her Brother's Wife—Confession of her Struggles on Leaving America—Missionary Labors and Trials—Defence of Missions and Missionaries—Chinese Customs and Character—Vicissitudes in the Mission.

TO REV. WILLIAM H. LEWIS, D. D., BROOKLYN, L. I.

Shanghai, Aug. 9, 1850.

DEAR SIR: The steamer leaves this place for Hong Kong tomorrow, taking letters for the overland mail to England and America; and I am not willing it should go without a letter from me to the friends of this mission in Brooklyn. After an interval of nearly five months from the date of my departure for China, I am happy in finding myself at my desired haven. The record of my voyage is the record of constant goodness and mercy from the hand of my Almighty Preserver and kind Father. I can but feel that I am laid under renewed obligation of gratitude and earnest obedience to Him who has dealt so bountifully with me. If our friend Mr. Gordon has duly received my letter of the 23d ult., you are informed of my arrival at Hong Kong on the 6th of July, after a passage of one hundred and eleven days; and you have also learned that, in the society of pleasant missionary friends, in the constant reception of the utmost kindness from our excellent captain (in whose praise I cannot say too much), in the possession of everything necessary for bodily comfort, and, through mercy, enjoying much of the consolations of my Savior's presence, I was able to record those days as among the happiest of my life. I do

not remember one hour of lonely or depressed feeling. I felt, indeed, with increasing intensity, the reality of separation from country and friends. I knew the bitterness of tears; but in all this there was joy—a joy greater than the world can understand or believe, and which it cannot give, or take away. I may add, they were profitable days, in which I was taught new and sweet lessons of duty and privilege. I must add my testimony to that of all who have tested the Savior's faithfulness. If He requires a difficult service, He gives abundant strength and consolation and reward in its performance. If He says, "Go, teach all nations," He graciously assures His servants, "Lo, I am with you to the end of the world." And those who resign all things to obey Him, do they not prove the reality and fulness of this unspeakable blessing—the Savior's presence in all their way, in all their work?

During an unavoidable detention of nearly three weeks at Hong Kong, I received great kindness and hospitality from the new Bishop of Victoria and his lady, of which I must ever retain a grateful remembrance. The Bishop of Victoria is known in America as the Rev. George Smith, author of a work on China. Hong Kong, being an English colony, has all the comforts and much of the elegance of a city in England or America; but, entering the Chinese portion of the city of Victoria, one soon realizes that heathenism is around him, especially on the Sabbath; and the heart is pained to remember that millions of beings know not of the rest and blessedness that day was designed to bring.

As I spoke of some of the missionary operations and plans of Hong Kong in my letter to Mrs. Gordon, I will not repeat here. I left, on the 26th ult., in the steamer *Lady Mary Wood*, for Shanghai. Though I looked toward that city, and my future labors there, with eager hope, I felt deeply the separation from the kind friends of my voyage, and of my sojourn in Hong Kong. In these ends of the earth life is peculiarly uncertain; and, unless health should fail, missionaries of different stations, when parting, can indulge little or no hope of future interviews; and the pleasure of grateful recollections is saddened by the thought that they shall meet no more on earth.

The similar hopes, aims, and experience of laborers among the heathen cause them mutually to cherish deep and strong sympathies and attachment. Among them, if anywhere, is felt the strength and sweetness of the bond, the preciousness of the hope through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our passage up the coast was eight days—an unusual length of time for the steamer; but we had constant head winds, and a severe gale, which, we feared, must have been a typhoon lower

down the coast. For forty hours we were obliged to anchor in the bay of Amoy, and were most thankful to be thus sheltered.

Thursday evening, August 1st, I stepped upon the shore I had so long wished to reach. I need scarcely say I was most cordially welcomed by our good bishop, and all the members of the mission. Yes, I was indeed at Shanghai, with Christian friends, but among a people who knew not our God and Savior. Do you ask how I felt in realizing this fact, which I had so long anticipated? Shall I say it was with gratitude for the mercies which had followed me, and for the warm affection of friends, who were ready gladly to receive and bless me for my Master's sake? Shall I say it was with the delight with which a long-absent one approaches his home and rest? Shall I say it was with the eagerness of the soldier entering a country of enemies, wretched through rebellion, to subdue it for his beloved Master and King? Or shall I say it was with the ardent desire and joy of those who seek the land of gold and treasure? Surely it was all these emotions combined, and more than these; for my home and rest is where the will of God calls me to labor for Him; and through His grace should I not rejoice above all things in that glorious warfare, which can never be in vain while the sure word of promise remains? And is not the treasure I seek—even the welfare of souls—worth more than worlds? And shall not some of them be my crown of rejoicing before all worlds? It is, then, with deep and serious gladness that I contemplate my work. Upon the particular business of teaching I hope to enter in the course of two weeks. Of course, I allude to the English class; but even in Chinese I shall be able, I am confident, to do some talking in the course of three months. You may be astonished that I should dream of such acquirement; but with a good teacher, and with the assistance of the bishop, which is more valuable than many teachers without his help, and by talking with those who cannot understand English, I must learn much more rapidly than it was possible to do formerly; and I shall be obliged to talk to the servants, who can only understand Chinese. My idea of studying Chinese used to be, that we must sit down and learn four hundred and fifty dry, difficult characters first, and that I must pursue a course of abstract study. But the bishop's experience has taught him better than those old ideas; and the success of Mr. Spaulding is one result of the bishop's plan. His method is eminently practical. I began Monday, August 5th, to study the Creed, and to repeat it. I shall get it perfectly this week. Next week, the Confession and Lord's Prayer, and so on. This gives me a vocabulary of words, which I can combine every day with others. I am more and more interested to get on every hour I study. The warm weathe

will soon pass away, so that I hope to make great progress before another summer. It is a great mercy that Miss Jones's health is preserved, for her services are invaluable. I long to be able to relieve her. Of course, the pupils were informed a new teacher was coming. Miss Jones told them they should be the first to welcome the new teacher. Imagine more than forty boys ranged on either side of a little bridge, which it was necessary to cross in approaching the house. They looked truly glad to see me. I would you could have seen their smiling faces! The next morning the bishop took the Christian boys, and the two Christian women, and brought them together into Miss Jones's apartment, and I was introduced to each separately, shaking hands after the fashion. The number of baptized boys now in school is seven; and one or two other individuals are preparing for baptism. I do not know accurately the whole number in the church. One former pupil, as you probably know, is preparing for the ministry, and could be ordained now, if there were a sufficient number of presbyters here to assist. I was present at an examination of the school yesterday. I am much pleased with the conduct of the school, and the progress of the scholars in real knowledge. Shall it not be that many constant and earnest prayers shall rise up from America, and from my friends in your church, that the Spirit of God may bless the instrumentality now in use? If I could meet now with my friends, and could say but one word, that would be, Pray. Pray in earnest, in faith, for the special influences of His grace to turn the hearts of the heathen. But half the work is done when money is given and laborers are sent out. When the mournful state of the heathen weighs upon the heart of the church, and is a burden which they take in prayer to Him who waits to be "inquired of," then will a nation be born in a day. More and more deeply do I realize this utter dependence upon God, and the need of constant prayer. I am very anxious to be able to speak to the heathen of our God—of our Savior. I am studying eagerly, and cannot willingly pause to read or write of anything else. The mail leaves so soon, too, that I have to write in much haste, and to but three or four friends; and these can have only short notes. I was glad to learn, on my arrival here, that Mr. Irving and yourself came to the wharf. I regret exceedingly that there should have been mistakes in the time. The manner of my departure, confusion and anxiety as to my baggage, and as to my expected friends, was very trying to me then; but it is over now, and, in the society of such friends as these, I am happy. All have warm hearts and great kindness. The bishop is most admirable in all respects. I shall write to Emma and Mrs. G. the next mail. Once more let me ask the prayers of

those who desire the salvation of the heathen, that I may have grace to be faithful. Yours very truly,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. RICHARD OSBORNE.

Shanghai, Aug. 30, 1850.

MY DEAR "AUNT ALICE:" One of my first attempts in letter writing, if I remember rightly, was to that same favorite "Aunt Alice." I am sure it must have been sixteen years ago, after my return from my first visit to Danvers. You would not have predicted *then* that that overgrown girl would one day have made her way to China as a missionary. Yet such an event has come to pass; and my first letter to Danvers shall be to that same Aunt Alice. And though thousands of miles and the deep ocean now separate us, my Aunt Alice is a hundredfold more dear to me than she was sixteen, or even ten years ago. Every day I think of you all, but most tenderly of that dear "aunt." I have written a long letter to Almira, which went by ship, and will not reach you before Christmas; also one to Charlotte G. Letters also went to my brother from Hong Kong, July 24th, and again from here to leave Hong Kong August 24th.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Sept. 29, 1850.

\* \* \* An incident in my life, since I arrived in China, I meant to have noticed in writing to you, but I believe it has escaped me hitherto. A gentleman, a minister, of about my own age, a widower with one sweet little boy, of uncommonly warm feelings and respect for woman as such, with a more than ordinarily cultivated mind, liberal views, good manners, good looks, and ardent piety, learning something of me personally, and more, probably, from a fellow passenger, sought my hand. As my mind is clear as to certain subjects now, I declined at once. The reasons I gave him were these: that the labor most needed now, at this mission, was that which women, as single, could more successfully discharge; that I had given myself to this object, and could not thus turn aside; that it was not well that persons of widely different views, though only upon two or three points, should be united; and, finally, that I had known enough of earthly loves, and shrank from the fever, the anxieties, and the agonies. The answer he gave, while it heightened my esteem for him, in no wise made me regret my determination.

TO MRS. OLIVER H. GORDON, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Shanghai, Sept. 11, 1850.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: The departure of the regular mail steamer on the 13th, from this port, admonishes me to drop books, characters, and nasal vociferations, and prepare letters for America. Yours of May 21st came to hand about the middle of August; and I assure you, though it was only a brief note, it gave me much pleasure. I have, as yet, had but three letters from America. I hope for more the coming mail.—I am very happy to learn the prosperous condition of your church, especially of the mission church; and, more than all, that it is to be supplied with a decidedly evangelical ministry. I trust that, in all the benevolent enterprises of the Church of the Holy Trinity, they may be eminently prospered, and find rich blessings return upon their own souls. “Freely ye have received, freely give,” and “it is more blessed to give than to receive,” are words which should be as favorite watchwords with the followers of the self-sacrificing Redeemer. Since my last to Dr. Lewis, I have entered actively upon the duties of teacher. Of course, I am occupied with such lessons as can be taught in English; but I thus have necessities and opportunities for practising and learning colloquial Chinese. I spend something more than three hours thus, and then am with a Chinese teacher three hours in the afternoon, vociferating the tones, and learning words and characters. As writing at night hurts my eyes more than anything else, I have to improve snatches of time in the day; so I fear my letters may often seem disconnected. On the Sabbath, if it is pleasant, I go over to the city to church (it is some distance, across a ferry), and, soon after returning, go into school for two hours. There the boys are taught hymns, cards, catechisms, commandments, creeds, Scripture texts. Much of this is in English, and the highest class understand English very well, so that I am able to be of use here too. But oh, how I long for freedom in Chinese! I was glad that I could at once be of use to the mission, though, as the best hours of time and strength are given to teaching, of course I cannot expect to get along so fast in my studies. Some time at night I devote to preparing for the next day’s lessons in school; that is, in learning necessary Chinese words and phrases. This, of course, adds to my vocabulary. I am much more interested in the boys, as individuals, than I had supposed I could be in so short a time. When I first saw them, they looked all alike, and I wondered when I should learn the forty-six names. But the names are learned, and the faces too. I had been told so often, by people who love to forebode, that I should find the reality of teaching the heathen very

different from the imagination of it. I still have much to learn, it is highly probable, of the waywardness of human nature, and the trials of love and patience resulting from it and from stupidity and degradation. But I had been so much afraid of indulging enthusiasm or imagination, or even of looking at the bright side without enough remembering the darker view, that I had prepared myself as for a battle with innumerable trials of feeling. I came to suppose that the heathen themselves would be so distasteful, that it was only by constant reference to a Savior's life and death and love that I could bring myself to the duty of faithful instruction. To be sure, the "constraining love" of Christ is the only sure, unailing stimulus and support, as it is the only great and purifying motive. Yet, with all this, there are feelings that come to the aid of our human nature; and my heart goes out to these benighted ones with a tenderness even, which, in far-off America, I had not begun to cherish. When I touched at Java, my convictions and desires for missionary duty were deepened and strengthened twofold. When I landed in China, I may say the purpose to "do with my might" was increased with tenfold power. It is true that, through the patience and care and faithfulness of the laborers already and so long here, comfort has been prepared for those coming now; facilities for learning and opportunities for benevolent action are at hand; and, if any one has time to spare, there is agreeable missionary or other society not far from our establishment. But were this not so, provided there were a sufficient degree of comfort for the preservation of tolerable health, I do feel that there is enough to animate and sustain the hope and faith and patience and love and labors of that individual who really and ardently loves Him who said, "Go, teach all nations." Oh! there is something in the sight of heathenism that moves the inmost soul of the Christian. What mingled emotions—love, gratitude, wonder, adoration, in view of our own privileges—shame, contrition, resolve, in view of our past unfaithfulness, and earnest, even agonizing prayer, "Thy kingdom come!" It is well to count the cost, yet it does seem to me there is too much fear. We are to expect daily supplies of grace according to our need. But do not many expect to receive the grace for living in exile before they enter it? If there are hinderances, there are helps too. I was not intending to write so much at length upon this point; but, if I do not misjudge, there is an excessive fear, as well as a deficiency in love; and both result from weak faith.

How significant, then, the prayer, "Lord, increase our faith!" I hope there are some in America, especially in Brooklyn, who remember their Chinese missionary. I would entreat their con-

stant and earnest prayers, that, if I have begun in earnest, I may have the great grace of patient continuance, that thus I may honor my Master, and promote the coming of His kingdom. That petition, "Thy kingdom come," has acquired new force since I gave myself to this one object, especially since I have entered the reign of darkest night. As I look back on my own past years, and see how unbelieving, blind, and stupid I have been, even since I knew something of the love of Christ, I wonder if it may not be the same, in a measure, with others, for want of thought. You know the half of our Lord's prayer relates not immediately to ourselves, but to our Father, and His kingdom and will. Do we often enough think what those petitions include? or, if we do think, is it not in too general a manner, so that our hearts are not touched? I am sometimes astonished, as I look over the promises to the heathen, as to the number and fulness of the good things that are predicted. But God will be "inquired of." Is there adequate feeling, adequate faith, adequate prayer in the hearts of Christians to bring a speedy blessing? or, unless our souls be quickened, can we pray heartily? Are our hearts burdened with desire for the reign of righteousness? Have we learned the great lesson of sympathy with the mind of the Lord Jesus Christ? Do we think of Him as bearing ever on His heart the interests of His kingdom—as waiting for a world's conversion? Before His coming in the flesh, we think of Him as ordering all things for the great consummation. Now, He expects His redeemed ones to be co-workers with Him. How great the privilege! how great the honor! Do we thus cherish constant yearning desires for the salvation of a lost world, our perishing fellow creatures? It will one day be asked of us, "Where is thy brother?" Can we have it to say, "I have truly prayed for him?" If so, let us remember the promises, and pray in faith. Was the last command of our ascending Lord to send His people on a vain errand? Yet, are there not some who call themselves Christians, who seem to think it vain? His word is yea and amen. Let us, then, one and all, ask great blessings. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Indeed, can our requests equal His promises? I verily believe that if all Christians now living would pray and labor and give and bring the tithes into the storehouse, as though the conversion of the world might and must be by their means, this generation would not have passed away before every heathen nation should have received the gospel. Our eyes, even, should see the hitherto deluded nations bending to the Redeemer we love.—I fear I have wearied you by indulging thus at length upon one topic; but I so feel (and sadly) my own want of faith and a prayerful spirit in reference to the heathen, especially in the past, that I am unwill-

ing, if it is in my power to say one "word in season," to be altogether silent. But I forbear. I do feel that our church has especial reason for gratitude, hope, and joy in reference to this mission. I will not indulge in comparisons, but I may say with humble thankfulness, none has been more blessed. And, now the field is so white, so ready, the apparatus so complete, must we continue to lament that the laborers are so few? When the Moravian Church numbered only six hundred members, it sent out about forty missionaries—(now, if I mistake not, it numbers more than forty thousand)—one in fifteen. The bishop is very anxious to establish a girls' school as soon as possible; indeed, it is greatly needed. Shall these boys, now almost young men, be compelled to take heathen wives, or remain unmarried? Yet such is the single alternative. For this, two ladies should be now preparing. Mr. Syle is evidently worn by his unremitting toil; and, when he droops, there is none to relieve him. The bishop has been seriously sick for the last few days, but is now better. May God in mercy spare him to us! Miss Jones is one of the excellent of the earth, and indefatigable in her labors. Although I knew not how to come so hurriedly as I did, and leave a darling sister upon a sick-bed, sinking by slow degrees to the grave; though I knew not how to tear myself away without a visit to dear friends from whom I had long been separated; though I departed a stranger, with few who knew or could think of me with any peculiar interest, yet I am glad and grateful that I came when I did. How great was the need of the smallest help! I am gaining something, of course, every day; and I expect time, perseverance, and God's blessing may do for me what they have enabled others to do.

Give my kind regards to Mr. Gordon, and remember me to your children. I did not mean to have written as I have, or so much at length; but my pen will have its own way. I shall not soon again have the time to spare. Yours ever,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MISS MARGARET E. CUTTER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Shanghai, Sept. 18, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND: If I wait till I have time enough to write you just as long and full a letter as I could wish, I shall never write you at all. I will therefore snatch a few moments, now and then, till I have expressed some of the many thoughts I would like to express to my ever-dear though far-off cousin. As I sit here in my new Asiatic home (the wind and rain of the equinoctial beating against my windows), two periods of our acquaintance

rise most vividly to my view. One is, that of my return from the South, in 1849, when your kindness was so soothing to a then sorrowing heart. The other is, when you bade me farewell with a tear. Did you not then feel the preciousness of the Christian hope and tie? Perplexed as I was at that hour with exceeding cares, I did feel, even then, a great difference in parting with Christian friends and those who professed no such hope. I am happier in thinking of you, because I am sure you love your Savior and His cause, and that you can and do pity the nations "sitting in darkness." Dear M., we can never too often remember that "we have been bought with a price"—that we are no more "our own." Are we doing all we can? Do all our powers, redeemed from ruin, unite with all their might for the glory of that Redeemer? Is that Redeemer dearer to us than the dearest friend? Do we love as much to hold communion with Him? Do our thoughts turn ever quickly to Him and His excellence?

But I did not know my pen would so soon find this topic, for there are many sensible objects, and many subjects in this heathen land, of which I was wishing to speak. Yet, let me still pause to say, dear M., that, in writing to you, I would beg the privilege of a Christian sister; and I would hope you will use the same in writing to me. You know that, within the last three years, I have known severe trial; that it has been somewhat blessed, as I trust, to the deepening of the religious sentiments I had previously cherished, and that I have wished to be wholly the Lord's. And I must add, to the praise of the faithful Redeemer, whose promise is, "Lo, I am with you always," that, in the last four months, He has revealed, by His word and gracious Spirit, much that was new to me in thought and experience. I see things, I look at them, as I did not formerly—as I did not one year, or even six months ago. And I have alluded to this now, because it may explain the character of my future letters. They will be more serious than ever before; not because it would be proper for a "missionary," or as a part of my new profession, but because I feel differently as to life and its employments. This is the way I look at these things now. Life is but too short for what I ought to do—for what I wish to do for my Redeemer in the service of my fellow sinners. I have made, or wish to make, a perfect consecration of self, of all my time and talents, to Him. For instance, in the talent of writing—letter writing—in the time (very brief as it is) that I may give to such converse, how shall I best improve it for my own good, the good of others, and by the light of eternity? Not that it is necessary always to be speaking directly of religion; only that, as an ardent, consuming love to Christ and lost souls seems so paramount to all other objects of

desire, it will, consequently, be natural for my thoughts to take that direction. I would be willing to write no letter, no expression, upon which I could not ask and expect God's blessing; and thus I shall, doubtless, write to my Christian friends, as "stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance." I shall try not to be tedious; but one thing I have determined, by the grace of God—to know nothing, by word or pen, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I remember painfully my wasted life in the past, and, by His help, will try henceforth to redeem the time. I hope my dear M. will have the goodness to excuse this long talk about myself. If in anything I have indeed made progress since I left you, to God be all the praise. Will you not pray for me, that I may henceforth be "found faithful"? I hope you have written, and that you will write me with entire frankness of your joys, trials, purposes, desires, as to an elder sister. Though so far away, I can sympathize in all your affairs. By no means indifferent to your earthly happiness in the consummation of your dearest hopes, I am still more solicitous that your best affections should be above this world, and that your life should be "hid" in Christ.

You would like to get some idea of the scenes around me. I have written as to my home, and its daily enjoyments and duties—and I am so busy that I have, as yet, seen little of "outdoor" life. The very first thing, probably, that strikes a newcomer, is the many hillocks and tiny houses and mat-covered boxes disfiguring the fields and the banks of the river; and then one ascertains them to be graves, or rather the places where dead people are deposited. One cannot go twenty rods in any direction without seeing or passing them. Sometimes dogs disturb these remains, though, probably, this is not often; then, they moulder, box and all fall to pieces, and the bones remain. Sometimes (as to-day I saw) one is seen floating in the river. The poorer sort are generally buried thus, because the friends cannot afford to buy a grave, which costs more than to buy the lease of a resting place. The Chinese seem to be fond of burying on a hillside; and, in this immediate region of country, there is not one hill, or hillock even, to be seen without being thus occupied. One who was afraid of ghosts would be much disturbed. Numbers of graves are within sight from my windows, and I pass within two yards of some every day. The howling or wailing for the dead, both here and at Hong Kong, and I suppose generally in China and the East, is very horrible—sometimes, doubtless, a genuine expression of distress. I have been into the city only a few times; but I then always see miserable beggars, some sick, extended on the ground in the last struggles of life. Cases of extreme suffer-

ing are indeed to be seen in the cities of Christendom ; but, in the midst of the summer of a plenteous year, starvation would be unheard of. The little that will support a Chinese is astonishing.

Their coin is of very small value, fifteen hundred equalling our dollar. The sight of the shaved heads, and long, unadorned necks, and loose (and, when it can be afforded, long) sack-like garments, is queer enough. To this add the queues, extending, by the aid of false hair or braid cords, even to their heels, and the climax of uncouthness, to our notions, will have been obtained. To see little boys thus, like little old men, is still less endurable. But what shall I say, when I come to the women and girls? They bestow much pains upon the hair, combing it back from the forehead in a peculiar manner, and bringing it all into one solid, shining bow at the back of the head ; then, the more flowers and ornaments the better—earrings especially. I think it would cure fine ladies at home of love for earrings, to see them worn here. As to their dress, you know it is the loose pantaloon ; and their tunics, or sacks, from one to ten (according to the weather), in cold weather they pile on to a wonderful number. The genteel dress of a Chinese lady is really very, very pretty. I like it better than the European. And what of those small feet? you will say. Why, that I involuntarily feel pity, as for a cripple, when I see them “tottling” along. A lady, indeed, can scarcely walk, and has to hold by everything she can catch, to support herself. The ankle, which we like to see small, in them is huge, the foot being up there. They really walk on the big toe. It is piteous to hear the little children cry when their feet are first bound ; but a girl loses caste if her feet are large ; she is as one of the poorest class. I think the pictures of the Chinese that we see are rather caricatures than otherwise ; for their faces are really not half as destitute of expression as I had expected. Their language and its unwieldiness is the greatest obstacle to their mental culture. A lifetime is consumed in learning to handle the instruments of mental cultivation ; new sets of words, and with them, of course, characters also, being necessary to every branch of science. I do not see how they are ever to get on with knowledge in general. Comparing the present with the past, China is wonderfully open to the gospel messengers ; and I look for greater manifestations of God’s power and grace here than elsewhere, because here, indeed, it must be by His might ; and shall not this nation be “born in a day?” There is much more I would like to say, but I can command no more time at present. Believe me ever yours,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Nov. 15, 1850.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: Your kind letter by the "Panama" was at length received, having had a narrow escape from destruction in a bag of beans. I was refreshed by the affectionate spirit it breathed, and especially for the assurance that there are some who pray for me. Oh! my dear friend, there are none who feel their utter weakness so much as missionaries. Few in number amid many, without command of the many means of good which Christians at home possess, without a full vocabulary, even, to express the true doctrine, they are compelled every hour to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I understand more of the need and value of prayer than in my whole previous life. I understand why Paul prayed so earnestly, and why he so often said, "Brethren, pray for us." We know that it is little with God to work by many or by few. Few, indeed, has this mission numbered, yet it has been greatly blessed, as if to show the goodness and power of God. \* \* \* A few of the betrothed girls are gathered here, over whom Mrs. Syle and Miss Jones extend their cares and pains. But how we need a girls' school! Other missions are strengthening; ours has been weakening. Is there not reason, then, that in every letter I should renew the request, "Pray for me—pray for us—pray that more laborers may be sent—seek for the promises, and pray earnestly in faith?" As Christians, our business is prayer and praise and obedient service. Love to all, from yours,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, Dec. 19, 1850.

DEAR SIR: Another month has expired since my last letters to America, and to some of my friends at Hong Kong. In writing to them, and to you, my dear sir, I often feel one disadvantage—viz., so little of intimate or personal acquaintance between myself and those to whom I write; so that I fear my letters may take a cold and official form (if I may use such an expression), rather than the free, warm character of letters between friends. And there is another disadvantage, which will result in disappointment to any who look for notice of striking incidents in my letters—viz., a residence out of the city; so that Chinese novelties do not often come under my observation; and a life as teacher, which is quiet and monotonous in all its details. Much that would naturally flow from my pen would interest personal acquaintances from their knowledge of the writer; while deficiency in ordinary missionary incident will leave my letters dry and dull to those

who, only knowing me as in the character of missionary, care only for missionary information. I allude to these points that you may be aware of an influence that must more or less affect my letters, and thus render them less worthy than I could wish of the perusal of friends in Brooklyn. Such as I have in my power, however, I shall gladly offer each month; and, if I know my own heart, I may add, chiefly with the desire and prayer that whatever I may write may, in its humble measure, tend to the glory of God and the good of "His cause"—especially His cause in this heathen land. From the later numbers of the *Spirit of Missions* which have arrived here, I can but perceive the increasing interest of their contents. Nor is this mainly because I am now upon the very heathen ground to which some of these communications relate; but I am sure that the missions of the Episcopal Church of America give plain indication of the blessing of God upon them, and afford much encouragement both to the immediate laborers and to those at home who give the necessary support and the tribute of their thoughts, sympathies, and prayers. I have never felt so much interest in Africa as since I came to China; and, while I truly rejoice in all the prosperity of that mission, I also wish that the China mission were as strong in laborers. By the way, will you let me ask if the *Missionary Intelligencer*—an English publication—is accessible to you? The account of missionary stations under the English Church, and especially the English African, in its undertakings and prosecutions, would often afford most interesting, valuable, and animating intelligence in your missionary meetings, opening to larger views, exciting to more earnest desires for the redemption of this dark and sinful race from its bondage and misery. I never met with the work till since I came to Shanghai; and, feeling that I have derived benefit from it, and regarding it as the most interesting missionary periodical I have ever met with, I desire particularly to commend it to the notice of those who care for missions, and are seeking to aid them. Anything which gives more definiteness to our knowledge as to what has been accomplished in the last fifty years, as to the labors and sacrifices of devoted men and women, as to the openings and leadings of Providence in the missionary enterprise, as to the pitiable state of the millions who are sitting in darkness, and whose habitations are cruelty, and everything that illustrates to us the fulfilments of the inspired record, in its predictions of the Redeemer's conquests, and the manifestations of His power—all this is to us as the "cloud of witnesses," by which we are incited to greater diligence and hope and prayer in our arduous race of duty. How great are our responsibilities, to whom such wonderful blessings have been given! How do we need every help, that we may not

be found unfaithful to our great calling as Christians! If I have seemed to forget China for a moment, it is because the field is the world, and demands our earnest sympathies and prayers. Perhaps none realize as do those laboring on heathen ground, how the "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," and therefore, perhaps, with peculiar desire they wait for the redemption—for the coming of Him whose righteous kingdom shall be from sea to sea.

It is now more than five months since I stepped upon heathen shores, and more than four that I have been putting forth my very imperfect efforts for the good of these Chinese children. If, for a moment, friends could be transported hither, or for an hour I could visit America, what would be the first question their hearts would propose to the missionary? Would they not ask: "What were your impressions of heathenism? and how does the momentous past appear from day to day?" How should I begin to answer such a question? How give expression to the feelings and the desires of a disciple of Jesus the Savior, but in the words of the unerring Book: "Darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. They have no fear of God before their eyes. The way of peace have they not known." "God hath given them over to a reprobate mind." What descriptions relating to the heathen are so fearful? What can be so correct as those in Holy Writ? But then, in that same blessed Book, it is written that the angels sang, "On earth peace;" and also, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring tidings of good things!" It is inexpressibly painful to contemplate the sinfulness of the human race apart from the promises of God.

But to return to the fact of heathenism. That little company of missionaries on the Tartar will never forget their emotions when they first looked upon the devotees of a false religion, amid the surpassing beauties of the Javan isle. But a volume could not express the rapidly crowding thoughts and the unutterable compassion that engrossed their minds. They will never forget the deep self-abasement with which they recalled their own rich blessings in the gospel—having rendered too cold a return. And oh, that we may never forget with what new love, with what new resolve we exclaimed continually in our hearts, "Lord, we are thine—thine by ten thousand thousand obligations!" Certainly, for the moment, they, in the spirit of the great missionary to the Gentiles, were willing to impart their own souls unto these heathen, if necessary. Time has calmed the tumult of feeling, and it also has brought a deeper impression and a clearer understanding of the darkness and degradation of the heathen mind. There is fearful depravity in Christendom; but here there is depravity and

darkness. The whole standard is low, the whole land dark. There is no light, no knowledge of better things. Yet let not any one suppose, from this last remark, that the heathen "do as well as they know how." They have no conception of a pure and holy God by which to try their own character. Nevertheless, such is the "law written on the heart," that, in committing deeds of darkness, they shrink from the light. But there is no motive which can give strength to the common mind to resist temptation. Their own sages teach, and the people profess to believe, that man's nature is originally good and pure; thus testifying to a conscience now accusing of sin and evil. To them, equally with the high-minded moralists of Christendom, it is a hard doctrine that "the imagination of the thoughts of men's hearts is only evil continually." In an English class book of our school it is said of the Chinese that they are much given to "fibbing and stealing." To this our most reflecting scholar objected; but, when pressed with the fact that no Chinese puts confidence in another Chinese, he could not deny it; and added, he did not believe that any man who did not believe in Jesus would not lie or steal. It is one of the trials to a benevolent mind—one wishing to be kind to those he pities so much—that he must live a warfare of self-defence. In every possible way, plans are laid to filch and cheat. One who has not learned the lesson, cannot have an idea of the trial, especially where it is from those for whom he has done so much, and tried to teach better things. Yet, by such every-day incidents, we learn to be more thankful for the gospel—to be more in earnest to disseminate it. The humbling question, "Who maketh thee to differ?" and the recollection of our own ill deserts in the sight of Him who weighs the hearts of all men, helps us to be patient toward the evil-minded, praying for the grace of God which bringeth salvation.

We have been gladdened by the intelligence that Miss Fay will soon join us, and that another lady will accompany Miss Morse on her return. We hope that even now these three may be on their way to China. This leads us all to think more earnestly about the girls' school, and the building necessary for it. Would that it were in the process of erection! When schools were first established, it was with difficulty boys could be obtained, because parents were not willing to bind them for ten years. Probably to obtain girls would have been much more difficult. Now, frequent applications are made in behalf of boys; and girls, too, are offered, whom, in our present circumstances, we cannot receive. Miss Jones, though so devotedly and so long laboring for the boys, has been waiting for the time when she might devote herself to girls; but when the period for such a

work is nearly come, her health has almost given way. She is now much better; and her experience and judgment and patience and well-tryed devotion and piety would be invaluable, though she could not leave her room. There are now six girls in the house; but they cost double the care and anxiety, in their present position, that they would in a separate establishment, entirely remote. Mrs. Syle directs their studies and work in the morning, and gives them faithful religious instruction on the Sabbath. In the afternoon they are with their own Chinese teacher. Last week, a little girl was brought to us, and, though it was almost impossible to receive her, Miss Jones could not find it in her heart to refuse her. The paper was made out duly giving her up to the mission; and we were amused to find that the teacher, who had been set to draw up the document, had, after stipulating that she was not to be "betrothed," and not to have her "feet bound," also inserted, of his own notion, that her "ears were not to be bored!" Was there not some reason in this classing together of the three things? So much gold and silver and glass and stones is worn in the ears and on the heads, even of the very poor, that the heathenism of such things strikes me as it never did before. Perhaps I should be thought ultra and over strict; but I am sure, if ladies at home could see the ornamented ears in China, they would no longer admire the fashion, and would highly approve of St. Paul's strictures. Bracelets and rings are worn by the poor, as something it would be strange not to have. Great quantities of false hair are worn by the women; and she who has not the hair neatly arranged, with the customary bands and pins, must be one who has lost all ambition of respectability—one single style being universal in this province. The heads and feet must be well attended to, no matter how ordinary the apparel. Women who must earn their own living commonly do not know how to make their own clothes; and these have to be given to men tailors. All their spare time is given to making and ornamenting their own little shoes.

A few days since, in taking a stroll along the narrow paths between the rice fields, we were directed to a house where a wedding was in celebration. The abode was humble; but a large company had gathered, and a profusion of eatables was on the table, and hanging around the room. Everybody was merry but the bride, who must be seated on the bed all day; and she is to pass three nights of watching. The people were happy to see and to gratify our curiosity. So we narrowly inspected the head-dress of the bride, which was made of flowers ingeniously wrought from feathers, and set off with brilliant glass resembling precious stones, and with many pendants of wax beads. Our attention

was then directed to her feet, in little red shoes. Her whole dress was of scarlet, and beautifully wrought. The mistress of ceremonies was also beautifully dressed in richly wrought clothes. The bridal chair, in which the bride is conveyed to her home, is covered with scarlet cloth; and the shrill trumpet guides the bridal procession. I believe the most significant part of the bridal ceremony is when the bride pays worship to her new husband's ancestors. Although it would be an almost unheard-of thing that a man should not be married, and an unhappy case in China if a girl remained yet unmarried, it is a regular custom that a girl spends a certain time in wailing previous to her marriage! And such a custom seems the most reasonable part of the marriage ceremonies; for she surrenders herself to a stranger, who may be cruel to her, and whom, at best, she must serve as a slave. Of course, our observations of China are mostly of its poor; but the other day we made a visit to a rich family. They were affable and communicative—showed us through their house, led us to the "ancestral tablets." Pictures of the deceased were hung up, and before these stand servants in small statues; and here are placed provisions; here is burnt incense; here bow the relatives; here the Buddhist priests say "mass" for the dead. This ancestral worship is what the people give up with most reluctance—it is so interwoven with their respect for parents and ancestors. The gods are not so real to them as their ancestors; and the Buddhist priests encourage this, because thus they get a livelihood. They know the folly of their vain repetitions; but this is their trade. And it is strange, too, that the people have no respect for these priests; they despise them, and even jeer at them; but when a relative dies, then they must be called to beat the cymbals, and to recite prayers.

A few days ago I was attracted by the sight of many people in white, and found they were burning the clothes of a dead man, as is the custom, that these clothes may go up in smoke for his use in another world; the priests meantime beating the cymbals and saying prayers, the relations bowing to the consuming garments in respect to him to whom they were going. Great feasting is had at funerals, too; so that the poor are kept poor all their lives by the expenses of their weddings and funerals.

I began, however, to speak of our visit to the sick family. A Chinese dwelling, as you are aware, is in the form of a square enclosing a court. In this court were artificial rocks and hills, to create an idea of wild scenery. This was the more striking, as the country far, far around is perfectly level—one of the largest, richest, and most populous valleys in the world. I believe one of these ladies, if not more, can read some; and they are fondly wedded to idolatry. On one occasion, Mrs. Syle, visiting them

after the death of a favorite child, for whose loss the mother was inconsolable, alluded to the consolation which the believer in Jesus Christ had, when a dear little one was taken; but, though they previously had understood and replied to all the remarks of Mrs. Syle, these they would not understand, and changed the subject with evident displeasure. Some of the gentlemen of the house stood by, at the time of our visit; but it would have been impolite to speak to ladies.

The time when I am most painfully and intensely affected with a sense of heathenism, is on the Sabbath. In the quiet of my own room, I feel that it is the sweet, the holy day of rest; but, as I look through the window, I see multitudes wending their way to their daily toil—a toil that will cease only in a dark and hopeless grave! And then, when I remember that not only this valley—that not only China, but millions and millions in other portions of the earth, are in equal darkness and greater misery (for we must remember that China is a favorable specimen of heathenism compared with Africa and the savages of Polynesia), my spirit is overwhelmed, and much sorrow and heaviness is in my heart because of those who walk in darkness. The involuntary question arises: Why were not these brought in? why was not the gospel given to them? In utter ignorance, I can only be sure of this, that the Judge of all the earth will do right. He who gave His only Son for a sinful world—He who sendeth the rain on the just and the unjust—He surely loves these better than I can. Shall I not, then, cheerfully acquiesce in His will? But then another question arises: Is it His will, except by permission, that no more should hearken to the command, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?”

It is hard for the flesh to resign country and kindred; and it must have been hard for Abram to go out according to God’s word; it must have been hard for him to take the knife to slay his son; it must have been hard for Moses to resign the pleasure and honor of the Egyptian court: but by faith they obeyed, and received the reward; and faith must live upon the promises; it must keep the eye fixed on the things which, though unseen, are the only realities. “The love of Christ constraineth;” and if the heart sometimes grows faint, and the spirit weary, then the “cloud of witnesses,” and the multitude of promises, and the grace of Him who is ever with His people, renews and sustains the affections and the will.—But I much fear I am wearying you with too long a letter. I have not said much of my school, of our mission as such, because the full reports of Mr. Syle, and the information afforded by Miss Morse’s visit to the United States, probably render such particulars less necessary.

Will you allow me, dear sir, before closing, to speak of my own particular trial since I have become a missionary, as a reason why I especially need a remembrance in the prayers of my friends? You may recollect that, during the brief days I spent with my only brother before my departure, his wife, my early friend and most affectionate and dearly beloved sister, was seized with illness, which to us appeared serious. But duty seemed to call me away then, and I obeyed. The first letter from my brother gave me comfort. The 2d of June gave me alarming intelligence of her relapse, and great danger. The letter was received by me September 20th. Since then I have heard nothing from nor of him—my only brother—or of his suffering wife.\* If the sad tidings seemed almost too much for me to bear, what shall I say of this suspense of three months? It is impossible to describe the peculiar distress of such intelligence to one at such a distance. The time that intervenes between the writing and the reception of such letters, has either removed or increased the affliction of the loved friend. Thoughts of sorrow, that we know not of, or, knowing, could not have soothed, torment the imagination. Then I understood something of H. Martyn's feelings on the intelligence of his sister's death. Each mail I have hoped for a letter, and have received none. Other friends have not yet learned to write me, and no tidings of loved ones by any means reach me. Thus far God has graciously sustained my faith. I know I shall see, one day, that it is all right, and wisely ordered. But now, in the dark time, faith must be my lamp. The trial is, however, becoming more and more severe, "as hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and God may have in store for me afflictions more bitter than my sad fears; and all this may be in answer to my oft-repeated prayer, that I may be fitted for my work as a missionary. God only knows, and He is my covenant God—nay, my tender Father; and He who trod the path of a painful life is touched with my infirmities. He knows my temptations and my sorrows, and "My grace is sufficient for thee" is a supply promised for the extremest need. But words cannot express (I speak in sober truth) my sense of weakness. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," is my cry: hitherto I have been able to add, "Not my will, but Thine be done." What is before me, I know not; only let me have a constant remembrance in the prayers of friends, that "as my day is, my strength shall be;" that afflictions may be greatly sanctified; that my faith and love may be increased. My assistance here, feeble as it seems to have been, is greatly needed; for Miss Jones was

[\* My letters to her were delayed on the way.]

utterly exhausted, and very soon was obliged to relinquish her duty in school. It is a great comfort to feel I was so soon of use.

And while you remember your missionary, entreat for the descent of gracious influences upon the school, that the power and grace of the Redeemer may be manifest in the conversion of many. Give my best love to Mrs. G.; kind remembrances to other friends, and to your own family; and believe me, dear sir, yours, with regard,

CAROLINE P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Dec. 22, 1850—10 o'clock P. M.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: The December mail, by which I sent a letter to Dr. Lewis, has just left Shanghai. As I have determined my next shall be to you, I feel like commencing early, that I may write a longer letter, and am disposed to pen a few words to-night.

With you it is now the morning of the Sabbath, and the bells, perhaps, are ringing to call the happy children of America to the Sunday school. The scenes of a Christian land, the associations which the return of this season (I mean the approaching Christmas) brings, all fill your minds with happy thoughts. But I know you do not forget your friend in a far-distant and heathen land; and this hour, too, I know you are remembering me before "our Father." I do not forget that hour, or the place where "believers" can hold communion. I take great satisfaction in the fact that there are some who truly and regularly give me, and the great work to which I have put my hand, a place in their prayers. And will God hear? will He answer and bless? The condescension to such as we are appears incredible; but to us it is given thus to believe, and to "rejoice with joy unspeakable." Human language is exhausted in the expression of His willingness, in the largeness of His promises. It were sin to doubt. We may, then—we must come boldly to a throne of grace.

A position in a heathen land gives one to realize more vividly the alienation of man from God, and from the love of truth and righteousness, and the awful misery entailed upon all sin. Human instrumentalities, were they even now and here multiplied a thousandfold, seem as nothing compared with the hosts of evil. The missionary would indeed be crushed by a sense of the greatness of his undertaking, could he not say, "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." He can remember that, in the ordering of Providence, the "host of Midian" were given to the three hundred men; that the walls of Jericho were prostrated by the breaking of pitchers and the blowing of trumpets;

and innumerable illustrations of the Scripture, "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power." \* \* \*

That which now appears to me of unspeakable importance, is to understand and to learn to offer the "effectual prayer, which availeth much." With this I desire to begin, to continue, to end all my labors. But I am convinced, from my own experience and from that of many Christian friends, and from the lukewarmness of the church compared with what Christ and a suffering world demands, that we are prone to live so much "by sight," that the prayer of lively faith is no common attainment. I am sure I shall be a poor, useless missionary without something of this power; and there is no subject about which I have so often meditated in the last few months.

From peculiar circumstances, I am indeed a "stranger in the earth," and almost entirely unknown in Brooklyn. But there are few who value more highly the social principle in religious things than I do; and therefore I shall be greatly strengthened, if there are some at home whose hearts and prayers are with me here for "my work's sake." To such, as united in Christ even in the best of bonds, I would say, "We can help one another in our duty." See how St. Paul depended upon the prayers of others! See how he exercised the social principle in all his letters—"comfort," "edify" each other, "rejoice together," "admonish each other," "provoke each other to good works." I could wish, my dear Mrs. Gordon, that I had an opportunity of attending your little "circle of prayer," of becoming more acquainted with the ladies of the Church of the Holy Trinity. For a moment let me imagine myself among you. We are a band of sisters, children of one Father, even God; devoted to one Lord, who condescends to call Himself our "elder Brother." We love our Father, we love the Brother who "tasted death" for our sake. Together we sit down to speak of that love to us which passeth knowledge, and to seek how we may manifest the gratitude and devotion of our hearts. One of us proposes to go out among those who deny and hate our Father; to leave many things that are precious, and to go alone upon her Father's business. And we all begin to feel that we have all failed in devotion to our Father in the several spheres of duty to which He has called us. We determine to set out anew. We need many helps, new strength. Some of the Christian armor, perhaps, has fallen into disuse with us. We need provision, wisdom, patience, love. We want hope and joy to accompany us; indeed, we are poor and miserable, and in want of all things; but our Father will bestow abundantly upon those who ask Him. And now, what is the key that will give us the means

of victory over all enemies, and alone will enable us to be faithful while we are upon earth, till we go to meet our Father in the home above? Where is the key? We have a letter from our Father, even the Bible. We joyfully turn to it, and do we not find prayer to be the key? "Ask, and ye shall receive." Ask what ye will, and it shall be done for you, "that the Father may be glorified in the Son." Surely God will glorify His Son. He will therefore hear our requests, which seek His glory. We may not see the answer; but the word is faithful and sure, that God does hear prayer. But then, we say, perhaps our Father tells us more particularly how we may use this key, so that the door may be to us an open one. We read about those of the great family of God with whom He was well pleased, and who have gone to their reward. How was it with him who was honored with the title, "friend of God" and "father of the faithful," from whom God "hid not the thing which he would do unto Sodom?" Was not *his* prayer heard? How was it with him who wrestled till he was worthy to be called "Israel," because as a prince he did prevail with God? How was it with Moses, when God had even determined to blot the rebellious people from His book? How did Moses plead? How did Elijah and Daniel pray? And shall not they who live under a Christian dispensation be as privileged as the saints of old? If miracles are not now needed, yet is not prayer as really effective with God? Since we know so well who intercedes for us, shall we not come as near the throne as they did? Ah! have we the holy ambition of those holy men of old—their whole-hearted consecration to our God? Do not our own hearts condemn us, and take away our confidence? Is our heart perfect with the Lord, to do all His will, regarding all things else as secondary and subordinate?

I have imagined, my dear friend, that we were thus together studying anew our Father's will, and desiring to learn of those who have received testimony that they "pleased God." I have written more at length than I intended; but I cannot cease without one word of our Savior, the "great Example." His life was a prayer, for His meat and drink was to do and suffer His Father's will. If we follow Him in this, it will cost a painful baptism; it will cost self-denial and conflict. But what more can we learn of His prayer? The burden of souls and of duty was upon Him. Have we so far entered into a "fellowship with His sufferings?" Have we so far received His baptism, that we are taught to say with Him, "Now is my soul troubled?" He needed to continue all night in prayer. Have we learned anything of that largeness and earnestness of desire? Even Paul could say, "I have continual sorrow and heaviness of heart." Have we no reason for a

like sorrow? Thus studying the word of our Father, we find we are not skilled in the use of the key, because we do not care enough about the treasury it may open to seek with every power to understand the use of it. But we find we can do very little in such ignorance. We can do nothing without the key. With it, and with skill in its use, we can do wonders. \* \* \*

Remember me to Mrs. Clibborn and Mrs. Nicholson, and to the ladies of the Church of the Holy Trinity—to Dr. Lewis and family in particular. My kind remembrances to Mr. Gordon, and the children. Believe me most affectionately yours,

CAROLINE P. TENNEY.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Jan. 1, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER: This day is observed in Shanghai much as it is observed in New York city. Calls are made and received, salutations exchanged, and wishes of happiness duly expressed. But I have come to my room, locked the door, spread your letter before me, and addressed myself to the task of writing my only brother. There is, notwithstanding, much that I could say, much that I long to hear; but the distance that separates us, and the time that will have intervened between the writing of yours, now before me, and the receiving of this letter, restrains my pen, lest I should selfishly lengthen or revive an anguish which I have no power to soothe. \* \* \* Last Sunday afternoon the suspense was removed; the sweet sufferer had entered into rest. She, who cherished for me a sister's love, a mother's patience; she, the friend of early days, with whom alone (with the exception of Mary P.) I could return to the past—she has gone. None will love me as she did. But these thoughts of tender sorrow were lost in grief for my brother and the little ones. Although we know that the tears of children are soon dried—that they do not return upon the heart and crush it—still there is a peculiar pity toward a bereaved child. That night knew no slumber; and last night was filled with dreams, and I saw, as of yore, the gentle, cheerful one. I felt that I could never look at one line of hers; but this morning I felt that I must refer to her and your letter, written last New Year. The spirit of it strengthened me, and I sat down to write. There are many encouragements to hope and faith; but, were it not so, I am shut up to them. I am determined that I will honor God by believing that He will bless you abundantly even now, according to the days in which you have seen affliction.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, Jan. 2, 1851.

MY DEAREST MARY: \* \* \* I must not delay to notice a portion of your letter, which, from its subject, and from the view you had of it, caused no little pain. In justice to myself, and to you, I ought to notice it. It is with an effort that I bring myself to that sad passage in my life's checkered book. But it will be better to throw it off my mind as much as possible, by throwing it on paper.

It seems to have pained you that I came to China so cheerfully, nay, so "unconcernedly." Will it remove that pain, to know that I have suffered, and how much, and that I suffer still, and that I expect to suffer—for are we not called to a fellowship in Christ's sufferings? Many years of hope deferred, of dreary loneliness, had I known; and, when life's fondest dream was dispelled, I awoke to a new world. I felt that life was all changed to me. I sought to understand the lessons God had been giving me, and, asking, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" I felt that I was called on to endure hardness—to give up my strength to labor and to suffer. Any one can labor in a pleasant field; but few hasten to the dark and destitute portions of the vineyard. Our mission in China had long been suffering, and the last remaining female laborer was fast sinking under her accumulated labors. Some one should go, and go quickly. I could not think without pain of leaving my brother, as it were, sisterless. Never could I then, nor can I now, think of living a stranger to dear little Isabel, without burning tears; and, not least, it was no easy thing to part from her whose tenderness for me combined the friend, the sister, and the mother. I have lain awake whole nights to think of it; and the thought often came like a weight of lead upon my heart, so that I would feel weak, or as one falling from a precipice to a bottomless abyss. I have often left the table, unable to eat. But there were other thoughts too. For what was I redeemed? "He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." In China were immortal beings, ignorant of that religion which alone has power to save men from the dominion of sin. Is the Bible true? Is the soul of inestimable value? Are the rewards of eternity real? Men can part from the wives of their bosom, and go to distant lands; men of science can endanger life on the burning sands of tropical climes; tender woman can follow a husband round the world; and could not I, in a cause worth more than all the gold of California, for a reward real, immense, and eternal, for the sake of One who is more than brother, lover, or husband—could not I, who owed my own salvation and

precious hopes to Him, take up the cross, leave all, and help to spread the good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people? Who so desolate, who so orphaned, who so needy of sympathy, pity, and love, as they who have no hope in such a God and Savior as ours? They practise all iniquity with greediness; no hope in sorrow, and multitudes are poor with a poverty you never imagine. Some of these I, with others, could bless. Those I loved had some others to love them—had the comforts of life, the hopes and consolations of our religion. I felt called to these dark and cruel habitations. I could have wished to spend some time with dear ones, from whom I had been parted so long; but the opportunity which occurred to leave for China would probably be the only one in a year, and I felt called to give up what was mostly a personal gratification. On visiting my brother, in the autumn of 1849, in Northfield, I felt full well how pleasant it would be to dwell with him, and rest, and be refreshed in the love of kindred. But I seemed to hear, "Arise, depart, for this is not your rest." I felt impelled to active effort somewhere. I could not be content with a life of ease. With all my plans, missionary thoughts mingled. Sister seemed delicate, but, as ever, cheerful, hopeful, busy, uncomplaining, and thought herself improving; and Northfield promised a healthful, tranquil residence.

After I had offered myself to the Board, I learned more of the really delicate state of sister's health, but, from her accounts, felt more hope than fear. I longed to stay one year more; but, of all, this was the time of need in the mission. I then hoped to have remained till after June. When I saw you in Boston, I had passed through horrors, but then I was sustained by animating hopes. I purposely kept my mind as much as possible from the sadder view; and, while looking at the "things unseen and eternal," I was victorious over weakness and fear. If one must meet an enemy or an evil, is it not well to do it as bravely and cheerfully as possible? Many times, yea, always, have I parted from friends and brother without a tear; but they who went on the way with me could have told of subsequent weeping. When I arrived at my brother's to say adieu, sister had just contracted a cold, which grew more serious and troublesome. None of us spoke of "feelings," or much of the future. Our hearts were too full. I would go out of the room, weep, wash my eyes, and return cheerfully to busy myself for sister. Some sorrows—passing sorrows, light sorrows—can bear words; but neither I, nor any of us, dared to dwell on a separation. I was to leave on Monday morning. At dusk on Sunday night, as we were all sitting in sister's room, the silence was awfully broken by a passionate and hysteric burst of weeping on her part, and I hastened from the room. What agony I felt is

known only to God ; the anguish she felt has long since ceased in that world where there is no more weeping. When I returned to the room, little Bel, in wonder, asked the reason of such sorrow, and added, "But that was not brave!" All the day that little one had looked and acted unutterable love to her aunt. Ah, Mary, it was the thought of children in China as dear to God, and perishing without knowledge, that tore me from her. I never can think of her without tears. I never see a child without thinking of her ; and I have often hastened away from the children here, to weep for Bel. In the night I was aroused by my brother, saying that Kate was in great pain. The doctor came in, and in the morning she was better—that is, easier ; her cold still troubled her, and she was weak. When I returned to my room from hers, about three o'clock A. M., it was not to sleep ; and no pen can describe the sickening sensations as the minutes rolled on. I was to leave them ! Was I to meet them again ? True, I promised myself a return ; but the separation was awful to think of ; it was here ; it stared me in the face ! No words passed between us in the morning. I feared the excitement for her sake. I left her in bed. I said "good-by." I turned away, leaving Bel in tears. My brother accompanied me to the cars. How often had I wished, during those troubled hours of the past night, for a voice from heaven to direct my course ! Once it was in my heart, and on my lips, to say, "I cannot go now ; I will stay." But I dared not say it ; I went away. Many things, which I cannot now explain, made me feel I must go on, or I should have returned after my arrival in New York city. From that city I wrote you ; but I did not say much of a scene and an anguish I could not bear to think of. Before leaving, I received cheering advices ; and they who saw my last look, as the ship left the harbor, could say I was smiling ; they who went with me could say I was cheerful. But they did not enter into my closet, and see me as some accident would bring to notice a line of affection in my brother's hand, or his name, or Isabel's, or the thought of the sister I left in suffering. Sometimes I wept as though I could not stop ; and, though many blessings awaited my arrival at Hong Kong, and at this place, many are the tears that have watered my pillow. \* \* \*

With great effort and constant, blinding tears I have written thus particularly. I have written of what concerns myself ; but I could wish to write much of yourself, and will do so next mail, if possible.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Feb. 8, 1851.

\* \* \* If you received my letter written on board the "Tartar," you know that I accepted, in the main, those views of sanctification which are held by Upham, Wesley, and others. And I still hold them. I cannot see otherwise. While I reject any view of the "perfectibility of human nature," or any notion which will not throw the soul more entirely upon Christ as our wisdom, justification, sanctification, whose blood it is, through faith, which cleanses from all sin, moment by moment purifying every thought; while I disclaim, with increased earnestness, all idea of personal creature-merit, yet I must believe in this glorious doctrine. When I doubt it, or relinquish it, or turn away from it, I lose half my hope and energy and delight; the "chariot wheels drive heavily." I know that sin aboundeth, but that grace much more abounds. I know this is a "body of death;" but, "I thank God through Jesus Christ," I know "this is the victory that overcometh, even our faith."

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, Feb. 15, 1851.

MY DEAR MARY: The last mail hence took a letter to you; and I promised to write again, if I could find time. This is the last day of our short vacation, and I must fill a small sheet for you before it closes.

I have written eighty-eight letters since I left America—all but twenty-two of them since I came to Shanghai, which was the 2d of August. Of these, many were very long, containing each equal to three or four letters; so that to call them, in all, one hundred, would by no means overstate the matter. Some ten or twelve have been to various ministers; some of them necessarily carefully written, as a missionary's meaning is often misunderstood, and thus perverted. The study of Chinese is very laborious, consuming a great deal of time and strength. I am in very good courage and health, weighing one hundred and forty-nine! I have learned four hundred characters, and aim at a thousand in the year, to be able to read, write, know the primitive and the phonetic element, and the tone. I hear you exclaim, "A Sisyphus labor!" No, but no easy task. In the mean time, what a vocabulary of words I must learn! They say I am progressing grandly; but it does seem slow enough to me.

## TO HER AUNT OSBORNE.

Shanghai, Feb. 27, 1851.

MY DEAR "AUNT ALICE:" I like to write to you sometimes, although I do not expect an answer from your own pen; but it seems more like talking to you to write directly, than through another. Of course, I always suppose you all will see my letters, or, at least, know the contents thereof; and I love to think of that yet unbroken circle assembled under that roof where, in past days, I have received so much kindness. And then, my memory goes back to the time when I was a very little girl, when bitter cold made fine sleighing, and "Aunt Alice" would ride up to the door, all bundled in blankets and furs. Not that "Aunt Alice" was a "widow woman"—for "Uncle Osborne" came with her, and I liked him very much; but "Aunt Alice" was so like my mother. And how queer it was, that, after that visit, when you romped with me on the snowcrust, I said, "If I hadn't any mother, I would rather live with "Aunt Alice!" Oh, how I wish I could see her now! You will not wonder that I should have recurred to so distant a past; it is all I have to dwell upon. As to friends, the present has no intercourse to feed thought; the future it is no use to think of, except as it stretches to that future beyond the grave. A few days more, and it will be twelve years since I arrived at your house to sojourn; and what a pilgrimage I have led since! And here I am in China!—The ship "Celestial" leaves, in a few days, for America; and I cannot let it go without taking to you, my dear aunt, and friends, such token of affectionate remembrance as a letter can convey. Lest any of my letters should miss you, let me here say, that, in the seven months I have been here, I have sent to Danvers, for you, four letters, and one to Charlotte. I have had a very busy life, too; so you see I have not neglected or forgotten you. I think of you just as often, probably oftener, than when I was in Virginia; and I do not wish you to think of me as so far off that it is no use to send many thoughts after me, or to suppose that, because I left country and friends, they are less dear. No, the contrary is the case; and daily do I remember you in my most sacred hours.

## TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, May 3, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: The mail arrived here 1st inst.; and last night, at nine o'clock, we were informed that it would leave at four P. M. to-day. It is Saturday—a day of extra cares—and I shall not be able, I fear, to fill even this little sheet. We are glad to hear of the appointment of other laborers. Oh, that

they, and more also, might hasten hither ere the first laborers be quite spent! Some hundred dollars came this mail for the enterprise of the girls' school; and the land can be bought, which is something. How greatly the girls' school is needed! If, in one year from this time, it could be finished! I rejoice that you feel so much interest for this particular object. It surely is one that commends itself to the heart of woman. It was that which moved Miss Jones to come hither; and the hope of doing something for heathen women first stirred my own soul. At first, only one foreign teacher will be needed, as the girls will not be taught English at all; so that Miss —— and myself will continue, perhaps, several years in the boys' school. After that, the Bishop will place us where he thinks best for the greatest good of the greatest number. I have an idea I shall be kept in the boys' school; and, although I should love dearly to labor at Miss Jones's right hand, and to labor for girls, yet, if it seems best otherwise, I cheerfully submit. The work is all one, and, if so be the girls are cared for, I can rejoice. But I always shall do all I can for them, by letters and otherwise, and hope my friends, for my sake, will not forget the girls' school.

## TO THE SAME.

Shanghai, May 5, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: After having hurriedly prepared one despatch for the mail, we received a message that it would not leave till late on Tuesday; and as to-day happens to be the boys' monthly holiday, we have a fine opportunity to multiply letters. I gladly improve it—the more gladly that, in the mean time, I have had the pleasure of receiving the expected letter from you dated February 4th; and I must thank you once more on paper, as I do constantly in my heart, that you have written so frequently. Do not disappoint the hopes you have already excited—viz., that you will be my most faithful correspondent. Let me warn you, and all my kind friends at home, against cherishing this idea: "My letters will be of little consequence to her; I am sure I can tell her nothing of interest." Let each one remember how they have welcomed letters when far away, though not so far away as China; and the voice of an acquaintance, or a fellow townsman, how cheering, though previously there was no friendship in particular! Indeed, it would be difficult to describe or exaggerate the satisfaction we take in letters. Why should it not be so? Consider how entirely we depend upon friends at home for support and sympathy, and how greatly we believe our work can be prospered by the prayers of those at a world-wide distance in space, but whose petitions meet with ours at the Father's mercy

seat. For my own part, I have to be very grateful that my church friends, whom I knew so little, have hitherto been very kind and faithful as correspondents. And I wonder, also, as I read their letters, what I can have written to interest them so much. \* \* \*

They who labor for the girls will have much more anxiety and trouble than will be found in any other field of labor in China; yet, with all its toil and discouragements, it must be undertaken. The minds of the women—that is to say, certainly of the class seen by missionaries—seem distressingly vacant and frivolous and impure. The most promising ones have sorely wounded the hearts of those who had toiled and prayed and hoped in their behalf. In the first place, it is difficult to find a mind, and still another difficulty to touch the heart and moral sense. We usually suppose that, in the early times of missions in the days of the apostles, women were among the first, the brightest, and most enduring witnesses and lovers of Jesus. But be the prospect ever so discouraging in China, yet it does seem to me, humanly calculating, that the gospel will not be widely diffused in China till there are Christian mothers—and these Christian mothers trained up by Christian missionaries. It is impossible to convey to the mind of a Christian at home how strongly the prejudices and customs of heathenism bind the soul. They are, in China, slaves to custom; it is their conscience. I see it and feel it myself by degrees. Let me give you an instance. A female servant of Mr. Syle has for some time been a communicant of the church, and seemed very sincere and earnest; and, at the time of her husband's death, must have encountered some odium on account of her refusal to join in the heathen rites (though one woman, who has since fallen into open sin, endured much, and many beatings from her husband, rather than to worship ancestors). A daughter of this servant of Mrs. Syle came to live with me, professing a desire to be instructed in the true doctrine. She was instructed, but gave no signs of true interest in the subject. Shortly she was found to have committed such deeds as are not only sinful in our eyes, but grievous transgressions against the customs of this country. According to their rules, it was the duty of the mother to put the daughter to death; but, being a Christian, she could not. Deeply mortified and distressed as she was, I have no doubt but that, for her knowledge of religion, and, as we hope, a saving though limited knowledge of it, she would have killed herself also. As it was, she wished she was dead, and advised her daughter to kill herself. What was our dismay, one night, to hear that my servant had strangled herself! We rushed to her room, and saw her on the bed, having tied her girdle around

her neck tightly. She was almost gone, but was saved. Her mother said she wished she had died. The old woman was brought to a better mind; but the girl gives little promise of amendment. Weak, feeble, ignorant, the trials of a new convert are greater than Christians ever meet at home. To us they seem the merest babes; but perhaps our omniscient Judge weighs with a different balance.

I have frequently alluded to one of our pupils, who went home on account of the sickness of his father, who, before his arrival, died. We felt very anxious about him, not knowing what trials, or even persecutions, might befall him. After he had been gone many weeks, Chai, the one soon to be ordained deacon, and another baptized Chinese (the married one) went for him to Sou-Chow, several days' journey. They all came back together; and Choo Kiung, the lad whose father died, told us his story with many tears; and Chinese men are not easily brought to tears. It seems, when he arrived at home, he first knew that his father was dead. He was very tired, and his mother was glad to see him. The next day she took him into the room where the coffin was, that he might worship his deceased father. He told her that he could not; that he worshipped only one Being, the true God. She was very angry with him, talked a long time, and said many things. He was the only son, the one upon whom it especially devolved to honor his deceased parent. She then tried to induce him to burn the silver paper; but he told her he could not. She became so angry with him that she would not speak to him; and he left (perhaps was obliged to leave) the house, and stayed ten days somewhere else. Trouble, and a cold contracted on his journey, made him fairly sick, and he had a fever. Once, he said, he thought he "must give up," and worship his father; but he thought he would pray, and then he felt strengthened. Afterward his mother was a little pacified, and he returned to the house. When the day came for removing the coffin from the house, he was again entreated to do the accustomed and important honors. He refused; he could not. Then she entreated him to at least perform that part which consists in walking before the coffin and burning incense, or the silver paper; but he could not. When at the place, he was expected to kneel down by the coffin; but that is not considered worship, since at that time and place the son is considered unworthy to worship, and another does it. He then knelt down by the coffin. Afterward, when the tablet was put up, he was again entreated to worship, or, at least, to burn incense; but he persisted in refusing. His friends said he was mad; that his heart was turned upside down. His mother became somewhat softened toward him, but still felt keenly the

trouble and disgrace he had brought upon her. When he returned to us, he looked pale and worn, and was often seen in tears. He appears more and more interested, and still looks forward to the holy ministry.

And now, my dear Mrs. Gordon, who of us—who of you—was ever subjected to such a trial as this? Think of him—alone, with not one Christian friend to strengthen him by a consenting faith, surrounded by heathen, beset by a mother's tears and imprecations, subject to the reproach of his acquaintances as an undutiful child, as disregarding "customs"—that high law in China! Think of him; imagine, if you can, the difficulty of holding his faith, of living by faith, of confessing his faith! Ah, may we not fear that many, who now deem themselves good Christians at home, would fall before such a trial? Let us try duly to appreciate the difficulties that here beset the convert. The worship of their gods is not very near their heart; but that of their ancestors takes hold of their best feelings. The followers of Confucius worship him once a year; and he teaches to fear the gods, but to have as little to do with them as possible. And, indeed, they say there is little need for a good man to worship the gods; it is the bad who need to do it! Love, you perceive, can be no element of heathen worship. "Who is a God like unto our God?" is often in my memory. The Buddhists hire priests to say mass for the dead, and in time of trouble; but these priests are despised by the very people. You meet these priests; you are at once struck by their abject, fawning air. Their heads are entirely shaven, and they are as filthy as they are idle. Pass through the city; you see some temples open, and candles lighted, and some priests kneeling, muttering, and knocking with a stick constantly to attract the gods' attention. The gods have no place, you see, in the people's affection; their ancestors have, and here is the stronghold of the great adversary in China. But I must break off. I fear I shall weary some of you by my long letters.

Remember me affectionately to Dr. Lewis and family, to Mrs. Fuller, Willard, Rapelye, Clibborn, Nicholson, Pierrepont, Bartow, and any others whose faces I can remember, perhaps, better than their names. I hear the Bishop coming for me to go with him to monthly concert; so good-by. I do not forget the hours of prayer you speak of—nine o'clock A. M. Sunday; ten and a half P. M. with me. Your missionary circle meet when I am asleep. My thanks for all your kindness to me; and remember me to Mr. Gordon, gratefully, for his kindness. Adieu. Yours ever,

C. P. T.

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, May 6, 1851.

\* \* \* Reckoning all the Episcopal missionaries, and reckoning me (as was somehow done) from Kentucky, we are all Southerners, and the majority from Virginia. Our winter was pleasant, but from the middle of February till now there has been incessant rain. I am still sitting with two shawls on. The dampness of this place is wonderful; paper becomes, in a short time, unfit for writing. Straw matting is spoiled by mildew; the chairs and tables, unless constantly rubbed, contract a rich coat of downy mould; metals rust at once; and books, alas! their covers cannot be preserved nicely. As there is not a hill to be seen, and none to be found within forty miles, you may judge people know something of the ague here. To sleep in a lower room is almost certain to induce it. But, with care, I hope to avoid any serious attack of it.

I continue to find my work and studies, and the society of our mission, as pleasant as ever. My health and spirits never were better.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, May 13, 1851.

\* \* \* Entering, as I do, upon the sober thirties, how can I but revert to the long past? \* \* \* Here, my thirtieth birthday is my first in a heathen land. Shall I not say that this birthday is the happiest of my life? Certainly, in some senses it is. So far as a consciousness of sincere devotion to the service of God, earnest effort for the good of others, and a confiding trust go toward happiness, then I am happy. My anxiety for you and yours is the only weight. \* \* \*

The care of the school just now devolves upon me. You may imagine I feel such heavy, such new responsibilities. Think of me, going over the dormitories of a morning to see that all is straight, and at night to see that all is quiet, administering medicine, redressing grievances, giving orders to servants after a stammering tongue, teaching, studying! How impossible it looked to me, when I first came, to fill the place I now do! Saturdays I go into the dormitories, clothes room, see to the giving out of four or five pieces each to fifty boys. After Miss Jones returns, this will still be left to me, as her attention is now given to the girls.

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, July 21, 1851.

MY DEAR MARY: Your long, affectionate, and welcome letter of February 14th was received in May, and I have not willingly

been your debtor for so many weeks. But your questions and difficulties concerning missions suggested to my mind so much that could be said, and so much that I desired to say, and which I could not well say at hurried intervals, that I have waited for a leisure afternoon. To-day the thermometer is about ninety-eight degrees (and has been nearly as high for more than a week past). My Chinese teacher has failed to make his appearance; so with a good conscience I think I may turn from study to the lighter and more agreeable occupation of letter writing. Passing by much that was interesting in your letter, and to which I would like more or less briefly to allude, let me at once refer to the subject nearest my heart, and give you some of my views of a missionary's work and duty; and, so far as I know, these views are coincident with those of "older laborers." Let me assure you, my dear Mary, at first, that you have dust in your eyes—that you also wear magnifying glasses. I shall try to remove both, as I may be able. You begin your inquiries and observations, as I think, from the wrong point. Your first question, should it not be, "Where and what is the authority and obligation for missions to the heathen?" Then may follow the inquiry, what Christian missions have done for the world. Not that the latter question is deferred as fearing the answer—for that answer forms a chapter, and a glorious chapter, in the history of a sin-darkened world—but because truths carry more weight when kept in their legitimate positions. And it is in reading this chapter that I wish you to throw away your magnifying glasses, and turn away from such as unfairly illumine or unfairly shade the page. Your letter contains several general statements as to missionaries and their work, which, of course, I can only reply to briefly and in general—namely, "cheating," "laziness," "luxury," "uselessness," and "worse than useless." It may be true that a "missionary in Oregon tricked and cheated," as you were told; and I have no doubt that there have been and are mercenary missionaries, even as there are everywhere false professors and hypocritical pretenders to goodness. But that does not astonish me so much as that one of twelve men should be incapable of loving, and should be so vile as to betray and sell his Master—such a Master as Jesus! And He "who knew the thoughts of men," chose twelve, and one had a devil! Were the remaining eleven less truly noble and true men—the apostles and martyrs, by whom the blessed light and truth was diffused over the world? To judge a missionary as necessarily "hero and martyr," or to go to the other extreme, and distrust most of them as "corrupt," "useless," or "worse than useless," is to follow a rule of judging not found in Holy Writ. As to luxury, the word depends so much for its significance upon the standard in the mind

of the observer, that it is almost useless to reply to the charge in general terms. A foreign and unhealthy climate (especially if one is laborious) often requires as necessary that which may seem to some at home as a luxury; and those are matters which in candor and confidence must be left to the missionaries as to conscientious men. But it does not seem to enter the minds of many good Christian people (under their own vine and fig tree) to ask, while estimating the amount of self-denial they think right and beautiful in a missionary, "And why am I not called to equal, if not the same, self-denial? If his raiment and his fare be coarse, his labor hard and incessant, why not mine? Is not mine the privilege and duty, too?" "Laziness" is also a general term; and that a hot climate greatly lessens energy, and the ability to do as much as in America and England, you can imagine, but you cannot fully understand. And they who do not know the nature of a missionary's work, and who are little with him, may charge him with laziness, and say, "Show me what you have done." There is an amount of relaxation, also, absolutely necessary in even such a northern latitude as this, which I did not believe till I learned by experience. This also, it seems to me, must be left to the missionaries themselves. If they are men of character for integrity before they leave home, that is the only guarantee that should be required. I will just allude here to one point not much dwelt upon by you, except under the head of "troops of servants." "Missionaries' wives" are not seldom thought deficient in energy and industry, if not positively "lazy," by some, because not always in the kitchen; by others, because not always at their studies. Indeed, it would seem that they should be in both places at once and all the time! As the least of what is expected of them, the examples of "ministers' wives at home" are cited! Now, it should be remembered that not one half of the ministers' wives at home have the health or the peculiar gifts fitting them for continuous and successful parish labor. Those who have strength, leisure, and will to labor among the people, do it, in a great degree, by means of "circles," "societies," and so forth. They have not the foreign and debilitating climate, and, more than all, the inexpressibly depressing difficulties of an unknown language and a stammering tongue! Then, too, there is such division of business among people at home, such conveniences as make housekeeping much less troublesome. The constant endeavor to cheat by the heathen (though only what one would expect), forms no small care and trial in managing housekeeping in heathendom; and then, too, the teaching of stupid and indolent servants, three of whom are not equal to one in New England. Missionary bands, too, are generally small, and each one, so far as

my experience and observation serve me, has a specific round of duty to attend to; and when a child or a husband falls sick, where are the kind neighbors in abundance who can hasten to watch with the sick and relieve the anxious mother? And then, children demand threefold more of her time than at home. She cannot leave them much with servants without moral ruin; or, if she could, who shall train and develop their minds? Where are the Sunday schools, the day school, the variety of playmates and amusements? where the variety of incident (unconnected with heathen)? where all those influences that, in Christendom, go so far toward the best training of children? I cannot help asking you to turn to Foster in his essays on the "Romantic," and notice what he says as to direct instruction, and the influence of circumstances and indirect influences. How he shows the weakness and inefficiency of mere direct teaching, when the influence of circumstances is malignant! Now, the Christian mother in a heathen land must give herself almost entirely to her children, if she would not neglect her first duty. There are many ways in which the married female missionary may be serving her Master's cause as to the heathen; but, without remarkable strength of body and activity of mind, I cannot think much direct effort among the heathen should be expected or required. One person cannot do everything; the strength will not hold out. As to missions having "done no good in the Sandwich Islands"! If you can read the account of what those isles, and those of the South Sea, were thirty years or forty years ago, and what they are now, and feel that missions there have been useless, I should indeed be astonished and grieved. Their civilization may, indeed, still be rude, and their religious character imperfect; but have they not now, at least, the germs of law, order, and religion, and of literature even? Judging by some of St. Paul's epistles, were not the Corinthian Christians weak and imperfect? Judging by history, were not the best developments of Christian principle among the Britons, Saxons, and Gauls, what seems to us exceedingly rude? Had you been a spectator of those ages, would you not have cried, "They might as well be heathen! Why this waste of effort?" There is a common saying, "Rome was not built in a day;" and are not spiritual results slower than physical ones? Yet these are not unseen even now. And here I must be allowed to remind you of a fact that will not occur to you—namely, foreign residents do know very little of what missionaries do, day by day, or of what is effected among the people. This is true in China—I doubt not, even more emphatically true in cities so gay and busy as Calcutta. There are many reasons for this, such as these: missionaries are busy and serious; many residents gay and

at leisure, and they feel no deep interest, therefore care not to examine particularly as to what is done by missionaries. The missionary code of morality has sometimes been too strict for the convenience of some of those who come out to make haste to get rich, and to follow the laws of pleasure only. Is it not natural to hate those who witness and can testify of our evil deeds? And what saith our Savior in His own case? "The world hateth me because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil." I wish I could impress upon you this fact of almost instinctive dislike to missionaries, and could also show you how unaccountable it is, except on scriptural explanations. "If ye were of the world, it would love you." Remember this fact when you listen to accounts of missionaries by worldly men. There are a few foreign residents who come out friends of missions, and remain such; but many too easily give themselves to the material, worldly, selfish views of the majority. I say the majority; for, admitting the Bible as test, how unspiritual the views of men at home also! What is their estimate of the worth of a soul, of the true purpose of life, or of the reality of an eternity? It is this state and tendency of mind that makes even the well-disposed residents (practical men of the world as they are) regard foreign missionary plans and labors as the dreams and efforts of enthusiasts. Let it once be granted that the Bible is God's truth; that the souls of men were worth the labors, sufferings, and death of the Son of God; and let it be confessed that Christianity has been a blessing to Christendom, and I am not able to see how one can consistently refuse that truth to the heathen—how one can rest in inaction, or admit a settled unbelief as to the faithfulness of God in vindicating His own truth in fulness of time, according to the "wisdom which is infinite." "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, though with Him a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years." We know that it is not by might or by power, but by the Spirit of God, that the hearts of men are to be subdued. Paul planted and Apollos watered in vain. Nay, did those words from the lips of our blessed Savior—words "such as never man spake"—did they effect all that we, in our weak judgment and imperfect knowledge of human depravity, could have expected? Because He called and none answered, was He less the Son of God? Were the truths He uttered less divine and heaven-inspired? But, according to views which you hold in peculiar prominence, it is no new or strange thing that moral and spiritual results should be slow. How is it in material, physical things—are great results looked for except after much time as well as much labor? When the sculptor of that world-renowned statue, the Apollo Belvidere, selected the quarry, hewed out the

rough block of marble, broke off fragment after fragment of the shapeless mass, did they who stood by and watched his actions understand his design, and how every stroke tended to its accomplishment? When the men of Israel in the mountain forest felled the rough beam, and hewed the massy but then unpolished foundation stones, and prepared also the small but important fastenings of timber and rafter, could each workman, or they who watched him, see, or with any correctness calculate how much he individually was accomplishing toward the edifice which was to surpass his imagination? Thus, dear Mary, I would reason concerning a work so great as that of "teaching all nations." Difficult languages are to be acquired; a literature is to be given to many nations who had none—a Christian literature for all. Instruction in arts, in such portions as the South Sea Isles and Africa, is necessary. Science! what is it in the most polished heathen nations now known? Worse than nothing; for it is built upon falsehood. Sit down, and try to run the parallel between what is esteemed almost necessary in Christendom for the proper training of an immortal mind, and what exists in heathendom. True, to preach Christianity is the first thing; but to your mind, how vast the number of ideas suggested by that word "Christianity"—by such words as "eternal life," "salvation"! Try to estimate, if you can, the amount of teaching necessary to convey the first principles of Christianity. And then, where are the invaluable secondary influences that in Christian lands do more than the direct teaching? But, though the instrumentality be feeble, though the work progresses slowly, and many imperfections yet mar its beauty, the temple to God's praise shall arise; and when the Master-builder shall appear in His glory, "all the ends of the earth shall see His salvation." Yes, from the moral disorder and chaos which sin has wrought, God would reproduce His own "good" creation—in man, once more His own moral image! In this once fair earth, now so long the scene of rebellion, hateful idolatries, and abominations, God would cause to be built a temple for perpetual worship. But this image, this temple, is a spiritual one; and there are those who, seeing, see, but do not perceive; and, hearing, do not understand.—I have been so many, many times interrupted, my dear Mary, since I began this, that I fear you will find what I have said repetitious and unconnected. I was going to say further, when you next hear an objector, ask him what he would deem it reasonable to expect, and press him for a definite answer; and mark well if his objections and difficulties do not have close connection with a secret scepticism as to what God has revealed, or what He has commanded. If the prophecies of Holy Scripture—if the command of the Redeemer

of men—if the example of the apostles, are binding with your objector, then ask again what he can reasonably look for, and what allowances he would concede to the greatness of the obstacles in the work of a world's conversion. Is it said the work is hopeless? Why? On account of wickedness—inveterate depravity! Ah, what a confession is that of the awful needs of the ignorant and the yet wilfully depraved heathen!

Other religions easily spread over the world, because they rest in the outward. Christianity only addresses the affections and purifies the heart. But then, its diffusion is the most difficult, as it is the most important. But if the objection is the treachery or the weakness of heathen converts, turn to the epistle to the primitive churches, and see the sinfulness of the sins of many who had apostolic teaching! What was the state of religion in the middle ages? Yet there was life and power then! Why is not Europe where Arabia is? The Saracens were in the pride of their learning and power when the Britons were rude, unpolished tribes. The latter were Christians—very imperfect, indeed, yet the heaven was there. The former were enemies of the true religion and its life-giving, soul-quickening principles; and where and what are they now? Thus, if, in heathen lands, now the mustard seed is very small, the seed has life, the tree shall anon flourish, and the birds of the air rest in its branches. But do you say, "There is no adequate return for the trouble—for the treasure expended"? When you can certainly estimate the value of a soul, you may venture to make such an assertion; when you can compute the value of our precious gospel, you may strike the balance, and determine as to adequate returns. When the apostle counted "all things but loss"—when the confessors brave death in its most fearful terrors—when the most tender ties have been sundered—not thus judged the "heroes and martyrs!" If our religion be true, it is all-important to every soul. But perhaps the most plausible objection is one which, leaving the character and motives of the missionary as pure and high as his warmest friends could wish, conceding all that is claimed as to the truth and importance of Christianity and the value of the soul, and even admitting that "something" has been effected for good among the heathen, yet insists that, at present, it is duty to concentrate effort in "home mission"—(if you will investigate the question, you will find that the plan for "home benevolence" was begun after the foreign, and in consequence of the impulse to benevolent feeling. I mean the active and remarkable means which began to be used in the destitute portions of the vineyard at home about the commencement of this century. Now, this is such a crowded, ill-expanded, disconnected letter, that it will need a careful perusal; but there

are thoughts started which I beg you well to consider and follow out, and, if you wish, ask more questions),—that it is little short of sinful folly to turn thus away from the “heathen at home!” As has been well said, “So might the church at Antioch have argued, when the Holy Ghost commanded them to send away Barnabas and Saul. So might the churches in Asia Minor have argued, when Paul was about to pass by them into Europe, the moral condition of their idolatrous lands being much worse than our “home fields.” The comparative destitution is stated in figures thus: Population of the United States, twenty-two millions; ministers, twenty-six thousand. China, population three hundred and fifty or three hundred and sixty millions. United States, one minister to one thousand souls; China, one minister to fifty million! Our blessed Master, whose benevolence was “heaven-wide,” said, “Go ye unto all the world.” They who are redeemed with His precious blood are not their own; they are not called to a life of ease; and, though danger and difficulty and toil and pain and death be in the way, it must not tempt the true soldier to ask if there be not some easier field which at present would better be occupied. When the call is to earthly conquest, men covet danger and combat and wounds, and call it “glory.” When earthly treasure invites, men tear themselves from what the heart holds dearest, and crowd eagerly to contend for a portion. Shall the Christian be less a hero than the worldling? Shall an incorruptible and sure treasure, because it is yet unseen by the eye of sense, be less worthy of the most earnest striving for?—I fear I have long since wearied your patience, and must indeed check my pen. After alluding, as I have, to some of the circumstances attending missionary effort, and to the principles which sustain the missionary in his “work of faith,” I meant to have added a few plain statistics, which, according to the common charity extended to statistics, demand some credit. But I must refer you to books, which I would beg you to read for my sake, did I not know that the love of truth will be all the motive you need to lead you to examine the subject. I know none more brief and to the point, and yet full and accurate, than such as the “Great Commission,” by Harris, Malcolm’s “Travels in Southeastern Asia;” and I wish you would procure and read Williams’s “Middle Kingdom”—it is the best work I know concerning China. Swan’s “Letters on Missions”—a small work—is a standard, though I have not yet given myself the pleasure of reading it. As I have made my letter so long on a single subject, let me notice some ideas of yours contained in your last letter (of March 24th), and received since this was commenced. You speak as though you thought a missionary must (by virtue of his deep feeling and great sacrifice.

and so forth) become quite superior to the faults and passions of other Christians! Now, having read that Paul "withstood Peter to the face," and seeing clearly that Peter deserved it, though he was Peter—remembering that Paul and Barnabas separated, "so sharp was the contention," I do not expect—I never dreamed—that a modern missionary would be, could be, or ought to be more holy and less faultless than Christians at home! They may have strong faith, such as could remove mountains; they may be willing to give their body to be burned, and to endure any peril or suffering; to make every sacrifice and forego every pleasure; but by and in all this, His Spirit is not necessarily "perfected in love." Would, indeed, that all missionaries—ay, and all Christians at home, living under the cherishing influences of Christendom—were able to say with the apostle, "Ye know how holily and unblamably and unreprouchably we behaved ourselves," and so forth. Though a missionary is, in an important sense, shut up to a life of prayer and faith and communion with God, yet there are difficulties, temptations, and retarding influences little known and less appreciated by those at home. I may, some day, allude to these, but will now only beg you to remember, for your comfort, that God has often condescended to bless mankind through the most unworthy instrumentality, and unholy men have been allowed to advance His cause. Search the book of revelation and providence, and behold the striking and numerous instances of this.—And now, dearest Mary, I can add but a word more. For yours of March 1st, received, accept my warmest thanks. I will try to answer it fully in a month or two, by telling you much of myself. The "full tide of letters" did indeed arrive this week, and I am in receipt this mail, and by ship, of nineteen letters; and there are yet more, I believe, in the "boxes"! So long and affectionate!—the harvest I sowed in the "Tartar." How much good they did me! I am well and happy, and loaded with mercies and favors. They are more than I can number; but I will try to recount some of them soon in another letter to my dear Mary. And is it well with thee? Do not forget to become rich toward God; and remember, you must "strive; for many shall seek, and not be able"! In warmest love, ever yours,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, July 26, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: Two mails ago I find I wrote you a "long letter;" and what a long, long letter I owe you now, if length could repay in any degree your abundant kindness! Since writing you last, I have received from you numerous kind letters

by the "Houqua," and two mail letters in March, and one May 5th. How shall I thank you for your regular remembrance of me? and how are words calmly traced on paper to convey the lively, grateful, and joyful emotions called into exercise by the arrival of the numerous proofs of kind and affectionate remembrance among you? Where shall I begin to acknowledge the favors? (To convey due thanks for them is out of my power.) I could never claim, I can never deserve, I can never repay all the thoughts and acts of kindness which have followed me to China. I should feel oppressed with the weight of obligation from my inability to make suitable return (not so much for the convenient supply of many bodily wants—though for that I return my warm thanks—as for the love and prayers that are given me so constantly). But while, having desired, I rejoice in your gifts (see Philippians iv. 17, 18), I still more rejoice "that fruit shall abound to your account;" for it is to my gracious Master, more than to myself, that this has been offered; and "the cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward." To Mrs. Rapelye, Brush, Willard, Barlow, Wykoff, Fuller, Morse, Underhill, Thomas, Miss Kinsey, and others, who have so kindly contributed to my comfort, please make a suitable expression of my grateful feelings. A large proportion of the ladies I am able distinctly and personally to recall; some of them I regret I am unable to remember. Everything by the "Houqua" has arrived in prime order. The "Nestorian" will probably arrive before next mail. How much obliged I am to Mr. Gordon for his kind and active interest in my behalf! The rocking chair is a treasure; and, without being more particular, every article suits me exactly. The carpet is very neat. I was intending to do without a carpet a year or two; but you have anticipated my wants. For the syrup, expected in the "Nestorian," give my kind thanks to Mr. Gordon. Such things are the more valuable here, because, as we drink river water purified by alum, the taste is not agreeable. This year ice is not to be had for love or money (the very little which was to be had being now exhausted), and we almost dread the remaining six or eight weeks of hot weather. You know that here we have no cool cellars. For the last two weeks there has been continual hot weather—the hottest I ever felt; though I used to think Louisville, Ky., surpassed any place in the same latitude for heat.

TO MRS. WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Shanghai, Aug. 2, 1851.

\* \* \* The assurance that my letters have been a means of good to you and yours, my dear friend, made my heart over-

flow with joy and gratitude; for I saw "your heart yearned toward me in proud affection." You allude to "talents," and say "it should not make me proud to be told of them." If I know my own heart (for "the heart is deceitful above all things"), I am humbled to see I have been used as a means of doing good; and if I have talents, oh, how ashamed and grieved I should be to remember how I have wasted them in years that are past and gone!—yes, wasted and perverted them, following my own will as much as I could. I am afraid the devil will find some access to me, and, with fond speech and friendly tap, whisper in my ear, "Thou hast done well; thy gifts and graces shine in thy letters;" but my conscience and my feelings, at present, keep me in mind that my place is in the dust.

There were so many letters and presents for me in the "Houqua," and such warm breathings of affection, that, when I recovered from some of my excitement, the tears of gratitude would come and come—gratitude to friends, but, most of all, to God, for His abundant mercies. He led me by paths I knew not; but He has at length "placed my feet in a large room."

This is the anniversary of my arrival here. It has been a serious and somewhat sad day, as I reflected on my unprofitableness; but a happy and good day in thinking of some of the ten thousand times ten thousand mercies of my God. Oh, what a varied year in my life! What deep sorrows, and what supports! I should love to sit beside you, and magnify His grace; but, though we meet no more on earth, there will be time enough in heaven; yes, and a language, too, worthy of the theme.

My dear brother has been deeply afflicted. What a year of sorrow to him, from my departure till his little one's death, last March! But all this is under the loving eye of "our Father in heaven," and "He doeth all things well."

I sympathize with you, dear cousin, in all your trials, and rejoice in all your welfare and prosperity. God knows what is best, and He gives us just what is necessary, just the discipline we need—to us the most trying because most needed.

The weather here is intensely hot, but my health is better than in any summer I passed in America. A mind stayed on God is the secret of mental, and often of bodily health. Stay yours there, my dear friend, more and more, and your cares shall be light. Continue to pray for me.

I must tell you what a joyful day we had yesterday. 'Twas the ordination of a deacon—the first Episcopal ordination (Protestant) that has ever taken place in China. Behold—may we not say?—the star that precedes the dawn of a gospel daylight in this great empire!

We all left Shanghai early in the morning, accompanied by our fifty boys and eight girls. The first part of our way was in boats, and we passed through hundreds of junks, each containing many souls. You may imagine our desires were kindled anew for the coming of that day when Jesus "shall be known from sea to sea." Arrived at the landing, we foreigners took the sedans which met us there, while the boys found their way on foot through the city to the church. As we were rapidly borne along on the shoulders of men, every sight and sound of strangeness met our senses. You have seen pictures of long-tailed Chinamen, bare-headed or under enormous hats, bearing burdens, hawking merchandise, or pursuing their trades. All this was before us; and men in the shops on either side, busy at various occupations. By the wayside, importunately singing and begging, were beings more degraded in looks and manner than any you have ever seen or could imagine.

There are now so many churches in the city (four in a population of two hundred and fifty thousand), that many can know when it is our worship day; and we heard them call to each other, "Le pa meck"—that is, ceremony day. I cannot, nay, words cannot give the emotions that come over us, as we not only remember, but in a manner realize that these multitudes know no Lord's day, no Savior; they have no rest, no hope!

Arrived at the church, we find groups of China men and women. We ladies ascend to the galleries—for us the most convenient and quiet place. The church is very neat, and not expensive (considering the rate of things in China), the chancel pretty and neat, and the pulpit in front elevated, and of a goblet form. Soon the Bishop, in his robes, entered, with two presbyters in their surplices; and near by sat Chai, the candidate for deaconship, in his surplice. To see a Chinese in a surplice, once a heathen, now a Christian, and his excellent character well known to us all—it was indeed a happy sight! In front of the pulpit sat our scholars, and those of some other schools, so quiet, so clean, and so attentive. On either side, the various Chinese, and here and there a foreigner. How strange the services and the quiet must have been to a Chinese! for, though we imagine the Chinese reverential, they know little what reverence of the heart means; and it is the most difficult undertaking, at first, to make them understand they must be quiet. Those we meet are from the lowest class, and may be more boisterous than others.

After the ordination came the communion—the first held in that church. Yes, in the midst of heathen China knelt twenty Christian Chinese. I thought of the time when the apostles preached the gospel, being scourged, imprisoned, and in danger of

their lives ; while here, so far as persecution could touch, the gospel had free course.

In the afternoon, Chai, the new deacon, preached from the third chapter of John, sixteenth verse. In speaking of God, "Who so loved the world," he boldly attacked their idols made with hands, and spoke with earnestness, and seemed to feel strengthened and encouraged for his countrymen.

We were a quiet and humble band, of a sect despised in China. "The foreign man's doctrine" they sneered at. But, trusting in God, it was to us a day bright with hope and promise.

Oh, my dear friend, who would not be Christ's soldier? who would not make some sacrifice for Him? who would hang back, and not come to the heathen to make known the "precious promises and glad tidings"? How can I or dare I regret having come, or wish to leave till God plainly calls me hence? You know how that sad bereavement tried me, for you know how I loved my dear departed sister. You can imagine that the newness of my position must have been accompanied with other trials, and that the first year is one taxing all the moral strength, the hope, the courage, and the faith. Yet, in looking back, I can truly say it has been the serenest and happiest year of my life: though thick darkness may gather round me in some future, I have no doubt I shall have strength according to my day.

Miss Jones will leave all connection with the school for the boys very soon, and then I shall have more weight of care and increase of responsibility. But I rather covet it. I came to toil and labor—not for repose and ease. The girls' school building is rising; and, if helpers only come, how rejoiced we shall be! For myself, the thought of woman—heathen woman—and the hope of doing something for her, moved me to come here. It is clear the Bishop intends to keep me in the boys' school; nor do I feel I ought to insist on my original purpose, since he thinks I am "in the very place for which I was designed." You know me so well, that I need hardly say that it is my strong will and command over them, that is the quality so desirable in a woman who is to manage boys. But if the girls are cared for, I am content. I serve a high Master; I am called to a noble work. Be the field where it may, it is appointed in the overruling wisdom of Him who sent me. How I should like to take you to the chapel, and let you see the fifty bright faces of our Chinese boys, and let you see for yourself that they understood "the doctrine"! You would breathe the prophet's prayer in the valley of dry bones.

I have much more to say, but only time now to add, that I am affectionately yours,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, Aug. 26, 1851.

\* \* \* The whole course of Chinese training is to cultivate the memory at the expense of the reasoning powers; and it seems to me that much of what their memory is exercised upon is childish. Just think of a child memorizing till ten or twelve or fourteen years, without a particle of explanation! Imagine the effect on the noblest faculties. Then, in English studies, the case is affected by the habit in Chinese studies. While they are at ages to learn spelling, geography, multiplication, easy histories, they learn with comparative ease; but when it becomes necessary to analyze, classify, reason, they fall back discouraged. It is a different world of effort. Indeed, we might almost describe the Chinese mind, by saying what the Western mind was not. Their polite salutations are grave and majestic to excess, as though politeness was the serious business of life; while funeral ceremonies provoke smiles and laughter (in mere spectators). They evade, if possible, giving a direct answer to almost any question. I do not believe there is one missionary here who feels confident that he thoroughly knows one Chinese, or could predict with assurance any future course of action under given circumstances. They are close and deep and plausible. Moreover, I do not believe that one missionary feels sure of the love—the real, pure affection—of any one Chinaman. They may hope, believe, but there is a fear.

Then, we have to do with the lowest classes, whose habits and associations are less elevated and elevating than others. Yet I believe even these, and even those who seem to have seen something of the excellence of the maxims and principles of the gospel, look upon Chinese “customs” as the most excellent in the world.

The love of knowledge, the power of applying the mind, is painfully feeble in Chinese pupils everywhere. Part of this is to be ascribed, doubtless, to the inertness of the Asiatic mind; part to the fact that such characteristics belong generally to the lowest class in any country.

And then, what can be expected in a country where there is no public spirit, no politics, no rapidly circulating press, no new works of literature and science? What is there to wake up the mind, to raise it by proper stimulants, to invite to a nobler ambition? The highest ambition is to go through their course of literature; and they who would reap the honors, must bow to idols. But what is more painful than all things, is to see the weakness of Chinese converts. They are less to be relied upon, probably, than converts of any other nation. Sometimes I ask

myself concerning the best of them I know, "Do they understand that they have been redeemed, and have now something to live for? Do they see the loveliness of purity of heart?" Yet I have to ask, also, "Do Christians at home, trained under influences so many and so good—do they realize that they are not their own? Do they take care to have their thoughts and conversation concerning those things only which are pure and lovely?" Oh! where is the power that constrained a Paul, that animated the confessors? You may think me depressed and discouraged, but I am "not in despair." I know who gave the commission to go. I know He is with those He sends; yet I cannot describe to you how pained and grieved are those who love the souls of these darkened heathen, to see, from day to day, how they are wedded to debasing vanities. "How shall they, who are accustomed to do evil, learn to do well?" The influences of Christians are, indeed, just commencing, when we remember how difficult the language, and how feeble the force brought to bear on the minds of the people. But it is from these we are training that we hope for ministers of the gospel, who shall do something toward making the Christian literature so absolutely necessary in the right cultivation of a people like this. \* \* \*

The female population with which we come in contact is a most boisterous one—their words many and loud, their minds vacant; and it is a difficult thing to obtain a quiet hearing, much more to obtain quiet and real attention. But we will work on, strongest in faith when it is darkest to sight. "Prayer, faith, and patience" (as good, apostolic John Eliot was accustomed to say) "will do wonders." God and His promise are sure. A Paul and Apollos often, doubtless, seemed to labor in vain; and, while on earth, how small the visible effects of our Savior's ministry! But the gospel shall be preached to all nations; and happy they who are permitted to carry forward the gospel banner! I must close abruptly. Yours truly,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Sept. 5, 1851.

\* \* \* You asked me, some time since, my dear friend, how I came to think of being a missionary—what first inclined my mind to it; and you asked, hoping to gain some hints for the training of your own children. There is nothing remarkable in the leadings of Providence with me as to this enterprise; and, as the lessons I would draw from it for another, I would say, 1st, let your children read and know about the heathen; 2d, let them see that you deem missionary work a noble one; and 3d, that, to

be Christ's soldier, implies no less than that he should endure hardness and self-denial; and 4th, to be Christ's friend, implies no less than obedience to His last command, and a heart burning with desire that all nations should come to His light. Let these be their great ideas, upon which shall be built their idea of a Christian. Whatever there may be in my Christian character that is valuable, is owing, under God, to the influence of the example of one minister of the gospel (Congregationalist) now in Pawtucket, R. I.—Rev. C. Blodgett. Not that I became under his ministry, nor for years afterward, a true Christian; but in him I saw the idea of a Christian realized; and the idea illustrated by him, followed, I may say pursued me. And subsequently, when I have visited him, I have always found my spirit nerved and strung anew for conflict, and my will determined upon victory. There was a tone, an elevation, a tension (if I may so speak) to his piety, that gave me an idea of what it was to be in earnest. Yes, that is the word—in earnest! It was from him I first heard of missionaries. Not much, indeed, directly; but I saw that he honored, revered them for their work's sake; and I revered him, and thus I learned to admire the grand and sublime in Christian effort. When about seven years old, I remember hearing of Harriet Newell's devotedness (the first female missionary from America), and I read Mrs. Judson's Life; and these had their share in showing me the kind of a Christian a missionary must be. The minister of whom I spoke left us after a residence of two and a half years, and I was just fifteen. From that time I heard nothing of missionaries. I wandered through mazes of doubt and error and gloom and sadness, but the light of a nerved, earnest-minded, full-souled, elevated Christian example followed me; and when the truth he had sown at length sprang up, under other influences, it was with the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" In speaking of Africa; one day, Dr. Alexander Jones, now of Richmond, Va., asked me, casually, "How would you like to be a missionary?" I replied, as so many do: "Oh! I am not fit" (*i. e.*, not deeply pious enough). He only replied: "I think you have some qualities which make you adapted for such an undertaking. If you ever incline to go, let me know." I went on my way North, and then went West. But the word "you" had been spoken, and could not be recalled. This was in 1845. I spoke of it to a friend in Louisville thus: "What if, some day, I should be a missionary? But I need to be more established in faith, and every Christian grace; yet I think perhaps some day I may be called to go." And then, in the tide of ordinary duties and pleasures, I forgot both that word and the high calling and privilege of a Christian.

I was content with husks! Afflictions found me, and the hand of God led me into solitude. There I heard the "still small voice," and was constrained to believe that I had a work to do which would require all my affections and energies and will, and I was given to desire earnestly the place of toil and self-sacrifice. The persuasion was strong and constant that God was preparing me for some peculiar work, requiring all I could give. Then came the Bishop's letter, "Send us two ladies." I waited months; no one heeded. Again the call, and there was none to hear. What could I say but "Here am I; Lord, send me"? And here I am, for many reasons rejoicing that I came, regretting it not yet on any account. It is by small means (to the human view) that God accomplishes His purpose. The example of my early pastor, the word of Mr. Jones, the letter of the Bishop coming to me, amid months of solitude—these were the seeds, watered by affliction, which weaned me from the world. You can see by this that it is in early life the bent is taken, though there is need of after training. Oh that Christian parents would indeed give their children to God, and train them for Him—not for the world!—I have room to add no more, but that I am, most affectionately, your sister,

C. P. TENNEY

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, Oct. 1, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: Although the last mail took a letter from me both for yourself and for Mrs. Gordon, and the preceding mail a communication to the Sunday school, I am not willing to let this mail pass without a few words to revive your thoughts of China. Such has been the kindness and affection testified for me in various ways by the members of the Church of the Holy Trinity, that, in writing to you, or through you to them, I no longer feel as if addressing strangers. Rather, I think of them as a band of brothers and sisters, interested with myself in a willing service of our God and Savior. I shall therefore write freely and familiarly, as to friends, and, in so doing, find greater satisfaction myself, and impart more to those who shall hear or read my letters.

Days and months fly so rapidly in China, that I am scarcely able to believe when the period of mailing letters returns, and sometimes wonder if it can be a month since the despatches left my hand. My routine is so quiet and uniform, that I often feel that I have nothing to say that will be worth a letter. But, when that is the case, I have the satisfaction of feeling that there are other sources from which you can derive more. I am still engaged with the first class, and shall be so, probably, till the arrival of the appointed principal. We have a monthly examination of

the scholars, who are now arranged into four distinct classes. One of our oldest boys, a former member of the first class, is the teacher (for the present) of the two lower divisions; and a very good teacher he proves. The last examination was more satisfactory to us, as a whole, than any previous one for some time. The great object in all, and the most difficult one, is to cultivate and quicken the moral sense. It is line upon line, patient waiting, hoping, striving. As there is no word for "conscience" in Chinese, so one might almost think there was no such thing, so difficult is it to call out the sense of accountability to God. But I believe the more we are enabled to do all things in simplicity, offering and leaving all our best efforts in simple faith, the more we shall eventually be blessed. Our most intense desire should be, and I trust is, that God would glorify His own truth, His own name.

One week ago I had the pleasure of a trip to the Pagoda, about eight miles distant; and we also visited the French monastery, distant only three or four miles from this city by land, but much farther by the streams. The grounds of the monastery are quite extensive, the buildings numerous, and some of them quite tasteful. They have a new and large and neat church, which we were permitted to enter. It is said that about forty foreign missionaries are connected with the monastery, and are scattered through the adjacent country, returning to that as a centre. What an example to Protestants! With our clearer light and more spiritual apprehension of Divine truth, why are not Protestants more self-denying and in earnest? It has been said that an institution of "Sisters of Charity" is to be established at this port, in connection with the efforts for the propagation of the Romish faith. I believe I have previously mentioned the Pagoda, as I visited it last October. It has six stories, and is a striking, picturesque object in this level and monotonous country. Numerous small bells are attached to the points of its numerous roofs, and, when the breeze is strong, a constant tinkling is produced. The idea is, I believe, to keep off demons! The prospect from the top is a lovely one, although the country is so level. Not a hillock breaks the plain, and only at one point is the line of the horizon broken, and that by hills some seventeen miles distant. It was one year since I had looked over that same fair scene, when I had been but two months here; and I had a good opportunity to test my own feelings and views with regard to heathenism, now that I had more acquaintance with it. I can truly say that I now felt their condition a far heavier burden on my soul than then; that their situation appeared more deplorable, and that I longed more earnestly to be spent in efforts to bless them. I know not how

many thousands live in the valley (a small portion of which I saw); but the thirty-eight or forty millions of this province, what are they compared with the eighteen provinces, the three hundred and sixty millions of China? And what have we to give these?—money, effort, prayers—the last by no means least. Do not our hearts burn with desire to tell these benighted ones of our Savior—to tell them, till they shall understand what “Savior” means? Have we no life thus to give for Him who died for us? And why for us? Was it not that we might be instruments for His glory? Who made us to differ? Oh! to realize that we are bought, redeemed—that we are no more our own—and then to rejoice in being called to go forth in the most arduous or self-denying service, counting it all joy that we may in a little measure prove our love to our Savior and to our fellow men, even for those whom He loved so well as to die for!

Oh, that Christians at home did realize from what they are saved, and in what millions of souls as precious as theirs are enslaved, and perish! Oh, that I felt it more and more deeply and constantly! Then should I, in the spirit of the great apostle, strive and labor in my prayers as well as in more outward efforts. Is not this a theme that should awaken in every Christian heart the “groanings which cannot be uttered”? \* \* \*

Again let me say how much I am gratified in hearing of the remarkable prosperity of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and also how gratefully I appreciate all your abundant kindness and affection for me, for my Master's and my work's sake. But my last word now, as ever, must be, “Pray for us.” Strive together in your prayers for us. In the best of bonds, believe me, yours truly,

CAROLINE P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Nov. 17, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: It is now three months since I have had a line from you; and you can hardly imagine how I miss your letters. I presume the reason of your unusual silence was your absence from the city, or travelling. You will be considerably in my debt as to letters; but how much I am in your debt as to innumerable kindnesses! I feel that I have not half made the acknowledgment I ought; and yet words are such poor recompense I feel ashamed to use them. \* \* \*

It has frequently occurred to me, that the reason there was not and is not among missionaries the tone of piety which people at home would expect (but are often disappointed in not seeing), is that there are so few old Christians; that all come out young—

students, without the maturity and sedateness that pastoral experience tends to give. I, for one, was glad to hear that one of our new missionaries had sustained the pastoral relation some years. \* \* \*

I often wish I could have you here for a little while. Yes, I would like to see you enter my quiet room this moment. I cannot tell you how often I think of the kind friends who sent me this and that comfort. They give me a pleasure no ordinarily purchased comforts could have done. Though it would not be well, probably, that every missionary should be supported by a particular church, yet I am sure I feel a satisfaction in being particularly connected with one church, that I could not otherwise do. I can feel that they think of me with a stronger and peculiar interest, and *that* excites anew my own interest in Christians at home, and a stronger interest in my work here. \* \* \* Perhaps Mr. Talbot will give you some idea of our privileges of church-going, and of hearing preaching. It is so sweet, in a heathen land, so refreshing, to go up to worship God, and to hear His truth from a faithful, fearless servant of God! Our minister (the English chaplain, who came out originally to be a missionary) fears God greatly, and he fears nought else. Perhaps you can guess such a man would win my warmest admiration. I always go half a day, and the afternoon I always spend with the Chinese boys. I wonder what you will say, when I tell you that going to church involves an expense to each of us of forty dollars [per year]! But, cold as the winters are, if something was to be curtailed, I would rather go without a fire than without church, unless my duty among the Chinese required me. One of these days, when I shall have acquired more command of the language, it is my hope and purpose to spend as much of my strength and spare time as possible among the women in the hamlets around; and then, if need be, I can willingly, gladly stay away from church, for it will be "more blessed to give than to receive." But you have no idea of the difficulty there is in gaining the attention and interest of women; they seem so frivolous and trifling. You know that it is often contended that the stories about the Chinese killing so many of their children are so much humbug. Probably there is much less of it here than farther South—as, for instance, at Amoy. But, the other day, Mr. S., in walking, met a woman whom he knew some time ago as the mother of a little boy, an infant, and asked for it. She, laughing, told him she had killed it; and "why should she not? she had no rice for him."

This is a curious letter of odds and ends. Make, I beg, allow-

ance for it as such. Remember me most affectionately to the kind circle of friends, and believe me, ever most truly yours,  
C. P. TENNEY.

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, Nov. 19, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have written a letter to the Sunday school by the ship "Nestorian," and have also sent, by the same ship, some few things which I hope will interest the children in some degree. \* \* \* My own class go on quietly; but, as most of them are baptized boys, you can hardly understand how much they constantly excite my anxieties and often try my feelings. As slaves, when made free, seldom know how to use freedom (at first) in the best way, so these boys, when thrown upon great and ennobling principles, and treated as young men of conscience (not as boys, merely to command them), often abuse the liberty, and make it an evil. Their dispositions, feelings, temptations are so different! This first class are much older than any of the other boys—twenty-two, twenty-one, twenty-three, nineteen years. For instance, one is proud, conceited, and fond of his own way, and with a conscience not yet fully able to apply the word "duty" to school requirements. How is he to be managed by a woman? The old teaching must be presented in new forms to arrest the attention, and, while they touch the conscience, rest upon strong, clear reasons. How often do I have reason to think of St. Paul's strong expressions of solicitude for the "little children" in the faith! I remember once, with one of my eccentric scholars (who loves to have his own way, and is impatient of control), with whom I had previously used my best efforts to induce him to observe regularity, I took an example from the law of order in God's works—the planets, seasons. The lesson struck him, and had its effect for a long while; but then his other failing—impatience of control—comes in, and it requires all the tact I can command to have him under control, without his being aware of it. Then, another gives way to despondency and indolence; another to a native insolence; and they, who should be examples to others, are thus our bitterest trial. I allude to these boys to show you the nature of our work. I believe some of these boys are Christians, but they are weak; and let Christians at home remember how many of their number, if not held up and supported by habit and public example and opinion, would be as weak as these, who have all their old habits to contend with, unaided by the strong help of a Christian tone of public opinion.

We have to contend not only with sin in its ordinary forms, but with the slavery to custom, and, more than all, with the intol

erable conceit of this Chinese people. They will not give up their old ideas, that foreigners are barbarians, and they only the polished and refined and learned nation. One of the teachers, who has been the longest with foreigners, said, very gravely, the other day, that the foreigners were superior to Chinese people in most things—in ships, houses—but in books they were stupid. We can do and wish to do so little with their books, except as classical studies, and apply ourselves so entirely to translations—which they cannot appreciate—that it is no wonder they think we have little literary taste or ability. We cannot communicate to them (as yet) the stores of science; and how can they believe in what they cannot see or hear?

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Dec. 2, 1851.

\* \* \* We are now looking almost daily, and, as you may suppose, anxiously, for our friends and fellow laborers. We hope to be strengthened and refreshed by their presence. As I enter the chapel day after day, I can but feel that “the bones are very many and very dry;” and I can but cry from my heart, “Come, breathe upon these slain, that they may live!” The other day, as I was feeling depressed in reflecting on the condition of those around me, and the moral state of our scholars, it occurred to me that Isaac, the child of promise, was not given to his parents till twenty years after the promise. But, while it is necessary to support and strengthen our faith by remembering that the Lord is not slack concerning His promise, but that with Him a thousand years are but as one day, there is also danger lest we do not think enough of our own part in the work. I seem to do so little; and there is so much to be done! And then, in the thought and attention these efforts require, the thought of God is in danger of being crowded out, or an insensibility to the evils we are studying to check may grow upon us. I wonder if there is any field of duty so calculated to make one feel his weakness as this field? Oh, for the secret of prayer! To be always a babe, when it is the common privilege to become a “prince with God,” how distressing! And then, the thought sometimes comes over me, “Is it I who keep back the blessing that otherwise were ready to descend?” My dear sister, I entreat you to forget not to “labor for us” in your prayers; and may we all seek more earnestly unto God, “who will be inquired of to do these things for us.”

TO MISS ALMIRA OSBORNE, DANVERS, MASS.

Shanghai, Dec. 20, 1851.

MY DEAR ALMIRA: Though it is not long since I sent a short letter to your father, and some trifling presents in the ship "Nestorian," I will not let my good ship "Tartar," and the good Captain Webber, who commands it, leave port without a line for you, just to keep you in mind of me. \* \* \*

I wish you could send me, just now, a piece of cold sausage, a doughnut, a piece of pumpkin pie, and a piece of mince pie—and, as turkeys are never seen here, a delicate slice of that said fowl would be palatable! I confess, about Thanksgiving time, and so on, I have a recollection of my Aunt Osborne's larder!

It seems quite unmissionary-like to write all this—don't it? But remember, eating is one part of even a missionary's duty!

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Jan. 7, 1852.

\* \* \* The Jonathan and John Bull yachts, locks, and other inventions are not undiscussed in our "corner" of the world. Sometimes I am amused, and sometimes provoked, to see the arrogance, ignorance, and conceit of the English in relation to Americans and America. If so much remains in spite of foreign, liberalizing influences, what must they be at home? Did I record in my last, that the son of a lord visited our school, and afterward, in alluding to me, said, among other things, "that he should have taken me for an English lady"? I suppose, in his own opinion that was the highest compliment he could have paid me.

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, Jan. 12, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND: \* \* \* Upon us the year did indeed open most brightly, hopefully, joyfully; for our long-looked-for and eagerly welcomed friends of the barque "Oriental" were with us. They arrived on Christmas day, at two P. M.—just in time for us all to enjoy our Christmas dinner at the Bishop's. It could scarcely be told what thoughts were oftenest in all our minds. I am sure, in every heart—in the hearts of the newly arrived as well as of the older members of the mission—there was a full tide of feeling, and a crowd of thankful, happy thoughts, such as are experienced but seldom in a lifetime. I do not believe the word or idea "stranger" entered into any of our minds; and when Mr. Nelson, at the hour of our parting, the Saturday night afterward, led our devotions, he expressed, I am confident,

the feeling of every heart, in dwelling upon a union in Christ. We were eleven; and the single missionary of the Church of England in Shanghai, and his lady, joined our Christmas party; so there were thirteen Episcopalians. Oh, I do wish I could give you a picture of our happiness this Christmas! But it is impossible.

TO MRS. E. RAPELYE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Shanghai, Feb. 14, 1852.

MY DEAR MRS. RAPELYE: So rapid is the flight of time in this the place of my happy exile, that it is only by referring to your kind letter that I can scarcely believe it is sixteen months since I wrote you, and nearly a year since your reply was dated. But I am confident you will not impute my long silence to forgetfulness, but rather to the many demands on my time. By the same ship which brought yours, I had many letters; and I can truly say yours was one of the most grateful to my feelings, and has been often read.

This is the first day of our yearly holiday of three weeks, and I have announced my intention of devoting a large part of it to visiting America!—that is, I will indulge in what is always a pleasure to me, viz., writing to dear friends. But, though it is holiday, my peculiar duties, aside from teaching, are not suspended; for, as I write, the “tailor” stands near me at a table, preparing summer garments for our Chinese pupils; and so constantly do laborers and servants in this part of the world need looking after, that, in the thorough preparations for summer, such as whitewashing, &c., I shall be walking to and fro half my vacation.

I have mentioned these things that you may not forget what used to be so little realized by good people at home, viz., that missionaries have a great deal to do which is far enough from romance or dreaming. To describe one half my engagements would read very poorly; but just such engagements are what require most of self-sacrifice and patience. Sometimes I think I will write a list of the curious calls that come in a day; but those most curious days are just those when I am worn out by night too much to write a line. Well, be the work what it may, whether according to or contrary to my taste and inclination, it is delightful to think that it is for a loved Master, and I am most happy in it. You say you cannot imagine anything like “home” among names and scenes so foreign, and that you must resolve my content into one consideration—“the love of Christ constraineth.” Oh, that His love might more and more inspire my every act! And what, after all, is the best, the greatest service man can offer? Life is

all too short, and the best of us too worthless, as an offering to an adorable Redeemer. Yes, after we have done, though that highest commendation be ours, we shall still exclaim :

“ Yet, worthless still myself I own ;  
Thy strength is all my plea.”

You allude to the intimate and lasting nature of Christian friendship. None, it seems to me, can feel this more than the missionary, from the very nature of his trials, of his hopes. He must look at the things eternal, or his heart would sink ; and, looking there, this world and all its joys (though pure, though many) seem but as the passing dream. This world to him is more and more a pilgrimage ; and, though weary, he rejoices as his home becomes nearer. Oh, my dear friend, I can never be thankful enough “ that unto me this grace was given,” to come among these heathen—to leave what was dearest to me, that I might be a witness of the “ unsearchable riches of Christ ” ! And now it only remains that in this stewardship I be “ found faithful.” And how my heart is often cheered and rejoiced, to know that there are those Christian friends who bear me on their hearts when they go to seek blessings of Him who is ever ready to give !—You speak of the success of the various benevolent enterprises in which your church is engaged, and the devoted, self-sacrificing labors of your pastor. Were it consistent, how much I should enjoy a week or two among you—to hear and to tell of such things—to sympathize in hopes and fears and joys ! But, when such a feeling arises, the next thought is, How delightful will be the communion of Christians above, when, having come off conquerors through Him who loved them, they together recount their conflicts and their deliverances ! Ah, my dear friend, with such hopes as the Christian may have, whose heart should be so full of joy as his ? whose countenance so beaming with happiness ? But I must check my pen, and speak of present realities and circumstances.

As you will have learned ere this reaches you, on Christmas day, after our service in the chapel, and about two hours before our Christmas dinner at the Bishop's, our hearts were made to overflow with joy and thankfulness by the arrival of our friends of the “ Oriental,” and still more when we found them to be, in piety, earnestness, and good sense, so much what we could have desired. And, by the last mail, we learn that Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, and another lady, will sail this coming spring. If, with all this, the Bishop's health may be continued, we shall be indeed richly blessed in all outward means and helps.

We have to mourn the recent departure of Mrs. Boone ; but we can hope for her speedy return. Dr. and Mrs. Bridgeman

were also obliged to leave at the same time, on account of the sudden and alarming prostration of the health of the former, which it seemed probable that a sea voyage and a change of air alone could restore. Mrs. Bridgeman's trial and sorrow was in leaving her school, in which she had not very long been laboring, according to the cherished wish of her heart. Four of our pupils leave us this year, all of whom, we have comfortable hope, are true Christians. One of them, of whom you have had some account, is to study for the ministry; and three will go out into the world to do business.

The health of every one of us is perfectly good, except the Bishop's; and Mrs. Nelson seems not to have yet entirely recovered from her sufferings in the voyage out. Our winter has been most charming—clear, cold, and dry; and I have not been so well and strong for years, and so buoyant and fresh in spirit, as during this winter. To have health, hope, and opportunities for usefulness, and the comforts of life as we pass along, and, more than all, those glorious hopes of a world far happier than this—are not these enough for happiness? But my paper is spent, and I must not take another sheet now, though I could love to write much more. I remain, in the bonds of the gospel, yours faithfully,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, March 2, 1852.

\* \* \* Since I last wrote you, I have been spending a vacation—but such a vacation as I am glad comes but once a year. I never before was so wearied out with servants in my life. So desperately indolent, that nothing but constantly following them will get anything out of them; but their “doong dies” (wages) they are eager enough for. I shall welcome the regular return of school duties as a sort of rest. Could you have followed me about among the workmen and whitewashers, making small repairs, you would have felt there was very little “romance” in this sort of missionary life, and very little heroism about your friend; for night after night I have been so tired I could have sat down and cried, just for relief. It is these little and indescribable, and often vexing cares, that constitute one half the trial of laboring in such a field; for you know the little trials are the hardest to bear, after all. I only speak of these as giving you a picture—not as complaining. No; for these things, though they concern my comfort, do not affect my happiness. I could not wish to be happier than I am, or to have an easier task. Oh, no; goodness and mercy follow me continually, and my cup runneth over.

## TO MISS GOODRIDGE.

Shanghai, March, 1852.

MY DEAR, EVER DEAR CHARLOTTE: I do not often have to commence a letter with an apology, and I do not believe it was ever before necessary from me to you. But I know not how to make any apology for my long, long delay to answer your very precious and often-read letters. But the truth is, your dear letters deserved, I thought, such an answer from me as I could not give in mere scraps of time. I said, therefore, that I would wait for a "convenient season;" and I have waited so long that shame made me delay still longer. And now I am so much in your debt, that I shall have to confess myself bankrupt; that is, I am unable to take up and meet, as I ought and could wish to do, the many interesting topics of your letter. But I know you will freely pardon me, and accept such as I can give you, and give me your "receipt in full," by a prompt response in the form of a letter. If I did not think you would do this freely and gladly from your own good will and kindness, I should begin to plead my accumulated "merits" of the past, when I wrote you repeatedly, and got no answer. But I will not cheat myself in this way again. I will write you more frequently, though it be briefly and unworthily. "Briefly and unworthily," I say, for my days now are not like those on shipboard, or in the quiet Southern States, where hours of undisturbed thought were always at command. Sometimes I sit down of an afternoon, after a morning of teaching, and the morning and intermission hours given to "household" cares, and I say, "Now, surely, I shall have my two or three hours of study." And perhaps I do not get fifteen minutes! Or, if I have a quiet evening, and no special engagement, a host of letters "ought to be written," and I know not where to begin. For the first time since I have been in China, when this is written I shall owe no one a letter! I remember you said you would be willing to stand "last on the list." So here you are—but by no means least. I have so much I would like to say, that I will dive at once into things, and, without much regard to order or connection, shall make the most of my allotted time and space. Above, I alluded to my "household cares." You must know that our school consists of fifty-four boys, of whom twenty-eight fall to my charge as to clothing, oversight, care, twenty-two being under my constant instruction. I suppose that "servants," all the world over, are the housekeeper's trial; but it is impossible to convey an impression of the difficulty of managing Chinese servants. They have no idea of cleanliness, and an imperfect one (often) of what we tell them, and a spirit of "eye service" when they do clearly

understand : so that sometimes my precious days are spent in getting something out of the servants. There is no "romance" in real missionary life, though there may be in the minds of some who sit at home and think about it. I never had so many "Martha cares" in all my previous life; and it is not to be avoided in a school like this, or by a missionary's wife in a heathen land. Economy must be studied, and servants must be watched. I thought I would give you this side of the picture, for my heaviest labors are every-day cares and little trials. Pen and paper can give no idea of them.

I am not complaining, or out of patience. I expected these very things, and I do not covet ease. Oh, no; I am still happy in my labors. This is an immense field. I could wish I had ten times as much energy to spend here; it is so little I can do. I could not wish to be, I could not be content to be elsewhere (unless it were clearly the will of God to call me hence). Pray for me, that I may have wisdom to spend my strength aright, and to the glory of God.—Some of our older boys left our school this past year, all of whom were professed Christians. As Christians, they are not all we could wish; but we have to remember how the apostle was obliged to bear even with his converts. One of the class is studying for the ministry, and has ever given us reason for joy on his behalf. Though he has been sorely tried, he has hitherto been found faithful. Two of our teachers are anxious, and have been so for some time, to receive baptism next Easter, and will probably be admitted to the church at that time. The number in communion with us is, I believe, not far from twenty. And, though none of us missionaries see the shaking of the pillars of Satan, which we would rejoice to see, we cannot but feel that the leaven of the truth is spreading; we cannot but believe that God will own and bless His truth in His own good time.

Our missionary band at Shanghai is from time to time diminished by illness or death, and from time to time increased. Four were added to our own circle last Christmas, and our number was diminished in the departure of Mrs. Boone for America, February 3d, taking with her her two children. The Bishop remains, desolate, yet cheerful, though a wife and four children be separated from him, and he in a state of health that makes it at any moment likely that he may be taken from us. Dr. Bridgman, the first American missionary to China, is also returning with Mrs. B. to the United States, suddenly driven away by an alarming prostration of health. Mrs. Taylor, of the Methodist Board (South), returned with them, and her husband does not expect to see her again in three or five years. Are not such rendings of the tenderest ties trials? All the missionaries with whom I came out

(four) have been laid aside more or less from ill health, or sickness in their families. The ladies (three) have as yet studied very little; and one—a minister—has been sick a good deal, and now has inflamed, ulcerated sore throat. I alone have had perfect health, with the exception of a week's sickness and a month's feebleness last summer. My weight (alas!) is fourteen pounds less than when I wrote you, owing to incessant care and exertion in our winter vacation to get everything in readiness for a new term. So that, although perfectly well, I do not feel so strong as I did last spring at this time.

I read very little, and—what would surprise Aunt Osborne—I have almost lost my taste for general reading. Chinese engrosses all my spare time and energies. I get on somewhat with the language, but, owing to the use of English in our school, I was able to commence teaching at once, and so get on without so much impatience. We have a girls' school in connection with our mission, in which there is no English taught; and there is, at present, also a day school, under the care of the excellent matron of the girls' boarding school. Training children is like watching the growth of a blade of grass—day by day it is imperceptible, yet there is growth. The apathy, nay, the paralysis of the heathen Chinese mind is such, that our hope is with the young, who shall be taught the truth from early years. They come to us at eight, ten, and remain ten years. I do not expect to speak with ease and freedom in less than three years. I have, as yet, learned only about fifteen hundred "characters;" though, to be sure, I have devoted but a very small portion of my time to that part of the language. Oh, for "the gift of tongues"!

I thank you, my dear Charlotte, for the full and interesting account you so kindly gave me of the way in which you were led into a faith so precious as that in which we now rejoice. My own views as to this faith grow stronger and clearer. The longer I live and meet the Christian warfare, the more do I understand the significance of the words, "Christ all and in all." My own views as to sanctification continue unchanged; but I have "fallen from grace," and, like yourself, when you wrote, I have to "refer to past experience" in proof of the power of God's grace. But I shall never again be content till I again find purity and rest in a constant, loving union with Christ.

It is now two years since I left my native land—the briefest and happiest years of my life, though I have known bereavement, sorrow, trial, tears. And they might have been much happier, especially the past year, had I lived as near my Father as I might have done. I am striving to commence anew, and to regain lost ground. I am sure I can say, "Lord, do with me what Thou

wilt, take from me what Thou wilt, only make me what Thou wouldst have me to be. Give me Thyself."

I thank you for the glimpse you give me of the religious aspect of things in Danvers. Do not fail always to do this, and to write as much at length as you did in your last two letters. If I do not fully repay you, either in quantity or quality, you will remember my numerous correspondents, and other calls upon my time. And, though I do not write you as often as you could desire or I could wish, believe me you are among the most frequently and affectionately remembered. I assure you, no letters—not any—have been so frequently re-read by me as your own. As we both deem, God has made us to feel a sympathy—has so united us, that we can fully appreciate each other's joys, and many of each other's sorrows. \* \* \* Doubtless we are better prepared to enjoy our rest in God, from having been so long on a wild and stormy sea.

It is nearly three o'clock in the morning, and you will say I ought to be asleep. But I did not feel sleepy, and preferred writing to-night. If you will only forgive me, I think I can even promise that I will reply more promptly next time; though I cannot promise to enjoy more keenly any letters that you may write in future than I did your former ones, poorly as I have proved my estimation of them.

And now, my dear Charlotte, I must, for a time, say adieu; but the years are fast speeding away, and soon there will be no more adieus, no more partings, no more tears, no more imperfect communications. What bliss is in store in our Father's home for his loving children! Can it be that such as we are can and may expect such things? Truly, in this precious hope, "to live is Christ, to die is gain." Till we meet, our affections, and often our prayers, shall mingle, and be drawn out and centred more and more through one common centre, even our Redeemer. Farewell. Believe me yours ever, very affectionately,

C. P. TENNEY.



## CHAPTER II.

APRIL, 1852—SEPTEMBER, 1853.

Months of Severe Trial—Missions, Missionaries, and Missionaries' Wives—Remarks on the Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Journal at the "Hills"—Journal of Missionary Labor—Perils from the Rebellion—Translations into Chinese—"Assurance of Faith"—Theological Tendencies Criticized—The Church—The "Development" Theory.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, April 13, 1852.

\* \* \* Know, then, my brother, that the cup of May, 1848, with a few different ingredients, has again been prepared for me to drink.

I know where is my strength and refuge; but the trial is sore. None know anything about it, and this is only for you. You may imagine how difficult it is for one of my temperament to conceal what preys upon me; but I shall be able to do it, as now for many days I have succeeded. I know God in faithfulness afflicts. I must not say that earth is dark; but oh, how weary it would be, were it not for the light from above! The end will come by and by, and I shall go home. All will be well; nay, all *is* well—I know it; but the heart will bleed.

## TO THE SAME.

May 3, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER: \* \* \* What a history mine has been since this year commenced! Oh, I cannot write it! Could I see you, perhaps I might tell it. Only this must I say: I have known more exquisite bliss than ever I knew in my life before; I have known more exquisite anguish, a crushing weight, a gnawing agony, greater than I have ever been called to endure hitherto. On the 14th of February we were engaged; on the last day of March it was said, "We must be friends." I thought I knew agony then; but as hopelessness became more hopeless, and certain and absolute despair my only doom, agony has changed to torture. Nearly five long weeks have dragged away, and I seem to gain no mastery, though I struggle with all my might. Taught by past sorrows, I keep myself as busy as possible, and I spend half the sleepless nights in walking my room. Moment by moment I cry to my Father. I murmur not; I cannot murmur at Him who is infinitely wise and good; who pitieth His children,

and who chastiseth in love. But, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. None know what is the matter with me; they only see the traces of tears, the falling off of flesh, the pale face, the weary walk, the untasted food. My strength is failing, and I know not what to do. How pleased should I be, were it the will of my Father, that He should to-day call me "home" to Him, where the "weary are at rest"!

Dear brother, I have seemed selfishly absorbed in my own grief; but I never cease to sympathize with you in your desolation.

The sixteen months succeeding "the last day of March," 1852, comprised, undoubtedly (the earlier half of that time especially), the period of the most severe agony in my sister's life. The expressions wrung from her tortured heart, in her letters to me (for to no other friend in America did she confide her distress), it would be neither pleasant nor profitable to transfer to these pages. They belong, moreover, to an unprecedentedly trying but brief experience in her history, and would not, therefore, fairly represent her. Suffice it to say, her religious faith was not for an instant shaken. Assured composure she was several months in attaining; but, in all these hours of anguish, she never gave over the conflict of life, or wrote a reproachful or vindictive word concerning the human agent of her suffering. In her copy of Mrs. Hemans's Poems I find a mark in the margin against the following lines, with the date, "March 31st," in her own handwriting:

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,  
 And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,  
 And sunless riches, from affections deep,  
 To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!  
 And to make idols, and to find them clay;  
 And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

\* \* \* \* \*

"And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain.  
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,  
 And oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Earth will forsake. Oh, happy to have given  
 Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!"

June 15th, 1852, she wrote me: "Would that it could be said of me, as in Longfellow's 'Evangeline':"

'All was ended now—the fear, the hope, and the sorrow;  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!'

I try to be patient; but oh, the 'anguish of patience!' I try to say, 'Thy will be done;' but oh, to live on in hopeless loneliness, in bitter memories, and with a load every moment!  
\* \* \* What a comfort it is to have such a Bishop as ours [she had confided her trouble to him], so clear and firm in his faith, so kind and tender in his sympathies! When he leaves us, how lonely we shall be!"

In November, 1852, she wrote me: "I have suffered agonies untold and inexpressible. Even a month ago I should have written hopelessly; but the crisis is past." Her letters of the succeeding winter, however, exhibit her as still a sufferer.

All this time her friends of the "missionary circle" in Brooklyn were writing her with the warmest interest, sending tokens of their love, assuring her of the good her letters had been doing, and anticipating much benefit to the Chinese from her labors among them. It was worse than the bitterness of death to her to think of giving up her chosen vocation. Not to escape her own misery, but unwilling to remain in China only half a missionary, she thrice engaged passage by ship for America, and thrice her heart failed her at the last moment. Fearing her mind would become a wreck, I omitted not, month after month, to press upon her the most urgent appeals to return to her native land, and make her home with me. Some of her replies appear in the following pages.

The object of her affections was a very brilliant and fascinating young man; but, as afterward appeared, unstable, erratic, and lacking in moral soundness. Subsequently, when he had forfeited the confidence of those who knew him best and had trusted him the most implicitly, my sister's letters to me contained the most fervent expressions of gratitude to God for her escape, even through sharp misery, from what would have been to her a life-long wretchedness.

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, May 25, 1852.

DEAR FRIEND: Your very kind and encouraging letter, mailed about the 1st of January, was received last month; and I beg to offer first, in return, many, many thanks. I do not remember what there was in my "last letter" (as you said) which was "indeed discouraging." But if you have thought *that* so, I am sure you have thought subsequent ones much more so. It is frequently the case that mention of everything discouraging is avoided in letters home, lest friends there should become disheartened. But I have always thought this an error, though well meant; and therefore I have mentioned particular trials, as well as particular joys. Some of the cases which have tried our hearts most deeply (so far as I know) either have not been mentioned, or but slightly alluded to, lest it be too much for those at home who look for success. In this way I believe it is that an impression has grown up in the minds of persons not decidedly religious, that missionaries color, conceal, raise false hopes. Now, I wouldn't do anything to discourage, and thus palsy effort; but it does seem to me that friends ought to know, and thus sympathize in, our heartsicknesses. For we can be heartsick, and yet hold on in the faith that God has a blessing for China, or, at least, that He has brought us hither to bear testimony for Him. While we mourn over disappointment, we can still labor for our Savior; though, as you say, "it is hard to labor with a heavy heart." But I dare say that, though I may not have been wrong in speaking of discouragements, I may have been too weak in faith; and it is the duty of the missionary especially to be strong in faith. Nevertheless, I am not sorry I wrote as I did, for thus your letter was called out; and we have all read or listened to it, and been refreshed. And it will yet again be read in some hour of real despondency; for such hours do come to most missionaries, and will surely come to me. The last months have tried the spirits of us all more than any in the history of our mission at Shanghai. The shameless falseness of one baptized boy, in whom much confidence had been reposed; the lukewarmness of others; the absconding of some boys, who, though not baptized, had been watched over for years—such things as these make us sad, though our motto must be, "If faint, yet pursuing." As I go into my schoolroom, where all are small (under twelve), and look around and hope, the memory of those for whom the hopes and cares of years have been in vain comes over me, and I have need to remember that my labor cannot be "in vain" if I labor for my Master. That great object, the glory of God—that alone can sus-

tain the spirit, and nerve to new effort; and that should be enough to fill and satisfy the heart. You say very truly, "It is a blessed thing to have our heads up in the region of the promises, where there are no clouds, but all is pure and serene." It is in that region our dear Bishop seems ever to dwell; and his presence and words of cheer are to us invaluable, aside from his labors. But he, too, must leave us for a season (God grant it may be only for a season!), in search of some amendment of health; and if he is spared to reach America, I know his visit will be greatly for the good of this mission. Mr. and Mrs. Syle are at Ningpo for a few weeks, and it is impossible to describe how much we all miss them. We are all in tolerable health; but some of us (I am sorry to include myself in the number) not feeling as strong as we could wish for meeting the hot weather. I must not, however, let my sheet fill up without speaking of what there is to encourage. The old teacher in our school (of whom I think I spoke in my last letter) will be baptized next Sunday; and the Bishop says he is more in earnest, and seems to have a deeper sense of sin, than any Chinaman he has ever conversed with. At the same time, one scholar (of about seventeen years of age) will be baptized. He has been seeking baptism a long time, and has in all things been praiseworthy in his conduct. God grant that his example may be blessed to others!—I cannot omit to thank you again for the volume of your sermons you so kindly sent me. I have read them, I hope, with profit. Nor can I refrain from saying again how cheering it is to our hearts to feel that there are many at home who pray for us. Truly, when we say, "Pray for us," we mean it. We need so much grace to keep us faithful! Most grateful do I feel for your kind interest in me personally. I often tremble lest those who place so much confidence in me should be disappointed and wounded. Therefore I must say again, "Pray for me." I can add no more at present, but that I am, very faithfully, yours in the gospel,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, May 27, 1852.

MY EVER DEAR MARY: Your long, affectionate letter, of which every part was interesting, was received a few days since. I like to have you tell me of your friends, your occupations, your pleasures, and to give me a peep at your world. And if I do not always seem to notice these topics in reply, it is not because I am uninterested, but because some other subject calls, just then, for all the time and paper I can spare. And, my dear Mary, I cannot pass without notice the very common notion, and which seems

to have some weight with you, that ordinary people do just as well among the heathen as persons of superior endowments. It is true that every particular talent or valuable acquirement cannot be put into use directly; but the general wisdom, tone of character, and elevation of mind which result from these talents and acquirements, are nowhere more needed. A great many things which you have read or studied are of little special use to you in society; but then, is not the culture and discipline you secured in those studies most important for your position and influence? Would a person of narrow mind and small views do any work which requires judgment, as well as a superior mind? Besides, one of the most important aspects of missions is their reflex influence; and what kind of missionaries, do you suppose, have most power over the mind and heart of the Christian public at home? As to my own talents—of which, dear Mary, as a friend you speak so kindly—I never felt my own weakness, either mentally or morally, so deeply as I have been compelled to feel it in China. As to my being thrown away because the “minds of the heathen do not touch mine,” granting the position for a moment, have I no influence on minds at home? I have good reason to believe that, in the two years of my absence from America, I have exerted more influence for good upon the circle with which my mind has contact at home, than I ever did in my life previously; and I trust in God my work there is not yet finished. A faithful missionary, who has sacrificed what is dearest to human feeling for duty and his Master, bears such testimony to God’s moral presence in the world as a man in a more common and ordinary routine of life could not; and is not such a testimony needed in this age of formalism? And the greater the mental endowments of such a missionary, the greater the effects upon the minds of the worldly. The latter may not be able to appreciate the gentle virtues, but they are impressed with the entire devotion of great minds to a self-denying work. Was there not a cause that, while most of the apostles were illiterate, one should have been a St. Paul? The “all things” which he counted loss were what the world valued; and, great as may have been his success among the Gentiles, is his example useless now? Ah, how often has every missionary thanked God for the record of a St. Paul! Do you not remember, dear Mary, that there were none whose minds comprehended our blessed Lord while He labored on earth? but the lesson was for future—yes, for all future time. “How fruitless,” one might have said, at the period of Mrs. Judson’s sufferings, “how fruitless, that one of her talents should be wasted in prison and sickness in a heathen land!” Yet how many has her Christian heroism stirred! to how many does she yet speak! Do not

a Martyn, a Heber, tell more on the world than men of ordinary gifts? And you must never forget that the missionary has a mission to the world, as well as to a particular heathen nation; for says St. Paul, "We are spectacles to the world." But to return again to myself. Dear Mary, if a child of God, there is much to be done in me before I go to enjoy His presence; and I have often felt that, though I should accomplish no good here visibly, yet that, for my own benefit, I ought to desire to have been a missionary. Some plants are best nourished by gentle dews and rains; others must thrive in storms and cold climes. Painful has been the discipline that led, and, I hope, in some measure prepared me to become a missionary to these distant shores; painful, most painful, and known only to God, have been some of the mental trials by which I have been further fitted for duty. My calling is not easy to the flesh; but shall I not "covet earnestly the best gifts"? Shall I not rather desire the "baptism" with which our Savior was baptized, and wish to be "partaker of his sufferings"? For myself, then, though I often feel the conflict taxes my every energy, and throws me in my weakness upon Him whose "strength is thus made perfect;" though my weak heart would sometimes fail, and cry for rest and indulgence, yet He, whose call and service I follow, has not—I feel sure will not—be unfaithful to His promise of the "one hundredfold in this life." I have tasted bitterer, deeper grief in various ways, my dear Mary, since I left America, than I ever did before; and, to the praise of my faithful God I must record it, I have also tasted deeper, purer, intenser joy, such as the world gives not, and cannot take away. I am glad to perceive that your mind is awake to the question of missions. Remember, it is a work as old as the time of the apostles (to go no farther back); and remember, too, while you look for and weigh all the indirect arguments for and the advantages of the missionary enterprise, remember the great argument, namely, our Lord's last command—what was it? He died for us—why? That they who live, should live unto Him—live to spread His truth—live to suffer for Him! If the gospel be true, it is everything to the soul. Men spend thousands for a Sir John Franklin, for a suffering Hungary; yes, men give their lives in such causes. Had we the faith which realizes spiritual things, as well as the minds which give a cold assent to their existence, there would be little need of argument, and less need of appeal to Christian benevolence. Remember, missions can take high ground. It is the cause of God, the cause of the Redeemer, the cause of benevolence, the cause of goodness. We can speak on the aggressive in their behalf, as well as on the defensive. There are, doubtless, many imperfect, injudicious, and unsuccessful individual mission-

aries, and many efforts that seem to yield no fruit. There may be many things to censure in those who are "earthen vessels" to carry out the treasures of Divine truth and grace. But let me ask you to weigh matters in the nice balance of truth, of eternity, so far as the human mind can comprehend truth and eternity. There is one—Lafayette—whom all delight to honor. Have you never thought that many an unknown missionary has exercised a yet nobler self-sacrifice, and fought in a severer and more prolonged conflict—not, indeed, seeking or receiving glory from men, but looking for the approval of God, and all holy beings? With this thought I leave you, and could wish to see you a missionary to the "ignorant at home"—in your measure and sphere, a Fry or a Dix.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, May 29, 1852.

\* \* \* Your letters speak so fully of your "meetings," and of the circle of friends and of their affection for me, that I do indeed feel that I have a "home" in not a few Christian hearts; and, though I am content to abide in my place, I confess I often long for that home where communion of heart is perfect, and never to be interrupted. I am truly cheered by letters which tell me of sympathy and of prayers. Could you look into my heart and see its frequent weakness, and its many conflicts with self and sin, you would realize how much need I have that Christian friends should pray for me. In the departure of one from among us (Mrs. Boone); in the temporary absence of Mr. and Mrs. Syle, and all the children of the mission except one; in the suffering of our Bishop from ill health, and his wife's absence; and in the (but temporary, I hope) indifferent health of some others of the mission, and in the trials some of our scholars have given us, we have all felt a tax upon our hearts, upon our faith, upon our endurance, such as has never been called for previously in the history of the mission. Do not think us discouraged, but tried, as though we should faint. You can scarcely imagine how a mission, so united as ours, feels the absence of one; and such a wide separation—oh, it is painful beyond expression! What, then, must be the trial to our Bishop! There are many at home who speak of children as rather a large tax and trouble in a mission; but I must maintain that their presence is a sunshine with us, which, in our separation from home and friends, we could not well dispense with. I, for one, miss the children's presence painfully. And we cannot contemplate without sadness the absence of our Bishop, necessary though we feel it to be for him, and expedient

for the mission. We are exiles, and, though willing ones, we are not insensible to the pain.

TO MISS EMMA LEWIS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Shanghai, May 31, 1852.

I wish, my dear Emma, you could have been with us yesterday in our humble chapel. [Here follows an account of the baptism of some Chinese converts.] \* \* \* While we feel how small is the number compared with the mass around, we remember there are missionaries who have labored twelve and twenty years, and seen none, or but one convert, to encourage their hearts. And when we contrast the few Christian laborers in China with its millions of population, it may well be asked, "What are these among so many?" And still the question may serve to give us the answer, by reminding us of that Power which could make the five loaves and the few small fishes serve to feed thousands. Well may we increasingly put up the petition, "Lord, increase our faith;" while, like the husbandman, we must have "long patience" in waiting for the harvest. Ah, with what long patience does our Master wait for fruits of righteousness from those who have been redeemed that they might live unto Him! How patiently does He give us "line upon line," and wait for us to learn His gracious lessons! \* \* \*

Thus, in anxiety, in tears, in fears, yet in hope, we try to sow the seed, not forgetting the promise that we shall reap in due season, and, doubtless, reap rejoicing. But, come what will, I would be here rather than in any other field of labor the world could offer me. It is one of the greatest blessings and comforts to be able to feel that one is in just the place to which God has called.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, June 2, 1852.

MY DEAR MARY: I broke off abruptly at my last date; but another opportunity occurs to reach the mail, which will leave Hong Kong the 26th of this month, so I will resume the "thread of discourse." I cannot let you say it is evident that married ladies can do no good, and that, if I wish to do good, I must remain single. Not that I have any idea of getting married; but I must insist that married ladies are no less useful here, though useful differently. 'Twould be a cheerless home without them, even for us single ladies, if it were proper we should come (which it would not be if there were not married ladies). You would think it hard to condemn ministers at home, and devotedly pious ladies, to a single life, "because they could do more good." Much

less should it be in a heathen land, where there are less resources for the mind, less general society to cheer the spirits, and less in the general relations of life to sustain the heart. I realize this the more myself as Mrs. Boone is now away in America, and Mrs. Syle is absent on a long visit to Ningpo. They have taken the children, too—five in all—and it is distressingly quiet and desolate. The domestic relations, and the sweet faces of children, cheer the sad and weary, and we need them here. But missionaries' wives often do much direct good, if they have talent and health; and not at home do all ministers' wives have talent and health. The best way to think of missionaries, is just as you would of other good people at home, and of their work only as more self-denying. In them there are all the varieties of character and piety. As to that other idea, dear Mary, that I could work to more effect at home, as I have been thinking of my labors here, so humble compared with what they might be at home, I have thought that it all agreed with the general dealing of Providence with me ever since I entered upon life in earnest. My plans, wishes, hopes, affections, have constantly been disappointed, and the whole plan seems more against my pride than against any other fault. And you cannot have been blind to my proneness to intellectual pride—and here there is nothing to draw it out: to teach little children—to plod at a dull language (the colloquial), the more admired faculties of mind sleeping in silence. But is not this good for me? I verily believe so; my pride is so active a principle, it needs severest pruning. It seems to me that, of all people, my nature was farthest from the Christ-like disposition; and if ever I become like Him, it must be through a discipline most crossing to natural bias. I used to forget, in purposing to do good for others, that a no less important question was, how and what good is to be done in one's self. And, dear Mary, it was only a year or two before leaving America that I realized something of what must be wrought in me to fit me for usefulness; much more do I realize it now, and painfully do I see how much is to be done in me. For my own sake, then, China is a profitable field, though an arduous one. May God in great mercy sustain me in it!

We were permitted, last Sunday, to witness in our school chapel the baptism of one of our pupils, and of one of our teachers, the latter sixty years old. You can imagine how affecting it was to hear them confess their faith, and to see them admitted to the Christian fold. With them stood four others, their witnesses—Chinese converts—two already candidates for the ministry, and one other now in deacon's orders. The old man seems always to realize so deeply the value of the soul!

In contrast to that scene, one has just met my eye as I was writing—a heathen funeral! All are dressed in coarse white cloth, and white streamers from their heads, weeping and wailing and making a great clamor, with quantities of silver paper to burn at the tomb of the dead man! Death, at best, is awful; but, in such darkness, how doubly fearful! Shriill music accompanied the mourners, and, afterward, feasts are celebrated. This country around is covered with thick tumuli, in which the dead are deposited; but the dead are not put in the ground for many days after the death. Oh! when shall the true light shine over all the earth?

## TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, July 17, 1852.

Never suppose for a moment, my dear Mrs. Gordon, that your letters are "dull" to me. You do not know what a satisfaction it is to me always to look for and always to receive your letters. \* \* \*

Your church seem to be active in every good work. Before long I will try to gratify your request that I would write to the ladies of your missionary circle. I had no idea it included so many ladies. When I sit down to write, I cannot get rid of the impression, "Surely they know all about what I am going to write." \* \* \*

I am glad E. L. is to be so happily married. Happy they, who, with affectionate natures, are permitted to pass from a parent's roof to a protection even dearer; who are spared long and lonely years of pain, struggles, and disappointments! Give my kind love to your little flock. I hope to write them by the "Nestorian." Ever yours, gratefully and affectionately,  
CAROLINE P. TENNEY.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Sept. 2, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I greatly thank you for the Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. It has greatly interested me, but almost always with a melancholy interest—melancholy, because I see great powers wasted in dreams; because I see an ardent mind fevered with conflict, and without the calming influences of simple faith, of firm belief; because I see the *woman's* nature struggling as vainly as ever to find satisfying happiness, and *rest* of the spirit, in the *exercise of the intellect*; because I see (and ah! how deeply I can sympathize with) the yearning for affection that was denied her, the homesickness of heart that knows *no balm*! This interest was the more profound, because I see in her *temperament*

and in her aspirations, in her "resolves" and in her failures, in her efforts and in her sufferings, so much of my own peculiar disposition. Had I read Latin at six years, and sat up studying till eleven or twelve; had I been able to dive into German while in my teens; had I had the stimulus of intellectual society, while I should always have had less *power* than Margaret, I should have been as wild and as unhappy. Have you read her life?—if so, did you not think of me? And did you not send it to me from an idea that there was a similarity of temperament, &c.? If not, you *will* read it—won't you? How often I was intensely excited by it! how often, nay, how constantly I felt the deepest pity! They tell of her life, her cheerfulness in society; but in *all* her letters there is a deep *minor* saddening the refrain. I was refreshed, near the close, by the welling up of healthy affection and healthy joys in the relation of wife and mother. Then she had her *real* troubles (not that the *others* were not real to the *spirit*)—that is, worldly misfortunes; but there is health in her complaints; the fever of life had cooled, the excessive self-love given way to an evidently deepening devotion to a devoted husband, and to a winning child. Truly, to me her life was just become hopeful for good—satisfying good—as she was taken from life. Of her early childhood life she says: "I saw no persons who took my fancy, and real life offered no attractions." I thought of New Market. What she says of friends, on page 37, vol. i., is according to my own experience. I number a few such, for whom I am "more" for having met them. And oh! is not this true of me? But you know not, for you have not felt *how* true. "My book life and *lonely habits* had given a cold aloofness to my *whole expression*, and veiled my manner with a hauteur which turned all hearts away;" and there is a dear English friend here who says to me, "You would look lonely, one by yourself in the happiest circle." Then, on page 42, she says—and that, oh, how true of me, and how unfortunate so to be!—"She was very loving, and even *infatuated* in her own affections, and exacted from those who had professed any love for her the devotion she was willing to bestow." "There was a vein of caprice in her character, which made her at times wish to retire apart; and at these times she would expect to be *entirely understood*, and let alone," &c. And again: "My intellect is not well disciplined." "She was (in early life), to the multitude, a haughty, supercilious person; while, to *those whom she loved*, she was all the more gentle, tender, and true." "It is my nature, and has been the tendency of my life, to wish that all my deeds and thoughts might lie as the open secrets of nature, *free to all* who are able to understand them." "*Faith* is not natural to me, nor can I persist in believing the best

to save myself pain." "Her mind was masculine; that is, determined by *ideas* rather than sentiments;" "her 'yes' and 'no' were *never* conventional;" "she was *dogmatic*, and not *creative*." —But I must call your attention to another passage, in which I must plead a humble but an unfortunate sympathy. "I have felt that I was not born to the common *womanly* lot. I *knew* I should never find a being who could keep the key of my character; that there would be none on earth on whom I could *always lean*" (mark how the strongest woman needs a leaning place); "that I should be a *pilgrim and sojourner* on earth; that the birds and the foxes would be surer of a place to lay the head than I. You understand me, of course; *such beings* can only find their homes in *hearts*; all material luxuries are mere conveniences to them." Again: "I have been a sister to many, a *brother* to more, a fostering nurse; the *bridal* hour of many a *spirit* when first it was wed I have shared, but said '*adieu*' before the wine was poured out." "I thought myself so very independent because I could conceal some feelings at will, and did not need the same excitement as some young characters did. But I am not independent, *nor ever shall be*, while I can get anybody to minister to me." "How *tiresome* it is to find out all one's self a delusion!" "This aim, from first to last, was *self-culture*." "Very early in life I knew that the only object in life was to *grow*." I shall never finish the passages that touch on my own experience; but I must quote a little more yet. The writer (J. F. C.) says: "Full of a profound tendency toward life, *capable of an ardent love*, her affections were thrown back on her heart, to become stagnant, and for a while to grow bitter there. Then it was that she felt how empty and worthless were all the attainments or triumphs of the mere intellect; then it was that she went about to cause her heart to despair of all the labor she had taken under the sun." "Had she not emerged from this valley of the shadow of death, and come on to a higher plane of *conviction and hope*, her life would have been a most painful tragedy." And then it was that she found, after a bitter struggle, "that she had only to live in the idea of the *all*, and the *all* was hers." Idea similar to, but expression different from Madame Guyon. "Heaven's discipline has been invariable to me. The seemingly most pure and noble hopes have been blighted, the seemingly most promising connections broken. The lesson has been *endlessly* repeated. *Be humble, be patient, self-sustaining*; hope only for occasional aids; love others, but *not engrossingly*; for, by being much alone, your appointed work can best be done! What a *weary* work is before me, ere that lesson shall be *fully* learned!" And then, in her efforts at teaching, how she tries, and persuades herself that her effort is successful—to rejoice

in sorrow—to rise superior to difficulties and pain! And then, her meeting with and mention of Dr. Channing are so like what I would have supposed. Her impetuosity, *pride*, self-esteem, &c., would repel him. How she calls herself “regal,” and the like! As the writer remarks, “Some phrase betrayed the *mountainous me*.” “Her humility was always an afterthought”—“of a disposition that requires the most refined, the most exalted tenderness, without charms to inspire it!” “I am not fitted to be loved, and it pains me to have close dealings with those who do not love, to whom my feelings are *strange*.” “Kindness and esteem are very well, but those alone are not worth feelings such as mine.” “No one loves me; but I love many a good deal.” “It is mockery thus to play the artist with life, and dip the brush in one’s own *heart’s blood*.” “The maiden grows weary of *packing the trunk*.” “Once again I am willing to take up the cross of loneliness. *Resolves are idle; but the anguish of my soul has been deep*.” “In the restlessness of the intellect was the confession her heart had found no home;” “her absorption in study the natural vent of emotions which had met no object,” &c. “Many of her peculiarities became intelligible; fitfulness, *unlooked-for changes of mood, misconceptions of words and actions*, were now referred to the morbid influence of affections pent up to *prey upon themselves*.” “I suffer great *fatigue* from living. Father, I am *weary*.” Again: “I have *accepted* all, and yet there *will* come these *hours of weariness*.” Then comes her allusion to a season of peculiar illumination, when she was “all radiant with faith and love and life.” And then the brightness passed away, and she says the “path looks more difficult.” “Let me clasp the cross to my heart, as I have done a thousand times before.” “Life is richly worth living, with its continual revelations of *mighty woe*, yet infinite hope.” “The very keenness of her sensibility exposed her to constant disappointment and disgust.” No friend could meet the demand of *desires so eager, sympathies so absorbing*.” “The method of Providence with me is that of cross-biasing.” “There was much rude matter that needed spiritualizing.” “The Great Spirit wished to leave me no refuge but itself,” and “has chosen the time when no ray *came from without* to descend upon the *orphan life*.” “My *conviction* is clear that all my troubles are *needed*, and that no one who has had so much light thrown upon their path has an excuse for faltering steps.” She deems that the hours of pain far outnumber those of happiness. “Renunciation is a work to be done *over and over again*.” “*I am deeply homesick*—yet, where is that *home*?” “I would fain *truly* live wherever I must abide, and bear with full energy my lot, *whatever* it is.” “Yet my hand is often languid, and my

heart is slow." "We cannot live and grow *alone*." "Let us learn to stand up and bless the world." "I have suffered greatly, till the tone of my spirit seems destroyed." "Obstruction to the development of her genius, and *loneliness of heart*, were the very furnace to burn the dross from the gold." "Self-love had become so excessive, that only *severest* discipline could transmute it to disinterestedness." "Her *morbid* subjectivity might, by contagion, have affected others with undue *self-consciousness*!" "*Sincere has been their striving, great their love,*' is a sufficient apology for any life." "She never attempted to make the unhappy feel that their miseries were *unreal*!" The characteristic part to which all others were subordinate was "*sympathy*." "We will resolutely *deserve* to be happy." "Resigned, I could do *well*; *happy*, I could do excellently." (Oh, those happy hours of *last winter*! how easily, how rapidly I learned!) "Life has fatigued me." "The intensity of passion, which so often unfits me for life, is to be *moderated*, not into dulness" (alas! mine—C. P. T.—is *now* dulness), "but into a gentler energy." "Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it." "If you fall, rise on your feet once more, and struggle bravely on." "Man's seventy years of chrysalis—*is it not too long?*" And there is a passage—oh! how deeply have I felt so—how increasingly *do* I feel so: "There comes a consciousness that I have *no real hold on life*—no real, *permanent connection with any soul*. I seem a wandering intelligence, *driven from spot to spot*." "I do not see how I shall go through this destiny. I can, if it is mine; but *I do not feel that I can!*" Her letters from Europe excited in me less pain, because, in the excitement, she sometimes forgot to mourn; and in her last relations it was refreshing to see the natural affections filling and satisfying *all her soul*.—I may have wearied you with these various and prolonged extracts; but they have afforded me diversion while writing. I have, as it were, cheated myself with the idea that I was talking with you. I am trying earnestly and constantly to again cultivate my intellect; for I *must* spend my energies somewhere, and in Chinese affairs I do not now find food enough for thought. "Oh, the fatigue of life!" How long and weary looks the future! But I cease for the present—will add another small sheet, at least, before closing.

TO MISS ALMIRA OSBORNE.

Shanghai, Sept. 2, 1852.

\* \* \* Since my last letter to you, I have known a world of joy, and not a little of sorrow. You know that, with me, the tear shades the smile, and the smile chases the tear.

How often I wish I could see my aunt! How often, too, as I think of her, do I remember all her kindness, and patience with my wild waywardness, when I first came to your house! Indeed, the longer I live, the more deeply and fully I understand and feel how few would have borne with my faults as you all did. But you saw that, in all and underneath all, there was a warm, fresh heart yearning for love and sympathy. Do write oftener. Do not think you have nothing of interest to say. Were I to step in now, would you have nothing to say? I want to be able to see and think of you all in your daily life.

How long the period, when I look back to 1839! how chequered with vicissitude, disappointment, exquisite joys and bitter griefs!

I am beginning to find more time for general reading than I did the first year I came. I remember what intense energy I used to have for reading, when I first went to Danvers, and how I told aunt that "I never should go to sleep without having read some during the day;" and those times I used to grudge time to sleep. This summer, many times I have found myself so weary as to go to bed at eight o'clock.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Sept. 11, 1852.

\* \* \* Have you ever read Henry Martyn's Life? I was induced to look at it again, the other day, for the first time since entering on the realities of missionary life, to see whether I could find in his records of feeling any similarity to or excuse for my own struggles. And, verily, I found that not in mere generals, but in specific and most exquisite sorrows, his difficulties were not unlike mine.

TO THE SAME.

Shanghai, Sept. 14, 1852.

\* \* \* The future looks so long and dreary! Mind, do not reveal my real state to any one, especially not to my New York cousins, for they live too near my "Brooklyn friends." Oh! were it not for my connection with them, I should sink. But they do so much for me, they look so to me, that I feel I must keep up.

I am aware my letters to all my correspondents now must lack soul and enthusiasm; and mine to you, when not distressing, must be exceedingly dull. But you must know that it is not because I love you less—for you are now all to which my love can cling with certainty. May your present sunshine long continue unclouded. Yours ever,

C. P. TENNEY.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

It is with real satisfaction that I take up my pen to write a few words to one upon whom I now have claim as a sister; and it will not need many words, surely, to convince her that one devoted to the happiness of a brother so dear to me must have a place in my affection. And, aside from that, for your own sake, my dear sister, I am sure you deserve, and be assured you receive, my full confidence and cordial welcome. Far distant as I am, it is but imperfectly that I can express my sisterly regard; yet it is not impossible that we may yet meet face to face, and be destined to pass many days together. \* \* \*

I shall hope to hear from your own pen before very long, and beg you to believe me, very sincerely and affectionately, your sister,  
CAROLINE.

TO MR. AND MRS. RICHARD OSBORNE.

Shanghai, Oct. 22, 1852.

MY DEAREST UNCLE AND AUNT: I must indulge myself in the pleasure of writing a few lines to you directly, to thank you for the representation of yourselves you have sent me. There was nothing I could have expected less; there is nothing of the kind I could value more. I do not know when anything has given me so much pleasure as that package which came in upon me so unexpectedly. When my brother's likeness came, this summer, it was some time before I could summon courage to look at it; and whenever I did so, it caused me so many tears, that I felt it my duty to put it out of my sight. That was the reason I would not bring any daguerreotypes with me. I knew they would excite feelings of pain, which would do me no good. I am not one of those who can bear to walk in graveyards, and by the graves of those I loved; nor is it well for me to allow myself to think much of past hours, and of absent loved ones. But, although I love you both so dearly—the more dearly the longer I live, and the more I see of the world and its friendships; though I love you next my brother, and hope that you love me next your children, yet I could look on your likeness without tears—yes, with unmingled pleasure. The faces looked so kindly upon me! and I knew, if the lips had language, they would speak so kindly to me! I cannot tell you how much I shall prize this keepsake. And I know my uncle will be pleased to hear that everybody fancied the "old lady," and everybody said, "These are good people!" I think I hear Almira say, in reply to these last words, "Of course, I should expect people would know they were good, as soon as their faces were seen." I am so glad I sent you the

cane; you will be obliged to think of me so often. Now that I know I can send so direct, I will try to send some other mementoes, that you can constantly use; and something from me in China will be ten times as valuable as it could be from me at home. I wish I could happen in and spend another evening with you; but the clippers have not made it quite practicable yet; but I hope, whenever I do return, I shall find my dearest uncle and aunt still living to welcome their ever-affectionate and grateful niece,

C. P. T.

JOURNAL (FOR MISS PLUMER).

So, my dear Mary, now for the journal. You shall have it, commencing with October 26th [1852]. At eight P. M. we started in the boats to come to these hills; but the noise of the boatmen and my own excited state equally drove away sleep. The next morning I felt weary and stupid enough. The hills soon appeared, about as high, certainly not higher, than that hill to the north of your house—is it not Fogg's Hill, where the big tree is? You will laugh, as I did, to think we had come so many miles to see a few hills no larger than that! But if I have ever told you, and if you can realize what it is to live in a country as level as the most level plain you ever saw, and that in no quarter is the line of the horizon broken by a hill, you will not wonder that we should come to see a hill once in several years, even though it be thirty miles distant. Upon these hills imagine no "tall oaks," or large, symmetrical trees of any kind, but only groves of bamboo trees interspersed with dwarf evergreens, and some other crooked and puny trees. The bamboo, you know, is a grass, attaining its full height and size the first year, but remaining on the ground a year or two to harden. The height is from ten to one hundred feet, probably, and the diameter from one inch to many, without branches, only grassy sprinkles. It is, one might venture to say, the most useful wood in this part of China. In its young state the root makes a very nice vegetable; and, when grown, it is used to make innumerable articles, many of which are elegantly carved; and in this country, where man is the beast of burden, the bamboo forms an elastic rod to place across the shoulders. But now for the ascent of these mighty hills! Remember, it is an enterprise for such a lowlander as I! I thought but little of it, however, and was skipping toward the top till my speed exhausted my strength. I was eager to reach the top, so anxious was I once more to look from a hill. But the top continued to remove, and the unevenness made me even say to myself, "Alps on Alps." So soon was my tune changed! At last I reached

the top, and was well repaid. The "Hills" are an irregular group of some eight or ten, in a perfectly level country. Look from the top of the highest in all or any direction, and the horizon line is as perfect as though you were on the ocean and out of sight of land, except in two points, each about thirty miles off. I do not know that you have ever been on the sea, out of sight of land, and in consequence understand the feeling of sublimity excited by a view of the expanse. The view from these "Hills" excites a kindred though much weaker emotion. Look where you will, one wide, wide plain, intersected with innumerable canals of greater or less width, upon which, perhaps, are seen boats laden with produce, and from which the fertile fields are watered like a garden. Travellers say, indeed, that this plain is unequalled in the world for extent and fertility. Not a road, not a fence, not a stone is to be seen! Not an inch of ground is wasted, so beautifully are the beds (for the fields look like "garden beds") adjusted to the windings of the canals. The rows in which these "beds" are cultivated seem straight as a line can make them. Wheat, rice, and other vegetables, some just being reaped, others just sprung up, and others just being sown, give these gardens a look of variety most pleasing. All over this plain, at very frequent intervals, hamlets are dotted, relieved always by groups of trees. There are never houses without some trees, looking finely in the distance, but slender and crooked on nearer view—in form, though not in leaf, resembling a scrawny elm. No horses or cows intrude in these fields; but upon the hills, or amid these hamlets, you see a few goats (for they have no sheep) and a few buffaloes. These last are very ugly, stupid-looking animals, with thick, horizontal horns, no hair, and led by the nose with a rope, needing frequent bathing for their health. There is also a kind of cow, but peculiar in its shape, and hornless. Indeed, all the animals, of whatever class, differ in shape from those of the same class in the West. The horse is thickset and ugly; the pigs and the hens tall, and too often lean! Everywhere we see the people gathering their grain or picking their cotton. The year has been one of plentiful harvests, and everywhere the people look cheerful; and, though their dwellings are rude and their clothes coarse and scanty, there are none who bear marks of suffering.

*October 27th.*—Again, this morning, we left our boats for a walk upon a hill, a great part of which was terraced, and used for tombs. Here and there we met a stone doorway, as it were, with carvings and inscriptions overhead, through which some tomb could be approached. At one or two of these some fine tall trees were standing, and must have been planted many years ago; at others, lions cut in stone guarded the entrance. You know the Chinese

tombs—all that I have seen—are moundlike, on the top of the earth. Around Shanghai, as I have probably told you, these mounds are thickly set. At first I could never look out, or walk out, without feeling that I was walking among the dead; but now I am scarcely conscious of their presence. And so it is in walking among these heathen, these spiritually dead; we are in danger of becoming insensible to what is so familiar. At length, becoming weary, I had recourse to my "mountain chair." Shall I describe it for you? That is easily done. Imagine a seat, and some support for the feet, swung upon two poles, and at the ends of these poles two cross bars, and these placed upon men's shoulders. Imagine me thus swung in the air, and carried up the hills by two strong men! That seems truly Oriental—does it not? Passing around the hill, at the foot were several pretty enclosures for cemeteries, with imposing entrances. At the door of a cottage I perceived a girl of about ten years old weeping, and her mother sitting near. Looking more attentively, I perceived that the mother held the girl's foot in her hand. I gave an inquiring look, and the mother jumped up, and exultingly showed me the other foot, which was nicely bound, and was quite small for a girl of her size. I shook my head, and passed on to wonder at so cruel a custom. You know, Chinese men say it was invented to keep the women at home; but some of the women stump along with great speed. To me it is painful still to see them walk; but more painful still to think what thousands suffer by this foolish custom. Farther on, I passed the machine peculiar to China—that is, for watering their rice fields. Remember, that some—indeed, many of the fields of this plain—are scarcely elevated above the canals. Of course, embankments are raised, as along the Mississippi; but the rice fields must be overflowed. A buffalo is attached, blindfold, to a wheel. One wheel, by its cogs, turns a cylinder; the cylinder causes a series of buckets to revolve, bringing up the water into the field. In this way it takes days to fill a field. The machines for shelling out the grain to us seem rude, and are turned by hand. Machinery after the Western fashion would starve millions. The feeling that the Chinese are a peculiar people increases upon one day by day.

*October 29th.*—One of the hills here is called "Pagoda Hill;" and I need not describe a pagoda, for your memory recalls the picture of the Porcelain Tower at Nankin in all our childish geographies. To this pagoda, by the help of my chair bearers, I ascended. It is a ruin, but the view from the foot was charming. We were almost encircled by hills, except at one side opening toward the south, where the plain lies in beauty before us. The poet could here revel in his dreams, and imagine that those ham-

lets embosomed in trees were the abodes of innocence and peace; but the Bible gives us a far different description of the nations that know not God. At the foot of the hill were the ruins of a temple, in which was an old idol, and the old bell which is struck when it is desired that the god should attend to his worshippers. A number of filthy, miserable beggars sheltered themselves here. We ascended still higher, to the summit of the hill; and the scene of its kind certainly could not be surpassed. The plain, as level as the ocean on a calm day, stretching away on either side to the distance of some eighteen or twenty miles, rich as a garden, yellow with ripe grain, or green with springing crops—and then let the imagination stretch on for miles and miles beyond. But does not one sad thought arise? These millions of human beings know not their Creator! They worship a vain thing as Maker of this beautiful earth and the heavens above. Swarms of smiling children attend our path, and these, too, will grow up ignorant of God. Oh! Mary, is it not a thought to pain the inmost soul, while it excites to earnest endeavor? Oh! Mary, try to estimate the value of the Christian hope, and then try to estimate your obligations to Him who has so richly blessed you.—We moved off from our mooring this eve to another hill, which, though really very near us, required quite a sweep of the canal to reach with our boats. Imagine me seated on the deck of a boat (built by foreigners for such excursions), my umbrella over my head, in one hand a book entitled “Body and Soul,” in which I now and then read a sentence as food for reverie; my dear friend Mrs. H., with her little son, at my side, discoursing sweet music from her “Concertina;” near me a Chinese boy, and the nurse. In our train were some Chinese boats, in some of which there was curious carving, and a sail covered with Chinese characters. The Chinese boats are not rowed like ours, but by one huge oar in the stern. We pass slowly along the bank, returning the gaze of the Chinese who rush to the bank for a close look, laying away stores of enjoyment in the future memories. Here and there a blindfold buffalo, turning the wheel which raises the water for the rice fields, seemed to demand our commiseration. Arrived at our destined hill, we sprang out for a ramble. The scene from the top of the hill was much the same as I have heretofore described; but, in winding around it, at the foot, we came in front of a Buddhist monastery, like the monasteries of Europe, built in the finest sites. Its succession of buildings, its tiled roofs, its red walls, enclosures, its stone steps winding in every direction to the top of the hill, the numerous trees relieving its walls, the evening sun gilding the summit of the hill, which rose even above the monastery, the plain on the other side—all made a scene of beauty only marred

by the reflection that this is a spot peculiarly dedicated to false gods and to degrading worship.

*October 30th.*—This morning we strolled to the monastery. How would you feel, dear Mary, could you for one hour be transported to a heathen land, and find yourself winding up a long and steep ascent of stone steps, amid trees strange to your sight, and toward a temple of false gods? As we paused at various points, the view through the trees was lovely. On one of the terraces entering an apartment we met the "abbot," with shaven head and a peculiar cap. He tells us he has lived there fifty years. As it was not the hour for prayers, we saw none at their devotions, and none but the lay brothers, and little boys who are to grow up there. You would often be reminded of Romanism in the various niches, where are divinities of various kinds. In one room is a multitude of deities, besides the chief god of the Taouist. On the tables lie the book of prayers and the hollow wood, in form like to a human head, and painted red, and the mallet wherewith to beat the wood; for you must know that, while the priest repeats his prayers, it is necessary to pound on the wood, that the noise may retain the attention of the god. Near the door is a huge bell, which must also be struck several times at the beginning, to attract the notice of the god. Here they come to kneel, and mutter prayers, and burn incense, and give offerings. How wonderful it is that man can be so perverse and stupid as to carve an image, and then fall down and worship it! Yet how strong must be his propensity to idolatry, how alienated the heart of man from the true, the holy God, when such an one as Solomon, wise above all men, and at one time pouring forth the most devout and eloquent prayer, which was accepted in a remarkable manner, and, after all this, turning to idols! They told us this temple, or monastery, had been built four hundred years. It had doubtless been repaired several times, and was now in a tolerable state of preservation. Most of the temples that I have seen are neglected and decaying. This, probably, is a favorite spot. How imposing, in the palmy days of the Taouist sect, must have been an array of priests, with banners and music, winding up this hill for their worship! Oh, when shall not only every idol temple be demolished, but when shall the hearts of men own and obey the living God! Surely here "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Sin, sin alone it is that weans us from this world, and makes us long for another. Java—where we stayed for a day or two—oh, how lovely it was! a scene worthy of paradise—but man so painfully degraded! Dear Mary, can we, who have the gospel, ever do enough to prove our gratitude for it?—And now I must bring my journal and letter to an end. I hope I have not wearied you,

though I feel all the time that I am not a good describer ; but I have at least proved my wish to give you pleasure. To-morrow we shall spend our Sabbath here, in a spot where not one beside ourselves knows or believes in the God of the Sabbath. We have with us servants who have often heard the gospel, but believe it not.—And now, once more, farewell. Should we meet no more on earth, may we so live as to meet in heaven, to hear our Lord's best commendation : "She hath done what she could."

"Hills," 30 miles from Shanghai, Oct. 29, 1852.

MY EVER DEAR MARY : Yours of July is before me ; and the leisure afforded me by this short excursion gives me unusual opportunity to comply with your insatiable desire for "long letters" and "journal letters." There are several reasons why I have failed to do this hitherto. First, my life is very uniform, and its outer aspect uninteresting ; second, when some days or weeks of greatest interest occur, I am too busy to record them ; or if not, probably some other letters, which it may be my most pressing duty to write, get the journals which my friend Mary wishes to see ; and last, but not least, because I am not given to narrative and description, and can never do it with the ease and satisfaction I find in a different style of letter writing. Everything, it seems, has to come through my mind and be wrought over in its thought and coloring. It will not be easy always to avoid this habit, founded on my nature ; but, for your sake, I will try. \* \* \* I have now been two years and eight months from America, and I have written three hundred and twenty-five letters, and received nearly two hundred. Some of these were written with care and thought, and many of them at great length. Nor do my correspondents drop off ; they rather increase. The number of persons to whom I have written, though not all regular correspondents, must be greatly over fifty. You see, then, that I cannot give to all my friends the minute letters they would like ; for thus I should spend most of my life in writing my own history.

TO MRS. GORDON.

November 4, 1852.

\* \* \* I have felt much benefited by this little trip—the first time in which I have been absent a night (we shall have been absent ten days) ; and I may add, I have felt my interest in China, and my anxiety that the Chinese should have the gospel, deepened very sensibly.

November 6th.—I find myself once more in my pleasant sleeping room, made so comfortable by the kindness of so many kind

friends. \* \* \* Instead of wandering about among the "Hills," and soliloquizing to-day, I am immersed in thoughts about clothing, and cares for the coming winter.

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, November, 1852.

DEAR SIR: As, in one of your letters, you expressed the wish that I should give you some report of matters in which I am engaged in China, I will attempt to comply with your request; though the regularity and fulness of my usual letters leave me but little of new interest to report.

After I had been here two weeks (ten days of which were vacation), I labored every day in school the full term of three hours, which is all that is ever devoted to teaching English. At first I took classes in arithmetic, spelling, and then the easier reading books, cards, &c. The class of largest boys, though more difficult in the matter of government, was less difficult in the matter of instruction, as they could understand all my teachings in English. Among the small boys, I was obliged to give them the translation; among the large boys, they gave it to me. Besides my regular teaching, there are a great many smaller indescribable duties and occupations, which are best described as maternal duties; such as looking after the habits of the children in their rooms, as to their persons, and clothes. At some seasons of the year, the providing of clothes gives a great deal of care, and even anxiety; since the allowance, being as small as possible, requires good management to meet all necessary provisions. Besides these engagements, I have endeavored to spend three hours per day with my Chinese teacher; but during the past summer I have not always done this. During the past year I have been engaged in translating some of Parley's "Universal History," and am now as far as the seventy-third chapter. Besides this, I have been trying to form a small "Sunday Library," as it were, for the little girls, by translating the small tracts for children, being Scripture history and narrative. Of these I have completed about twelve, I think, and have also commenced, with one of the oldest pupils, the translation of "Henry and his Bearer." These are for the use of the girls; and it gives me pleasure to think that, while I am one part of the day engaged with the boys, I can give a good part of my time to the girls. In the earlier part of the year I was engaged in reading the gospels in the colloquial dialect, and the catechisms and some of the gospels in the higher style. Mr. Keith is, for the present, to assist in teaching; and, as I have full time and strength, I hope to do a great deal of studying, as well as teaching, the coming winter.

## TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Dec. 31, 1852.

\* \* \* How shall I ever thank you enough, my dear Mrs. Gordon—how shall I ever repay you for all the kind interest you have taken in me? How often it has cheered my heart! And yet the thought has often arisen, "If she knew me better, would she love me as well?" What you say of my letters, has often made me cheerful in the hope you have awakened, that I have written what may have excited an interest in the heathen, that will live, perhaps, in some hearts, when the writer has ceased to hold her pen.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Dec. 31, 1852.

\* \* \* Take comfort about me, dear brother. I am stronger now, and, though a stranger to happiness, I can live on calmly now. I will leave China, and come to you; but it seems my duty to remain here at least till next autumn. Had not stern duty constrained, I should have left this last autumn; though I cannot tell you how painful it is to think of giving up so glorious a cause, and of leaving these needy creatures. But let me take up your arguments.

1st. My usefulness. As to direct and perceptible usefulness, I believe my mind could act with far, far greater effect at home. I know that, in the past, I have left a lasting impress and given a lasting impulse to minds by the utterance of thoughts which here I should never have occasion to breathe. I feel and see more than ever that it is through the intellect I am to move others, and do my best work. But then, my usefulness at home, through my letters, is quite equal to, if not greater than, my usefulness here; and greater, perhaps, than it could be in any way if I went home. How can I resign such prospects?

2d. As to my health. It is perfectly good—wonderfully so; for the agony of years ago was positively nothing to what I have endured here. But exercise, pressure of duty, and my own experience of what was best to do to obtain sleep and swallow food, have kept me along; so that although, in June, July, and August, I was a shadow, and weak (weighing only one hundred and twenty, against one hundred and forty-nine two years ago), I am now gaining flesh, and am as strong as ever. Yes, I did wish for death, and welcomed every symptom of decline, and the pain that for awhile I had daily in my side; but now I thank God for health and strength, since I am thus saved from wearing out a useless as well as a joyless life.

3d. My wretchedness from one cause would be lessened by

return; but oh! would not the ghost of China haunt me? and the interest it has had in my heart, what would fill that void? Ordinary life would seem low and tame. 'Tis not the hope of happiness that impels my return, but that my best powers are crushed, and my energies withering, and I but half a missionary. \* \* \* I must look well to it what account I can give to God. You say I have given proof of my self-sacrifice. Why! most people would say, "She has put her hand to the plough, and looked back." Nay, Mr. ——— has accused me of this—God knows how unjustly!

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, Jan. 1, 1853.

DEAR SIR: You have more than once requested me to keep something in the form of a "journal," to send home from time to time. My routine of life, however, seemed so monotonous, that I have never continued anything of the kind for any length of time. I feel inclined now to make the attempt again; and, for variety's sake, it may be more acceptable than my usual letters. To-day, then, is Saturday—the closing day of the week, and the opening day of a new year. My first matter for attention, this morning, was to give my charge their clean clothes for the morrow, and in various little matters to attend to the servants. After this, instead of more serious occupation, it was my duty to attend to the calls in honor of a New Year. The Chinese teachers all paid their respects; for the Chinese are very punctilious in such forms. Some of the foreign residents still adhere to the New York custom, and spend the day in calling on the ladies of their acquaintance. The community is now so large, that, in some cases, this is no small undertaking even here. We, however, have received few calls except from missionaries. The intervals of time during the day I occupied in writing to dear friends. And so night found me and New Year's day closed. New Year's day!—an anniversary almost always cheerful, and even merry, in its outward seeming; yet, beneath the surface, how many serious, anxious, or regretful thoughts agitate the heart! The irrevocable past! The unsatisfying present! The dim and fearful future! How serious, how awful is life! Awful, because each moment takes hold on an eternal existence. The past year has been one particularly full of trial, not only to me, but to many persons in the missionary calling. But it is not trial merely, that makes life so serious. It is its responsibilities, and the deep sense of failure in duty—failure in attaining even our own comparatively low ideal of excellence! "When," says an eloquent writer,\* "when was there

[\* Rev. James Martineau.]

ever one who did not feel his recollections full of shame and grief, and find in the past the cup that overflowed with tears? When one, that did not look into the future with resolves, made anxious and timid by the failures of experience, and distrust that breaks the young courage of the heart, and prayers that in utterance half expect refusal? Who can stand this day at the solemn meeting point of past and future, without abasement for the one and trembling for the other?" And, in the significant words of one of the noblest and most stout-hearted of men, we have this question: "Who is sufficient for these things?" But his own words also afford comfort: "I can do all things, through Christ strengthening me."

*Sunday, January 2d.*—Attended chapel. Mr. Syle addressed the children. I did not go over to the English church afterward, as I often do; remaining in my own room, read H. More's strictures on St. Paul. I agree with her in thinking that but few persons duly notice and appreciate the softer traits in the character of the great apostle: such as his gentleness to the weak, his forbearance to the misguided and erring, his humility among the brethren, his affectionateness and tenderness to all. In the afternoon I had my usual duties with my little ones, in hearing their hymns and catechism. In the evening Mr. Nelson preached for us from the words, "God is a Spirit." Thus passed the first Sabbath of the New Year; and it has gone with its account, and is now with the years beyond the flood.

*Monday, January 3d.*—This is the day of the usual monthly concert, which is now holden in the morning, at the school building of the Church Missionary Society. Nearly all the American missionaries were there, and the meeting was addressed by Rev. Mr. Keith, of our mission. The subject of his address was derived from incidents in African missions, particularly those of Sierra Leone and Youba, as noticed in the *Missionary Intelligencer*, published by the Church Missionary Society, and alluded to by Bishop Payne in some of his addresses. Scarcely anything could be more discouraging than their early prospects, and few missions now have more pleasing hopes. Oh! when will the faint dawn in China burst into day?

*Tuesday, January 4th.*—My teacher has been sick for nearly two weeks, and just returned to-day. Did something with him in the translation of "Henry and his Bearer." In the evening, met Mr. and Mrs. Way, of Ningpo, the latter of whom, with four, are about to proceed to the United States.

*Wednesday, 5th.*—Yesterday and to-day have been like pleasant spring days, rather than like midwinter—doors open, and scarce any fire. At six P. M. went out to dinner to the London

missionaries'. They were speaking of the Romish establishment, about five miles from here, which some of the London mission had recently visited. It is a monastery, has a fine church and large school attached to it, some six or eight brothers being usually resident there. The arrangement and order is said to be very fine; but any contact or conversation with the pupils by Protestants is carefully avoided. It was about Christmas at the time of the visit, and a large doll, dressed somewhat like Japanese and somewhat like Chinese, personated the infant Jesus! While I was at my friends', a Parsee, adopting the customs of the place, made his New Year's call. He was a native of Bombay, and, though of very humble origin, had raised himself to respectable connection with some commercial houses of Parsees in Shanghai. In conversation, he alluded to some of their customs in contrast to ours. He professed to think it a very good thing for the ladies to be well educated, to travel, and to enjoy society, saying the Parsee ladies knew only how to sew and embroider, and remained in seclusion, like Mohammedan ladies. He spoke of an English school at Bombay, where some Parsee youth had been educated. Three of them became converts to Christianity, and two became clergymen, but were much despised in consequence by their countrymen. By means of them, and their instructor—a very learned man—much discussion had arisen, and books concerning the Parsee religion had been written and printed, which previously had no existence; so that, by this means, the Parsees in general became better acquainted with their own religion. He observed that the religious Parsees go to pray and worship five times a day, and that the prayers are in a language they do not understand at all. I asked him "how, then, it could be of any use to pray?" "Oh!" he replied, "I have faith. I believe that the prayers are good, and that God hears them." They much dislike being called "fire worshippers," insisting that, to them, fire is only the symbol of Deity.

*Saturday, January 8th.*—One week of the year is gone! After giving my charge their clean clothes for the Sabbath, and paying off the servants that look to me, I sat quietly down with my teacher. After a while, had a visit from a friend and fellow voyageur to China.

*Sunday, January 9th.*—I continue my journal, not because there is anything particularly interesting to relate, but to give you a correct, every-day idea of my every-day life. As I have in some previous letter remarked, I cannot go into the city, or to the country, and rove among the people, and observe life in its thousand varying aspects, and meet and converse with new groups. My life is the confined and uniform sphere of woman in the quiet

round of teaching and study. This was communion day in the chapel, and our usual circle of poor and blind communicants were there assembled. After service I went over to the English church, where the chaplain gave us an excellent sermon from the text, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I then returned to my Sunday class, the ages of my boys ranging from seven to twelve years. I take more pleasure in their society than in anything else; and, with them, I sometimes forget the loneliness that at other times too much oppresses me. At evening we had our usual service, when Mr. Nelson's little son was baptized. I need not say how interesting was the sight. Assembled in our parlor, there were also some four or five Chinese present to witness the ceremony. Mr. Syle preached an excellent sermon.

*Monday.*—This is the usual holiday, when most of the boys go into the city to visit their friends. Having so much to do with their wardrobe, I take some pride in seeing them go off looking so clean and nice. For the rest of the day I amused myself in the garden, in writing, and attending to the various little indescribable affairs appertaining to my charge. In the evening I went over to Miss Jones, as usual on Monday evenings, to read to her. Our book was one I had some time since chosen by chance from the Bishop's library, and was entitled, "Eminent Missionaries." We found it a book of uncommon interest, not being made up of "journals or letters," but of the doings of men of lion heart. I think it likely the author was a German, or had availed himself largely of their accounts; for the work is written in a style so easy and vivid. It is an old book, and, I think, would not be easily procurable, or I would like to refer my friends to the book itself. The Life of John Kirmander, a native of Sweden, sent out by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and founder and builder of the first church edifice in Calcutta—his brilliant success, and his reverses—all this was a most touching picture of human life. Hans Egede, the first missionary to Greenland, having preceded the Moravians by several years, was a tale of wonderful interest. But, after fifteen years' labor, he saw almost no fruit. The most he did was to turn the attention of others to Greenland.

*Tuesday, January 11th.*—We feel much gladdened in seeing Miss Fay looking so much like herself, and seeming to be almost well. She has with her now, and has had for some time, a female teacher, whose history, if we could learn it all, would, I doubt not, be exceedingly interesting. It seems she was brought up for a Buddhist nun. My impression is, though I am not certain, that she was sold, when a little child, to this profession. After she

was grown up, and had been a nun some time, a mandarin came into power who, being much opposed to that sect, did what he could to suppress their houses, and sent the nuns to their homes, or otherwise dispersed them. This nun married, and her husband treated her so badly that she left him, and has since tried to maintain herself by her knowledge of letters. She seems to have an intelligent mind, and we cannot but hope that she may become interested in the true religion.

*Thursday, 13th.*—In translating with my teacher, to-day, concerning creation and the fall of man, he began to ask about the Tempter—how he came there, and when—how he should tempt the woman, and various questions of the sort, like those which in all ages have been raised concerning the origin of evil. I could only tell him the holy book taught me thus and so, and that I could not be wiser than that.

*Saturday, 15th.*—A snowy, dreary, bitter cold day. Have been translating, with my teacher, a little book called "Scripture Reading Lessons," which I thought would be a useful book for the children.

*Sunday, 16th.*—A constant snow, and it lies on the ground to some depth. Mr. Keith preached in the chapel this morning, preaching for the first time in Chinese. In the evening, Mr. Nelson preached to us in English, from the words, "Bodily exercise profiteth little."

*Monday, 17th.*—Miss Fay was able to walk down stairs to-day, to take "tiffin" with us, to our great delight. We may now hope she will soon be quite well, and able to resume her usual duties. Early this morning I spent some time in the "clothes room," attending to the matter of twenty-five boys' wardrobe; then I spent three hours with my pupils, then some time with my tailor, then three hours with my teacher, then, after dinner, an hour in the evening school, and so closed the day.

*Thursday, 20th.*—Miss Fay is really able not only to leave her room, but has gone across the river to spend three or four weeks with a friend. We trust that the change will do much for her, and that, with the commencement of a new year at school, she may be able to move among us as usual.

*Wednesday, January 26th.*—Our long-looked-for Miss Katherine Jones arrived to-day. The relief and comfort her presence will afford to Miss Emma Jones will be inexpressible. Long may they labor together, and continue blessings to all around them! It has been very lonely, and sometimes very trying, to be in a large house alone, especially as Miss Jones, though seldom laid by, often suffers severe attacks of sickness. It was my last day in school before its breaking up, and my charge are all in readi-

ness, with their replenished wardrobe, to visit their homes, except the number (which is not small) who have no homes, or very poor ones, and therefore remain with us. \* \* \*

*January 28th.*—Well, our school is scattered for three weeks, and I feel a strangeness and almost loneliness indescribable in the absence of so many who demand my daily care. A closing service was held in the chapel, where Mr. Syle gave them a few words of admonition, and distributed the prizes. The two best scholars received silver medals with appropriate mottoes, and seven others received handsome books of various sizes. The books were presented by Dr. Stribling, of Stanton, Va. While speaking of books, I am inclined to add an expression of my wishes as to what I would like to have, in the hope of usefulness through them. You know the numerous simple books (and they should be mostly very simple) containing Scripture narrative, and plates, by which mothers and sisters are assisted in teaching children to regard the Sabbath as a happy, blessed day. Here it is peculiarly difficult to do what we would like to do for the children on that day. It is impossible to forbid them to play; and it is right, and possible, to give them lessons, and instruct them; but I want something to aid me in training them up, Sunday by Sunday, to regard it as a privileged day, when I can take peculiar pleasure in letting them come freely to my study, and then to read and talk to them as a friend rather than as an instructress. Teaching—teaching can be had—can be done in abundance; but influence—means of influence, opportunities of influence—this is the want here. Were I in America now, I could doubtless get hold of much to help me, which I cannot describe here; but what I would desire, is, that some kind friend who understands my want, as here feebly expressed, would, when desiring to send some token to me, or to the school, remember it by sending something of the kind, either from his or her children's stores of well-used books, or by some happy selections from the bookseller's stores.

Mr. Syle and family will leave us very soon. Oh, how we shall miss them!—miss them the more, now that we are so saddened by the affliction that has come so heavily upon some of our number.—My letter has extended, I fear, to a tedious length. The mail leaves to-morrow, and I must therefore add no more at this time. I seem to have heard very little from my Brooklyn friends for many months past. I am looking with interest for the "Horatio" to bring me letters.

Pray let me hear from yourself as often as is convenient with other duties; and believe me, very truly, with Christian regards,  
C. P. TENNEY.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Jan. 23, 1853.

\* \* \* You know I have not, and never had, any very strong clinging to life; and perhaps I do not think with that solemn awe of death which I ought. But oh! my dear brother, when that solemn hour shall come, I do desire to be able to say and feel, after all my sins, errors, falls, and defeats, "I have fought a good fight"; I have tried to live for my Redeemer; I have, by His blessing, been a blessing to others. And oh! if the blessing of those ready to perish shall be mine, will it not be sweet? I cannot bear to yield—to come down from sacred hopes and high purposes to common and ordinary ones. What more could you wish for your sister, than that she should be "faithful unto death"?

## TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Jan. 29, 1853.

\* \* \* Your letters are so kind and affectionate, that, though I can but poorly repay you for them, I can at least prove I am not insensible to your kindness. It is bitter cold to-day—colder than I have ever known it in China. Ice was formed thickly last night in my study, where there was a fire till twelve o'clock at night. The Chinese do not afford themselves fire, but guard against the cold as well as they can by thick garments; but the ears of their shaven heads suffer, and their feet and their hands also, though the latter are somewhat protected by their long sleeves. Yesterday our school broke up for three weeks; but, as many have no homes, and others have but miserable ones, more than half the boys will be here all vacation. Imagine me seated in my study, near the fire, my teacher at his place copying for me, and some dozen Chinese boys seated on the floor, or on chairs around, enjoying my fire, keeping tolerably quiet (for they see me writing), counting the "cash" I have given them for spending money, and one of them reading from the beautiful book he received as a prize.

## TO DANVERS RELATIVES.

Shanghai, Feb. 1, 1853.

MY DEAREST UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS: An excellent opportunity offers for sending some little mementoes to those I love, or those I kindly remember in America. [Here follows a list of articles, with the destination of each, including as follows:] One pair of bottles with crawling snails, for Aunt Currier. She was beloved of my parents, and, though she knows little of me, I

do not forget her ever-kind welcome. Send them to her with my love. Ask her if she remembers my spending some cold days at her house in the winter of 1840-1841, and reading the Life of J. B. Taylor? I little dreamed of China then.

TO MRS. SUMNER, LOUISVILLE.

Shanghai, Feb. 8, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. SUMNER: This is the Chinese New Year, and "custom" closes every shop, suspends labor, keeps women in their houses, sends men of every grade walking to and fro, saluting their acquaintances with best wishes for happiness. Sadness is proscribed, and gladness is the order of the day. Schools are suspended, teachers are free, servants are at leisure, and China, in its length and breadth, has one grand holiday.

As to myself, servants, pupils, teachers, all have been to my room to wish me happiness; and, as this is the middle of our long vacation of three weeks, necessity is laid upon me to "recreate," and follow my own inclination. Once a year is quite often enough for such extreme freedom. I should not know how to order my life usefully, without the aid of regularly allotted duty pressing upon me, yet gently, day by day.

I have wished and purposed to write you, my dear friend, confident that, though years of silence on your part have passed, your kind remembrance and regard for me is as unchanging as is mine for you.

Seven years have rolled away—seven years just now, since I was making that pleasant visit at your aunt's, in the spring of 1846. To each of us, since then, how many leaves have been opened in life's checkered book! Would that, as in times past, I could sit with you, even till the midnight hour, that we might speak each to the other of our intervening history! To me, these seven years seem, in interest and importance, the all of my life. I speak this, of course, comparatively, and in reference to its deep impression upon memory, its influence upon character, and upon my earthly destiny. With you, though there has been, doubtless, the element of sorrow in the cup of life, there has been less of bitterness. By our very natures, the voyage of this life would ever be more stormy to me than to you. But let this allusion to sorrow and conflict suffice; such, in less or greater measure, sooner or later, in time comes to all. Let me rather adore that goodness and power that brings some good out of great evil; and let me dwell upon that love, which has continued blessings unnumbered, in spite of all my unfaithfulness to duty, and which has given me the best of all gifts, the hopes and blessings of the gospel. Among

all the varied subjects of our converse, my dear friend, probably China never once entered; yet, to my ear, the word had then been spoken, and, in my mind, the thought was only sleeping, that, under God, brought me here. That word was spoken in 1845, in Virginia, by Rev. Alexander Jones; but much of sorrow was needed to make that seed-word spring up into action. You may remember that it was in the spring of 1846 that I entered the Episcopal Church; and I have often thought of the words you then spoke to me, though, very likely, you may have forgotten them. I do not recall the exact expression, but the import was, that "in seven years my position, religiously, would be widely different from what it was at that time." What may have been your idea of that probable position I know not, though I supposed you would predict for me a rebound to extreme liberalism, as though driven there by the compression, as it were, of the church I had entered. And doubtless it must be true, that seven years have not passed without producing some modifications of my half-formed views, speculations, and convictions. But I really am not able to decide whether, if I could speak freely with you now, you would call me more or less liberal than then—more or less consistent now than then. I know that my church principles, as the term is, are firmer, and that, with all the faults and errors of its members, and some of its bishops, it is still the church of my warm and decided choice. Among the few acts of my life which I have never for one moment regretted, and would not recall, is my having chosen and entered the Episcopal Church. May I live worthy of its high profession, and die in its fold! The belief in Jesus which it teaches, is the one alone in which my soul ever found rest and peace. Thus it is that, while these seven years have been full of vicissitude and of many sorrows (sorrows far keener and more multiplied than any my friend has dreamed were mine), yet my best joys, and often my only joys, have been those which sprang from my religious faith—a rest and peace I never found before I sought my spiritual home in the Episcopal Church. True, that rest and peace, that trust and joyfulness, have more than once been disturbed and broken. Clouds and fierce storms have darkened my sky, and stirred the billows to their depths; and it was only by remembering the days of the right hand of the Most High that the anchor of hope did not part from the cable, and leave me desolate, and hopeless of personal safety. And, notwithstanding all the strong consolations of the gospel, often have I yielded to self-love, and permitted life to seem very dreary to my disappointed and bleeding heart. But then, again, I have been enabled to find enough of satisfaction in living for others, and I could look joyfully on a life in which I might serve my Re-

deemer, and wait serenely for that hour when my long-orphaned and homeless spirit shall hear the sweet summons, "Come home!"

Six years, nearly, have passed since we parted, and three since the shores of my native land have faded from my sight. In those years, to you, as well as to me, life's relations have changed, and duty also changed its call. \* \* \* I know that, in self-forgetfulness, you will ever have a tear for others' woes, and a smile for their joys, and so you will pass on, a light to others; your word shall relieve their perplexity, your trust shall shame their doubt, your patience repress their fretfulness of spirit, and your courage and fortitude inspire with strength. Thus, in the past, you have ministered to me; thus, in the future, shall you minister to others. \* \* \*

The history of all great enterprises has small beginnings; and the commencement of missions to the heathen has almost always been trying to faith. The hand of power here opposes no difficulties, but only iron "custom," and the human heart in its love of sin.

But only think of this mighty mass of human beings, all accessible by one written medium, all more or less susceptible of common influences, and all passing down to the grave, generation after generation! What we esteem most precious—what makes existence tolerable, and even desirable—yea, what alone makes it a rich blessing, shall we not strive to give it to others? They may turn away in indifference from the history of God's love to man; they may disregard every call to purity and repentance, to faith and obedience; but our duty will have been done, and God will not permit His own word to return unto Him in vain. There are many good qualities among the Chinese—probably few heathen nations, if any, have more; but lying is as universal as breathing, and deceit as natural as to utter words. This it is which is often so painful—to be obliged constantly to distrust, and to keep on the defensive.

Still, while converts are few, and some of these are false, yet it is very sure that the leaven of the truth is spreading, and that prejudices are softening. Christendom has itself made obstacles to the prevalence of Christian truth, in the injustice and unscrupulousness of those who live for worldly gain alone.

But I must check my pen, and turn to less general and more particular descriptions. Behold me, perhaps at dusk, in my study—not an uncomfortable and cheerless heathen place, but carpeted, curtained, warmed, and made pleasant by various tasteful articles. See some dozen boys, with dark skins and long queues, seated around me, indulging their own questioning propensities, or listen-

ing to some tale from me, or jesting with each other. Or imagine me, from nine A. M. to twelve, seated among my twenty pupils, rehearsing for the thousandth time the rudiments of knowledge. Or see me, Saturday morning, in the "clothes room," dispensing clean clothes to my adopted children. Or, on Sunday morning, when from one to two hundred youth, and Chinese teachers and servants, are seated to listen, if they will, to the gospel. We use our well-known hymns, and some of the Chinese can join us. Or imagine me, again, reading after my teacher, or trying to convey to him my rude translations, that he may make them more endurable. Or imagine us, when the mail comes in, in eagerness tempered with fears, opening our letters, and, after an interval, communicating to each other what has brought us joy or anxiety. Thus time flies on.

I have come to my ninth page, and am admonished to bring my long letter to a conclusion. And what shall I ask you to say to your uncle and aunt for me? Tell them I frequently think of them, and all their past kindness to me. I have not often known such friends, who always met me with kindness, and did so much to add to my enjoyment. \* \* \*

And now, my dear friend, farewell. Should this epistle provoke one from you, I should be glad; if not, it is probable a long period may elapse ere you hear from me again. But, whether silent or otherwise, you may be assured I shall never think of you without warm affection; and I even hope we may meet again on earth; if not on earth, I humbly hope, in heaven. There is rest, and a "home, sweet home," in heaven. This life must ever be for me a place of weary conflict; but may I at length become victor! Farewell, my dear friend. May your life be crowned with usefulness, and much happiness. Ever yours,

C. P. TENNEY.

#### TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, April 12, 1853.

\* \* \* When it was announced as certain, last Thursday, the 7th, that the rebel army was within thirty-six hours' march of this place, those foreigners and missionaries who were without the lines of "protection" began to bethink themselves what to do. The ladies were offered shelter on board the American war steamer, whenever it should become necessary to leave our houses; and it was advised that we should have everything in a state of readiness to depart at twenty minutes' notice. This was said to us by some officers of the steamer, on Thursday, at five P. M.; and at twelve, when we went to bed, our goods were

mostly in our trunks. The next day we packed up books, carpets, curtains, and whatever we could spare, to send off to some safe deposit, keeping a supply of wearables in a bag, which we could snatch up in a moment. Friday night, the gentlemen of our mission kept guard. Saturday was spent in more deliberate packing, and in waiting and in weariness. Saturday night we sent off some of our boxes, though the rumors seemed less alarming, and all was more quiet. Oh, how weary we all were, and how glad of the night's rest! The next day, Sunday, we heard of some horrible cases of Lynch law and of robbery; and the few servants who remained with us seemed more amazed and affrighted than ever. On Sunday we had service and communion in our chapel, our city communicants being present; and one having a day or two previously gone up, as we hoped, to a higher communion, where his Redeemer's presence is his joy and reward. In deep poverty, in destitution of human comforts, in pain and suffering, he trusted in and waited patiently for his Lord; and in a moment, as it were, he passed from death to life—from a world of sorrows to one of joy—from a beggar's humiliation to reign with his Master on high. While we look around and see the missionary work at a stand, the people scattered, and our schools dispersed, we are comforted with the hope that here was one soul, but a little while since degraded, polluted, darkened, but now washed, made pure, and filled with everlasting light and joy. Our schools were dismissed on Friday, with directions, however, that, should all continue quiet, they should return in a week; but I much fear it will be impossible to gather them all again. We have remaining, however, more than twenty homeless boys, most of whom have relatives, to whom they will go in case of greater distress. Our gentlemen have carbines in the houses, sent from the steamer; and one of the foreigners (American) has placed here a boat, if at any time we should need to make our escape to the war steamer. There have been various meetings of the consuls. An embankment is to be thrown up all around the foreign city; but it leaves out all missionary houses, except the London mission. What the end of these things will be, we know not. You must not suppose there is any danger to our lives, as there is so much foreign force here, and means of defence and shelter. Could you look in upon our dismantled houses, our trunks all packed, you would feel that we were indeed pilgrims and strangers. The whole thing is in accordance with my own restless mind, except that I mourn the disadvantage to our work as missionaries. Our progress was slow enough before; it bids fair to be less than ever now. But God can overrule all.

Miss Tenney's earlier June (1853) letters contain very extended and carefully prepared accounts of the rebellion, its progress, the supposed religious tenets of its leader, and the expectations awakened in the hearts of missionaries in China, that the success of the rebellion would contribute most powerfully to the introduction of Christianity into the heart of the empire. The sequel having corrected the mistakes and sadly dissipated the hopes founded on them, no extract on this topic from these otherwise interesting letters is here inserted.

## TO HER BROTHER.

June 20, 1853.

\* \* \* I am going on beautifully (excuse me) with my geography, and the year 1853 will be the most fruitful of all my years hitherto (that is, if my strength is continued); for in it I shall have finished a geography, the revised translation of "Henry and his Bearer," the translation of the "Peep of Day"—that is, Bible history to Joshua—two tracts, "Peter" and "Judas," and the sketch of the New Testament history, and, perhaps, yet more than this. So, then, next year, how much more I could do! My class, many of them, are learning with much spirit. Strange to say, my health is better this summer than it has been any summer in China. Besides teaching three hours, I study from four to six hours, which, with my active duties, and keeping up my correspondence, fills my time well up from five and a half o'clock A. M. till nine or ten P. M.; and then I seldom have to court sleep. Sleep and work, you perceive, quiet the nerves! My mind, which at one time, I feared, was fatally giving way, having no power to retain what I went over, is gradually recovering, though the ready ease that happiness gave it I still miss. How few there are who understand how happiness invigorates the intellect! But I spare you.

## TO THE SAME.

June 25, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER: The labors of another day and week are closed, and, as is not uncommon, I betake myself to my pen. As I have told you, I am making a geography in the colloquial style, and to-day have finished China, preceded, of course, by Asia, which, in this longitude, is the first quarter of the globe to be taken up. Asia in general, and China in particular, are large subjects, embracing many topics, many of these requiring some very careful sifting; and, moreover, the boundaries of the countries are difficult to define, and then very difficult to transfer into

this unwieldy tongue. And this difficulty is increased by the fact that the names have been and are written in Chinese in so many different characters. Imagine me with McCulloch's huge work and Webster's Dictionary on one side, Mitchell's large and reliable Atlas on the other, Williams's map of the Chinese Empire, with dictionaries, and various small works of geography scattered upon chairs within my reach; Williams's invaluable work on the "Middle Kingdom" in my hand; and last, but not least, the Chinese teacher near me at the table, pen in hand. This is my labor (and a labor it is) for four, five, and six hours a day; and my aim and hope is to make a valuable and reliable colloquial geography. It will be in the catechetical form strictly, as I judge that to be simpler, and more likely to convey my meaning to the children, for whom it is intended. There have, as yet, been no school books put into colloquial here, and few in China, except by the indefatigable Romanists. And who is to do it but teachers? You will wonder what I could have been doing four days upon Chinese Tartary, so barren in our maps. Asia and its countries will be by far the largest portion of the work, and the remaining matter will be less full of uncertainties, I think. There! is not this long page quite author-like?—all about my book that is to be. But, you see, it is better to have the author-fever than a worse. Of course, there will be many imperfections, and probably some errors, and it may never be worth printing; and, even if it is worth publishing, of course I must wait the Bishop's inspection. But, in the mean time, there can be plenty of copies made by the teachers, for the use of our "girls' school," for whom, of course, it is primarily intended.—If you knew this climate, you would wonder how my strength holds out. I wonder myself. I do not think I have felt so strong of a summer in many years; and my eyes, which I last summer feared would have been ruined with incessant weeping, are never tired. In a sense the poet never meant, I know what it is "to suffer and be strong."—There ought to be a simple history of the world, and of China, prepared, and numbers of religious books. Oh, the work to do—so vast! and the laborers so few!

TO THE SAME.

Shanghai, July 4, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have been writing, and am weary, and should seek my rest; but I cannot do so till I have written a few words to you. Would you not like, after so many tones of sadness, to hear a more cheerful strain? I feel more happy and hopeful to-night than I have done for one moment in the last long fifteen months of sorrow. Everything is going on well in my

school, and I am pursuing my study-work successfully, so that I do feel consoled and cheered. And then, God has given me so many kind friends. Yes, though, in many respects, mine is a lonely lot, yet there are some who love me for Christ's and His work's sake; and do I not owe Him much for this?

TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, July 7, 1853.

MY DEAREST MARY: Your long, interesting, and most welcome letter of March was received a week or two since, and I would gladly have replied by return of mail. To-day the thermometer stands at 94°. I will try to forget the heat in writing. \* \* \*

You say, "I ask myself, 'If I should be henceforth an invalid, can I bear it as I ought?'" But, dear Mary, you are not called to such a test. You are only called to leave "to-day" with God; the morrow, the future, may never be yours, or be full of joy! But you will say, "Oh! it is hard to give up 'thought for the morrow,' and trust it as out of sight with God, and content ourselves with saying, 'day by day,' 'Thy will be done.'" Yes, it is, dearest; nor do I profess to have attained in this. But this is the way in which I try to simplify the matter to myself, knowing that, if I could conquer day by day, it would be enough. Orphaned and lonely as my lot has been, all that I have known of rest has been when I was able thus to do for the future. The long years before me have looked more weary than I could find words to express. In this effort I have at times been greatly assisted by the book, probably not unknown to you, entitled "Interior Life," by Prof. T. C. Upham. Its tendency is to aid in attaining the childlike trust, moment by moment. You may well say, "Who knows, till they are tried?" for when we have, in some stern conflict with self, in some submission under severe trial, really attained a union with God's will, the next, and different, and harder, may find us once more alive to selfwill, and full of unbelief. Therefore I say again, it is "moment by moment;" for we cannot to-day lay up the morrow's supply, any more than the Israelites could their manna.

But how slowly I get on with your letter! for almost every line of it suggests so much in reply. In this, more than in any other letter I have ever had from you, I see you going through some of the dark vales where I have trod. You say again, "I distrust myself every way; I feel dissatisfied with myself, and fear I never shall be what I ought to be, and was destined for. I know I am capable of doing some good in the world; but how

little I do! What shall I do? What is the work given me to do? I wish I knew my whole duty, and could pursue it!" Oh, how many such thoughts as these haunted me, and weighed on my mind, I may say, for years! It may be that every earnest spirit has to enter, through that kind of wicket gate, the real field of labor. I will not bore you by preaching here, what everybody finds it so easy to say to others in suffering, "This will be for your good." This is true; but it is so often said "cantingly," that I feel like never saying it, even though it is a blessed, true, and most consoling fact, that afflictions are blessings to those who rightly use them. But, since you say you hope you "have derived benefit from this present discipline," may I not express the feeling I have concerning it—viz., that it may be that this very suffering, so prolonged and trying, is just what is preparing you for that work on earth to which, as our Lord's redeemed, you would deem yourself called? As I look back on my own experience, I see that, while I was longing to be useful, I was but poorly fitted for any good; and so it was through much affliction that I was at all trained to be any blessing to suffering humanity. What we do not know in the present, we can in the hereafter look back and comprehend. "No affliction," said the large-hearted apostle, "is for the present joyous;" but it is afterward that it worketh in peace the fruit of righteousness. Yes, dearest friend, you are capable of doing much good; but could you be fitted, except you had been introduced to the "stern realities of life"—pain, disappointment, grief, and deep communion with self in the dark hours, when sorrow hides the sunshine of life?

What you say of little duties is most true, and is well though differently expressed by some one, in saying it is not impossible to leave country and friends to go to a heathen land; but how few, who give up these, can give up self! And is it not self that makes these little duties so difficult? My calling is peculiarly full of little trials, as teacher and matron: and here is one of my many and most deplorable failures; but I hope to struggle on. I have always thought you most exemplary in filling these very demands; but it is true, we can each see for ourselves a standard far higher than we have yet reached.

And now, my dearly loved friend, my kind and true and constant Mary, how shall I express the regret I feel that anything I have ever said or ever written concerning Unitarians should have sealed your lips, and have prevented your heart flowing out to your true friend in some of its most sacred feelings and impulses! I can only say, I did not mean to wound your feelings. And allow me to add further, in explanation of what I may have said, that I could not and should not ever have ventured to speak so

freely, had I not supposed that I was able to see into and to know the secret feelings of Unitarians, almost unconscious to themselves; able, because I myself had sincerely been one of them. And I felt, too, that I appreciated their excellences far better than those who had never thus known them, and that thus I might be allowed to point to what they seemed to me to want. It is not strange, my dear Mary, that, in our many years of separation, and our few visits, and especially our last hurried interview after I had so much changed—it is not strange if we are not at once in correct knowledge of each other. But I grieve much, that, by my injudicious freedom, or warmth of feeling, I have repelled the loving heart and thoughtful mind that would have otherwise sought a communion with me. I know you will pardon me, and I will not pain you by seeming to doubt that; but I am not so sure that you will be able to convince yourself, and to feel that I am not so narrow and bigoted, so unable to comprehend the views of others and to assume their standpoint, so wedded to a particular form of expression and of experience, as to be unable to comprehend the feelings—yes, and sympathize with all the struggles of sincere and devout Unitarians, admire and love their excellence, believe them “not altogether godless,” and enjoy with them much sweet intercourse on religious topics. I am not so “unbelieving” toward you (Unitarians) as I have in some way given you to suppose; and oh, how far should I be from regarding your “hopes and fears and struggles,” did you tell them me, with distrust! You remark that you can never bring yourself to say, “All who differ from my form of belief are wrong.” But do you not, equally with myself, necessarily, whenever you dissent, declare that, according to your judgment, the other views are erroneous, and then, as we, “to the law and to the testimony”?

I am sorry that I have at length come to the turn, for it is pleasanter to walk the same way; but I must frankly say where and why I differ, as I go on further to notice your remarks. You write: “How can people have a confidence that all is right—that they are loved and accepted of God? I never could see, and never shall. I never could feel sure, were I thought ever so good by others, and were I conscious of the best intentions. Conscious! ah, but how could I be sure that I deceived not myself? I shall always doubt and tremble, I fear.” Oh! my beloved friend, do not think any more that I cannot sympathize, and, as it were, go with you in all these questions. Oh, how have I felt them all! And I could wish I were now by your side, to tell you all more fully than I can write; to hear all, and to love you more than ever. And now, as I go on to tell you why I think you feel so, will it seem to you only a development of my bigotry? God

grant it may not seem so! and may He, who will never disappoint the true, earnest seeker, guide us both!

I believe that, so long as we look to our own actions, words, thoughts, and motives, as grounds of our justification and acceptance with God, we never can and never shall have confidence, or have deep, abiding peace; because we shall ever see so much of sin and imperfection in all these, that the voice of our own conscience, and the knowledge we have of the holiness of God and the requirements of His law, will ever be tormenting. We may keep our views directed so exclusively to His mercy, that, for a while, and at times, we may feel that we have peace; but "doubts and fears" come to disturb and harass the tender conscience and the earnest soul. This is the reason, dear Mary, why I deemed \_\_\_\_\_, with his deep and solemn sense of human accountability, and tender and conscientious spirit, with what I know is his conviction of human sinfulness, to be yearning for a peace and joy which should satisfy his yearning and unsatisfied soul. Oh! it is not because I am "bigoted," but because I have felt, so long and so painfully, such cravings; and I have heard those, who were once Unitarians, confess this as their frequent state of mind, till they learned a different way. Besides, when Unitarians allow such license to speculation, and venture not to judge others as in great error, they unsettle the firmness of their own footing. Perhaps they move, as it were, to seek firmer place, till, lost in their own bewildered search, they feel like crying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" and, "Oh, that I could say with the Psalmist, 'He is my light and my salvation!'" But, without pressing my opinions on this point further, let me turn to the foundation of our faith and hope—the Bible—and its record of holy men. What says the great apostle (2 Tim. i. 12)? "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (And, though on another point, please notice the next verse: "Hold fast.") I have just looked through the Epistles, in order to direct your attention to some of the texts expressing or implying the strongest confidence as to his own and the believer's acceptance; but so much do I see, that I can only beg you to look through them all, with an eye to that point. Assurance of faith! (and was it not needed in persecutions—is it not needed still in self-denying labors?) And the "beloved" apostle expresses this not less strongly, though perhaps less glowingly. And even the Psalmist attained to this; for his delight seems to be in boldly claiming his portion in God, and resting sure in "covenant mercies." Please read carefully the Epistle to the Ephesians, especially the earlier chapters. How clearly is expressed there the

confidence of the believer, and the grounds of that confidence! This it is that takes away the fear of death, which, else, is a life-long bondage; so that the apostle, and, with him, multitudes of Christians, are able to say, "I am confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord." Then read the fifth and following two or three chapters of Romans, and see the ground of peace and confidence (v. 1, 9, 10; viii. 1, &c.), reconciliation by Christ's death, and salvation by His living and mediation. The cross—the cross of Him who bare our sins in His own body on the tree; the cross—to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling block—this it is which is the attraction to the burdened sinner; this it is which makes the Deliverer so precious to those that believe, and that kindles a love stronger than death. Nor does this view make God the Father a harsh Being; for did He not commend His love to us in giving His Son? And so, while He is "fearful in holiness," He is full of mercy; and thus is the law, which our own conscience approves, "magnified and made honorable." And will you still feel, dear Mary, because I thus write, that I shall look upon your "fears, doubts, and struggles with distrust"? for do I not know—have I not experienced them all? I believe they are initiatory to a higher stage, and not "altogether godless." And you could not gratify me more, than by speaking to me freely of these; for, while my views of religious truth are and must be different, and, to my mind, most important, I do think I can see and rejoice in all that is good and real in connection with other views.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Aug. 19, 1853.

\* \* \* The experience of 1852 has been to me such as no language can describe. Its memory can never be otherwise than sad; but I believe such is the renovating influence of a great object, and such God's blessing on earnest struggles, that I shall yet be the better worker in this vineyard for all this. Why, then, should I cherish bitterness against the instrument of God's pruning hand? Though I have had different degrees of pain or ease, it was not till about three weeks since, just before our last communion season, that I knew real peace. Nor is that peace always unruffled. Still, I know its breathings, and now "it is well."

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, Sept. 15, 1853.

MY DEAREST MARY: I have been sitting alone in my study, enjoying the brightness of the autumn morn, while my thoughts

were far over the ocean. Shall I say you were not forgotten? Oh, for that long, long talk you speak of, instead of a few pages on cold paper! I would not, however, for one moment depreciate paper-and-ink talking; it has been one of my best comforts for these long years. I wish I could cover many sheets of paper, not a few in answer to your last most welcome letter, received two days since. But I will at least begin; for when we delay, hoping for time to write a good long letter at one sitting, the delay usually becomes so long as to spoil the best letter, when at last it is written. I should have been very anxious about your health, had I not been gladdened by your letter this mail; and I am truly thankful to perceive that you are improving, though it is not yet complete restoration to health. Do not thank me so very much, dearest Mary, for my "goodness" in writing; for, though I confess I always write with the animating idea that I shall give pleasure to my friend, yet I claim that one half the merit of my good deeds in the way of correspondence should be subtracted, since I have no doubt much selfishness enters into all my feats in this respect. Do I not expect thus to get returns, and ever so much love and "thanks," which I shall be so happy in reading, that, all the while I am writing (probably), I am anticipating this feast to my affections and to my vanity? But a truce to my diffuseness; for I am at the bottom of the first page, and have, as yet, said nothing. It is well I am not in America, where I might indulge freely in scribbling, without fear of "postage"! How the paper would be consumed! and how the stationers would smile on so good a customer! I must commence my letter in good earnest, however, by a protest. You say you "appreciate me fully." I would rather say you appreciate me excessively; for that tendency to "hero worship" which my dear Mary has, is leading her to exalt unduly her missionary friend. Should I ever return, I should fear to visit you, lest the reality—the real C. P. T.—should so shock your ideal—should so disgrace the ideal C. P. T.—that my old and true friend could not but be deeply disappointed and mortified! Seriously, dear Mary, I am pained to see how much you overestimate my moral worth—my moral victories and attainments. My old faults and infirmities still have life; and my improvement, how little and slow it has been! I am, indeed, engaged in a work that is worthy of all your enthusiasm; but how unworthy I am of it, none but God can know. I would say to all my friends, Pray for me, but praise me not; for if in anything I seem to have done well, it is all of grace. The longer I live, the more I feel this. There was much in your letter (as is always the case) to which I would like to reply particularly; but you will suffer me to notice what seems most important, and to reply as

fully as opportunity allows to that part, without feeling that I regard any as trifling or unimportant; for, though you speak so slightly of your own poor letters, they never seem so to me, and are always a cordial to my heart and a stimulus to my thoughts. I was struck by some remarks you made in connection with your notice of "Shady Side" (which I have not yet seen). You say, first, "None but the most gifted (ministers) are exempt from petty trials and persecutions, which might try the faith and patience of a Job. I must venture to suggest that the gifted often suffer most severely from what would try the patience of Job. You go on to say: "The minister has come to be the 'scapegoat' for the congregation—the mark for all to shoot at. No reverence, no regard, scarcely, for the holy office now. It is enough to make one tremble for the future. Where is the material for good citizens or good Christians? If the tide does not turn soon, we cannot remain a prosperous and happy people. God will not and cannot, in the nature of things, bless us." What you thus say is too true; and the causes of this state of things are no mystery to me, and are more and more evident to me. Whatever my opinions are as to religious matters, dear Mary, since 1844 they have been formed for me by no man, or set of books. Secluded much of that time, out of thinking circles, I have had time and opportunity to think as dispassionately as it is possible for one of my temperament ever to do, and I have had the position and the leisure for looking out on the world of intellectual and religious activity. I wish—oh, how much I wish!—that we could have a long talk together—that I could tell you all I think and feel about this and kindred subjects! How coldly, how imperfectly can I express my sentiments on paper! And when I dissent from you—as I must widely do sometimes—I fear my old friend will impute it to the narrowing influence of Episcopacy; whereas I know I never had, in America, half the breadth of mind or heart that I have learned to gain in this land of my exile; and, the more consistent my views of the church become, the more do I appreciate its blessed influences—the more earnestly do I wish that I may in all things follow the path marked out by my beloved church. Look at the Prayer Book; study it, and say if one whose character was thoroughly formed after that model would not be lovely in beautiful consistency and adjustment of Christian graces? Excuse this long digression (as it seems), and my egotism. I have consciously indulged in it, because I have determined that to you I will write with something of the freedom and diffuseness of conversation. My old friend must not lose knowledge of me; and this is the best way, it seems to me, to bring ourselves into something like contact of mind.—But to go

back to your quotations. Do you not see, in the state of things to which you allude, the natural result of the leading principles of [—] theology? Have patience with me. I will not be impatient if you do not agree with me for some years yet; but agree with me you will, some day! "The result," I repeat—the unavoidable, natural result of [—]\* principles! Do you ask what principles? Many. First, that excessive egotism, and that pride of reason which exalts itself above the Bible, and thus above God. The expression is not too strong. Read it again, and take it with you, and at your leisure watch and weigh. True, they are fighting, as they think, the very battle of truth with error—of light with darkness—of freedom with slavery—of God with all evil. But what then? God must be such an one as themselves; if not, they are ready to reject that precious revelation given us in the Bible. They say, "This and this my divine humanity rejects; this and this do violence to my moral sense." Is it not so? Are there not thousands—and not a few calling themselves Christians, and some calling themselves Christian ministers—who esteem themselves wiser than the blessed Son of God? The whole theory is "development"—development, not, indeed, of the Newman, Puseyite fashion, but development in the opposite direction. Instead of studying the simple truths of the Bible, each individual is studying himself—seeking out new inventions, expecting to improve on the Bible—in fact, "exalting himself above God." There is no reverence for the "sacred office," because they have no belief in any sacredness of such office. Any claim of that kind at once rouses their opposition. The church itself is to them, or to too many of them, but a matter of expediency; creeds embodying the soul of Christianity are a troublesome and hateful fetter; the soul, they think, is so much superior to the body, that no body is at all needed for the soul. They are always talking of the spirit of Christianity, and quoting as gospel the motto of that arrant Deist, Pope: "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right." A man may believe or say what he pleases; his doctrinal opinions are of little consequence, so he is "in earnest"—so he has the "spirit of Christianity;" as if the spirit would not quickly evaporate without the material to hold it. Yet, with all this arrogance, in each claiming the "divine right" to sit in judgment on the God who made them, they are excessively modest in contradicting the "inspiration" of some kindred seer. They humbly say: "I cannot pretend to have arrived at the whole truth yet; but only I have glimpses of it, and I watch reverently

[\* The omitted word, for which is substituted a dash enclosed in brackets, is *not*, as many readers might suppose from the context, "Unitarian."]

for more light from my fellows"! Tell me not I exaggerate, for my own ears have heard, as well as my own eyes have seen. Such was the cant to which I listened, in 1843, from a man whose "spirit" is in many respects truly beautiful, and therefore his teachings more dangerous, till my weary, sickened soul was well-nigh lost in horror, darkness, and despair. I wanted the help a sinner must have. I had lost my way. I tried to follow these new lights, but it was an *ignis fatuus*, that left me in darkness and in the wilderness. And had not God, who causes "light to shine out of darkness," shone upon me with His glory and grace, as seen "in the face of Jesus Christ," where had I been now? Oh, how feebly does my heart and life thank Him for His wonderful goodness to me!—But I am wandering. "Heresy" is a word that must not be whispered in the meridian of Boston. Oh! no. "What is any mortal, that he should dare call his fellow mortal to account?"—should dare to be positive in his convictions of truth? But the apostles had a definite idea of the gospel, and they would have "dared" to arraign an "angel," could he have preached another gospel. The church (I use the term here in the popular sense) no longer holds the first place in the minds of those who call themselves religious people—nay, of some who stand up as ministers for Christ. I could quote pages in proof of this; but one that occurs to me shall suffice. It was spoken at a centennial—at a large gathering of all living generations. Alluding to children, the speaker says: "They spoke of what is to us (and I may say it with due thought)—what is, without reservation or exception, the most pure, most Christian, therefore most powerful institution in our midst, worth all the rest ten times repeated. The most pure, powerful Christian institution in our midst—the public school—better and stronger than constitution, law, or church"! Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon; for this is not defeat from open enemies, but this is insidious treason from false friends. Ah, tell it not in Gath, that a man who stands up and claims to be Christ's minister—who stands up and claims to break unto others the bread of life (though he is only giving them miserable husks)—that a man—— But I forbear. The thought fills me with horror. What! place public schools above the institutions of Christ! But listen; you are not quite on the top of the climax: "You may say that, without these last (that is, Christian institutions), public schools would never have been. Be that as it may, it will not be the first time that the child has been better and nobler than the parent, and become, in turn, guardian, support, and protector"! "Protector"! Where, where is the Founder of the church, that He has nothing to do even in "protecting" it? This is Rev. ——— speaking; and

thousands imbibed his pernicious poison without knowing what it was. Why! is he not an accredited physician? and so men take his medicines, and find, at length, their health gone, and know not what has done it! And there are hundreds of (so-called) Christian ministers like him, and many who, like Theodore Parker, are more open, but less dangerous. It is not because they are Unitarians, dear Mary, that I thus speak; it is because they are "false teachers," of whom it is not too much to use the strong language of the apostle, that they privily bring in "damnable heresies." The Bible says there may be, there can be such a thing as heresy—fatal heresy. Listen to another exponent (and here I do not mean Unitarians) of that set of principles that loosens the foundations of religious truth—that is, subjectively, in the minds of men; for, objectively, truth is eternal, unchangeable—yea, He who is the manifestation of the truth, and the fulness of the Godhead bodily, Jesus Christ, is the "same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Blessed truth! He is not merely a human being, that He should repent. But, according to one of its most eloquent admirers, Dr. ———, what will be the result of this system? It will be a dissolution of "the old unity of orders and authorities," and the reorganization of Christendom into a unity, not of form, but of practical assent and love—a "commonwealth of the spirit"!—a "world-wide brotherhood" in unity of "moral ideas"! "Practical assent" to what? To the glorious axiom, probably, that nothing is absolutely and objectively certain and true, but that anything may by possibility be evolved as relative truth! Oh! was it for this that God sent prophets and apostles, and, most of all, His dear Son, that blind man should still need to be searching for light and truth in a dark well? I use the words "blind" and "dark," because the Bible uses them in describing man's mind and heart, and because I see foolish men groping and searching in themselves for what they need and must have, and yet never find, till, in utter despair and confession of weakness, they look up, and behold (oh, how blest that hour!) Him, who is "the Way, the Truth, the Light, the Life." Surely, none can come to the Father but by Him; yet how many are saying, "Lord, Lord," who have not learned the first lessons in His school, though they use freely a certain vocabulary, and talk of Divine philosophy. You say, "If the tide does not turn"! And what is to turn the tide? What shall stay the flood? Not they, surely, who are glorying in its onward course! Not they who see not, and will not see whither they are being carried! Or if, at last, the eyes of these should be opened, they must turn to sources they have hitherto despised for the succor that is needed. Oh, that they might indeed see and seek that succor before it is

too late ! But much I fear that he, who lives to see the last year of the nineteenth century, will see [———] what Geneva has been for the last half century. Yes, start with horror, surprise, if you please ; but remember what the last half century has done, and remember that things go on now in the ratio of geometrical progression. I know that from 1825 to 1835, or even to 1840, Unitarians, and those who felt with them of all names, were accustomed to exult in the triumph of liberal principles, in the working of the new leaven, in the freedom of human thought ; but the few sober ones of that clique who remain, I believe already begin to hold their breath in anxiety as to whither the tone of public feeling and opinion is carrying them. Thus did the philanthropists and Girondists of France exult and dream, till they were swallowed up in the gulf their own eager hands had opened. But, as my dear friend reads all these thoughts and feelings imperfectly thrown out, indeed she will sigh, and say : “ Alas, that the friend I have thought so large-minded should be thus narrowing her view toward the dark past ! ” I could wish not to pain you thus, but I must speak out my earnest convictions. I have come to them slowly, but I hold them more firmly for that. And as the apostle earnestly denied being mad, so must I earnestly deny being narrow in my views, except that narrowness which belongs to those who seek to walk in the narrow way that leadeth unto life—the narrowness that can trust but one Teacher, even Him, of whom it is said, “ He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” Yes, I do turn to the past—that past, when Jesus taught, and with authority ; when the apostles were filled with the Holy Ghost, and were made overseers of that flock which the Shepherd had “ purchased ” with His own precious “ blood,” and which that Shepherd, departing, did not leave defenceless, undirected. I go back to the past, to the church of the martyrs and confessors of Christ, and I find there all that is beautiful in form, all that is healthful and animating in influence, all that is life-giving in doctrine, all that is needed to cherish the spiritual life that Christ alone can impart, all that can be desired to form a growing and consistent Christian mind and heart and character. That all its members are holy in life or correct in their teaching, is more than can be said, or than could be said in the best and purest days of the church. But you will tell me that \* \* \* But, wherever and whatever the error may be, [———] is passing on through Genevan stages. But I spare you. Do not, in anything I have said, deem me personal ; but these are my views in general, to which I am happy to make individual exceptions. You, my dear Mary, reverence and love the Bible, the only guide or light in a dangerous world ; but you will see many who per-

sua<sup>d</sup>e themselves they love it, while they only love the image their own intellect has placed there. You also, evidently, are tried with the deceit and falsehood of a deceitful world. Ah, Mary, did you know half the bitter things I could write of those most bound to deal well with me, you would have caused to think you could never confide in any mortal. And my whole nature would have turned to bitterness, were it not for the sweet thought that this is a world for which the blessed Savior was content to die; in which He was content to live many years, and which He now constantly intercedes for, and blesses with a love rich above our highest thoughts. Shall I then suffer myself to be conquered, and to be driven back into my little self? No; I will pray, and ceaselessly strive to love on, to labor on.\*

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### CHAPTER III.

SEPTEMBER, 1853—DECEMBER, 1854.

Engagement to Rev. Cleveland Keith—Sketch of Mr. Keith—Battles between Imperialists and Rebels in and near Shanghai—Destruction of part of the City—Alarm of the other Missionaries, who take Refuge in the Episcopal Mission—Marriage with Mr. Keith—Sickness of her Husband—Glowing Eulogy on the Episcopal Services and Order—Review of her Life in China—Notice of Mr. Keith.

FROM REV. CLEVELAND KEITH.

Shanghai, Sept. 19, 1853.

DEAR SIR: You will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from a strange hand in this far-off land; unless—as I very much suspect will be the case—you should read your sister's letter before mine. In that case you will not wonder that, having had the great pleasure of knowing your sister, of loving her and being loved in return, I should wish to say a few words to you as her nearest and best-loved relative. Your sister, sir, has no doubt, in past years, attracted much admiration from many, and won the deep love of some; but I may venture to say, that none of them have loved her more truly, more devotedly, than I. Thrown with

[\* Some (brief) suppressions have been made in the above letter—a liberty I have nowhere else taken. I could not omit so remarkable a letter; yet I have not given the writer's full thought on the subject. The sharp-sighted theological reader will be at no loss in discovering to what she refers.]

her more or less for nearly two years, I could not fail to admire many of her noble qualities. But, in the midst of many opposing influences, and misled as to her real character by the opinions of others, and the reflex influence upon herself of misjudgment in the midst of great sorrow, it was not until the last two months that I learned to appreciate and to love her as she deserved. Knowing her, I could not fail to love; and that love has been so happy as to obtain a return. I trust, sir, that event will make us not only acquaintances, but friends; and that you will never have any occasion to be sorry for the day when your sister was engaged to

Yours sincerely,

CLEVELAND KEITH.

Rev. WILLIAM C. TENNEY, Northfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Shanghai, Sept. 19, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER: A few days since, hearing there was an opportunity for the mail, I hastily closed my letter, and will not open it, but proceed to write you another, for I have much to say. The regular mail is in, but many of the regular letters are missing—those from the Mission Rooms and yours among the number. I have written, and shall send by ship the first opportunity, a letter giving a full account of many things I have hitherto kept from you, and especially the history of 1852, and bringing up matters to the present time. You will in due time receive it, doubtless; but, in the mean time, I cannot be content to keep you in ignorance of a most important event. In my last, I could have confidently spoken of its almost certainty; but disturbing influences coming, I preferred to wait till all was sure. The enclosed, in a strange handwriting, which I am sure your curiosity will impel you to read first, will tell you what I have written fifteen lines without yet saying! And I am almost doubtful whether, in the mouth of two witnesses, you will be able to believe that I am once more beloved, and happy in loving. Mr. Keith this evening handed me the enclosed note for you. He has just left me; but I cannot close the evening, and go to my slumbers, without recording for my brother the intelligence. I believe you will rejoice in it, but that you will also tremble, remembering my past sad history. You will, however, infer from the note that this will be no sham; and when you read my long ship letter, you will see that there has been much to test affection, and, having been tested, it is the more worthy my trust. But you will wish me to describe more particularly the person to whom I have again entrusted my affections and my earthly happiness. To begin, then, in plain English. You do not need me to tell you, I suppose, that

Cleveland Keith is an Episcopal minister, and a member of this mission. He is the younger of two brothers, the son of Professor Keith, formerly of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Alexandria, deceased some twelve or more years since. Their mother died when they were small children, and their second mother's death also preceded their father's. You see, therefore, he has known what it is to be alone in the world. In person he is just my height, has hair and complexion much like my own, blue eyes, near sighted, and wears glasses, like my dear brother. His mind is highly cultivated, and his tastes are intellectual naturally, so that we are prepared in this respect to enjoy each other. He will love to have me go along with him in all his labors in intellectual sympathy, and he will enter into all my more humble labors of the same kind with just the feeling I should always wish him to do. He was religiously trained, and his character is thoroughly, consistently, and beautifully religious. His temperament (if I may speak in this manner), like mine, inclines him to religious subjects; and with him I shall find that constant, intimate, warm religious sympathy and interchange of feeling that my nature so much craves—yes, and needs for its health and prosperity. In disposition he is cautious, reserved, and, what is almost a defect (though it is beautiful to me), too little self-esteem. He is a man who thinks for himself, and is very firm in his opinions. He is not a man given to many words, though he can talk when there is occasion. He is very industrious, and conscientiousness in everything is one of his most striking characteristics. It is now nearly two years that I have known him; and, though I did not have any particular liking for him, on account of his prejudice against me, I always admired his consistency of character, and that, wherever he was, he bore with him the impress of the servant of God. He is not subject to extremes of feeling, like myself; never so gay, never so cast down, but always cheerful. His characteristics seem to be just such as mine need in order to my life-long comfort and improvement; and some of my characteristics are such, I hope, as will give him peculiar satisfaction. He is remarkably neat and methodical for a gentleman, without having the least particle of fussiness; and I must tell you that—it is so long since you have known me!—I am as orderly as dear Kate could have wished me to be. Oh! how naturally a feeling similar to those I used to have after my parents' death sprang up in my heart—namely, the thought that would seek expression thus: "How Kate would rejoice in this event!" But she needs not earthly joy now. And last, but not least, Mr. Keith has seen and knows my faults, and has had the opportunity of looking at them through all the harsh judgments of others, as well as with his own

perceptions. Through all this and over all this, he loves me, and therefore I can trust his love without one fear that I shall be betrayed, and again left in desolation. He has never thought or called me "angel" or "perfection;" but he does think me an earnest-minded, Christian woman, whose aim is to do right and to be useful in the world. You perceive, I have not gone into any ecstasies or descriptions of my feeling for him; but I have taken great pleasure in writing this full account of him, both because I knew you would wish the fullest description, and because I am sure you will see in it the elements of such a character as you will be able to believe will make me happy, and in him such an one as you yourself would love, and love to call brother. His parents were natives of Vermont. His education was received partly at the North and partly at the South, though he has spent a large portion of his years at the South. On important questions, such as church and slavery, our views harmonize, though, perhaps, not exactly identical. In this union I shall have the climax of what all my life I should have preferred—namely, a minister and a missionary. And I am in the work and in the field which I should choose to be. You, my brother, I know will rejoice with me, though it fixes my lot far from you; for you feel, I know, as deeply as I can, that life is only valuable as we live for a great object; and that to be near our friends, or to enjoy their affections, will not entirely satisfy the heart, though, in the weary warfare of life, we need such comfort and refreshment. Thus, you see, God has been very good to me—better than my hopes; and oh, how much better than my deservings! By trial He was preparing me for what He had prepared for me; and, though there is still something of trial around me, I am confident that even that (though it is not joyous) shall work for my good. You know my exceeding proneness to excess in emotion, and exceeding joy might, as in past times, be dangerous for me; and therefore a kind Father tempers it, that it may not injure me. The sharp anguish of 1852 has doubtless left its mark on my features; but Mr. Keith says he would prefer the Carrie of 1853 to the one of 1851, for he is sure that the trials have been good for me. Thus, my dear brother, it has proved true that it was darkest before day. You would not have believed such a dawn was preparing for me! Shall it not be a lesson (oh, how hard to learn it perfectly!) to trust God for the future? I know sister Lizzie will sympathize with you, and with her far-off sister, in the subject of this letter; and you will both rejoice that I shall at length know the joys of home, the shelter of a husband's love!

## TO MISS ALMIRA OSBORNE.

Shanghai, Oct. 1, 1853.

\* \* \* As this letter will be so old when it reaches you, I do not feel like writing much; but I will proceed, however, to record what will doubtless be of some interest to you—viz., that at this moment there is a brisk cannonading going on before the city of Shanghai, at the southeast. We live on the river, three miles distant, and can see the smoke of the besieging fleet, and hear with perfect distinctness the continuous sound of the guns. Twenty Chinese guns are not equal to one of those of the Western nations; but still there is already considerable bloodshed, and many are wounded. It is thought, however, that the rebels will continue to hold the city. I suppose you will have seen that the occasion of this attack is, that the city has revolted from the Tartar emperor. Of course, there is much and increasing distress and want among the poor.

All the missionaries who lived in or near the city have left their residences, and most of them are here with us; for we, by the sad fact of the absence of the Bishop and Mr. Syle and family, have considerable vacant room. Our school goes on as usual, but preaching is, just now, impracticable. \* \* \*

Indeed, dear Almira, I shall get out of patience with you (you know I never had much to spare) if you do not become a better correspondent. I shall give you up, and fix my hopes in that respect on Dennison. Come, make a rule, and keep it. Indefinite resolves to do better seldom are of much use; and I do want to hear oftener from friends I love so well. Ask cousin D. what he thinks, and what he will do on my behalf.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Oct. 3, 1853.

\* \* \* How much better is God to me than my own wishes! His mercy snatched me from certain and life-long unhappiness. \* \* \* If you knew Mr. K., you could never be tempted to fear (as I almost think you may, considering past betrayals). He is no meteor-like, impulsive genius. In most things he is, I believe, slow in coming to a decision; but he is much slower in reversing a decision once made.

## TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Shanghai, Oct. 3, 1853.

MY DEAR SISTER LIZZIE: In my last I did not answer your kind note of May 29th; but, now that another of June 25th has

arrived, and with it the good tidings of your safety, I must certainly inflict on you one of my notes. \* \* \*

I rejoice, my dear Lizzie, that a babe is in your home—a well-spring of joy, a constant sunshine. I am glad, especially, that Isabel will have something young to love. The only sad thought is, that it will never know much of me.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Nov. 17, 1853.

\* \* \* Mr. Keith has got up an admirable phrase to describe the way I work. He says I work with the feeling that there is a "steam engine after me." I laughed heartily at the idea; but it precisely describes the feeling. Occasionally, by a desperate effort, I stop the engine, and the period is memorable as one when I had no steam engine after me. I know it is not the best way of working; but really, there is so much to do in this world, so much work of every kind, that I cannot help it. When one thing is accomplished, I see ten more rise up to be done. Mr. K. is very moderate on principle, and it is really refreshing to me that he moves more slowly than I do; though he would not be characterized as at all lacking in quickness.

*November 18th.*—I have a headache to-day, my brother; but I must write, for I cannot help it—that is, cannot help writing, or doing something to "work off" my excess of feeling. For you must know that, last evening, at four and a half p. m., the long-expected box from my Brooklyn friends came to hand. And what a box! and what children we were (for we all "count" on enjoying together the opening of our several boxes), and I the most of all! If I thought before that my Brooklyn friends were exceeding kind, and if each year has surpassed the previous one in the testimonies of thoughtful affection and care for me, still more is this box a rich feast to the eye and to the heart. I only wished that some of these friends could have witnessed (invisible to me) my enjoyment, and that my dear only brother, from whom I have been so much separated, could have shared this pleasure with me. I know you will love to have me write about it; and I cannot do better than to commence with a quotation from Dr. Lewis's letter, which, with twelve others, came in the box. [Here follows a long and interesting quotation, succeeded by a description of the useful, tasteful, and most acceptable presents.]

I think you have not forgotten how eager and excitable is your sister's nature. It was dark before I got a good look at everything, and then I hastened to devour the letters. But the best was after tea, when the lamp was lighted, and my study was quiet. I had one with whom to read over and talk over all these

letters, and all these good things—one whose love is better than all earthly gifts, and which heightens my every joy. As I said, all I wanted was my dear brother; for never can you be forgotten. The thought of you is a part of my consciousness.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Nov. 12, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND: As you would expect, the Celestial Empire does not hasten her progress.

Before this reaches you, you will doubtless have heard of the revolt and siege of this city. For some weeks after that event all was quiet; but at length, what is called an "imperial army," from Ching Keang Foo, the city which has been so long in possession of the rebels, and which the emperor's force have been so long besieging in vain, came in clouds to the rescue of this city. Waving of banners, brandishing of spears, firing of their rude cannons, robbing the defenceless, and torturing the few captured—of all this there has been plenty; but real fighting, very, very little; and the city is just as securely in the hands of the rebels now, as it was six weeks or two months since. The deposed ruler of this city and vicinity is making every effort for his master; for he knows that his own life, and that of his family, will be the sacrifice if he fails to recover the city. The rebels, having purchased some old opium ships, and other foreign vessels, to lie off the city and defend the weakest part of the wall (which lies on the river), the ruler above alluded to also bought several opium ships. (Lest you should not understand what we, alas! know too well, I must say these are unseaworthy ships, that are kept anchored about twelve miles below here for "receiving ships," to smuggle opium conveniently.) This same energetic ruler also sent below—that is, to Macao and Canton—for war boats; and about thirty, confidently reported to be piratical craft, have come to his aid. With all these, an attack was made, a few days since, upon the rebel ships, and upon the city. The ships were quickly taken; for wind and tide were very strong in favor of the imperialists, while the rebel ships were poorly manned. But the firing from the city was so brisk, that the imperialists, with their prizes, were glad to get out of reach of the balls. The mode of attack on the water is quite piratical, a kind of ball being thrown on to any vessel within reach; so that, if it ignites after being thrown, it is impossible to breathe the air; and all that men on such an ill-fated vessel can do, is to throw themselves into the sea. These balls do not set the vessels on fire; and when the smoke clears away, the assailants at once rush over the side and take possession. The whole action was not more than a mile above us, on

the river, and could be distinctly seen in every movement from our houses, even without the aid of a glass. When all was quiet on the water, we saw the smoke beginning to rise beyond the city, and it was not long before the whole east and south suburbs were in flames; and, as that vicinity contained many storehouses and lumber yards, the conflagration continued several days, and the destruction of property must have been very great. Last night a party of the imperialists entered the foreign settlement, with spears, banners, and matchlocks lighted, firing up the street through which they were marching. But a few foreigners fired on them, and each shot killed its man, and the troop got away as quickly as possible. They thus learned anew that foreigners do not waste gunpowder and shot. Our own place of residence is more remote from these imperial soldiers, being separated by a stream of water of considerable size. But it is decidedly unpleasant to have such people about, and to see pirate boats quietly anchored in the river. The worst is, the shots of these people go so wide of the mark, that the accidental mischief is likely to be greater than the precise injury intended. Cannon balls and bullets of various sizes have not only fallen in the premises, but penetrated the houses of several of the missionaries living (as most of them do) just outside the city walls.

*November 21st.*—The arrival of the box by the “Alabama,” containing so many proofs of affection and so many letters, was like a visit from dear friends. I read and reread all the expressions of kindness and love, till I could not find another line. \* \* \*

The night has closed in dark and stormy, and the imperial fleet, which lies just below us on the river, has sent two of her smaller boats into the creek still nearer us. Doubtless the object is shelter from the wind; but I did not like to see them coming so close to us. Even the very distant idea that we might be treated as many harmless country people have been, is somewhat fearful; and they have it in their power to rob and annoy us as they please, before assistance could come to us. But I hope they will continue to think it best to let foreigners alone. In the distance, at the suburb of the city which is nearest to us, a bright conflagration relieves the darkness, while it adds to the horrors of it. The imperialists are destroying yet more, and hundreds of people to-night lose their homes. The darkness, the flames, the vicinity of a lawless enemy, our remoteness from the foreign settlement and the ships of war, combine to give me a feeling of insecurity I have not previously known. But I know who has said: “All power is given Me in heaven and in earth.”

*November 29th.*—Things here remain as they were; the pirat-

ical junks line our river bank, and the army remain encamped. The rebels are as secure as ever in the city, and fighting goes on in the old style—that is, fighting furiously one day, and then resting for many days. \* \* \*

Such is the nature of the Chinese mind, and its habits of no thought, that the opinions of the emperor as to religion will be of greater consequence. It is more difficult in this nation than in any other to work up. The people look to their ancestors, their rulers; and, if these adopted Christianity, the people would be inclined to think of it. As it is, “the old custom” is good for them. It is impossible to describe how their system of study, as well as their rules for ordering manners, tends to keep this nation from the least advance. The classics, and their maxims, are to this people what the Bible is to Christians. Who could be so bold as to question the holy sages? is their feeling; and the other strong feeling is, that there can be no wisdom superior to theirs. These sentiments and habits of mind they acquire from the earliest. But were the powers—the emperor and the rulers—to accept a different doctrine, I believe it would arouse the people, many of them, as from a sleep. One would suppose that the Chinese style of study and manners was invented for the express purpose of dispensing with the higher exercise of the mind. To fill the memory with thousands of words is the high ambition, and to know how to put them together again according to a certain style. The other faculties sleep on—are never aroused—the use of them unknown. The translated addresses of the rulers to the people are often the most pompous and profound nonsense.

*December 10th.*—This week another exciting battle occurred in full view of our dwelling. On Wednesday, about two P. M., the piratical fleet got under weigh, with wind and tide in their favor. I saw them as they were passing up; but, not caring to spend the time watching their movements, went to my study. Soon I heard heavy and frequent guns, and saw the Chinese rushing hither and thither, as if to see some great sight. But as sights and sounds are not uncommon these days, I continued my employment. At last I was called, and, ascending quickly the veranda, what a sight met my eyes! The whole suburb of the city, from the extreme eastern around to the northern suburb, was in flames; and on the river near us hovered the destroying fleet. They had landed, and fired the houses by throwing hot fireballs among them. As they were thrown, they looked like meteors against the dark, wintry sky. The flames were raging furiously, and a strong southeast wind was carrying them over toward the whole city, and even toward the foreign town; while the reckless pirates were pursuing their work of plunder.

Most of this, as, indeed, all other suburbs, had been deserted; yet there remained some inhabitants, and these were to be seen fleeing for their lives. Some, I am told, were burnt to death, and others were doubtless killed by the random shots. During all this time, the heavy cannonading from the rebel battery just on the river bank, at the east suburb, continued, and it was evident that their shots told on the attacking fleet. This is a most important position, which the rebels still hold outside the city. It defends a weak part of the wall, annoys the imperial fleet as they pass and repass, and facilitates the receiving of supplies for the city, as the rebels command the whole street leading thence into the city. It was not long before our eyes and ears told us that some vessel had blown up; and we afterward found that the two vessels that had advanced on the battery, with the expectation of storming and taking it, were utterly destroyed. The remaining vessels, after hovering near the scene awhile, as if to enjoy their own cruel work, dropped down with the tide to their former place of anchorage. Most mournful was the sight to see the devouring flames, and to know that the poor, as well as the rich, were rendered destitute. The suburbs of the city, being on the river, are places of more wealth and business than even any portion of the city within the walls; and now, what a scene of utter ruin! Very many of the assailants, among whom were some foreigners in the employ of the old Government, lost their lives, while only two of the rebel soldiers were killed. But we often hear of sad accidents happening to the innocent and neutral, the sick, and often persons in their own houses, killed by these uncertain and random shots; and there is no reason to expect a change of this state of things.

*Saturday, December 17th.*—To-day we ladies have visited the scene of the late destructive fire. It has been a beautiful day, and so still that we did not apprehend any danger. Except for the gateway of the temple of the "Queen of Heaven," which yet stands on the brink of the river, and for the immense incense burner, some twenty feet high (for burning incense), you could not believe that this space was, a few days since, covered with houses. The poor and the beggars have carried off whatever wood or iron remained, and nothing is to be seen but an extended plain of broken bricks. We approached the walls, where, at that hour, the marketing was done, and saw the men on the walls raising and lowering baskets. The sentinels could be seen at every loophole, looking very safe and triumphant. Passing on, we came to the "Little East Gate," opening on the street which leads down to the rebel battery. Here the gentlemen stopped, and inquired if two or three persons could not, on the morrow, go into the city to look after the poor converts. It was answered,

inquiry should be made, and they should know in the morning. As they gave us permission, we walked down-street to the battery, viewing the ruin which cannon shot had made of the houses, and remarking at almost every window a soldier stationed. Arriving at the battery of mud bags, we went around and viewed the guns—an Englishman who favors them, and who has heretofore suffered much from the imperialists, leading the way. Their guns were well placed, and they had secured not a few valuable ones from the two burnt vessels, and had, in consequence, extended and strengthened their battery for another attack. It was curious to have the men greet us and reply to our questions in English. Not one there, probably, who could not talk the "Canton English." Though they were very civil to us, we were very glad to leave them.

*Monday, December 19th.*—Yesterday, and the day before, some of the missionaries were allowed to enter the city. They found the various dwellings more or less penetrated with shot and cannon balls, but they represent the city as in good condition. Rice is cheap, and men are at work in their shops. It will be more hazardous hereafter to enter, as the imperialists have erected a battery on the bank of the river opposite the rebel battery, and balls are constantly flying in both directions.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Jan. 28, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of November 4th, with its sad tidings, has just reached me; and what shall I say? You do not need me to assure you that you have my deepest sympathy, and that my tears mingle now with those you have shed for the dear little one who has passed away! This will reach you when time will have somewhat allayed the sharpness of your grief; and I will not, therefore, give expression to the thoughts and feelings that would otherwise flow to my pen. \* \* \*

My translations are in use, and, I trust, will be useful; and, if my health is spared, I hope to be far more useful than I have ever been, and increasingly so. The field looks inviting. I see much to do. I mean to have at least one female day school, and hope to go on with study, and little translations to some extent. I am convinced that the female character generally lacks method; and if I can only attain method, I can do fourfold what an extempore way of living could attain.

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, April 10, 1854.

\* \* \* You ask if I shall now be more useful in China than in America, and how I can be useful. To the first question

there can be, it seems to me, no absolute reply in one word. By the blessing of God on the faithful discharge of duty, there are many positions in America where I might, in all probability, have been very useful, and, comparing visible results, perhaps more so than I ever have been or could be in China. As a married woman, also, what I do will seem to be less than when single. But, omitting preliminaries and general observations, I will try to answer your question. You know, my duties here have hitherto been to teach three hours a day in English, to have a constant supervision of half the school (*i. e.*, twenty-five or thirty boys) and to provide their clothing, and to attend to the giving out their clean clothes every Saturday. This "clothes-room" business is a very heavy one—the heaviest, most wearing part of my duty (though it does not seem to be missionary duty—does it?—any more than keeping house); but the Chinese cannot be trusted, if one would train them to anything like cleanliness. I say "anything;" for the Chinese, though said to be civilized, are more uncleanly than you ever imagined, even by glimpses at Irish hovels. Besides the duties above mentioned, I have made it a duty to study Chinese with a teacher daily, and have been translating some simple books for the girls' school; and I have endeavored, by letters to the church in Brooklyn, to excite and maintain an interest in our mission.

Well, I "calculate" that "housekeeping" ought not to occupy more of my strength than the teaching and the care of the boys did, so that I shall still have time to improve in Chinese, and do something at simple translations, to write just as many letters, and to have a girls' day school constantly under my care. A girls' day school is on this plan: Some twenty or thirty girls are collected, by giving them daily a few "cash" for rice money. They study, with a teacher that we hire for them, the gospel in the colloquial (not the classical), the catechism, and perhaps some simple geography, if they remain long. They are also taught to sew; for, poor as Chinese women may be, they only know how to spin and weave, and cook the food for their families, and patch clothes a little; none of them know how to make their own clothes, except their shoes and stockings. With us, these day-school children are every Sunday brought into the chapel, and see and hear and understand something of the worship of the true God. Of course, the more care and time the foreign teacher can give to any particular school, the more probability will there be of the profit of the pupils. Sometimes these pupils attend school a few months, sometimes a year or two; and, as they disappear, one might feel the labor lost. But it is not so; the true gospel is thus taught in some measure, and sent to the hovels of the poor.

Such a school as I have described costs about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five dollars per year. We are obliged to allow "cash," else the parents would keep the children at home to pick cotton, or to do whatever little thing they could. In connection with such a day school, I wish to try to itinerate among their parents; but I am not confident about this, for there are great difficulties connected with such an effort.

Well, here is my field. Is it not worth cultivating? \* \* \*

We missionaries are all in one cluster now. The other night, the gentlemen all held consultation in our parlor, with guns in their hands, which they had procured from the ships. A guard of soldiers had been sent over the two previous nights; but it was thought that the knowledge that we had firearms in our houses would be sufficient safety at present. After all this, Mr. K. came to my study sitting room, with musket and shot bag, to stay for a moment, as we had scarcely seen each other half an hour for several days.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, April 14, 1854—2½ P. M.

\* \* \* Well, they have come; and how good it is to see them all, it would be impossible to write. While they are refreshing themselves with dinner after their ship fare, I will betake myself to my pen, and write to you, my dear friend. How I wish I could sit down and talk with you! But since I cannot, will you let me write some of the thoughts and feelings that mentally I so often address to you? \* \* \*

I used to feel that I would spend my best strength in China, and then return to my native land; but I now feel that, come what will, China is my home, and its interests seem to be more on my heart than ever before.

Mr. Keith and Miss Tenney were married on the 27th of April, 1854, in the chapel of the mission (Right Rev. Bishop Boone, who had just returned from America, officiating on the occasion), and immediately took a short marriage excursion to Ningpo.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, June 12, 1854.

\* \* \* Your mention of people who open their eyes when they discover that your missionary friend is an Episcopalian, reminds me of an old lady who said that "really she didn't wish to say any harm of any one, but she had heard that the high and

mighty Episcopalians had a church in New York, and it was said that they wouldn't allow the Savior to enter there, if He were to appear on earth again. She believed it was called the Trinitarian Church" (Trinity Church, N. Y.). And there are thousands and thousands of people in New England who feast on Henry Martyn, Buchanan, Legh Richmond, on Scott, Newton, and Hannah More, without once knowing or thinking that they were "Episcopalians." A good "orthodox" uncle of mine once told me he thought Episcopalians and Unitarians the same—not worth a choice between them. So the people of New England have something yet to learn; for that is a very common idea. \* \* \* Look for the lights of the church, her scholars, martyrs, and confessors. Examine what the Church of England has really done; and, though she has most abundant reason to blush, surely, by comparison, there is no cause to shrink from the test. But I have said more than I meant, and this shall be my last; so let me add one word more. You are mistaken in thinking me shut up in my own church here. All the denominations of Christians are around me—Baptist, Methodist, Sabbatarian, Independents, Plymouth Brethren, Presbyterians, &c.; and this—not my isolation—this it is that helps to deepen my convictions that Christ's church is one fold, and that there are many in "schism." It is an old-fashioned word; but, as a "liberal Christian," you will not blame me for the exercise of my observation and judgment and reason.

## TO THE SAME.

Shanghai, July 20, 1854.

\* \* \* Yesterday an article happened to catch my eye, commencing thus: "Bayard Taylor, writing from Calcutta, says: 'There are two schools here, under the charge of the Scotch Church. Neither of them, I believe, ever has made a single convert.'" The editor of the paper making this extract gives, below the quotation, a letter from the teachers of the schools to a minister in Scotland, written in answer to some inquiries, in which it is stated that these schools have furnished several preachers, some of whom are very acceptable even to English congregations; others are usefully and honorably employed, and in all the higher classes of the schools are baptized boys." These are the people who go home, and say: "Oh! we have been on the spot; we have seen; we heard those who lived there for years, and they all say so," &c., &c. I would risk thousands (were I in the habit of betting) that they had never conversed with a missionary half an hour under a missionary's roof. This same B. T. was here, and at Nankin, a year ago last April, and, in company with the officers of the ships of

war, called here once, stared at us as at some wild things, said nothing, and went away. Now, what would his testimony be worth, should he send home a paragraph saying he had heard of no success, and he had visited the missionary establishments, and that those persons seemed to be living very much at their ease?

## TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Aug. 2, 1854.

\* \* \* May I ask for a long, old-fashioned letter from you? It is asking too much, perhaps; for you are very kind to write me so regularly, and one is usually much occupied in autumn. To-day completes four years since my arrival in Shanghai; which time has all been fully occupied in labor, except the usual holidays, and six weeks at the time of my marriage. My bodily strength has been constantly laid out and much taxed, and my mental labor has been constant, except six months of the year 1852, when I studied but little. But the year 1853, and to the Bishop's arrival, last spring, I studied and worked as I never did before, and as I am almost afraid I never shall again. I felt my strength failing last winter and spring; and this summer, with its intense heat, seems to have exhausted all my energies. For the last few months I have not been able to study at all, but have been compelled to reserve all my strength for teaching. We now have vacation of a fortnight. I hope the rest and cool weather will set me up.

But, though I have given the strength of an unusually vigorous body, and the thought and effort of my mind, I have come far short of duty in faith, prayer, patience, love; and it is my earnest desire and constant effort, as God shall give me grace, to grow in love for these poor heathen, and in faith in a faithful God.

## TO MRS. WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Shanghai, Sept. 2, 1854.

DEAR COUSIN FRANCES: The far-famed wise man, who "cut off his own nose to spite his face," we have all heard of. I am tired of following his example, and therefore, notwithstanding your persevering silence, I once more take my pen to address you. Where are you? How are you? What are you doing? I have almost lost sight of you! I know, my dear, ever kind, loving, and much-loved cousin Frances, I know that you now have several absent children to tax your pen, and, as ever, numerous claims upon your time, day by day. But could you not, once a year, find time for a letter to China? Must I, as years roll on

(and nearly five have now sped since I left America), find my letters no longer numbering five or more a month, but only one, or not even that? Must I, whose thoughts day by day revert as fondly as ever to the loved ones I left, at length admit the unwelcome conclusion, that I am fading from their memory? Will you, as some of my other friends seem to do, suppose that, now I have one friend here dearer than all else, I shall not care so much for letters? True, I may not be so lonely or so distressed in their absence; but I shall lack the lively enjoyment an affectionate letter never fails to give me. Dear Frances, you, who would so freely give me hours and days of your time were I in Brooklyn, can you now find no evening for one whose habitation is so far removed, and whose home is among strangers in a strange land?

But enough on this subject; it is the last time I shall dwell upon it. Should you write, tell me all about your whole family.

And now a word for myself. I have not enjoyed anything like my usual strength for a year past, though I have kept on as usual with all my employments till this summer, when (though relieved of the outdoor cares of my school matters, and having only my class to teach, and therefore more time at command) I have been able to study but very little, finding that the most exhausting labor I undertook. I am simply run down; and, were mountain or sea air and rest possible here, I should soon recruit. But then, I must rest; and that is so hard to do, when there is so much in the language which I need to learn. But rest, I am convinced, I must have here (I mean as to any effort outside of school duties), or else find myself exiled to America for it. And "exile" it would be to me now, so accustomed have I become to the hope and plans and joys that belong to China. I find the little time I have to give to housekeeping always beneficial, as compelling me to gentle exercise. I have one servant who cooks and washes (and the washings in this climate, where gentlemen are all in white for six months per year, are necessarily large), and another servant who washes dishes, scours knives, &c., and a woman servant gives me an hour every day. The customs of China, and a residence here, are such that, when single, I was obliged to have one servant besides this woman. It is much cheaper than putting out washing. A manservant here costs from three to four dollars per month, and finds himself. My domain consists of three rooms and a pantry and closet, and a kitchen, storeroom, and sleeping room for the servants out doors. I sit so much in Mr. Keith's study, when out of school, that I scarce seem to need a parlor; for I have less company, and visit less, than anybody else in the mission. Indeed, I have no strength to spare that way.

You will excuse my writing so much of myself, since you won't give me anything else to write of. \* \* \*

And now, good-by, dear cousin. Whether silent or otherwise, you will ever have my frequent remembrance and warm affection. With love to all, believe me ever yours,

CAROLINE.

P. S.—A woman's "P. S." is not the least important part of her letter; and I hear you saying: "Why don't she write me about Mr. Keith?" Because a small sheet won't hold much; and I should want it all for that subject, if I commenced! You may be assured, he is to me one of the best and kindest in the world; and all the rest you must imagine, till you see us.

TO WILLIAM T. CUTTER.

Shanghai, Sept. 29, 1854.

DEAR COUSIN WILLIAM: \* \* \* The slaves and the Nebraska bill seem to be making great work in the United States. I only hope the North will have the proper spirit—not a childish rage, but a lofty and determined purpose to have a free soil at any cost. But to bluster, and then to play into the hands of the South, is far worse than to be silent. I am deeply interested in the issue of the present crisis, though I am so far away. \* \* \*

I will not add more now, because I am going to write a little more to coz. Frances, and a letter to Mary. Ever your affectionate cousin,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO MRS. JAMES P. ROBINSON,

(Then of Brooklyn, now of Sacramento, Cal.)

Shanghai, Sept. 29, 1854.

MY DEAR COUSIN MARY: When I left America, I should not have premised that the cousin who would have written me the most fully and frequently would have been yourself; yet so it is, and I am much obliged to you, and grateful for such proof of your affectionate remembrance of me. \* \* \*

You do not need that I should say, dear Mary, how much I was gladdened by the intelligence your letter afforded me, that you were indeed seeking to follow the Savior, and setting your affections upon things above. May you be indeed strengthened from day to day, and, by the blessing of God, become useful in the church of Christ. When you wrote, you were just commencing, and you felt your weakness, your need of strength, of coun-

sel, of light. You will find all you need, dearest Mary, in the word of God. Look not too much to other Christians—not even the dearest, and, as you think, the best; but go in simplicity to Him who is “the Way, the Truth, and the Life.” You will never go in vain. I trust you have been enabled so to look to Him, that you have not become weary, but have gone from strength to strength. If you have health and opportunity, go out among the poor, especially on the Sabbath, in those Union Sunday schools. Oh, were I there again (how often, as I look back, I say to myself), how much more in earnest should I be! I would much enjoy an interview with you now; but, as that cannot be, I can only pray that you may become greatly blessed, and a blessing to all around you. Your first thought of usefulness must be to your husband; your first, best prayers for him. My kind regards to him, and my best wishes for the best welfare of you both.

TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, Oct. 7, 1854.

MY DEAREST MARY: Your kind letter of January 31st to your dear “Tenney” was received a few days since; and her successor and representative hopes to make her place good as a friend and correspondent. I hope that the old sneer, “Married ladies are always poor correspondents, and drop their former intimacies,” will never be justified in my future conduct.

I am writing from the sickroom of my husband, where I have been kept most of the time for the last four weeks. [The attack was severe, protracted, alarming, and Mr. K.’s recovery slow. She speaks of two sick servants, and one of them was also “grumbling and lazy.” In one sentence she says: “All that I could desire now is, health for us both to labor here in China.”] \* \* \* I was much interested in your politics. My brother and you, and the *Tribune*, of which I had received two or three numbers by the same mail, were all on the same key. I sympathize in the feeling of the Northern people, but not in all they did about it. I hope it will not end in mere talk, but that they will see to it that such rulers are chosen as shall not play into the hands of the South any longer. I must say, I would choose deliberate dissolving of the Union, before such continued support and extension of slavery.

TO MISS GOODRIDGE.

Shanghai, Oct. 29, 1854.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE: I feel strongly moved, this bright, sweet Sabbath morn, to say “How d’ye?” as we meet on our

way to church. We used to do so sometimes, you know. But it is Saturday night with you, and, perhaps, weary, you are gone to your slumbers; or else you are gladly anticipating the coming Sabbath rest in that little chamber over the entry. I am glad I was in that little room, though but for a moment, for now I always think of you there. This is a calm, soft autumn day, and comes to me and mine loaded with blessing and richest mercies; and, were my heart grateful and loving in proportion to what is bestowed on me, how glowing it would be this morn with praise, thanksgiving, and love! My dearest friend, whose tender love and care and sympathy and counsel are my daily happiness and blessing, has been brought low repeatedly with severe illness; and not only was *I* anxious, but all his friends, and the physician. Thus early was I reminded that there is a worm at the root of every earthly joy. But he has been raised up, and is now able to attend to his usual duties, though not yet free from trouble in the seat of the disease. Still, the complaint seems now under the control of medicine, and there is good hope for his perfect recovery. My own health is more vigorous than it has been for more than a year past, and far more so than during the last summer; and I hope, therefore, to do a good winter's work.

P. M.—Your letter, having arrived the day before yesterday, is so fresh in my mind, that I have thought of you a great deal to-day, and have sat down to chat a little more with you before I go to my Sunday class. You mention attending the Episcopal church in Boston, and remark that we should have “sympathized, at least, in the enjoyment of the sermon, which was excellent;” and you add, the “prayers were well and feelingly read.” Now, as you love me to be frank, let me sit down by you in your little chamber, and talk to you a little about what I enjoy most in my beloved church; yes, and what you, my dear C., would enjoy too, had you only a loved Episcopal friend near you to open your eyes and ears and heart to what is offered in the services and order of our church. Now, I am not expecting or wishing to proselytize, nor argue, but only to explain a little, on the natural principle and feeling that we love to have a dear friend enter into our feelings and reasons for what we admire. You will not misunderstand me. Come with me, dear Charlotte, to my own Episcopal church. I will not ask you to admire the pure, white dress of the minister we see within the chancel, though I see there a fit emblem of the purity and holiness which should mark him who ministers in holy things. I did not always like that dress; but now it is a remembrance to me. But this aside. You will kneel with me, I know, in silent prayer, and, invoking the Searcher of hearts, you will feel that it was well thus to impress your own heart by the out-

ward posture and mental prayer. As we rise, the voice of God in His word is heard in some of the select sentences: "The Lord is in His holy temple;" or that other, which must so often have healed the bleeding heart of the penitent: "If the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," &c. (and other sentences which you can read for yourself.) Then, are not the exhortation and confession just fit for sinners? Imagine a thoughtless one arrested by this admonition, and the penitent pouring out his real sorrow before God in those words of humble confession. Oh! Charlotte, that is a confession it is good to use twice, yea, thrice a day; it is good to say it, and never forget it. Do you learn it, and see if the use of it does not become sweet to you. And then, the words of the minister, declaring God's willing mercy. Now we will join, and say, "Our Father." When we rise, I am sure we shall feel that glory is due to the holy Trinity, and rejoice to join in that ascription of praise. And then, dear C., where shall we find any hymn, any uninspired composition, sweet though many are, which can so well express the full heart's gratitude, as "Oh! come, let us sing unto the Lord," &c.? I do not know that you will like the responsive reading of the Psalms; but I know I always find it sweet to go along with the Psalmist thus. It was in something responsive, you know, that the Psalmist had them used. After that, I am sure our souls will be melted and yet raised by that almost unequalled "Gloria in Excelsis." It has often thrilled my soul as no ordinary hymns can do. God, not our own feelings, is the subject. Then we shall listen gladly to a portion of Scripture from the Old Testament, and not tire. (Believe me, there is a dearth of Scripture in the services of the numerous denominations of the present day, and people look beyond, impatient for the sermon.) And now, if you do not with every power join in the glorious "Te Deum"—the most sublime of all uninspired hymns—I cannot say anything to help you. How the devout soul is lifted, and often rapt in those sublime strains! The greatness and eternity of God, the worship of the heavenly hosts, the holiness and majesty of Him who is Lord over all, the company of the faithful dead and of the saints on earth, the cloud of witnesses, the person of Christ, the office of the Comforter, the salvation purchased at such cost for sinners, the humble confidence of Christian faith, the trust in God's mercy—all, all in rich fulness is before the mind, and swells the heart in those noble words. Just look again at the "Te Deum"; what an epitome of Christian faith and of Christian feeling! Shall we now be weary, or not wish rather for the words of the gospel? and, when the New Testament has been read, will it be an idle thing to the Christian to stand up and confess his belief? and will

not his heart be touched anew as he confesses Him who was "crucified, dead, and buried"?—But I am becoming diffuse, and must hasten, while I fain would loiter. It does me good to dwell here, and I only yearn that others should learn to enjoy it as it can be enjoyed, and as I have been sometimes privileged to enjoy it. I used to hear people speak of "the service of the Episcopal Church"—"our church," as its members would say. But I heard them with suspicion of cant, or else with wonder at the power of early habit. But surely, with me—with many—it is not "cant," nor "the power of *early* habit," but, rather, the power of a deep devotion and chastened adoration in the very spirit of the whole service, that moves and wins and fixes the soul of the worshipper. I would like to linger on each separate collect and prayer in our morning and evening service, and point out the fulness and completeness and depth there is in them to my mind; though to yours (I know from my own past experience) they may seem broken and disjointed. But I must pass on to the Litany; only, in passing, must beg of you to notice the "Prayer for all conditions of men," and the "Thanksgiving"! Could thrice the number of words include more meaning? And for the Litany—have you ever joined in it with all your heart and with your voice? Let us do so. And can you find any need of human misery, any petition of human weakness, omitted in this unequalled composition? The evils of the heart are there spread out, and the mercy and compassion of God constantly implored. Oh, that I could live as in that Litany I pray! After a Psalm in metre comes the "Commandments"; and if now—as I used to do—you think them needless in the service, you will not after a while. You will feel that it is good, on your knees, to hear, "God spake these words, and said;" and you will feel your need to pray, "Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law!" Dearest Charlotte, are you weary? I will not believe it, for you say you love to have "an open-hearted letter"; and here is one in which I have poured out the deepest feeling of my heart. My attachment to the service and order of my own dear church grows with every year of my life. If you have not a "Prayer Book" of your own now, procure one for my sake, and explore its treasures. Take it to that "little room over the entry," and let it be a companion there, to speak for itself. Look at the order of the ecclesiastical year. Advent—Christmas—so joyous, so real and realizing (if I may use such terms) to the earnest Episcopalian! Then the period of Lent; then the glorious Easter, &c. It seems to me there is much in the order of our church to keep the religious emotions fresh, by continually bringing into recurrence the great events of our Christian record. Look, dear C., at some of the collects; for in-

stance, that for the first Sunday in Advent; the second, the third, the fourth Sunday after Epiphany; the sixth, the next Sunday before Lent; the second Sunday in Lent; the collects for Good Friday, Easter Even, the first Sunday after Trinity, the fourth Sunday after Trinity, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the twelfth, the seventeenth. But I must pause, and ask you to look for yourself. To me there is a completeness and fulness, and often depth of meaning in these, too, which no modern and extempore prayer carries in it. Do not misunderstand this last word. Extempore prayer has its uses and benefits, and I would be the last one to undervalue it; but, dear C., I often am troubled by the multitude of "words without meaning," the swelling expressions that good men fall into in their extempore prayers. It seems to me, our church prayers are in this like the Lord's prayer—that they are simple, quiet, but oh, so full of meaning! I often think that there is a somewhat similar difference between the prayers extempore of the present style and the prayers of our Prayer Book, that there is between the fashionable religious books of the day and the simple, quiet style of the Bible. I do not mean to hint, by this remark, that our Prayer Book has the least pretence to inspiration—what it has of this, is what it contains of Scripture—but only that people of the present day (and perhaps of other days) crave excitement; and the prayers of the church seem tame, and so does the Bible seem tame, often, to those who live on the popular, inflated religious reading of the day. (Of course, I discriminate, but I do think it a characteristic—a strong one—of religious literature now.) Now, dearest C., you know me well enough to believe that I am not writing "at" you in the least word; I am only having a large talk of my own views and feelings; and, though I make a long yarn, I'll rest a long while by and by, and give you leave to have as much. \* \* \*

Now, to leave criticism, and to come back to Boston to church, you see I should expect your sympathy in the services yet more than in the sermon, and consider them the most important and valuable part of the occasion. Scripture is through them and in them all; and the worship of God, not the entertainment of man, is the great object sought. But you will say, "Not entertainment; sermons are for profit." Yes; but humble confession and exalted praise, and the hearing of God's word, is not less—is it?—for profit. "The entrance of Thy word" ("giveth light"); not the curious, though most interesting discourse of man. Now, don't begin to feel bad, and put me down among the "high and dry churchmen," who undervalue preaching. No, I value it just enough; for it is by such "foolishness" that many precious souls are to be made wise. And St. Paul was a great preacher, but

not, I fancy, of the style some suppose. You see, that in all this talk of mine, years have not passed without making their changes in my opinions, and not less in my tastes; and I am an out-and-out, not a halfway Episcopalian! And my friend Charlotte is a devoted little Congregationalist, and I love her very heartily, and I know she loves me; and I trust that, through all the various discipline to which, in the providence of God, we have each been subjected, we may at last meet with the church triumphant, and join in the same service and the same song. So good-by to-night. It is just morning with you, and you have awaked to welcome a new Sabbath. May it be one of rich profit and joy to your soul!

## TO MISS ALMIRA OSBORN.

Shanghai, Nov. 1, 1854.

\* \* \* I have now been married more than six months, and go on very much the old fashion. I teach in the boys' boarding school (now twenty-three boys), and I have just had a little room put up to open a girls' school (day school), and, when I have strength, I study. But here is the rub. Oh, for the strength I had ten or twelve years ago! I find study exhausts me most, and I shall be obliged, I fear, to give it up, if I expect to keep on teaching. That tires me, too, if I have dyspepsia on me. I love to write as well as ever (though I am married), and I do write, I believe, as much as ever I did, for I still have many correspondents; but I have to pay for it by a weary back and throbbing head. You see, I can't be altogether my old self, if letter writing and study make themselves thus felt in immediate exhaustion of strength.

I am often so tired by dark, that I go to bed as soon as I can. Many a day passes that I do not read ten pages, for I am too weary. I used to tell aunt I was sure I should "always read"; and, had I more strength, no doubt I should, though it is also true that books have lost their freshness. I see mainly old ideas in a new dress. The world has not anything very new to me now. Besides, the duties, the hard work of life presses, and there is no time; so it is well there is less eager desire to read books. Yet, when I feel strongest, it is astonishing how the relish of old employments returns; which relish seems gone when I am feeble. When I say "feeble," it is only by comparison with what I used to be, for there are few ladies here who enjoy better health than I do. I am never sick, and never strong, and often weary, weary, so weary! Mr. K. does all he can to keep me in check, and, did he know I was writing now, would groan: for he saw I was tired when I came in, and I have yet to teach three hours.

TO MRS. SUMNER.

Shanghai, Dec. 28, 1854.

MY DEAR AND STILL FAITHFUL FRIEND: Many thanks for your long and kind letter of August, which came to hand last month. My hope was exhausted, though not my love. You know I do not abound in hope—much to my loss, ever! But I have always been so happy as never to doubt your love for me, though distance and time and silence separated us. You loved me, I always felt, differently from any one else; and I felt that such a love would endure. You understand me, and I need not explain. Oh, that I could see you, and, throwing aside the cold, slow pen, speak with living and rapid utterance! Time has checked the ardent manner and feeling that once belonged to me; but, could I see you, I think the “wonted fires” would live again, and I should forget that change had passed upon me. Soon will be completed a period of eight years since I parted from you. What years they have been to you, to me! Sorrow, trial, joy and victory, peril and succor, chastening and blessing, toil and weariness—all these, and more, have been ours. But I must not, here and now, linger at length on the past, for there is too much in the present—and, may I not say, in the future?—to leave me time to speak of all; and I must make choice. I wrote you before leaving for China—did I not?—and then again, and once more, nearly two years since, the February of 1853. We have heard of each other, doubtless, in the interval. Cousin Mary Robinson spoke of an interview. When you were writing me, last August, and addressing me as the very same “Carrie” of olden time, I had been married four months. Ere this moment of my writing, you have doubtless heard something of it; but I think I hear you say, “Tell me all about it.” Well, then, to begin. As you will suppose, when I came to China, it was with the idea of never marrying, as I wished ultimately to devote myself to a school for girls here. Several opportunities occurred to test my mind on the subject; but in each case I should either have been obliged to leave the missionary field of labor, had I changed my mind on this point, or else I should have become attached to some denomination of Christians I did not prefer. These cases, therefore, never called for much serious consideration. However, in time my way to the post I had coveted, as devoted to the instruction of girls, was closed, in a way which left no one to be blamed. My position was then as one of a corps of teachers in an Anglo-Chinese school for boys. This is a good field for labor, which I had been happy to occupy in the idea of a future more devoted to the girls of this part of China. It was a field where I could constantly

labor, especially as it allowed me time and some strength for other departments of useful labor.

As it happened, however, one of our own mission, who had come out the year succeeding that of my departure for China, felt himself in need of a companionship that mission bonds merely would not suffice to fill.

You, my dear friend, knowing my almost, if not quite, excessive yearning for sympathy, for some one friend near me with whom I can have more than common unity and communion, and bearing in mind, moreover, that all my habits, manners, tastes, modes of thinking, and most of my opinions, are after the "Northern" style, while, on the other hand, the excellent people around me were all Southern—I say, knowing all this, you will not be slow in imagining that I too often felt alone. You do not need many words; you see it all. Enough to tell you, that, in September of last year, I was engaged to be married to Rev. Cleveland Keith, of our mission. The Bishop being then absent in America (as well as the then superintendent of the boys' school), our marriage was not to take place till the Bishop's return, in the spring ensuing. The intermediate winter months passed quietly, busily, swiftly—and, shall I add, happily? In the day, with our usual labor; in the evening, with work, studies, and reading; so time silently sped away, till the Bishop's arrival in April—as it happened, on Good Friday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Boone, the superintendent of the school, by the Chinese convert, Mr. Tong, and by two single ladies, Misses Wray and Conover. After Easter, the preparations for the wedding were commenced in earnest, and the day was fixed—Thursday, April 27th. The Bishop was kindly desirous of giving me a handsome wedding; and as it is not often that marriages of missionaries, who have not been previously married, take place on missionary ground, the occasion promised to be one of pleasant interest to the whole missionary corps of Shanghai. Mrs. Boone, sister of Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, accustomed to affluence, is, moreover, a person of refined and elegant taste. One of the newly arrived ladies, from an old family of Georgia, and an artist of considerable talent, gave an air of elegance to everything she touched. There were two others also, not deficient in taste and skill. For myself, my hands were busy with school matters, and in giving some attention to the tailors, who were completing my dresses. It was the season for flowers, and the drawing room at the Bishop's was most beautifully arranged. I was unfortunately sick for some days previous to the 27th, and could not even go over to get a peep at all the pretty things, which, on the occasion, I saw as though I saw not. We went to chapel (our neat chapel for the Chinese), where were

gathered the various schools, numerous Chinese, and a select number of friends. On leaving chapel, we went to the Bishop's, where, at 7½ o'clock P. M. (the ceremony was at 6½ P. M.; it could not be later, as it would have been dark, and the chapel could not be lighted; besides, I had a fancy for sunlight, and it was at sunset), the guests assembled—all the missionaries and a few others, to the number of sixty persons. Everybody's face shone with pleasure. Perhaps you will say (for I see you smiling), "It was but the reflection from the countenances of the happy pair." Be that as it may, everybody "enjoyed themselves" and the occasion. Mr. Keith's friends amused themselves that his countenance, naturally very grave, should be so radiant with joyous expression; and, *sub rosa*, I was myself at least half amused. But I must check myself; for, though I might whisper, if I had your ear, some more particulars, which might provoke a smile, I must not write them. But what was the surprise of the assembly, who were pleasing themselves amid the brilliant lights and flowers of the large drawing room, to hear the full burst of music. The band of the United States war steamer "Susquehanna" was kindly offered, and stationed in the large upper passage. You may imagine how much music added to the charm of the place and hour. About nine o'clock we all went below, to partake of an elegant collation. Would you not have liked to see it all, as the sign of the fresh budding of heart joys, and the emblem of a bright and cheerful future?

The 29th we left for Ningpo. We were absent about four weeks, and, about the middle of June, commenced housekeeping in our own home.

Of late I have spent considerable time in going out among the women of the neighborhood, and the hamlets near. But, except that I feel that it is the right and good thing to do, I should feel little satisfaction in it. The poor are always busy; or, if not, quite worthless as a general rule; and, when they have satisfied their curiosity with looking at foreign dress, and listening to a few words of Jesus and the God who made them, they go their way, desiring nothing better than to burn incense and to pay offering to the merciful lady (the goddess Kwa-Yung), and to bow at the shrine of their ancestors. And here I may notice, by the way, our acceptance of the common idea, that the Chinese are so reverent to parents. In fact, the Chinese parent has less influence over his children than the Western parents have; for they have not the same Christianized conscience and sensibilities to address themselves to, but the laws give more power. In fact, children may be, and are, as disrespectful as you have ever seen those at home. Still, custom gives the old paternal grandmother, as well as the father, great place and control, and it would be a disgrace

not to burn plenty of incense before the tablet, and not to place there the daily offering of rice. The most undutiful children are as often punctilious about the rites after death, as the most dutiful could be. While the rules for the care of relations, especially poor ones, as inculcated in the books, are very kind and good, the fact is (and what else would you expect, unaided as their nature is by gospel motives and sanctions and influences?) that they are left to neglect and suffering here, as well as in Western countries, and probably to a far greater extent. Rules do doubtless mould the external—the manner; but only true religion can train the heart.

All this, "by the way," has led me into a wide field of discourse, of which you can have enough from others, and from books; and I will return to my own story, and talk of myself, as there is no one else to do that.

You see me then, a married woman, and in China; a wife and still a missionary; still turning, as ever, the most affectionate and loving thoughts toward some in my native land, and kind memories to many; but not so lone as once. The yearning for affection, which every human heart knows (may I not say just in proportion as it has been bereaved?), is satisfied in the devotion and ever-ready sympathy of one, who is ever near to care for and aid me. I anticipate the question, my own dear, true friend, you would ask—you who have ever been a faithful, yet tender searcher of my spirit—and I answer, Yes. I answer, that marriage has proved to me far more full of blessing than I had imagined. Probably my views of it had insensibly become changed and sobered somewhat since you knew me, years ago, though it would be impossible for me to define as to the nature or extent of that change. But I must tell you more particularly of Mr. Keith. He is younger than myself, is grave in mind and manner, even in spirits and disposition. He would be, everywhere and at any time, a conservative by native temperament and mind. He loves study, and is more of a student than a preacher. He is what you would probably call a high churchman; he goes for that among the rest of the mission, who are generally lower. (I use current phrases, though I dislike them, but they are convenient to represent my meaning.) I am looser in my views, and my nature and early habits will probably prevent my holding just such views as one trained from childhood in another way would have. The difference between us could not be put into words, because I am convinced you wish to see him to whom I have promised so much. Will it seem like vanity or self-praise, if I say he is generous to a fault, yet careful and provident, exceedingly conscientious, and (if ever it could be said of a mortal) without a particle of vanity, yet not insensible to

what is due to self-respect? Another trait is almost a defect, yet to one who knows and loves him, can scarcely be thus looked upon: I refer to a sensitive, shrinking nature, which would avoid contact with the world, and, when wounded, if not too severely, retires into itself. From this you will also infer that Mr. Keith is one who loves home, as the sweetest refuge in the world; and I may add, that he is the gentlest and tenderest of husbands. Not that he has not a will and way of his own (as the word "gentle" might seem to contradict that idea), but that, in any hour of pain, mental or bodily, the sympathy and love is so quick, so gentle, so tender. I love him very much, but he exceedeth.

Now, dear friend, this letter, as you will suppose, is not for any and every eye, though I leave it entirely to your discretion. I have alluded, too, to my work, because I know that you would like to hear that I am still a missionary in fact. I have never wished to return to America to remain, though, in some hours of trial, I have had ideas, and even plans, of leaving this particular field. But I have ever accounted it as among the very greatest of honors and privileges to be called to go forth to labor among the heathen. And I trust it is a frequent subject of devout thankfulness to me, that I am spared with so good a measure of health still to labor here. I have had the hundredfold in this life already given; and, through the grace of God, I hope not to fail of what is better than all this world can give, even life eternal.

Mr. Keith has been engaged for more than a year past (not his whole labor) in a translation of the book of Genesis into the colloquial of this dialect, and expects to see it in print in a week or two. And he is much interested now in the experiment of putting the sounds of this dialect into Roman letters for trial into our schools. The experiment has been tried at some other ports (for other dialects) with much success. Children and ignorant persons, and those who have not much time to give to study, can, in this, soon and easily learn to read words, which are such as they daily hear; while it would be out of the question for them to attempt to learn to read by the Chinese character, or in the high-style books. Fancy a poor child in America getting his knowledge either through Latin (the high style), or by a set of stenographic characters to the number of five thousand.

I also have my plans as to some simple books for our schools; and, should life and strength be spared in China even for five years more (five years are nearly complete since I left America), we may each and both hope to accomplish threefold more than in the preceding years of our life here. It is pleasant to have one's hands full of labor, and to see this field opening wider before us,

especially if there is a tolerable measure of strength to meet the demands of the case. \* \* \*

But why place one's hopes and anxieties on any future in this world? "Our Father's house," our home, is not far off, and is far better. I wonder with you that we are all no more anxious to be there; that we are so apt to be pleased, or even satisfied, with earthly joys.

\* \* \* I trust that the bonds that unite us may never be broken; and I believe that, in thought and memory, we often meet. Adieu, my very dear friend; believe me, in the warm affection of the far-away one, your old friend, with a new name (in part),

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

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## CHAPTER IV.

1855—1856.

Quiet Restored in Shanghai—Letter of Consolation to a Bereaved Friend—Sickness—Housekeeping Trials—Visit to the Interior—Report of her Girls' School for 1855—Report to the Bishop of her Boys' School for 1855—Earnest Plea for China—An Experience of 1848 Recited—Failing Health of Mr. and Mrs. Keith—Defects of Unitarianism—Christ our Redemption, Justification, Sanctification—"Unspiritual Cares"—Embarkation for America.

### TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Jan. 20, 1855.

\* \* \* Mr. Keith is like an argus in watching me, and the alternative is often thus: to give up something I want so much to do, and to which my spirit prompts me, or else distress my dearest friend by persisting. I believe I give up with a good grace, telling him, laughingly, of the fine times I had when "koo neang" (the term here for unmarried women); I could then work myself to death, and nobody cared.

I must add, that, when the newspapers come, I take leave of Mr. Keith for two or three days, counting time pretty nearly as good as lost till he has discussed the news in all his leisure hours (for he doesn't take study time). I have read with great interest Sumner's speeches. Sorry I have not yet had time to examine the *Tribune*, except the proceedings of the American Board, and am well pleased at their movement. Truly, I should have felt the burning blush of deepest shame for a great Missionary Board, largely of Northern men, who should so have disgraced missionary

and Christian principle, as to have done what the craven minority desired. May God have mercy on our country, and direct the storm, which is so darkly lowering! It is so strange to me that Christian men can uphold slavery and defend it! Passing, passing strange it is! To make the best of an existing evil, is one thing; to defend and seek to extend it, is another.

TO UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS (DANVERS).

Shanghai, Feb. 23, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: As these are my (Chinese) New-Year holidays, as usual I take my pen, and away to Danvers, and jog all your elbows—ask you how you do—when you heard last from Caroline—and when you wrote last. I am sure not a day passes in which there is not some thought of you—nay, oftener; my thoughts are many. \* \* \*

You will see, by the papers, that the rebels evacuated the city of Shanghai, and that the imperialists have possession of it. The city was reduced to a fearful state of scarcity, and many must have perished from starvation had the city been held a week longer. The rebels fought their way to the west and south, and some hid themselves in the city in caves and coffins. Numbers of these have been captured and beheaded—nearly a thousand. Some of them were tortured fearfully. The city was fired during the night of the evacuation, and half the city (the best portion) was consumed. An equal devastation of the suburbs had taken place a year since. While we were in a state of excitement and anxiety concerning the city, a report arose that the Canton Chinese here were forming some plot, and it was the general impression among the native Chinese that the plan was against foreigners. Circumstances gave probability to the report: guards from the ships of war were sent to different parts of the settlements. Among the missionaries, two and two, in three watches to a night, were appointed to assist in watching. We lay down to sleep in uncertainty to ourselves, and with the idea of starving people in our minds. At length discoveries were made which threw light on the plan, and seemed calculated to crush it. Then the city was opened, and the guard withdrawn, and we could feel that peace had come. \* \* \*

Mr. Keith watches over me, and restrains me, and moderates me; else I believe I should have been on my way to America now. It is slow getting up hill, and requires patience and moderation. You know, I am not remarkably gifted in those excellent qualifications.

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, China, Monday, March 13, 1855.

MY DEAR MARY: How shall I express the sorrow I feel for you, which your mournful letter of November 13th, this day received, has renewed and deepened? Oh, could I only be near you! I could weep with you; but that I do here, only in this far-off place I cannot listen to your sorrows, only as they come over wide oceans. "O God! comfort her as Thou alone canst comfort," is the hourly prayer of my heart. Yet I feel as though words cannot tell you how deep and tender is my sympathy with you, and with your dear mother, too, bereft after so long and so happy a union. If I could only throw my arms around you, and press you to my heart, that silent embrace should tell you more than many words. As to what your letter tells me of mental anguish, fearful as it indeed is, I feel that I know and have tasted of equal bitterness. You speak to an initiated one. The causes may differ, but the bitterness I have known; the memory of it is even now fearful. The night wakings, how wild they are! the waking in the bright morning, how the heart turns to stone, as the consciousness returns! the long day, as if waiting for some one—the fearful blank—the dark future—oh! I know it all, and therefore my heart aches for you, as I cannot describe. It is folly to come to you in words that would make less of your loss or less of your suffering; nay, it would be cruelty. A shadow has fallen on earth's brightness, that can never pass away, though your present keen suffering may and will be softened by the sure hand of time. It is one of the greatest mercies of God's providence, that time will soothe, will soften the sorrow it cannot remove.

My father was not to me what yours was to you; for long sickness had made him sad, and young children do not love sadness; and misfortune had made him seem stern, and the young are afraid of sternness. But yet, how I missed him as the "mine of knowledge!" how I missed his experience to guide my inexperience! Yes, the year 1838, which took away both my parents, threw a shade over the world, which nothing could ever fully remove. I, too, though to many I seemed to be little depressed, felt life a burden, my loneliness insupportable; and in later years, under different sorrows, wretch that I was, I wished I had never been born. Oh, how merciful is God, that He did not take me at my word, and give me the death I so wished for! And if there is one horror of deeper darkness, more fearful, than another, it is when the human soul strives thus in controversy with its Maker. *Then* we are orphaned indeed, and the whole universe is a desolation to us. But when God gives us

strength to say, "The cup that my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" oh, then we do find a rest for the weary spirit!  
 \* \* \* I said that "a shadow falls upon earth's brightness, which can never be wholly removed." And thus our Heavenly Father, infinite in wisdom and love, saw fit that it should be. He must, in some way, deprive earth of its early brightness, else we could not feel that heaven were brighter. Sometimes, gently and by degrees, He makes us feel that "all is vanity," and sometimes, by a few heavy sorrows, he turns our cup to bitterness. But oh! my precious friend, He does it in love.

You say: "I cannot bring my father back by praying; and what, then, shall I pray for?" Oh! pray night and day that you may receive and improve the affliction as a better Parent, even your Heavenly Father, would have you. Pray for this; cease not till you gain the grace you need for this, your day of deep distress. This I have asked for you often, since I heard of your sorrow; and shall hereafter ask more earnestly, now that I know more of your state of mind. I hope I do not seem to speak as Job's comforters. I know that you feel as the patriarch did, "Was any sorrow like mine?" "Oh! that I might find God; then would I order my cause before Him." I would come to you rather with the comment of St. James: "Behold, we count them happy which endure" (wonderful comment!), "and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." Oh! strive to trust Him. In your deepest agony, say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!"

But, dear Mary, suffer me also to try to believe with respect to yourself. Have you not often coveted to be useful in the world—eminently so; and have you not observed that those who were called, in the providence of God, thus especially to serve Him, have been disciplined and purified as if by fire—yea, often by the furnace seven times heated? In the circle of my acquaintance there is no one so fitted by natural gifts, by acquired ones, by a cultivated mind and a benevolent heart, by a large and admiring circle of friends, by position in society—by all these and more—I know no one so fitted as you are (presumptively) for uncommon usefulness. And may it not be that, by this dispensation, God will lead you nearer to Him—to a nearer knowledge of Himself, and a simpler, heartier desire to obey Him in all things? Do not understand me as interpreting thus early God's providence in this (for I think people often speak presumptuously on this point, even when they mean well); but I only suggest that it may be the very means of your best good, rather than, as your fainting spirit now feels it to be, of your ruin in happiness, as also in mental power. True, it is a fiery trial; but is it not by fire only that

dross can be consumed, and the gold tried? True, the affliction is grievous—oh, how bitterly grievous!—but doth not such work out a far more exceeding weight of glory? Yea, those who have received, and used, and been exercised by them as a wise God and Father intended, shall one day say, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted;” yea, “in faithfulness hast Thou afflicted me.”

But I will not now dwell longer on the mournful theme. Believe in my deepest sympathy, I beg (I know you do), and accept my feeble words of consolation; and do not deem me unfeeling if I still offer words designed to comfort. Sorrow you must, but comfort there is for the sorrowing. The Bible is full of it. I never understood half its richness till I was made poor and sorrowing. You will discover a new nearness in the Bible as a precious comforter. God only can heal. May He be very gracious to you, and to the other sorrowing ones! Mr. Keith, through his interest in you for my sake, and for what he knows of you through me, feels deeply for you; and you have, and you shall have the prayers of us both. He says he “feels like writing to you, yet shrinks from intruding a stranger’s sympathy upon griefs so deep and sacred.” We have talked of you and your home a great deal this year; indeed, I never thought of you more, and talked of you so much, as since I have been married; for formerly I had no one to talk to a great deal; and the more I speak of you, of course, the oftener I think of you. \* \* \*

I can agree, dear Mary, in all you say of your father, that he was thoroughly good and lovely in all the relations of life; and, while I know how much reason you had to be fond of him, I can imagine that his sweet and gentle disposition and his home virtues, his indulgent tenderness, must have attached his family and his children to him in no common tie of reverence and affection. And nothing in life is more beautiful (nothing but youth equally so) than to see a ripe, mild, wise, loving, cheerful (youthful if I may also say) decline of life. Youthful ardor is chastened; its severities softened; its crudities gone, and, calm and wise and good, how safe, how profitable, how delightful to be brought or to live in near relation and communion with such an one! Besides, every year made you more capable of understanding what you admired, and time increased the attractiveness of every virtue. How fearfully and wonderfully indeed are we made! How closely can human hearts be bound up together; and, as you say, how strange it is we can live when the heart is so torn and bleeding!

And now I must say farewell. May God give you so largely of His grace and strength that you may be able to say, as the

Shunamite woman did, even when her only son lay dead, "It is well!" I feel that I have said but very imperfectly what love and tender sympathy and a desire to strengthen and soothe dictated. Accept it as a poor token of the deep love and sympathy of your faithful

CARRIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Shanghai, April 17, 1855.

\* \* \* I must teach school to-day, and I must eat dinner (for I am a poor creature without substantial food), and I must write a (business) letter to Canton, and I will write to you; and it is necessary to get through all by 3 P. M., and now it is nearly 9 A. M. \* \* \* So I have comfortable and wholesome food, and Mr. K. is satisfied (and, fortunately, he is very easily satisfied), I had rather give as much time and strength as may be to something more enduring than eatables. Mr. K. often laughs at me, saying it is ridiculous that one so utterly prostrated as I am without good food should think so little of the art of preparing it.

I like to keep school better than domestic cares. I am very fortunate in having circumstances favor my tastes and habits. I sew less and less, and like it less and less, and any real sewing work tires me. So I take advantage of the tailors (as everybody does here), and the time thus saved I give to Chinese affairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet, after all, were I to lead the ordinary (housewife) life of most wives, I doubt not I should be free from dyspepsia, and never think of anything but that I was as well as possible. The work I do in connection with the school is by no means a small tax on any woman's strength and constitution. And then, considering that year after year of hard work—there is only a vacation of two weeks in summer and three in winter, and no change, no going a trip some sixty or a hundred miles—it is no wonder that one runs down; the only wonder is that they don't run down sooner. Mine is an excellent constitution.

TO THE SAME.

Shanghai, June 28, 1855.

MY DEAR SISTER LIZZIE: I yesterday feared that to-day's mail must leave without bearing a line to Northfield; but, thanks to restoring mercy, I am to-day much stronger, and hope I am fairly mending. For nearly three weeks I have been an invalid, and confined to my room. \* \* \*

I am much relieved, and apparently gaining in every respect, only I feel so weak! It has been the most painful sickness of my

life; for I have been much favored in freedom from sharp sicknesses. Indeed, it is the longest illness, except one in the year 1839. Everybody seemed astonished that Mrs. K. was sick in bed. The thing was scarcely to be credited, for it had not been heard of before in four years; and then no one knew I was sick but our own mission and our dear friend, Mrs. Holson. I have indeed been greatly favored.

In your letter you express the hope that I continue as "happy" as ever. I believe I have not allowed myself (to any one) to speak very warmly of my happiness as a wife. Some of my correspondents rally me upon my silence, intimating that, from my letters, they could not discover that any change had passed upon me. You can comfort my brother that I am getting more reserved. However, I shall confess this much, that I find Mr. K. in fault sometimes. You can judge how much my happiness is disturbed by such a cause, when I tell you that the fault is excessive care of me, and tenderness to all that concerns me. If you do not think me too frank in revealing the distresses of married life, I will add, that every day shows me more and more of his real worth, purity, and integrity, of character. But you will laugh at me, and I'll stop. His delicate health is often a source of deep anxiety to me.

#### TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, July 3, 1855.

\* \* \* Thanks to a merciful Providence, that has prevented me when I should have wrought only ruin and wretchedness for myself had my plans and wishes not been disappointed, there has been provided for me, at a day when I most needed (and perhaps had been by wholesome discipline prepared for) the gift, a friend whom my peculiarities do not annoy, nor my faults estrange; who is as kind and loving as my dreams of early romance ever pictured, and, withal, one who, from a naturally considerate disposition, gives me those attentions as a wife, without which I could never have been satisfied, because to me they are the exponents of lively affection! His considerateness is the quality I most value (I mean, of the every-day virtues, not alluding to principles); and the second year of married life deepens my satisfaction in the lot I have found. I could write a great deal more, but might weary you; and I have written as above, because I know you will have a thousand times more comfort in the idea of adaptation and quiet, deep satisfaction and content of heart, than you would if I were to pen descriptions of the most fervent love merely. I am often disturbed and annoyed at things, and the gentleness and considerateness with which "Cleveland" puts my

vapors to flight, is constantly increasing my love and admiration for him. I am not so even (and I was never preëxcellent in that) as when I began life in China; for I have had trials, whose name was legion, and I sometimes feel as though I could never get back again from the regions of vexed feeling; therefore Cleveland's tenderness and gentleness is most needed and beneficial.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Shanghai, August, 1855.

\* \* \* The great event in the last week, to me, was the departure of the cook, who had been a very good one; but, falling to smoking opium, he spent everything on that, and the money that I gave him to buy things with besides. He charged me almost double price for things, and was deeply in debt, too. So now I have a green hand, and my kitchen, you know, five rods off. Have I ever told you, that, to cook, to wash, and to do the sweeping, washing dishes, &c., requires three servants?—and I have a woman come to take care of my room. For the last there are reasons I cannot fully explain; but partly because sweeping and making a bed are tiresome, and I cannot do both hard manual and mental work. (I am about one third as strong as I was at twenty-one years of age, in New England.) So true is it that "missionaries have many servants;" but they cannot help it. I stood out as long as I could, to my great discomfort.

\* \* \* \* \*

People say it is easier keeping house in China than at home. I only know that I do not think it easy here. But I don't love it, and that's the truth. Mr. Keith tells me I consider eating a necessary evil, and the preparation for it as so much lost time. But what I have, I try to have good. This is a homely and housekeeping letter—is it not?

This is a world of care and hard work; and I do not know how to "shirk" care or labor. But I should feel it almost a paradise to be three months without one care, if I could at the same time think I was doing right. I feel as though ever on the strain to keep up with my work, and should like to lie down and rest. You did not speak of your own health, and I therefore hope you are well, and quite strong again. I have written you a very meagre and egotistic letter; but, such as it is, accept it from your affectionate sister,

C. P. KEITH.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Sept. 6, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours, mailed June 5th, reached me two days since, and contains much of interest. I am much obliged to

you for it. My letters of August, 1854, are an immense loss \* to the world! for I set myself to pay up every possible debt, and wrote for our August mail twelve letters. \* \* \*

A return to America is what we are both far from wishing. We are both better qualified, in many respects, to labor to advantage for the next three or five years than we have been able to do the last. I am as thin as a caseknife, and Mr. Keith is thinner; there you have our picture. The Committee have "ruled" a return, if desired, in seven years; but nobody would desire it without good reason. I have a presentiment that 1858 will see us in America.

#### TO MISS PLUMER.

Taw Tsang Sa<sup>n</sup> or "Mountain of Doctrine," }  
China, 140 miles S. W. of Shanghai, Oct. 15, 1855. }

MY DEAREST MARY: Would you like a missive from the interior of China?—interior, comparatively, for it is not long that foreigners, and especially ladies, have ventured inland from the "five ports." But here we are, a party of four ladies, two gentlemen, and two children, many miles from Shanghai, and dwelling in quiet and apparent safety. And where do you think we are dwelling? Even in an idolatrous temple—the seat of Buddhism. We occupy a large room of the second story, which is divided into three apartments, by numerous shawls and carpets. Not half a yard from my bedside, an idol looks down upon me; and, in whichever direction we turn, our eyes encounter these images of wood and clay.

Is it not strange to think of your friend thus situated? To me the situation seems almost romantic—though very sad; for how can we for a moment forget, when thus surrounded, the darkness and sin of those who bow down and worship here! Ours is the highest of three temples built on the slope of the mountain; and in the one just below us we hear the chanting of the priests three or four times in the twenty-four hours; and people are coming there constantly to burn incense and pay offerings. This building seems to be the home, if I may so call it, of the priests, where they lodge and take their food. In one of the wings attached to this main building are four men, in as many separate rooms, who have voluntarily caused themselves to be shut in for three years' devotion. A small orifice is left, where their rice can be passed in to them, and they spend the day in solitary repetitions of prayers, with the most lowly prostrations. Sometimes they sit and repeat

[\* They were lost in the "Arctic," in the fearful catastrophe of September 27, 1854, by which three hundred persons perished.]

the service, and for hours we hear the rapid knockings of the little wooden hammer with which these prayers before the idol are most frequently accompanied. As I write, another service from the large lower temple meets my ear. It is the chanting of the priests, accompanied by the slow beating of a drum, to attract the attention of the idol, and probably to assist the priests in keeping time. This is a mass for the dead; and the particular one in celebration now lasts four days, and costs the devotees fourteen dollars! To such scenes as these we come for renovated health, which most of us are sadly in want of; but what we see has a depressing effect. Our health demands exhilaration of spirit and light heartedness, and entire change of thought and feeling. Yet, how can a conscientious Christian be light hearted in sight of these heathen rites?

*Tuesday, 16th.*—This morning it has been raining, and it is still wet, so that I have taken my pen to sit down and chat with you, my dearest friend. I could wish for some magic power to bring you here to enjoy with me these scenes, that would be to you so strange and new. Yesterday, we were on the top of the mountain, in sight—so far as the mist (envious mist) would allow the sight—of the Ta-oo, or Great Lake of the eighteen provinces, or China proper. It is only . . . long and . . . wide; but though so tiny as compared with our American lakes, it is the famous lake of China. It, however, has some mountain islands in it, and has storms quite formidable to the Chinese boats. It is embosomed in mountains, and it is upon one of the highest of these I am sitting. Just, as it were, at the foot of this mountain, is one terminus of the "great canal," so famous as one of the great works of China. I considered it as quite an event to have sailed upon it. The valleys amid these mountains are fertile, and, as usual, highly cultivated. Rice is still unreaped. Probably the next crop will be wheat, and the next cotton. It is the rice fields through this part of China, and especially in the valley of the Yangtze Kiang, that makes it so unhealthy to foreigners, and even to the natives, who are far from vigorous, but pale and weakly-looking. There is not much of interest on this mountain, after the monastery is visited. At the top of the mountain stands a pagoda, and, by its side, a grand old tree (but now somewhat injured by lightning) said to be one thousand years old. It is called the "maiden's hair." The leaf is very pretty, I think, and I send you a leaf or two, as I know you love "*curios*." A little child lived there, eight years old, in training for a priest. It was a melancholy sight to look at him, as, cut off, by his destiny to the Buddhist priesthood, from the common relations, hopes, and joys of life, his now animated countenance will become dull and stolid, and he will, in all probability,

go to the grave in ignorance of his Maker and of his Redeemer. Truly we are enveloped in mystery. Whence this difference in our condition?

Low down the mountain we visited quite an extensive house, kept merely in honor of the dead. It contained many apartments and little courts, where were shrubs growing wild, and which might have been made very neat and attractive; but all looked cold and neglected as the house of the dead. A large kitchen, and multitudes of chairs and tables in other rooms, showed that the design was for extensive periodical family gatherings, where there should be plenty of incense burnt in honor of the dead, plenty of eatables disposed of for the comfort of the living. The image of the great man, the high ancestor of the family, sits in state, adorned in the mandarin robes. It was in honor of this mandarin's great benevolence that the emperor allowed his family such an honor. One large room was surrounded with cases (somewhat like the bookcases of a large library) filled with thermometer-shaped tablets—the names, as I understood, of different members of this family in its numerous branches, who had died from time to time, and been honored with an inscription here. I cannot describe a Chinese house to you, the plan is so queer; but I assure you there is some danger of getting lost in threading one's way around it. In some respects it is well planned for the women, who, in good families, live in very strict seclusion. Our houses in Christendom would give little opportunity for this, as now constructed. Courts and flower nooks and artificial rocks and pools and rivulets are contrived for their amusement.

*Thursday, Oct. 18th.*—Yesterday morning, in the midst of a drenching rain, we reëmbarked; and after a dismal day in a close boat, and a night of pouring rain, we have the pleasure of sunshine. But the wind, which was contrary to us in coming, is contrary to us in returning, and we have to be towed along the "Grand Canal." Still, to be towed is something; the motion is about as rapid, and much more pleasant than that caused by the oar of the boat. Perhaps you may not be aware that Chinese boats have but one *oar*, which is fixed and worked at the stern. We pass under many high substantial and truly elegant stone bridges, such as one does not see in America twice in a lifetime, and not often, I fancy, in the old countries of Europe. The arches are bold and graceful, and the bridges are really beautiful objects of the picturesque.

TO REV. DR. LEWIS.

Shanghai, Nov. 30, 1855.

DEAR SIR: To-day completes a year and a month since the opening of the "girls' day school" under my care, and in which

the members of your congregation have so kindly interested themselves. Although I have, from time to time, given you account of its progress, you will like, perhaps, at this period, to have a more general view of its course.

The school was opened October 31st [1854], with twelve pupils; but in two weeks it numbered twenty, and many were refused admittance, as more than twenty would have made the school too large for one teacher. The first put into the hands of the pupils was a Primer, containing the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the translation of the "Duty to God," and the "Duty to our Neighbor" from the Church Catechism. This they were required to commit to memory thoroughly, and to learn all the characters contained therein. Next, the Gospel of St. Matthew was given them, and the Catechism on the Creed was studied every Saturday and Sabbath morning. Next this catechism, they took up the Catechism on the Ten Commandments. Their mornings were devoted to study, the afternoons to plain sewing. Embroidery was taught to those who desired, and there are few Chinese girls who are not anxious to know something of the latter, that they may ornament their little shoes. The teacher was a woman of uncommon intelligence of mind, and very skilful with her needle, and in cutting out and preparing all manner of work. She was quick to comprehend my ideas, and more ready to follow my wishes than I had expected. Male Chinese teachers are not willing to be guided by foreigners in their ways of teaching. Mine was the first missionary school here taught wholly by a woman. For six months, till the reopening of the city in April, the attendance at school was most satisfactory. The progress of the children was good, and their answers to general questions on what they had learned were very gratifying; for, generally, such are compelled to work at home, and only the smaller ones allowed to attend schools.

Up to this time (middle of April) the scholars, with some few exceptions, had gone as far as the twelfth or fourteenth chapter of St. Matthew, and three fourths of the Catechism on the Creed, besides the First Book, or Primer. It will be remembered that all this was committed verbatim, and the difficult characters well mastered by most of the pupils, as a means of reading, not memorizing, future books.

The opening of the city commenced a new stage in my little school. The population, which was crowded around us in every direction, began to scatter, and six or eight of my oldest and most promising scholars vanished. The most unsatisfactory thing is that, in a Chinese population, such vanishings cannot be traced, and are almost always final. There is no searching out the miss-

ing. One or two of these, however, I learned, found their way to other schools in the city, near their own dwellings; but the rest I could never trace, except two sisters, who came back to me in the summer, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak again.

The school was not a very long time in refilling, though with scholars younger in years, and perhaps less intelligent and interesting in mind. Some few of my remaining older pupils gradually dropped off, one being married, and others, being betrothed, went to learn the useful arts of spinning and weaving under their mothers-in-law. The average attendance was very good, however, till July, when sickness began its work. The children were sick, or their relatives at home were ill. Then the teacher herself had a severe fever, and the school was entirely scattered for two weeks, and for two weeks more was in charge of an inefficient substitute. The attendance was seldom more than seventeen, and sometimes a low as eleven: perhaps the average was fourteen pupils. With the autumn months, the sickness of the whole region increased; and when, at last, the scholars were once more all gathered, the teacher was but half herself, so little was there of her usual energy and spirit.

I, too, had been kept from my usual visits to the school by my own and others' sickness, from the early part of June even to September, with some two or three weeks' exception in July and August. With such adverse circumstances to contend against, it will be perceived that the school's summer life, like ours, was very feeble. At last, however, I may report the school as full in numbers, and once more in health and vigor and apparent progress. Of the pupils who commenced study a year since, eight remain—four date from last spring; the remainder are of still later entrance. Three pupils have finished St. Matthew, and five more will do so during the coming month. All these are, of course, familiar with the Catechism on the Creed, and have advanced nearly, if not quite, halfway through that on the Ten Commandments.

The two sisters I had the pleasure of welcoming back are those I spoke of last March as having left for a distant place, and of the older, A. Sin, before her departure, as having begged of the teacher the Gospel and Catechism, that she "might not forget." She, with her sister, came to board near the school, in the teacher's family, though her mother had returned to the city and was living there. It was very gratifying to find how well she retained what she had learned. But these sisters were taken with fever, and went into the city to their mother. After some weeks, as they did not return, with difficulty I sought them out, and was well repaid for the trouble by inducing them to go to the school near "Christ Church," in the city, under Miss Conover's care.

The mother said that twenty "cash" a day (about one and a half cents) did not pay for their "rice" ("rice" is the general term for food), and that she needed them to go on errands for her, and to assist her in various ways, morning and evening. She seemed well pleased when I told her that, though I would be glad to have the little girls with me, they could go to school in the city, and my heart would be equally at rest. So A. Sin goes to the school by the church, and her younger sister will attend, doubtless, when she gets strong, for she had been ill, and was still very pale. (I learn just now that the younger one already attends.) They are bright children, and the older is a girl of uncommon quickness of mind and of much character for one of her age and circumstances. I cannot but hope she may learn to her soul's endless profit.

An interesting little blind girl was in attendance from (about) May 1st to September. I spied her, one day, by the roadside, and led her to school. She did not learn so rapidly as a seeing child, but was not dull, though, of course, her mind had not been exercised half as much as that of children who can observe the world around them. Sickness, as I have said, kept me much from the school, and the scholars lacked the oral instruction and the questioning I had been accustomed to use for their benefit. This I the more painfully regretted, when I found this child was soon to go far away. The mother begged me to adopt her, but there were insurmountable obstacles to my doing so. The little girl earnestly wished it, for the notice I had taken of her had been as a sunbeam on her darkened life. I tried, my last interview with her, to impress on her memory and heart some of the most simple truths she had learned. I shall never forget her sad face as she listened to me; and as she said the Chinese "good-by," I mourned that she was going into deeper heathenism—that, perhaps, no other sound of the truth would ever reach her. I could only commend her to that Father whose "tender mercies are over all His works."

But to return from these digressions. What has been the work of the school for the year past? From the above account you can form your own judgment. I trust the children have, most of them, learned something of the most fundamental truths of our religion; that they are no longer in utter heathen darkness. We know that the word of Divine truth is as good seed, and, if the ground has been faithfully cultivated, according to the laborer's ability, we may hope for a harvest, perhaps twenty or thirty or sixty or a hundredfold. The sunshine and the rain, the dew and the gentle shower of the Divine grace, must come from the "Lord of the harvest."

Humanly speaking, the great difficulty and discouragement in

carrying on day schools is the almost impossibility of gaining influence over the children's minds, over their ways of thinking and reasoning. The Chinese are so alien from us, so very different in their modes of living and acting and judging, that they elude us. There is no contact of mind, and but little of feeling.

It was my hope, in the early period of the school, to gain an acquaintance with the homes of the children. But I have hitherto found this impracticable, though I have faithfully made the effort according to the best of my power. The parents are so shy; they cannot understand or believe in our motives; and, though they are often glad of an opportunity to indulge their curiosity, they do not like to have foreigners come often to see them.\* Still, we must hope that a heaven is at work, and that, from these humble day schools among the poor Chinese, an influence will go forth for good, to enlighten and bless, though our eyes shall not be privileged to behold its results.

Though my letter is already very long, I would like to add a word more as to other day schools in Shanghai. Mine was the third girls' day school, and the first (under the care of foreigners) ever taught by a female teacher. Now there are at least twelve girls' schools in operation, and several of them (four in my knowledge, and all in our own mission) employ female teachers. This, I think, is an advance. To bring out women as useful teachers, will raise the value of education for girls, in the minds of the poor and ignorant. They will see, at least, that it gives a facility in obtaining a livelihood in a respectable manner, and so nothing will be lost, while many advantages will be gained.

I had intended to say a few words as to my plans for the school the coming winter, but must defer doing so to some other opportunity.

In closing, I cannot forbear to express the hope that the interest which has hitherto been felt in this school, among your congregation, may be continued, and that it may still be deemed a deserving object of charity. Especially would I ask that those who give of their means for its support, will not fail to add their constant prayers that the "Lord of the vineyard" may add His

\* In illustration of this shyness, I may relate an incident which came to my knowledge since penning the above page. A missionary lady asked a little girl, whom she overtook on the roadside, near her own residence, "where her mother lived, and if it would not be good to go and see her." The child burst into tears, and cried very much. The lady inquired why she was crying, adding: "Surely you are not afraid of me." "Oh, no!" said the little girl; "I am not afraid of you; but if I lead you to my mother's house, I know she will whip me."

blessing to this humble effort ; that these children, by His grace, may learn to love and to serve Him ; and that in their turn they may be useful to others, who shall hereafter hear from them concerning the true God and the only Savior. With Christian regard, yours very truly,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO ISABEL CAROLINE TENNEY.

(ELEVEN YEARS OLD.)

Shanghai, January, 1856.

MY DEARLY LOVED NIECE : Your little letter of October 6th was received the 9th inst., and read with much pleasure. It was quite a long letter for a little girl, and is written more neatly than any previous one. I hope you will take great pains, for the next five years, to form a handsome style of chirography, because it will be difficult, if not impossible, to do so after that period. I scarcely ever write a letter without regretting that I did not try to write better when I was small. I excused myself because the employment was disagreeable to me. I preferred study. But that was no good excuse.

You do not mention Latin now ; I suppose you have suspended the study, for the piano. You never tell me what you can sew ; do not forget to do so next time. I hope your father will not forget to tell me how tall you were New Year.

\* \* \* You see I am very inquisitive. I wonder you have not any chickens ! I used to take great delight in four young hens my mother once gave me ; but their chickens were degenerate, and did not take the place of the old ones in my affections. Perhaps your father can amuse you by telling you of my white hen, my speckled hen, and two yellowish young ones, and their flying on my shoulder and eating out of my hand. I delighted in cows, too, and the horse ; but I never cared much for cats, and did not like a dog, and would not have been hired to keep a bird. So, you see, my tastes were not very fashionable, and, I must say, not very elegant, in those respects. I had scarcely any playmates ; none that I liked. I hope you are more happy in this respect than I was.

You ask me if I like to teach school. I do not like the thing itself. It is laborious, and trying to the patience ; but it is an important means of usefulness, and I could not be happy if I was not employed for a useful end. Nor, least of all, should I like to teach "such a school," as you say, if I did not love the Master, who calls me to the work, and if I did not think that these poor, wicked, ignorant, degraded creatures might thus, with God's blessing, be saved from ruin, and be prepared to do good to their coun-

trymen. But with such motives to sustain me, I am happier in the work than though I was teaching cultivated young ladies the highest branches of study, in which my taste would delight.

If you could sit down by my side, I should have a great deal to tell of my various scholars; but it takes a long while to write even a short story. It is vacation now, and I am taking a rest; but I have an aged visitor of seventy with me now, the teacher of one of my schools, who, I hope, has become a sincere learner in the school of our Savior Christ. She is very curious in examining all foreign things, and, having looked at your picture, is now examining your last letter to me, and says, "What a pity I cannot read it!" I will try to give the sounds of her words: "Kau-sih! ngoo feh suk!"

Now I have written a long letter, and must break off here to entertain my aged friend. Write very often to your ever affectionate and solicitous

AUNT CAROLINE.

Shanghai, Jan. 29, 1856.

DEAR BISHOP: According to your request that I would make some statement of the condition and progress of the boys under my tuition, and especially for the year past, I have prepared the following sketch: The number of my pupils at present is twenty, one having died during the past year, and one never having returned after the summer visit to his home. The smaller pupils, received from Miss Wray's class at her departure, were, with three exceptions, not previously under my instruction. They now number seven—Ah-San, one of the most promising, being taken away last summer by death after a long illness at his own home. Their studies are simple and few. They read, spell, define the words in Chinese, commit a verse a day in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and give some time to simple mental arithmetic, with writing in copy books. The coming year they will be able to add to these with advantage, some simple geography and exercises in ciphering. Their ages range from eleven to fourteen years.

My other class, now the eldest and most advanced in school, numbers thirteen. Their ages range from twelve to sixteen, two being the former and two the latter age; but it should be remembered, that from the manner in which the Chinese reckon age, this estimate makes them older than they really are, sometimes by a whole year. These boys, with three exceptions, have been exclusively and continually under my tuition in English, since March, 1852. In that time the main work has been to teach them to read and spell correctly, taking them, in the mean time, through Parley's Geography, and a large portion of Emerson's Arith-

metic, Second Part, and having them memorize daily some portion of St. Matthew's Gospel till it was finished.

The labor of teaching Chinese children to enunciate English words correctly, and to read well, is very great: it is impossible to understand how great and difficult, without having made the attempt in a school of boys, many of whom, of course, are only ordinary in talent.

That Chinese boys, generally, seem to progress very slowly in acquiring English, is owing to several causes. They are at a giddy age when they enter school, and they have nothing of the aid of parental encouragement or the influence of any "public opinion" upon them to stimulate them. If they feel ambition, it is to be good Chinese scholars. Besides this, many English sounds are very foreign to their native tongue; moreover, it is impossible to read well what is yet imperfectly understood. And probably not the least difficulty is, that the Chinese have no exercise at all equivalent to what we term reading. Their classics are sung; so are their lighter works. The colloquial tone in reading any book they never use. The whole force of habit, as acquired in Chinese study, is in conflict with what is desirable to produce in the study and use of English. I dwell upon these points, because the difficulty should be borne in mind, when the term of teaching is mentioned in connection with what has been acquired.

This class of boys, during the last year, has given some time to geography, and had an occasional lesson in the simplest facts of astronomy. Besides these, they have had regular lessons in writing, reading, spelling, and defining, the reading books used being "Cobb's Series." But most of their time and attention has been given to the study of the construction and idiom of the English language. They have been thoroughly "drilled" in English grammar, and the writing of "exercises"—the text book used being an excellent English work prepared by Allen and Cornwall. The pupils are required to correct, fill out, or parse these, as the case may require. They have gone very thoroughly half through syntax, and will quite finish the book in three months. They can parse simple sentences quite correctly, if they are not hurried, but are not yet so ready as to parse rapidly. When the grammar and exercises are thoroughly worked up, the intention is to put into their hands the "Young Composer," compiled by the same authors as the grammar, and intended to carry the pupils on to a thorough knowledge of the construction of English sentences. It will also necessarily enrich their memories with a greatly enlarged vocabulary.

The progress of this elder class in English, for the past year, has not equalled my hopes. But as we know that the study of

grammar, even in their own tongues, is found difficult and uninviting to most children, it is not surprising that the acquisition of a strange tongue, so unlike their own, should be a slow work to Chinese boys; the more slow and difficult because the mind of a Chinese youth is trained, by every native influence, only to memorize, not to reflect, reason, or compare.

Their progress, also, has been much retarded the past year by my own repeated illness and absence from school, in all nearly, if not quite, three months, when, of course, their English studies were suspended. For the last three months some attention, not exceeding half an hour daily, has been given to the acquirement of the system of Romanized (colloquial) Chinese. The pupils now read Chinese in this mode quite readily, and can write it without difficulty.

The reason for teaching this system to boys who are in course of thorough education in reading and writing their own characters, was, principally, to prepare a readier instrument for their use in writing compositions and different school exercises. It was hoped, also, to derive from it additional help in training their minds, and increased facilities in their efforts to acquire English.

The greatest difficulty in the education of our pupils here has ever been to bring them to use their minds—to think, reason, or compare, and especially to do anything of this in writing. To memorize was no task; but to apply the mind quietly in a course of thought, seemed an utter impossibility to them. And over and above the innate difficulty and inertness of mind, there has been ever an absence of a written character simple enough for children to use.

Were they required to take some simple subject, such as the description of any animal, or the story of a day's holiday, and told to give their thoughts in their own native words in writing, they could not, at any age less than sixteen or even eighteen, I am sure, command with any tolerable readiness, characters enough to express their ideas. It is as if a child in America, who had learned a part of the alphabet, or could even spell a few words, were required to write the same things (in English).

Or, if the pupils were desired to write the composition in English—of which they knew every letter perfectly, and could, perhaps, read long and difficult words, and speak not a few sentences very well—they would be again at a loss to find the proper expression for what they had to say. Their vocabulary would fail, and so would any intelligible command of the idiom.

Their difficulties in this case may be compared to those of a schoolboy at home, who should be required to learn to compose

and arrange his thoughts in Latin, and that, too, without a dictionary!

But the Romanized "colloquial" gives these boys the command both of written characters and words; for even the youngest pupils soon master the English letters, and, by their use in this system, they can soon write down any words or ideas that occur to them in their native tongue, and clothed with the freshness of Chinese idiom and manner of thinking. In this way composition becomes an exercise of no more difficulty than to a child at home. On the other hand, the translation of the efforts of their own minds into English, is quite as much an amusement to them as a labor, and the more lively interest in these exercises gives them a keener perception of the differences of idiom of the two languages.

Such were the advantages expected from the use of the Romanized colloquial; and if the experience of three months' partial use of it be of any value, I may add that my pupils have seemed to be more interested in the use of English by translation from the Romanized Primer, than I have ever previously known them in learning our words from our reading books.

It seemed far more desirable to them to learn how they should say in English any given Chinese sentence, than to take any given sentence of English and find out how it should be expressed accurately in Chinese.

As to the conduct of the boys, it is gratifying to say, that this class has, as a whole, been more diligent than in any previous year, and far more docile and well disposed. They are becoming inquiring and companionable in disposition, and I have much hope and encouragement for the coming year, that it may prove to them rich in mental improvement and progress. God grant that it may be rich in what is of unspeakably greater moment, even spiritual blessings to their immortal souls! With Christian regard, I remain yours, very truly,

C. P. K.

Rt. Rev. BISHOP BOONE, Shanghai, China.

#### TO DANVERS RELATIVES.

Shanghai, March 1, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I take a leisure hour, when I am not very well and can do nothing better, to sit down and give you a good scolding. It is so seldom I scold! Never mind, I can scold fast enough when once started. What are you all about, and when did I last have a letter from any of you? My promise to write once in three months, whether I heard from you or not, has had the contrary effect from what such goodness (!) ought to have had. It has put you all to sleep; and you say to yourselves:

“Very nice!” “Very well!” “First rate!” “It is all the same!” “We shall hear from China, and of course there is nothing at all going on in America, concerning us, that our cousin would care to hear!” “What a saving of trouble!” “Now, it is no matter if we never write any more!” “Besides, Charlotte Goodridge writes several times a year, and she will say we are well; and that, of course, is all that is of any consequence; so that nothing could be better than the present state of things!” Well, if the preceding is the expression of your views, perhaps you would like to have a brief statement of mine, and then all will be clear.

I am not so well pleased, considering my time and strength (to say nothing of pen, ink, and paper!), quite as valuable as yours, besides having as incessant claims on all that I have power to do and accomplish in the twenty-four hours, as there can be on any working people anywhere at home. A thousand things my pen would love to record to send home to interest people at home in this mission to the heathen, I have to leave unwritten for simple want of time; and, worse still, sometimes, when I have time at command, for simple want of strength. But, as if writing a letter was so easy a thing for me and so difficult for some others, I must write one, two, three, four, five, six, nobody knows how many letters, and not even a line in return to say how good I am!! Who could have imagined such coolness? Never mind, then; I won't be so good—all for nothing!—any longer. I'll take it back, I will—the promise to write!—and I tell you what I will do. I will answer every letter I get from you, and that promptly; but I will not write you any gratis letter; no, I won't. I'll pay you in full, and with interest; but I'll not throw away any more letters. Why, I don't even have the satisfaction of knowing whether or not you get them.

There, now, I have scolded enough, and finished; but I am in earnest as to letters. I'll not send any more except as I get them from you, even if it is “biting off my nose to spite my face.”

[Very extended extracts from Mrs. Keith's journal, transcribed “March, 1856,” equalling in length her communication of the preceding November, and addressed, like that, to Rev. Dr. Lewis, are necessarily omitted in this place.]

TO MISS GOODRIDGE.

Shanghai, May 1, 1856.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE: Where are you? What are you doing, that I have had no letter from you in six months. I sit down not to write much, for you are now somewhat in my debt,

though I hope the scale will be more in your favor by arrival of next mail. I have been teaching English to the boys three hours to-day, and more than three hours at my girls' day school, besides attending to some of the many affairs of spring arrangements, so that I am at least a bit tired. But, having been less troubled (for a week past) than is usual with dyspepsia, I feel more vigorous than common, and so take up my pen. There is a weariness and exhaustion that a dyspeptic suffers from, far more paralyzing, if I may use such a term, than the most exhausting fatigue from mere bodily exertion.

*May 17th.*—I will sit down to my desk and try to get on with this letter. I am admonished that I must not write, for the present at least, any more long letters, my stock of strength is so small. Yesterday I wrote some four or six pages (with a good deal of feeling) to a dear friend, and a long-continued headache and fever fit followed.

It hurts me to lift a chair, or even a heavy plate; so that, if my relatives are desirous of seeing me, even though sickness be the cause, I fear they will have cause to be gratified. Much as I should love to see all, it is hard to be sick. But I hope I shall be able to resign life, health, and comfort into the hands of Him whose purposes are all of wisdom and love.

I grieve to hear of the bereavement you, in common with all your family, have suffered by the death of your mother. I pray that He who ordained the event may bless it to the best good of every member. There are so many topics, suggested by different portions of your letter, which I should love to write about; but, I need not tell you, I do not feel the strength, nor do I feel willing to defer to "the morrow," for I may not be stronger, or if I am, I have accumulated labor to tax it. You say that to be deprived of ability to labor, would be most intolerable to one of my temperament. Yes; but, perhaps, it is through such discipline I am to be more perfect in patience and the higher Christian [graces?]. I would say, "if it be possible," spare me; yet if I am not spared, I trust I shall have grace to bear the trial. All of us must drink the cup of sorrow. Our God and Father knows best how to prepare and administer it!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, human nature, here in heathenism, at every step we see thy "dignity." What a farce the translation of some Unitarian sermons would be, if preached in this longitude!

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, May 10, 1856.

After several months of almost entire dearth of letters, sometimes not receiving a line from any one, I have to record the most remarkable mail since my marriage, that is, that I had a feast of eleven nice long letters! The penalty I paid for such a feast, after so long a fast especially, was a sleepless night from too great excitement, and, of course, a weary subsequent day. Another consequence of so many letters is that my head is full of thoughts and things that I want to talk about to these various friends, and how little of all those can the pen convey! Yet how thankful I ought to be for the pen, as well as for the comparative rapidity with which communications fly from one end of the earth to the other! I sit down to commence a reply to your letter first of all, that I may not be hurried uncomfortably, as I always am, if I wait till the last week. Well, where shall I begin? Which, of many things, shall I first speak of? Let me take up your letter—that shall serve for my thread. You say, “it is difficult to keep up a patient, continued interest in the same object.” Yes, indeed it is, and I suppose always has been a difficulty in our nature, if I may so speak, to persevere in any labor or effort. But patience and perseverance are the only human instruments (as a rule) of attaining any valuable results. What perseverance and faith there has been in the mission to Cape Palmas—and now what a reward, the first fruits of what we trust will be glorious harvest! No tidings have animated me so much since I have been in China as the news from Africa. But, oh, it makes me feel that there is need of more faith and zeal and prayer in our own hearts, that we here may claim the blessing of those who faint not. You speak of the numerous objects of benevolence which claim the interests and contributions of Christians. It seems to me the inconvenience from that is, not that the objects are many, but because the real laborers, working Christians, are so few, and those few have to undertake, or to endeavor to sustain the burden of the whole army. In this age of steam and electricity it must be that every operation must be quickened to keep up with the world. I saw with pleasure in some religious paper—I believe it was the “Church Journal”—the number of benevolent objects which were now claiming public attention. The rapid increase of our country requires of Christians more and more effort; but oh, as I said, the drag is, that not one, or more than one in ten of the enlisted “soldiers of Christ” are half awake. Go “work” in my vineyard! “Ye are not your own:” how little are these words understood, or if understood, how little obeyed! The feeling is not

“how much can I do for such a Master,” but how little can I do, and not lose a part in his kingdom? There are many who love father, or husband, or child enough to be willing to undergo great suffering for their sakes, to desire fellowship with their sufferings, rather than happiness in any way separated from the loved ones; but how few really come up to this, *i. e.*, the desire to have fellowship with Christ even in suffering and self-denial, which was the desire of St. Paul for the saints.

But in these numerous and most excellent charities, is China to be neglected in the contributions and prayers of those who love their Lord and the world for which He died? It is less an object of interest now than it has been for the last few years, evidently—at least, our Mission is, in the minds of our brethren and sisters at home. “True charity begins at home,” and unspeakably sad would it be to neglect or forget to take care of the religious interests of our own dear native land; but a Chinese soul is as precious in the sight of God as any other; and can you realize that this one province of the eighteen provinces of China contains more inhabitants than our own United States? Oh that this one thought would have its weight, its due weight! How important, then, beyond the power of expression, is the mission to China! God in his providence and by his Spirit disposes the hearts of men, and calls them to their appointed work. There will never be, according to the usual operation of things, in the order of Providence, a very large tax upon Christendom for the foreign field; so that they who remain need not be alarmed, lest the home vineyard should be neglected. What! do those who so fear an excessive interest in the foreign work, forget what were the last words of our ascending Lord: “Go teach all nations”? Who shall dispute His wisdom? And is the small number of eleven—as we are now—or thirteen—as we shall number when Messrs. Liggins and Williams arrive—or twenty, as we ought to be to-day—too large a draft from a communion numbering one hundred thousand? And as many or more for Africa, whose claims are so strong upon America? And then the means of support to those. Oh how small they are, compared with the object aimed at! How easily obtained if the hearts of those who profess Christ were really given to Him. See how hearts and purses responded to the call from Norfolk; and to that city of a few thousand souls went out more sympathy than was ever given in twice ten years to all China—I might almost say, to the whole heathen world, which is perishing in a far more fearful destruction. More money was given, too, than would have been needed for the support of all the China mission. And, as I dare say, has often been said, though I have not seen any such comparison—how much treasure

has been expended in the search for Sir John Franklin and his men—not to say in the search for the North-west passage! And this interest and contribution for his relief was confined to a smaller circle than the number in our church. All these were precious lives, and Norfolk, truly, was not too kindly cared for; but what were all these to the multitudes of precious souls who are in darkness, and on the way to certain death, because the church does not come up to her duty? When shall we see Christian merchants doing for missions what Grinnell and others did to save Franklin? I know, my dear friend, that you and yours are not of those who are forgetful whose you are, and to whom all is due; but I write as I feel in looking over the army of Christ. Oh, what are they doing? Alas, there is one word, the key to all this apathy! They have not faith. They do not believe in those things which are matters only of faith: heaven—hell—the soul—and eternity, a precious redemption—all these are concealed by the mists of sense, and all vigorous faith is dead. Our piety is a hereditary one, conformed to custom, but not to the apostolic custom and precept. This world fills the heart, and death and the last account are forgotten. Yet there are seven thousand who have not “bowed to Baal.” Ah, my friend, what shall we do? There is only one resource, that is God; for with Him is the residue of the Spirit, and he can turn the hearts of His children to himself. And those who love His kingdom must give Him no rest till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

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The thirty dollars we had from a friend of Mr. K.'s, and the forty I obtained from my good friend the English chaplain in Shanghai, comforted and encouraged me not a little; and now, that we are fairly furnished as housekeepers, and our salary affording us more spending money than those who have a larger number to tax it, I fully trusted to that, to go on, at least, to the end of the Chinese year, next February; but the exchange being so heavy against the committee, it was agreed to relinquish at least for some time, as an experiment, a part of present salaries, cutting off thus a hundred and twenty or thirty dollars a year—enough almost to have maintained a school for that time. I do not believe the experiment of lessened salary will be continued long, for I do not see how persons with three or four children can thus make the ends of the year meet in Shanghai. But, however that may be, it cut off all, or almost all our surplus; for the little besides to spare is all mortgaged to the poor and helpless, and we know not how to put them aside at the time of greatest need, and I did not know which way to turn. Possibly (but I doubt) the schools can next year again draw from the mission treasury; but how to keep on

to meet that forlorn hope was the question. Again I had recourse to my good friend, and to my joy received fifty dollars in reply, and the promise of fifty more, if I needed it, to carry me through the year. And a dear (Unitarian) friend has given me twenty-seven dollars (Shanghai, equal to many more, at home) to print a part of my geography, so that I may say that the good providence of my God has just made up the amount our salary was lessened, and which we had before planned to devote to the schools. So I hope and believe that the same Lord will provide for these schools next year—though I fear the good chaplain will have to leave for England on account of the feeble health of his wife, who is one of my very dearest friends here, or anywhere.

Miss C. Jones, I imagine, certainly counts on her Leesburg (Va.) friends as permanent supporters of her girls' school, and I know Miss Conover hopes to get her friends to adopt hers, as I have little doubt they will. The two boys' schools are maintained thus. It is necessary to keep a servant to take care of each preaching place, *i. e.*, the church in the city, and Mr. Nelson's preaching place; by increasing the usual servants' wages one thousand cash each, a day-school teacher's wages is attained. I believe Mr. N. pays this extra one thousand cash monthly himself, and perhaps the Bishop does the same for Mr. Syle's school, now opened at the church; at any rate, somebody, aside from the treasury, pays the one thousand "cash" per month each school.

As you will have heard by last mail, Mr. and Mrs. Syle arrived in safety, and all well. Every one will welcome Mr. Syle—it seems good to have him back, both for his social qualities (valuable especially in a mission) and for his sincere interest in, and hearty devotion to, missionary work. Mrs. Syle is so delighted to get back that her heart seems to go out to every one. I was much interested in the perusal of Henry's letters to his parents, and Mrs. Syle was, of course, much gratified at Abbie's benevolent undertaking of the mute language. I wrote to Mrs. Pierrepont last mail in the closure to yourself. I hope all were duly received. My kind love to her, when you see her, and congratulations upon her merciful preservation from serious injury in her fall on the iron of the railroad. I was glad to have you write so much about your children. As I have told you before, you need not fear taxing me, for I am sure, I love you at least well enough to rejoice in your joy. How queer it would be if Oli should come to China—say, when we return after our visit to the United States. "Visit," I say, because I suffer more and more, and not less and less, from dyspepsia and want of strength. I believe I do not neglect the duties of my schools, but I often drag a poor weak body to the discharge of these duties, and spend many precious hours of each

day unavoidably in resting. I know a sea voyage and relief from care would make me perfectly well again, and as strong and active as ever. I sometimes wonder now, as I look back upon days' works here in the past that would be impossible to me now. I want to stay in China, both for Mr. K.'s sake and my own, and for our interest in the work, to the very last minute—it is best to do so; but when duty permits me to go (especially as I feel that only a change, an entire change of climate, will make Mr. K. well again), I say, when duty permits me to go, I shall obey with alacrity; for how poor is life, how wearying its labors without health! One evil, almost insurmountable, and wellnigh fatal to a dyspeptic, is bad flour, and in consequence, bad bread. Flour, in these parts at least, is tough and unmanageable—foreign flour, (inasmuch as it is Genesee), which does not bear transportation well, is often musty and sour. The baker's bread here always has some acid to the taste. Good, sweet, wholesome bread, oh how hard it is to obtain! Sometimes, by various inventions, I get some perfectly sweet, what a comfort it is! But it is so difficult to manage that I never have it two weeks at a time. I mean, such as an invalid dyspeptic stomach would entirely approve. All that I eat now is dry bread, and plain steak or chicken, and a little chocolate. Everything you can mention outside of these causes me indescribable oppression and distress, and a never-ceasing gnawing sensation. And you, much less any one who sees my tall frame, would not believe that I cannot lift anything so heavy as a chair without suffering where dyspepsia makes it so weak and tender.

And now I have been writing longer than usual, I feel every motion of my pen just at my belt. I say all this that you may have a real peep at my physical struggles. I ought not to have written this long letter to one person, for I have many others to write; but I do not know how yet to give up my correspondents; yet that would be as easy as to write and leave half unsaid. Indeed, if I write at all, it must be in some sort as I wish—as to matter, I mean. I have not strength to polish or copy any letters. By the way, if you can, I wish you would copy and keep for me or send to me my report of my day school. I was so sorry, I did not keep a copy; yet I had no strength to spare in copyings. But I should like to preserve it. Probably the letter Dr. Lewis preserved. Mr. K. desires his kind regards to you and your family; and with my best line to yourself, and kind remembrance to all friends, I am, as ever, in love

C. P. KEITH.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, July 26, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Such being the day of the month, although the thermometer is 90° in the shade (and at that two or three degrees lower than for the last four days), I take up my pen to prove that I do not forget that this day you complete thirty-nine years. How strange it seems! Can you be so much older than this date twenty years ago, your sophomore year at Cambridge just closed, and my first year at Derry? Can it be that you are in the fortieth year, and I "halfway home"? Not that thirty-five and thirty-nine seem old to those who attain them, but to those who are younger. I remember how old, how very old a person of forty seemed to me when I was ten, and even when I was sixteen. I hope you are all well and happy to-day, and cheerful, even when looking back on life's mistakes, errors, and sufferings. You are ten years less three months and thirteen days older than "Cleveland." It is not improbable that next year this day may find me under your roof. Indeed, we fully expect to leave, next spring, for America.

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I am writing at a large table writing-desk of Cleveland's, which, about three weeks since, was carried off and thrown into the small stream, having first been rifled of \$41, two table spoons (which I kept there for safety and convenience), two dessert spoons, two silver fruit knives (these last being presents), and all his valuable papers. The papers were left, and were as good as ever, after being dried. The thieves opened the outer blinds, broke a pane of glass, unfastened the sash, entered, and being probably startled before they had opened or had finished searching the desk, they unlocked the door, and ran off, table and all. A clock, worth \$5, was also snatched off the mantelpiece. We were not quite out of debt yet (for our setting up housekeeping), and I was looking forward to September 1st, as the day when I could sing and dance, as owing nobody; but lo! this minus clock, spoons, and especially money, retards the happy day a month or two longer, and will prevent me the pleasure of taking home presents from China to many of my friends in America. Some retrenchment must be made to make up for this loss, and we cannot think it right to make it by restricting our plans among the Chinese. It is a luxury to make presents, but it is a luxury to which I have no right, and I ought to give up that, rather than what is a duty as well as a luxury, viz. : doing good among the Chinese.

[Mrs. Keith's letters throughout the autumn of 1856 contain frequent references to her own and Mr. Keith's bodily infirmities.

September 6th she writes, "I weigh 105 lbs., quite a contrast to 148½, my weight in the winter of 1850." In October she writes, "I have no fears as to my own perfect recovery, but am far more anxious about Mr. Keith"

## TO MISS PLUMER.

October, 1856.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the year 1848, when a false love had scattered all my fond hopes, and left me again alone on a world whose coldness I had shrunk from through long years of orphanhood, my heart not only suffered most keenly, but presumed in unrepressed murmurings to find fault with the path God had made me to walk in. I went back to early childhood, when my longings for advantages and companions I did not, could not enjoy in New Market, were most distinct. I thought of the education I had coveted (far beyond my equals, Mary, far beyond what I have), of the blighting of youthful ambition, of the diminution of my father's property, which would have been to me an easy independence, and, to my simple desires, affluence. I thought of my brother's clouded prospects, of my long painful exile at the South, of the life of happiness that was in my reach at Louisville, but that this false one had robbed me of it. I thought of everything real and of everything imaginary that had been a source of grief and trial to me, and I looked forward to the dreary path that then was before me, through which I must tread wearily on to forgetfulness, if I might, of this bitter sorrow. Oh, the tempest that raged within! I shuddered at the feelings and thoughts that arose within my heart toward the God who made me, in whose hand was my breath and all my eternal future. Conscience told me that I was a miserable sinner, and could claim no good from His hands, though He had indeed given me many and great blessings; far above what the majority even of mankind enjoyed. But thoughts of my own guilt or of God's undeniable past goodness were equally powerless to quell the demon of rebellion that was raging fearfully within. Yet, when I thought of His power, I shuddered at my position, for I felt that He might justly leave me without mercy for my ingratitude and complaining. I knew that I ought to bless and praise Him, yet I could not but feel that there was that in my breast which was in unison with the lost spirits who "tremble" in the world of misery, yet who rage at Him whose power they cannot escape. I felt as though they were rejoicing (if the lost can rejoice) in a companionship in spirit with me! How I hated myself, yet self still ruled! Conscience said, "God is good, is just.

is wise, it is right he should be Governor. He doeth all things well, may He bring good out of evil." Conscience said this, but only stirred up anew the tempest as self-will replied, "Be it so; but His ways do not suit me; He has afflicted, thwarted, disappointed and cast me down. I would not have Him to reign over me!" Not in the least do I exaggerate the mental tempest, nor could words exaggerate the agony caused by the conflict of conscience and self-will, of wild grief and of hopelessness, of consciousness of sin and fear of the Being against whom I was contending. Oh, Mary, then did the heavens gather blackness indeed; then did I feel that I was alone in the universe, with a God who could but punish such a sinful, rebellious creature! To live thus without God! Nay, in controversy with Him! The thought was intolerable! Yet how should I escape from myself, how cast out the demoniac spirit that had found entrance, how return to God, how find pardon and peace? After suffering many days from this peculiar spiritual anguish, I said, "I know what I will do, and if I perish, I perish!" I will go to my room, and from this moment, except my school duties, I will do nothing, think of nothing, but to find again the light from heaven. I will not eat or sleep, though it be for days (except such slight refreshment as nature must have), till I have settled this contest." I remember the fixedness of my resolve; but I do not remember the time which passed ere I found peace. I really cannot say if one night intervened, but I think not; I remember the awful solemnity with which I knelt before God, that God whom I was defying, and from whom I could justly expect only punishment! Yet to Him I came, for He alone could save, could save me from myself, from my wild and sinful grief, despair, and self-will. I had nothing to tell him of but sin and misery. I had but one petition, and that was that He would turn my heart. I had but one plea, and that was his mercy, his wonderful love, as so wonderfully made known in the death of His dear Son. And in this self-loathing and this up-looking I was heard, I was saved. Oh, Mary, if words are not sufficient to describe the suffering I had endured, much less, oh, how much less are they sufficient to describe the happiness that followed! My thoughts were now all of Him and little of myself, except to remember His wonderful, abounding mercy to me all my life long and even in this last sorrow! I remember it was a dark, rainy day (like this one to-day), but there seemed a halo of light wherever I looked. Do not deem me mystic: you know how bright everything looks when you have been very happy, and now, I was happy beyond anything I had ever conceived of. Yes, I repeat it, beyond what I had ever been able to conceive of; and the world was bright, oh, how bright with a Father's love!

For days I seemed to walk as if on air. When I lay down, His love pillowed my head; when I arose, His love was my strength and my guide. His character, in its loveliness, its perfection, was the theme of my constant thought. Surely, I said, I shall never weary of joining the angels in their song above. Well might St. Paul say that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things God hath prepared for them that love Him!" "Yea, even on earth, He has prepared things passing understanding." It seemed to me that *all I had suffered* in life was a *cheap price* to give for those few days of *indescribable joy*, and yet heaven too was before me, and if I was not unfaithful, many more hours of rich enjoyment on earth, enjoyment which earth cannot give, and which, blessed be God, it cannot take away! The struggle had been awful, the submission was *entire*, the *peace was perfect*. It was to me the Mount of Transfiguration, where I saw a glory not of earth—but a wise Father does not intend us to  *dwell*  there, and it is the descent that has dangers. Such a rapt state might not be best for life's duller scenes, but the *memory* of such victories, of such visits, of such revealing of God's *power to bless*—the memory, I say, is a precious treasure, and calculated to cheer and strengthen us when God in his wisdom shall see fit to call us to *further* discipline, and to tread yet *again* the path of sorrow, and to learn yet *again* the lesson of self-negation. But one other season in my life have I had such exquisite and indescribable joys. Perhaps, as I said, it is not best that they should be often, though I believe I might and ought to have lived far happier, but that I have failed in watchfulness, and prayer, and faith.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Oct. 13, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I send you this by the fine and fast ship "Kathay," Captain Stoddard. I wish we were going in her, that is, I should wish so, if Mr. K. had done up the work he hopes to finish before he leaves; viz., the first rough draft of a dictionary of this dialect.

We heard by mail of the arrival in America of the "N. B. Palmer," which took our missionary, Miss Jones, also Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, of Ningpo, Dr. and Mrs. Kelly, of the Methodist mission here, and some other passengers. They seem to have suffered much from sickness, and *more* from miserable food. What do you think of the captain leaving here with only two barrels of flour, and that *injured*, and so small a supply of fresh provisions, that they were obliged to put into St. Helena to get some? The

captain was unwilling to do it, but Dr. Kelly told him if he did not, then he (the captain) must take the consequences of what might be said and done in New York. But the day of the arrival in New York, they had eaten up *all* the provision again, and would have had nothing for next day. Of course, there was salt ship beef, but how could people suffering from bowel complaints eat that? We shall take warning, and lay in eatables of our own, for we cannot be sure who is who. Oh, for another Captain Webber, of the "Tartar!"

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, Oct. 23, 1856.

MY DEAREST MARY: More than a week since, I sent off a long letter to you by the ship "Kathay." I then as good as promised to write very soon in reply to your letters of May 22d and July 2d, received in September and October. I cannot find a better day to begin, I think, than this very 23d of October, which, you know, always reminds me of happy faces and bright cheeks at Derry this time nineteen years ago. Nineteen years! how solemn those words, as connected with the passage of years over the head of a probationer in time! But your own mind can follow out the lesson of this anniversary. For myself, though it is contrary to the rule of growing years, I look back far less than I used to do, and look forward more, for in the past I see less and less to regret but my own sins and follies, and in the future I see more and more to invite, in respect to usefulness, and, consequently, as to the purest, most satisfying happiness. Should I be spared nineteen more years of active, healthy life, how much, oh, how much more I hope to do for good than I have done, in the same time in the past! Surely these years now about to pass over my head (if I am continued among the living) are among the most effective for good of any one's life. The glitter of life is gone, its realities are better appreciated, the wisdom of experience is at the command of him who seeks to "redeem the time," as remembering that the time is short, that the stewardship hastens to its close, and the promised inheritance draws near. I am not going to be too serious, however, in this letter; for I fear I may indulge too much in general in the serious, and not in the more varied converse which is the most healthful and the most appropriate to letters.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Nov. 3, 1856.

I have just been reading Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." I think it might be well entitled "An Invective against

Philip Second, with respect to his reign in the Netherlands." But, though I think the style too diffuse, and the matter often repetitious, and the writer lacking in dignity, yet in my heart I cannot find fault with his hot anger at the tyrant. I especially admire the hearty manner in which he speaks of religion, as though he himself were a Christian, while there is nothing in the volumes of Prescott's "Philip the Second," that I recollect (certainly nothing that impressed me), to mark his sympathy with a Christian heart. Beautiful, most beautiful is his style, clear as the blue rivers of New England, and moving on as gently and smoothly; but, for anything that appears, he might be of any religion or no religion, a Deist or the like. It is well enough, perhaps, that a historian should disappear, and give no tone to his subject, morally, but yet my feelings carry me with Motley. While I am delighted with Prescott, as if listening to a faultless melody (so perfect is his style), I am carried along by Motley as by one who, with many deficiencies, or faults of manner, should throw himself heart and soul into a rougher, but more stirring song. I feel like shaking hands with Motley in hearty sympathy; and though Prescott makes me see enough of Philip Second to hate him, yet it is temperately. But Motley makes me feel that if my foot was on Philip's neck, I would love to stamp him to destruction like a deadly serpent, and I cannot hear my conscience saying that such a feeling is excessive. I have written a whole page on Motley, and you will probably be far less interested in my "review" than I am myself. However, I thought of it by day and dreamt of it by night, so deeply was I interested.

I have been interested in the various notices and extracts I have seen from our and other religious papers as to Prof. Huntington. I wonder that you should not have given me more of Boston gossip. I am still an *all-alive* creature, just as I used to be, as you'll find. I have a head and heart still, and I don't believe it is "musty fusty" yet. My sympathies are as quick as ever, only I can't give much time when in health to the *political* newspapers. There really is not time for everything! I was the more interested in Prof. Huntington, from having seen some quotations from his newspaper at the time of its printing the Dutton sermon on the Atonement. He introduced the publication of that discourse with remarks that I am sure found a response in some, if not many hearts, in Unitarian congregations. I have not the papers at hand, and cannot quote well. They related to the unsatisfactoriness of the views of the Unitarians as to the work of Christ in the redemption of sinners. From my own experience, I know it was there I was the most unsatisfied and troubled, and the few deeply devout natures among Unitarians, whom it was

my lot to be well acquainted with, felt a similar difficulty, yet were not ready to accept the prevalent "orthodox" views. Let a man's sins once look him in the face, and let him at the same time have any right sense of the holiness of God, and the demands of His law, for one I do not know where he can find peace but in "Him, who was made sin for us," that we might be made the "righteousness of God in Him." Then the words of St. Paul are of inexpressible, and most joyful significance, "being justified by faith, we have *peace* with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But that dry-light and powerful-minded —— strikes a far different note from Prof. Huntington. He is convinced that the doom of the old faith is sealed. Well, he is a powerful reasoner and weighty man, and Boston and Massachusetts are bright spots doubtless. Yet, for all that, there is a large piece of world outside, that has not yet dreamed of Unitarianism, and, moreover, there is a still larger class that need to be turned from idols. I cannot believe that the preacher of "virtue" would ever convert *this* heathen world. It is slow enough now, with a sterner preaching, but Confucius should just as soon be my preacher as —— or Theodore Parker. Though, in this imperfect and sin-burdened world, there are and ever will be a thousand errors in belief, yet as to the character and work of Christ, the two opposing views do not admit of compromise. An earnest, conscientious Unitarian could not, without horror, think of committing idolatry, and joining in worship of Christ, nor could the sincere believer in his Divine Nature, with less reluctance, join in rites and worship that recognized *only* the human nature of our Lord. Nor do I think the one ought to accuse the other of "bigotry," because there can be no alliance. I love an earnest spirit in whatever cause, and especially in behalf of what one holds for truth, for what is more valuable, what more worthy of earnestness? It would be a shame were I colder in my love to Him, who, I believe, suffered for me. His praise is the theme that will never tire. Throughout eternity, the ascription of "blessing, glory, honor, power, and dominion to God and the Lamb" shall ascend from countless redeemed ones. Can it be that a finite being's praise should thus endure—shall thus increase forever, without wearying? None but the Infinite is exhaustless in perfection, so that His praise could be enduring as eternity. And, surely, if Christ be not God, then has God himself laid in our way (I speak with reverence) the greatest temptation and inducement to the sin of idolatry that could be laid. Christ is the beginning and end, the all in all of the apostle's preaching, and in the song of the redeemed it is He "who hath washed us in his own blood." Truly, if Christ be not God, one would need to watch their every emotion as they recounted his

benefits, lest they should, at the same time, be found guilty of giving to Christ that, of which God has said, "My glory I will not give to another."

I had no idea of writing all this. But in connection with my reading the last week, some such thoughts as these arose, and now in writing (as I was quite at leisure to-day), they have expanded themselves fivefold. And this is what I think belongs to a real live correspondence; an interchange, or at least a free expression of thought, as opportunity or leisure may allow. This it is, which, to my taste, makes letters fresh and living, and that keeps up interest and common stock of matter for conversation, as though face to face. There is, in my letters, very little of the external world, and of every-day events. Not but that I think *such* letters, too, very interesting and acceptable, but somehow or other, such matter gets pushed out of my letters by a stronger interest I have in things less apparent to the eye.

TO MISS ALMIRA OSBORNE.

Shanghai, Dec. 14, 1856.

MY DEAR ALMIRA: Your Defence, of July 20th, was received 10th inst., and I sit down to commence my reply, that it may be ready for the first ship. (Some one this minute knocks, and will stay to tea, so I must stop.) *December 20th* (resumed). Since I have laid down my pen, I have been much engaged in cares, not "spiritual," but temporal and worldly.

\* \* \* These are not "spiritual" cares, are they? Besides this, I have twenty hoods to make or partly make for some of the children in my school, as a closing-up gift. These are not "spiritual cares," are they? You see we missionaries carry bodies with us and live among poor people, and, while this is the case, a large portion of our cares, even, must be *not* spiritual. Christmas is close by, now, but for such invalids as Mr. K. and myself, there is no need of cake, pudding, pie, or turkey, so that such cares I escape, from a sad cause. But the Bishop's lady will give all the mission a dinner, and Mr. K. and myself will attend, to eat dry rice and mutton, and look on, and see the rest smack their lips.

I have been highly amused at the effect my letter had upon you. The fact was, I was laughing behind my ears all the time I was talking so stoutly. But, when I saw the collar, "says I to myself," "I'll never say another word." If I should work one of those collars, I should have to give all my correspondents the go-by for at least six months, and, no doubt, you have worked at least two, besides abundance of knitting. As you were used to knit for your brothers, I suppose you now knit for their children.

The collar is *beautiful*: I am all in the fashion when I wear it, just like the English ladies' fixings, for you must know that, never keeping a sharp eye on the fashions, and having been so poorly for two years, I am wonderfully musty in dress just now, and it is well for my outward man that I am going home. \* \* \*

I fear now that the increased indisposition of Mr. Keith will hurry us off before we receive our February mails, so that we shall be in happy ignorance of the Presidential catastrophe.

And now darkness forbids me writing longer, and I must close my chat for the present. When we next talk, I trust it may be face to face. Give much love to each and all the cousins, the cousins-in-law, and the second cousins, and twice as much to the old folks, whom may God preserve to a green and blessed old age. For your own share, take as much as you please, and believe me ever your affectionate cousin,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

Shanghai, Jan. 1, 1857.

DEAR SISTER LIZZIE: A happy, very happy year to you and those you love. It would be pleasant, if I could pop in and give you all such salutation, *vivâ voce*, and not with a stiff pen at the distance of 17,000 miles. God willing, the next New Year will not find us so far from loved relations.

*January 16th.*—Our auction took place three days ago, and went off very well. We have since then been staying at the Bishop's. We must be ready to go to the ship to-day. I need not say how sweet is the thought of seeing you all so soon.



## CHAPTER V.

1857, 1858, 1859.

On the Ocean and in America—Report (written at sea) of Missionary Labor in 1856—Sufferings on the Voyage Home—Arrival in America—Letter to a Young Lady—Sin, in the Bible, “The Great Fact of Human Life”—Deficiency of Unitarianism—Wants Satisfied in the Episcopal Church—“Aspiration”—History of her Consecration to Missionary Life—Deepening of her Religious Experience—Farewell to America—Hardships and Sufferings on the Return to China—Arrival at Shanghai.

TO REV. E. W. SYLE.

North Atlantic, April 13, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. SYLE: My first attempt at writing since we left Java, was to fulfil my promise to you; but my will was better than my strength, and after a week's interval, I make another attempt. My first day school for girls was commenced Oct. 31st, 1854, being the second of that description in the mission. The teacher employed was a young Chinese woman under thirty years of age, of excellent educational capacity for teaching and discipline. I know of no previous instance among foreigners of the employment of a female teacher in their schools. The opportunity for opening a school at the time proved to be peculiarly fine. Owing to the disturbances in Shanghai, numbers of city people were living in the country and in the vicinity of our mission. Some of them were glad to avail themselves of the twenty “cash” per day offered each pupil for attendance; others, being of the class above the very poor, were really pleased to have their children learn something of books also. Under such circumstances, it was the general opinion of those who visited the school that the pupils were superior in ability to those generally obtained in the country. Until April, when the city was opened to its inhabitants again, the attendance was as regular as in the best schools at home. At that time, in one week the number fell from twenty to twelve, but the number soon filled up, though, from time to time through the summer, a promising pupil would drop off and return to the city. New pupils, however, were constantly coming in, and so the number was kept up to twenty, being limited to that number. The routine of instruction was principally as follows: the pupils, if very young, were put to learning the “fong-z,” arranged from the book they were first to study. If older, they were put at once into the primer, called “Yu Yak,” which they were required to memorize, and to know every letter of it. I found that a child of

seven or eight, if *bright*, could learn the characters of the creed in two weeks thoroughly, and memorize it in another week. When a child was familiar with the primer, they were put into the Gospel of St. Matthew, which was learned in a similar manner, and at the same time the Catechism on the Creed was commenced, which was studied every Saturday forenoon, and every Sunday afternoon. The afternoon of Saturday was allowed for holiday, and the children were reminded to wash their clothes, and come to school next morning cleanly and tidy. The penalty for neglect of this was loss of ten cash, but I seldom enforced it unless there was habitual neglect of my request. But I always took notice of the matter by praise or the contrary. Attendance at the chapel service was required every Sunday forenoon (from nine to ten), and from that time till twelve I generally spent at the school (when my strength allowed) in questioning and explaining. This time always passed very quickly to me, and the children were generally attentive and ready. Sunday afternoon was again devoted to the study of the Catechism. A portion of every week-day afternoon was devoted to writing, and a still larger part to sewing. This latter occupation was of the more importance, as a matter of instruction, from the fact that so few poor women in China know anything of the use of the needle. I find, if not working in the fields or spinning and weaving, they are driven to eke out a livelihood by the making of "ding," used in their idolatrous worship. This seems to be a favorite employment, and even those long educated in Christian schools practise it in preference to other work, it is so light and clean. But to give the children a ready use of the needle, both in plain sewing and embroidery, is not only to increase their ability of self-support, but would remove a great difficulty and temptation from the way of any who might sincerely desire to become Christians and to avoid compliance with sinful customs. For the first six months (or even a year) of a pupil's attendance, learning the doctrine and study of the books I have considered of first importance. On account of the danger of their leaving at an early period, I felt it important that the poor heathen children should attain as much knowledge of the gospel as possible in a short time. I have noticed that the pupils who begin a second year *generally* go through with it. During the first year the scholars who were most regular in attendance and of best abilities, having mastered the primer, also finished St. Matthew's Gospel and the Catechism on the Creed and on the Commandments, and had done something toward learning the Romanized Primer. This latter book they were allowed to study half an hour every other day, and then half an hour each day; for as it was then an *experiment*, I was jealous of the time. Three

or four months of this kind of study, however, made the older pupils quite able to read the primer well. These books, above mentioned, being completed, I did not require any more Gospels to be memorized, but only to be thoroughly read, so as to gain a good knowledge of the matter of the books and a quick eye for the characters. In this manner the advanced class in the second year proceeded to read, and finished, the books of Acts, St. Luke, and St. Mark, and "Line upon Line," which is an epitome of Scripture History, from the creation to the establishment of the Israelites in the Promised Land. They also read very thoroughly "Henry and his Bearer," in the Romanized letter, and make a tolerable acquaintance with geography as far as through Asia. They proceeded also to the Catechism on the Lord's Prayer, which was finished, and with the previous Catechism was constantly reviewed. My plan was to review them monthly in each these Catechisms, taking one volume for one Sunday and so on. I need scarcely mention that constant visiting, examining, and questioning was practised by me, as a means of fixing in their memories what had been learned, and of quickening their attention. Twice a week was the minimum of visiting, four times was the average, but at the last my feebleness made me almost unable to put much life into my "talk," which was a source of deep regret, for I can truly say that the hours spent in my day schools were the happiest I knew in China. I was *sure it* was missionary work, for the *Gospel* (not English) "was preached to the poor." But I beg pardon for this digression. At the time of my departure from Shanghai (January, 1857), the school had been in continuance just two years and three months, and ten of the first pupils still remained, and professed to be intending to continue to the next year. They were able to read with readiness and to answer with pleasing intelligence. The number of the school was always full, though the average attendance (principally on account of the long sickly season in summer) was not more than sixteen or eighteen. The second year pupils were admitted to the number of twenty-five, and this was found to tax the teacher to her utmost ability. A promise had been made by the Church of the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn, for the support of this school. Up to the beginning of 1856, this promise had not been fulfilled, but during that year a donation was sent from them amounting to two hundred and twenty-five "home" dollars, and fifty-five Shanghai dollars. It was thought proper on several accounts to call this the Brooklyn Girls' Day School. Dr. Fisk added to its funds by a donation of seventy-five Mexican dollars, so that its prospects were bright for the year 1857, as to finances, and I cannot refrain from expressing the sincere satisfaction I feel that the school is now in charge of a

lady who will, I know, be faithful to all its interests. This school, commenced, as I have said, in October, 1854, under the care of a female teacher, was so prosperous that I desired to undertake another school of a like character, which should be situated some little distance in the country. The place finally selected was called *Nie-Ka-Kok*, about two miles from Hong Ku. Mr. Keith established a boys' school in the same hamlet, and accompanying me in all my visits, I was thus able to venture upon so distant a school. The person employed as teacher of my school at this place, was an aged, lady-like Chinese, of uncommon learning and very interesting character. She had conducted much of the education of her own sons, of whom she was bereft when they had come to man's estate. One was a graduate, the other a successful teacher. She was thus left an aged widow in reduced circumstances, with two daughters looking to her for aid. She proved very faithful and diligent in the discharge of her duties, but her age and some deafness rendered her somewhat less efficient in discipline than would otherwise have been the case. Preaching was at first undertaken by Mr. Keith in connection with these schools, but discontinued from want of hearers, the men being constantly in the fields after the busy season came on. The school proved a very interesting one, the number (as usual twenty) always full, and the attendance very regular. They were faithfully and thoroughly taught so far as they went. In one year the best scholars had finished the primer (*Yu Yak*), two of the Catechisms, and the Gospel of St. Mark. That they accomplished somewhat less than the first school was owing chiefly to a summer of unusual sickness, which few if any of the scholars escaped. At this village we met several women and one man who professed to be interested in learning the Christian doctrine. Two of them continued to come for instruction. One of them, *Wong Boo-boo*, has been admitted to the church, and appears a true and humble disciple. The other, a half-blind woman, receiving a weekly allowance, was not admitted, but continued a learner. In the mean time the aged teacher, who seemed naturally fond of books, had eagerly read the Christian books which had been put into her hands, and with much earnestness she desired baptism, to which she was admitted about a year from the time of her coming to us. Laden with sorrow, she may be said to have believed with gladness of heart, and with especial readiness of mind, for from her intelligence the task of explanation was comparatively easy. When the day schools were relinquished by the mission treasury from want of funds (in the spring of 1856), Mr. Keith being unable to sustain his longer, this girls' school at *Nie-Ka-Kok* was given up with great regret on my part, and apparently on those of the scholars. Six of them

came a distance of two miles to the Brooklyn day school. After a few weeks, one ceased from weariness of her walk (three miles), another continued eight months, and being interrupted by sickness never returned. Another, being transferred to a Christian boarding school, soon after died; but three continued to come through the year, two of which were most persevering and regular in attendance, and rapid in their acquirements. Having given up the Nie-Ka-Kok, I opened a girls' school at a hamlet called Tse Oong Pang (about a mile from Hoong Ku), and to this school the aged teacher Koo-Mang-Mang's services were transferred. This school was never so well filled as the two others, or, rather, though the number was twenty, the average attendance was scarcely more than fifteen. My own ill health prevented my visits, and compelled me to resign the charge of it early in the summer, and a long illness of the teacher was a further hinderance to its prosperity. For the amount of its attainments, during the year, to its final close, January, 1857, I must refer you to Mrs. Syle, to whose kindness I am so much indebted for assuming the care of it at my request. I suppose this also must be recorded a defunct school, for Mrs. Syle, having undertaken the care of the Brooklyn school, could not well retain the distant school also. The teacher, moreover, had become almost too infirm for such a charge. I ought to mention here that, for the benefit of this school, I obtained aid from Mr. Hobson, to the amount of ninety dollars; and a donation of twenty-five dollars from Salem, Virginia, was sent through Mr. Keith. In connection with these schools it may not be out of place to speak of the books which I was instrumental in having prepared for their use, and which were finally printed just before I left. Mr. Hobson gave me funds (sixty dollars) for publishing "Line upon Line"—personal friends, thirty-three dollars, in aid of bringing out the Geography. "Henry and his Bearer" was published by the funds of the Tract Society. These books, one or all, are used (and were used before printed, in copies by hand) in almost if not quite all the girls' day schools I know in Shanghai. I am not quite sure if those in our missions be exceptions, however. I have thus, my dear Mr. Syle, endeavored to answer your wishes in sketching my own part in day schools. I am aware how imperfectly I have succeeded, and fear that you may find after all that these pages are deficient in some of the very particulars you may most desire to see mentioned. Accept it, with the kind regards of yours, very sincerely,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO MISS PLUMER.

North Atlantic, Latitude 13°, Longitude 50°, }  
 Tuesday, April 7, 1857. }

MY DEAREST MARY: I have just finished re-reading your letter of September 29th, which was received about two weeks before we sailed from Shanghai, which important event took place January 21st, in the ship "White Swallow," bound for New York, which port we hope to reach the latter part of next week. Having inflicted upon you three relative pronouns in the effort to convey three items (namely letter, sailing, and ship), I should tear up such an awkward commencement, were I not in these days very chary of my labors! I thought the answer to your letter, my dear Mary, would be none the less acceptable, if brought by the writer! rather than committed to the mail, especially as the mail and "White Swallow" will probably arrive on nearly the same day, and thus you will get near three months' later date. When you wrote recommending "a voyage," did you expect us so soon? In fact we were hurried off, six weeks earlier than we had planned and wished, in consequence of Mr. Keith's more rapidly failing health. If I remember rightly, my last to you was written in October. Soon after that, Mr. Keith was taken with what seemed to be a severe cold, showing itself at first by violent shivering, and leaving him with a soreness of the chest, which the doctor thought rheumatic, as there was not the least cough to indicate any irritation of the lungs. But this soreness continuing, with increased weakness, rendering him quite unequal to any labor, there seemed nothing to do but avail ourselves of the first opportunity to sail for the United States. None offering (in much probability) between the "White Swallow," January 20th, and the first of March, it was judged wisest to hasten off. This earlier departure, coupled as it was with diminished strength on the part of Mr. Keith, prevented the completion of his first draft of his dictionary, a work very dear to his heart. I probably mentioned it to you as one of the "plans" which you say my letter of May spoke of so fully. From the manner in which he had borne the summer of 1856, as compared with the summer of 1855, the doctor had hoped Mr. Keith would rally and do bravely; but he worked up just a little more than his strength every day on his dictionary, and so found himself prostrated. For myself, though I was, of course, more brisk than in the summer, and moving about in the boys' school and one day school (for one I had been obliged, during my severest suffering in summer, to give up to Mrs. Sytle, who is ever ready to do what she can among the Chinese), yet my strength, I may say, was only skin deep, and no one had any idea of my daily discomfort and suffering but my hus-

band, who, of course, saw me at the worst as well as at the best. Fevered, excitable, restless—yet weary—oh! how weary. No words can describe the weariness of feeling which is a part of dyspepsia! The doctor's opinion is that two years' absence will restore us to health, but my confidence in his judgment as to us (though he is very skilful in the treatment of some kinds of disease) is not implicit. The health of both of us began to fail before our marriage (namely the summer of 1853). My trouble is a chronic dyspepsia, three years' standing. Mr. Keith's is some trouble of the bowels, of a still earlier commencement, and the nature of which is not understood, though there are various guesses. I fear, therefore, that at the best, three years will but bring us up the hill, which we have more than three years been descending. The doctor told us, too, that he thought we should very soon, when at sea, find the benefit of sea air, and ourselves much better when we should arrive in New York. But, on the contrary, we are far less well, less strong, and less comfortable than when we left China! How weary the voyage has been (although to a well person it would have been a most favorable one), and how we long for shore, it would be impossible to describe to you. To-day is the beginning of the twelfth week of our voyage, though we were on board ship four days previous to the ship getting outside the pilotage. When we left Shanghai, our usual fare was simple baked chicken or mutton, rice (potatoes and the like not agreeing with us), and bread. For the first and the third meal of the day, weak black tea, and bread (in my case mostly without butter), and some soft-boiled rice with a little sugar (to vary the monotony of our fare), satisfied our simple wants. But, then, most important was it that the rice should be good, should be boiled properly, should not be too salt, or entirely without salt, should be picked clean and boiled in sweet water. I leave you to infer if all these conditions were likely to be fulfilled at sea. Of still greater consequence was bread, the staff of life, much more stimulating and nourishing than rice, which was only used as a relief to bread. Sour bread is poison to a weak or disordered stomach or bowels. What was our horror to find, when two weeks out, that the tolerable flour was used up, and none remained but what you and I should call useless. Even the steward, used as he was to ship flour, said it was "so sour, it smelt!" You can imagine the color and taste of the bread, though saleratus is abundantly used to correct it. The consequence to us (though not to the others; yet even they do not seem to have much liking for the bread these latter days) was, that we were to fast from bread all our voyage—not a pleasant thing to well people; but to us invalids, whose want and need of it far, far exceeded the desire of it, keen as that

has been, to us, I say, it has been a sore trial, which will make the memory of this voyage ever painful, bringing before us weariness and deprivation. You will ask, "Were there no crackers?" Yes, there were some, and some ship bread, but musty. Besides, it would have taken hours to soak them, had they been sweet and fit for us to eat. But (what few people understand) to eat dry crackers is to subject a dyspeptic to certain injury and (to me) distress, as it swells in the stomach; and on the other hand, wet, soppy substances, as soaked crackers, are not the most desirable, as they cannot be well mixed with the saliva in mastication. However, we had two large boxes of crackers, and have soaked them and got on as well as we could, though at times we have been too delicate for those, and obliged to stick to the rice through "thick and thin;" though it was often hard swallowing so insipid a thing when it was but indifferently cooked. Here is a history of our fare; but even this would have been tolerable with health and a good appetite, even though none of the articles were even third rate. But febleness has made it hard to bear as patiently as we ought. And, indeed, we have much reason to be thankful that we are so well as we are, and that our voyage bids fair to be so short, and that it has been so smooth; for had it been long and rough, I almost think we should have received fatal damage. As it is, some of the more trying parts of the voyage have brought us down very much. Contrary to the doctor's prediction, we have lost flesh and appetite. We each weigh about one hundred pounds apiece! One greater evil to me is the fevered, parched skin, which began to trouble me about a year last February, and now there are scarce three hours out of twenty-four when I feel natural, and not more than two nights in seven when I can dispense with opiates, and those are stupefying, horrid things. How many restless, fevered nights I have known in the last three years!

Having filled up one sheet with myself, it is time I should turn to other topics; and my excuse for dwelling so long on our health is, that, as it is not probable I shall see you yet for months, you would desire a particular account of our state, now on our arrival.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am so ardent, that if I thought about slavery at all, my blood would boil too much for my good, and so I leave the battle to those who must fight it. I expect to find Buchanan President! What more we shall find, I cannot conjecture—I hope not civil war; and yet it seems to me that the North cannot stand Southern aggression much longer. I have been reading on my voyage Wilkes's "Exploring Expedition," and I wish, if ever you have an opportunity, you would read it, at least portions of it. Lieut.

Wilkes enters quite fully into notices of the different missions in the islands of the Pacific, especially those of the Sandwich Islands. He particularly describes the houses, the furniture, and the attendance (and he knew, because he was repeatedly their guest). The account was so at the antipodes from the one given you years ago, that I wished you could see it. Your informant was probably one of the large class of visitors who are content to learn what they know of missionaries from the accounts of enemies. Why these people are enemies, it is not difficult to account, and Lieut. Wilkes more than hints at the reasons (some of them), though, I confess, to my mind they are all included in the saying of our Master, "Marvel not if the world hate you; you know that it hated me before it hated you." I know so much of people abroad going home and confidently affirming that they "know all about the missions," &c., when they really know nothing, have perhaps asked two or three questions, and taken common hearsay for answer as undoubted truth! I only wish the good people at home knew the art of questioning—the ignorance of the wise travellers would soon appear!

*Saturday Morning, May 2d.*—My dear Mary: Words would be poor to describe the delight, the bodily and mental comfort of being among the known and loved ones. Yes, here we are safe, and feeling so much more comfortable than we could have expected from the sensations of the past fifteen weeks. We have had a most tedious time from the equator, thirty days, frequent calms and head winds, and provisions, through the villany of the steward, growing short, so that, had it not been for some private stores of our own, I do not know what we two sick people would have done. Pray, write at once, care of William T. Cutter, corner of Bedford and Lafayette Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y. Oh! how good it is to be in one's native land. Yours ever, most lovingly,  
C. P. KEITH.

TO HER BROTHER.

North Atlantic, Latitude 24°, Longitude 57°, }  
April 17, 1857. }

MY DEAR BROTHER: Thirteen weeks ago, this day, we came on board ship, and a long and weary voyage has it been. Six weeks ago I should have thought it bad enough, nay, almost intolerable, to be becalmed as we are so near our goal. So long confined not only to insipid, but, to us, not the most nourishing or healthy diet, we are as thin as skeletons, and weak accordingly. But you will sympathize partly in the agony of mind (yes, on yesterday I may say I endured agony) I could not escape, when, as day after day continued, I knew the ship stores that we could eat

of, would last but five days longer ! Do you ask what those stores are ? I answer, chickens, of which yesterday there remained sixteen and two small porkers, for you must know that we have not had the luxury of bread but once this voyage, viz., at the first, the flour being so bad (so sour) as to be useless to us, and indeed, of late (say six weeks), little eaten by any one. Next, the rice, which began to be brought on the table three or four weeks ago, was so musty (and, withal, of so glutinous a nature as to be pernicious to us, being brought from Siam on speculation, and, though offered cheap to the Chinese in a time of scarcity and monetary pressure, could not be sold to them), that we could not eat it, and so have been living on our own stock, which will be utterly exhausted in five days more. Bread and ice being minus, "How then ?" say you. I answer, we have been keeping ourselves along all the way on indulgence of crackers of our own (those on ship-board not being of good quality, and exhausted at that). But said crackers on scanty allowance will last but ten days, and we are 1,300 miles from New York. The "cans," too, are few, and all that we saw before us was ship biscuit, soaked, and arrow root (of which latter there is not a great quantity). To people so weak as we (though the strongest, I doubt not, would kick at such fare more than we poor, chastened invalids) this diet would be highly injurious ; and when I know so well Mr. K.'s weak and exhausted condition, I fear even that the consequences will be most serious. \* \* \* We have desired the captain to go into Bermudas, which he richly deserves to do for the carelessness with which he has provided for sick people, whose wants were simple, but imperative. There is a tradition among missionaries in Shanghai that Boston ships are worse stored, and Yankee captains less kind and attentive, than those furnished and owned in New York generally. I am sorry for the sake of such a "glorious land" as that of the "Pilgrims," that my experience can offer nothing against this.

*May 2, 9 A. M.*—My dear, dear brother : Here we are, grateful, I trust, to the Giver of every good for all His numberless blessings. Own sisters and brothers could not have given us a warmer welcome than we have here, and words cannot begin to tell how great is the satisfaction of being here. Our calms and short provisions have cost me unspeakable anxiety on his account ; he looked so drooping, and I felt he could never stand reduction of our poor fare. But we are brought in safety. Much love to Lizzie and Bel. Write at once to your ever-affectionate sister,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith spent just two years in America; in New York and Brooklyn and neighborhood, in Massachusetts, in Vermont, in New Jersey, in Virginia, in Pennsylvania (at some mineral springs), and during the last portion of the time Mrs. Keith was ten weeks at a water-cure establishment in Saratoga, N. Y. Change of scene and residence and habits of living probably effected less for the improvement of their health than a different course, if adopted at the first, would have done. Such was their own conviction during the last of their stay. They, however, left America on their return in a much better condition of body than when they stepped upon its shores.

TO HER NIECE, ISABEL CAROLINE TENNEY.

Cold Spring, L. I., Oct. 20, 1857.

MY BELOVED CHILD: I am glad of a season of quiet, at length, that I may sit down and have a comfortable chat with you before you take flight for a new home [a school at Worcester, Mass.]. Since I wrote to your father, I have made a visit of a week in New York. \* \* \* Besides these meetings [of the Board of Missions] and interviews with old friends, there was nothing pleasant in New York. It is the most dismal of places; ruin hangs over the heads of all, and dismay is knocking at every heart. My spirits and my health suffered, for there is no one who does not, in some respect, feel the influence, if not the pressure, of these "hard times." Just now, we are surrounded with everything to please the eye, gratify the taste, conduce to comfort, and improve the health. The dash of the waters, the music of the woods, the breath of the sea, and of the forest-clad hills, all these meet here, and give a sense of enjoyment one does not often experience. Then, every fine day, we take a drive through pleasant scenery, and a pony is at Mr. Keith's command for horseback exercise. The dear friend from whose kindness and affection we receive so much to give us pleasure and to benefit our health, is one who loves us for Christ's and for our work's sake, for I had not the claims of friendship before I left for China. Therefore it is that I count these present enjoyments, now around us, as well as numberless ones I have received previously in China and in this country, as a part of the "hundredfold in this present life," which is promised by my gracious Master to those who have left what was dear to them, for His sake. How richly and abundantly have I been blessed for every sacrifice, and I am ashamed that my heart should ever know other emotions than those of perfect trust, of

deepest gratitude and warmest love ; that I should ever doubt, or fear, or question the ways of Him whose name is Love.

While in New York, I sent you three papers. I hope they will interest you, for I trust you will early learn to give your sympathies to every good work, while not forgetting also "to show piety at home." I shall feel anxious for your utmost progress and improvement at school, and after you are fairly settled and at work there, I shall expect you to write me very particularly. But while I am desirous for your progress in knowledge, and, as you know, very solicitous for the formation early of a thoroughly lady-like deportment and manner, I am still more anxious that you should unceasingly and most carefully cultivate all that is lovely and lovable in heart and feeling. Let me repeat the word "cultivate," dear Isabel, because no excellence, much less moral excellence, comes without toil and care. Above all, do this in the fear of God, looking for His help and blessing. You will not think you are too young to enter seriously upon the fulfilment of life's first and highest duties, when you remember that your departed mother, when but a few months older than you now are, had given her warm affection to her Savior, and chosen his service forever. I am sure that your father could join me in witnessing that her constant desire and prayer was that "Isabel might be good," might be "a useful woman," "beloved" and "a blessing to others." These are words I have often heard fall from her lips in regard to you, and she never seemed to me for one hour to forget that you were intrusted to her to train for eternity. I hope and I believe, dear Isabel, that you will think seriously of these things, and earnestly seek for help from above to enable you to choose the way of life. If I seem to write too seriously, it is because I know so well how serious is life, and because it is an eventful hour of your life, when you first go out, even for a few months, to share in scenes and trials altogether new. But, though I speak of life as serious, let it not sadden you, or cast a shadow over the future you see opening before you, for there are ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, that grow smoother and brighter as years pass away. Ponder, therefore, the path of your feet, and so shall your goings be established. Remember whose pure eye, whose heart of love watches over you, and listen to the wise voice that invites and calls, "Son, daughter, give me thine heart."

*October 22d.*—To-morrow will be twenty years since I left school at Derry. The event appears to me to have happened in some previous lifetime, so dreamy is the recollection of those days, so bright to me.

Good-by, my dear Isabel. Your uncle sends his love, and we shall hope to hear from you soon. Ever your affectionate  
AUNT CAROLINE.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Alexandria, Va., Feb. 25, 1858.

\* \* \* \* \*

We beg your pardon for not sooner alluding to F. W. Robertson's Sermons, which you presented me. Mr. Keith admired the beauty of the ideas very much; but thought the writer was following the leadings of his own mind, rather than developing what was in the texts, and that he was not a safe guide to the unwary; but he enjoyed reading the book very much. I believe I found less fault than Mr. K., for I met with so many animating and refreshing thoughts, that I could not call up the criticizing temper. I remember thinking his sermon on the sympathy of Christ as peculiarly engaging. I recollect thinking, when reading, what he had to say of the suffering of Christ, that if he did not bring out all which the Scriptures plainly teach, his manner of treating the subject was yet very affecting and solemn, and more to my taste and feeling than the teaching of some who are wise beyond what is written, and who lay down for facts of Bible teaching, the old dogmas of musty theological books. For me there is no rest, but in and on the Bible. I have no patience to listen to those who are wise beyond what is written, and who understand a great deal that the Bible leaves unexplained, or even entirely in the dark.

When I open the Bible, sin is the first fact of human history; as I go on, sin is the great fact of human life; as I come to the gospel, I find it was sin that brought the Son from the glory which he had with the Father, down to this suffering world, and I find that the sum of the good news which the apostles perilled their lives to proclaim was that the dead in sin might live through Christ. I find sin the great burden of my own life; I find sin the constant subject of humble confession in the services of our church, and I see sin to be that which crushes and degrades mankind. I would as soon attempt to move a mountain with my feeble hand as touch the heart and move the will by some mere presentation of truth; much less, then, by such preaching as Unitarianism legitimately forms. It does seem to me that Unitarian people (guided, I suppose, by their weekly preaching) go on indulging in their own idea of what they think is about the most sensible thing, and then (some of them, I know) are so little conversant with the Bible, that they think, of course, it is all there; or, if they should be mistaken, sincerity will make it all right. Am I unfair in thus saying? I know there is selfishness, deadness, ignorance, and all that, in the most orthodox of churches. I know and I deplore the worldliness of the Episcopal Church, drawing, as by the force of circumstances it must, the fashionable and rich, and men of mere

taste. All this and more I know, but each Sunday the congregation must hear, not ten verses, or some choice chapter, but large portions of Scripture; and even if the minister should be a man of wood, the Bible and the liturgy speak for themselves, and keep the truth before the mind and heart.

TO THE SAME.

Alexandria, Va., April 5, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours, addressed to me at Petersburg, was duly received. Since then we have been "away down" to King George. \* \* \*

With much of your letter, of course, I cannot go along; and yet I doubt not that in the most ultra parts there would be found more agreement, in fact, than the words indicate. On one point I have long held views kindred to your own (although I speak and think as I do about confession, and by confession I mean the wholesomeness and propriety of keeping in view and of confessing sins and sinfulness), viz.: "the dwelling on sin, the anatomizing, the intensifying the feelings with respect to sinfulness, and the making pardon the only desideratum, are not conducive to forming the highest order of character." It has ever been a favorite idea with me that there should be higher aspiration (you see, I can use that word), more up-looking, and, by the way, I may mention that it is one reason of my partiality to the Episcopal Church, that its teachings are more objective and practical than those of some others I could mention, less speculative, less dogmatic. And, thinking as I do about human sinfulness, I would be glad to hear more faithful preaching about "sins" (as you suggest); they are connected, I think, as the root and the branches. I would like to hear more, and to see that Christians felt more their high commission to labor for their Master, to give themselves to his service really; not selfishly sitting down, content with the hope of their own salvation, and merely sighing over others, who are spiritually hungry and thirsty and naked. And this inert selfishness of human nature in spite of all that should animate, is, to me, one of the blackest of sins.

\* \* \* \* \*

When a child, I read and heard about missionaries, and there, in the quiet corner of the fireside, while you were at school, and perhaps poring over Latin and Greek, I had my dreams. Usefulness was the noblest idea I had. I cannot remember when I had it not. Sometimes I would think of you as a minister, and I helping you in your parish work—sometimes of myself as a minister's wife; but the highest idea then was to be a missionary's

wife, for I then did not know of any other way in which a woman could be a missionary. I had a schoolmate or two who were to go to the Indians. I thought of it as something I would like to do. Ambition of more worldly hues afterward painted the future; but usefulness was always the staple coloring, so that, when a minister, in 1845, said to me, "I should think you would think of the missionary field," the words were unheeded. To be frank, I believe I had high notions of what I might do in the refined and civilized world around me. By a succession of providential circumstances, I was led to enter the Episcopal Church, and then to drink a bitter cup which my own folly had prepared. But God blessed that bitterness—in very faithfulness he afflicted me. As I look back upon those hours in lonely, lonely King George, I deem them spiritually among the most precious of my life. It ever strengthens my faith to remember, surely—but those hours are too sacred, I cannot unveil them. It was during the years 1848 and 1849, for at least a year previous to my coming North, that I meditated the question of personal interest in a missionary life. Do you ask me the thoughts that suggested themselves and influenced my course? Well, I was chastened sore, I was like a weaned child, I longed for more consecration to the only service that satisfies and rewards the soul. How shall I accomplish this? And what has been the discipline of Providence, and to what does it point me? I had been sobered, as I said, I had been trained to loneliness and to considerable self-dependence. I had few friends to bind me to life. My only brother was of views so different from mine, that I could never spend my life in active usefulness in unison with him. These are circumstances to be considered when I look at the last command of Christ, and reflect that, upon the Christian church in general, and some of the members in particular, rests the duty of going to the heathen. I spoke of it to Mr. Blodgett. He said only this, "It is a good work, Phebe, and I will bid you God speed, but I would rather you went out married. I wish no better thing than that all my children were good missionaries." Then I went to see Dr. Lewis, in order to see the committee. I felt that by long years of successive disappointments, God called me to His better service, and the heathen called in vain. One missionary Bishop had been for a year and a half calling in vain. The distress of parting with you, none but God knows; for I did not allow my thoughts to dwell on such themes, and I bore up cheerfully. For your sake I sorrowed most, and had I foreseen the events of 1850, of course, the duty would have been an indefinite delay. I think, indeed, that the teachings and life of Mr. Blodgett made those impressions on me, gave me those ideas of duty and devotedness which were the first threads in the web of my missionary

character (if such a figure is allowable), but that was in 1834 and 1835. Had I my life to live over again, it seems to me that I should take the same views of duty abstractly and in the concrete. True, I have had my trials there, and some of them almost too much for me; but I have ever felt that as to myself I realized the "hundredfold," and I hope I have not labored entirely in vain. This is an attempt to tell you how I came to be a missionary, and I feel it to be very imperfect. But this I know, that, if I were not a missionary, I would become so as soon as I could, and if not to the heathen, then to the poor and miserable of our own cities. It is the shame of the Christian church of this age that there is so little self-denial, so little given to Him who gave Himself for us, so much luxury, so much profession, and so few deeds. We talk of light, and that we are blessed with the gospel, and yet how few rise up to carry it to others—while thousands are ready to go to deadly climes for gain!

TO MRS. SUMNER.

Epping, H. N., Oct. 5, 1858.

\* \* \* \* \*

You say of yourself, "My faith in God and man is enlarged, vivified, and exalted, since we two parted." I, too, may say this as it respects God. He appears to me more and more the all in all; but of man, his weakness, his treachery, his falsehood, his sinfulness, my belief (because of experience and observation) in these is deepened in a tenfold degree. Not that there are not good qualities, as we may term them, in any and every one, nor that there are not high aspirations and even aims, but there is always some weak, if not some rotten spot, where temptation begins to work, and the reed upon which we leaned, the fair (moral) being that we revered, is broken and ruined, and with the ruin, alas! is buried that buoyant hopefulness which makes the youthfulness of life. Now I hear you say, "That is her religion." No, I insist it is observation and experience, combined with my temperament, which is so different from yours; though the Bible, I think, in its pictures of human nature and human life, sanctions my view.

\* \* \* \* \*

You ask me what I have read, thought, and felt in this my dear native country? The answer to the question would take a long time, even to the small hours of night. I have not read much, from scarcity of books, and my constant impression is, how little people read! except, indeed, the newspapers and the trifling magazines. Serious books, and those for the real culture of the

mind (history especially), are almost utterly neglected. I find myself (although so long an exile) greatly in advance as to reading in comparison with most of the greatest readers among my friends. And yet I am greatly deficient as to things I want to know, for want of opportunity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good-by. I hate to stop writing, for it seems like a separation. God bless you ever, my dear friend. Love me always, and believe me ever yours, faithfully and affectionately, in the East or in the West,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

#### TO HER BROTHER.

Saratoga Water Cure, Jan. 31, 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours of the 13th inst. came in due time, and arrived one evening after I had gone to bed. I was wise enough not to ask who the letter was from that night, so that the next morning, when Mr. Keith arose, and before I had collected my senses, the good news was read to me. It is to me trebly good for yours and Lizzie's and Isabel's sake. To me, perhaps, he will always be a stranger. I am glad you retained the name of "William."

\* \* \* \* \*

If I had all my original strength, I feel as though I could now do a great deal for China in several ways; but with the portion I have left, I can do more perhaps than I have previously done, because I know better how to act to advantage.

This wandering life has made me realize more than perhaps any previous part of it, that this life is but a journey, and we are pilgrims and strangers upon the earth. But I have a sweet companion. I feel that I cannot sufficiently thank God for such an one to cheer the way. I suppose it is not an uncommon experience of people happily married, that they grow nearer to each other. Certainly, each succeeding year shows me more my husband's value; and if I have known now for long years what it is to be an invalid, his tender care has almost made me forget the weariness that belongs to that word.

#### TO MRS. CHARLOTTE (GOODRIDGE) SMITH.

New York City, March 26, 1859.

\* \* \* \* \*

And here, dear Charlotte, I must tell you of God's goodness to me the past winter, for who knows what our life shall be, and what a day shall bring forth? This may be my last letter to you,

and I must testify to the grace of my Redeemer ; but oh ! where shall I begin ?

You remember, perhaps (for if I am not greatly mistaken, I wrote you about it), how much interest I felt, years ago, in Upham's "Interior Life," and in the views there developed, and, as I thought, sustained. I wrote you, also, of the rich experience I had, through faith in my powerful and present Savior, on the ship, as I was going to China. You must have noted, too, how I lost my joys, and dwelt in darkness, and became lean. You must have been disappointed, too, in meeting me, that I had no Savior to speak of, the Savior who had led me, and had so revealed Himself to me. Well, I could wish to see you and tell you all that past, to magnify the patience and goodness of my God. But it is too late for this, and I can only say that God has again (oh ! the wonders of His grace), as it were, prepared me for His work by giving me the same faith and the same victory, the same consecration and the same trust. During the weeks of my quiet retreat at Water Cure, I drew near to God, I brought Him all my sin and misery and wants, and He drew near the prodigal and gave that prodigal the best robe. Yes, in the old way of faith I again sought, and again found Christ unto me as "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." The blood of Jesus Christ "cleanseth from all sin," not in an imputed, but in a real sense, and looking to that Savior moment by moment, yea, rather abiding in Christ, and He abiding in me, I am kept from falling. Dear Charlotte, study the Scriptures with this subject in view ; learn how Christ is received by faith, dwelling in us for sanctification, just as He is at first by faith for justification. "As ye have received, so walk." How did you receive ? Did not His fulness take possession of your poverty ? Oh, that the church should be so generally stopping at the 7th chapter of Romans, and not triumphing in the 8th. This is THE glory of our religion, Jesus came to—do what?—save his people from the punishment of sin?—no, "from their sins." "What the law could not do, &c., God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, so that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled"—how?—in him?—no, "in us." But it is Christ in us ; all the glory is His.

And now, dear Charlotte, take my last testimony. Christ saves from sin, here. He fills the heart with that love which is the fulfilling of the law. He is able to do above all we ask or think. Oh ! would we not ask to be saved from sinning against Him day by day ? And what a weight is lifted off the soul by this faith ! how it inspires with strength to do His will ! I should love to write pages, but must not. Read Upham, read the Bible with reference to this subject, and see how great things are pro-

vided for us. Shall we not take them? Oh! I cannot in words express the sense of my sin in living as I have done, when nine years ago I saw, and for a little while enjoyed, the fulness of this salvation; God enable me to redeem the time. I have read Boardman's Higher Life. I do not think he is bold enough for the truth; but his book will do good. Remember me very kindly to your husband: I am thankful for his prayers and yours. We have a glorious work, a glorious field, and how much more a truly glorious Master. Mr. Keith also desires kind remembrance. I shall try to write you from China as I have heretofore. God bless you in all things. Finally, farewell, "be perfect," "be of good comfort," "and the God of peace be with you." Ever yours in the best love,

CAROLINE.

TO MRS. SUMNER.

New York City, April 27, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. SUMNER: Your New-Year's letter found me the inmate of a water cure establishment at Saratoga. The more than a year and a half's sojourn in America had resulted in no permanent and radical benefit. I was not, indeed, the weak, wretched invalid of my last summer in China; but beyond the rally of my first three months in America I did not pass. Every mental effort, even letter-writing, was fatiguing to me, and I could never promise myself a night free from fever and restlessness. But with all this there was the old story, "rest, change, diet, exercise." In December last I fortunately got worse, and a constant and violent distress drove me to the water cure as my last hope. I remained there ten weeks only, and I have now been in New York more than six weeks preparing for our voyage. And I feel myself once more in health—blessed word! I am little, if anything less strong than ever; I feel even the exuberance of health; but I suppose that I could not endure the intemperate labor in which in my past life I used to feel free to indulge, at every emergency. So much for my health. Mr. Keith, too, is restored; but not quite so perfectly as myself. He was at the water cure but five weeks. We propose continuing the treatment as circumstances may require, after we get to China, and we hope by this means to preserve our health even in China. And now you will say, not "alas," but "God speed," for China now opens all her doors and invites the missionaries.

\* \* \* \* \*

I may use your quotation from Hugh Miller, "We are living, we are wakening in the twilight dawn of the Sabbath era of God and man, and He calls us to worship and to labor." We go,

then, more than joyfully for Christ's sake, for our brother's sake, and we know who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" yea, He is with us to the ends of the earth. Our visit has been to me full of interest, only diminished by the indifferent health of my husband and myself for the largest part of the time. I have felt my mind quickened and expanded, my heart moved and enlarged, my soul elevated, and I hope refined by the thousand influences, and especially by the blessing of God upon these, which have been around and upon me. I have felt, painfully, the truth of your remark, "Our sisters seem to feel, and think, and read less wisely and judiciously and profoundly than they ought." Again you say, "You will refresh your mind and heart from all the churches." I should love to describe to you some of the meetings I have been in, among Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed, Methodists, Congregationalists. I love my church most dearly, but I love all who love my Savior. "One in Christ Jesus." I feel no party fetters; and in love, heaven is begun on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have sent you my face;—would you know it? They say it looks too old, but I shall soon catch up; all those photographs give a grim look.

My love to your aunt and uncle, and to Grandmother Baird, and to all who have interest in me. I could have wished for a nice visit with you. I do not look forward to another visit to the United States. God knows, but the hopes for the eternal home and joys grow brighter and sweeter every day. All intercourse here is so imperfect, that I can with more patience wait to see those I love in the better land. Yet life's joys, when tinged with the light of hope from eternity, through Christ, are very sweet. To-day is the fifth anniversary of my marriage, which has made me forget the lonely feeling that used to be a part of my existence. I have often been impatient with the training my Divine Teacher prepared for me; but it was all right. I now bless Him for it. How wonderful is His patience.—I should like to write four times as much, but have many others to whom I must say last words. I am glad to know that peace and happiness and comfort are yours. Think of me and love me, even as I do you. Farewell, from your faithful and affectionate friend,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO DENNISON W. OSBORNE.

New York, April 30, 1859.

DEAR COUSIN DENNISON: I have been intending these two weeks to write and acknowledge Almira's letter, and to give you

notice of our intended departure ; but I have been so constantly engaged, that it is only at the last moment I have found the time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Remember me affectionately to every one of your family, especially to uncle and aunt. Should any of you see Charlotte, give my parting salutations to her. I trust the lives of your parents may be prolonged these many years ; but I can scarcely expect to see them again in this world.

And now, my dear cousin, I want to thank you again for all your kind consideration for me. You know how sincerely I appreciate all the kindness of the past and the kindly feeling of the present. I have one wish for you. You know what it is : "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

Commending you all to God, and with the same affectionate remembrance, I remain, ever, faithfully, your cousin,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

#### TO HER BROTHER.

New York, April 30, 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER : I sit down to begin my last letter to you before sailing. All our things are on board. We are now in excellent health, and can read and study with pleasure and profit.

\* \* \* \* \*

We go, counting it all joy, and joying most in this, that whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord ; so that, living or dying, we are the Lord's. The duties of this life, and the nearness of a future, and better, become constantly more real, and I have never before so much and so constantly realized that I work "under the great Taskmaster's eye." Very many and very great have been the blessings of our sojourn in America, and now we go forth again, rejoicing, trusting in Him who has hitherto led us and kept us. With our warmest love and prayers for you all, Lizzie, Isabel, and you, my dear brother, and with fond hopes for the health and life of the little one, I am as ever, your affectionate sister,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

*New York Bay, Noon, May 4th, 1859.*—Farewell, my dear brother. This world has its brightness ; but the shadow of pain and parting hangs over all, from the cradle to the grave. There is rest, there is certainty, there is no pain, in heaven. There, though divided on earth, may we meet and be satisfied in the likeness of Christ. Again, love to all. Farewell. Your ever affectionate sister,

CAROLINE.

## TO THE SAME.

China Sea, off the Ananibas Islands. }  
 August 17, 1859. }

MY DEAR BROTHER: When I tell you that this is the first time I have summoned resolution to take my pen, you will understand at once that my condition has been decidedly "below par;" even now it seems so little a reality to be expected that we should ever get to Hong Kong, that the interest of writing is sensibly diminished. We are now seven days from Angier (toward Hong Kong), a stopping-place fifty miles E. of "Java head," where we stopped one day to renew supplies of water, chickens, potatoes, yams, &c., and we have gained only 700 miles. The heat is by therm.  $85^{\circ}$ , by feeling  $100^{\circ}$ ; nor can we expect it to be less before we come to Hong Kong, which is still distant 1,200 miles.

Fifteen long weeks ago we came on board the ship "S. H. Talbot." It was dirty, and the knives, plates, &c., nearly turned my stomach for the first few days. It has been said, however, (though I doubt if with truth,) that "dirt never killed any body." The cook was but indifferent; and the stewardess, his wife, still more shiftless and lazy. \* \* \* The water, which from the first had been of a disagreeable taste, became so nauseous for the last two of the five weeks we were in getting to the equator, that I could not even drink the tea that was made with it! I tried coffee twice; but that gave me a violent headache and nausea. My only alternative was to put a great deal of claret and sugar with the water, and then hold my breath so as not to smell it, till I had swallowed my dose. Neither could we wash in it for the last few weeks; for the last few days of these five weeks I could not even bear the water in our room, the stench was so strong. The reason was that the water had been put into port wine casks, which, I do not believe, had ever been rinsed out! You will ask, whose fault was this? The answer is: not the owner's, certainly; how could it be the owner's? Not the captain's; how could it be the captain's? for he was off at his home in Plymouth till after all this was done; how should it be the captain's business? It is the business of the first mate to have the water stowed; but, overrun with business, how should he be able to see whether the casks are fit or unfit. Of course, how could he? Of course, then, it is Mr. Nobody's fault, though our misfortune. When I asked the captain what was the cause of the water being so (for I had not then ascertained), his answer was, "I have seen a great deal worse water than this on board ship." Precious comfort! but any man, whose mouth is soaked with tobacco almost all the twenty-four hours, cannot rightly tell the taste of food, much less of so delicate an article as water. \* \* \*

Added to our natural discomfort was my fever, my skin parched and burning, and no water to cool my tongue or brow. I thought of the poor wretches, who so often are taken in chains across these calm equatorial regions from Africa, and, dead from thirst and sickness, are thrown overboard; but such thoughts did not alleviate our distresses. I remembered that St. Paul was in hunger and weariness often, and in peril on the deep; but that did not give me patience to bear the suffering caused by the carelessness of man. I thought of Him, who bore all our "sorrows," and by His grace only was kept from wretched despair, for I knew not but this trial was to last to China, and I saw not how we could live through it. The captain was a kind of grum man, and said very little, and nobody could tell whether he was in a pleased mood or otherwise. The suffering of thirst in sickness protracted day after day, and unalleviated, is what few are called to make acquaintance with.

One day some clear, fine water was brought. I felt like Hagar in the wilderness. From this time there was tolerably good water, and there had been no need of our having the bad.

At last we got the "Trades," south of the equator; but they had so much "easting" that it drove us much nearer Cape St. Roque than was desirable.

Sailing as close as we could to the wind, and the consequent pitching motion, gave me a constant headache, but my fever was less than it was north of the equator. With a wet towel on my head, and reclining on the sofa, I was able to read Chinese some hours a day.

From June 30th we had one continued storm for one month. It was not possible to sit or lie quietly, and the storms confined us below. July 1st and 2d, the ship took over water, so that it surged and rushed from side to side in the outer house. The same one who stowed the water having so stowed the casks that the scuppers were filled up, and the water could not escape. It came half way up our dining room, and I fully expected to see it in our own cabin and state room. I shall never forget those fearful nights and days. The water-casks got loose, and several were stove in pieces. The water leaked into our cabin always when it rained, and when the waves dashed to a certain height. Mr. Keith was obliged to wear rubbers all the time, and I also, when I stepped out of my berth. My berth was my place of refuge at all times; and, bolstered up there, I managed to read some Chinese and other books. Several days, however, my reading was by lamp-light, as our window had to be closed by a shutter to keep out the water. For a whole month our state room was at best as wet as though just washed up and not wiped much, and in this

place, wet or dry, we were obliged to sleep, often with our bed damp, for the water leaked upon it in three places. During one of the lulls of our month of storms I observed the captain look excessively anxious, and have some words in a low tone with the mate. At length, after a week's interval, it was confessed that our water-casks had been so badly stowed, so knocked about in the storm, that many had leaked out all their contents, besides the ones that were "stove in pieces." We must, therefore, use as little water as possible. After a few days more, the ship was put on allowance, and then how anxiously we looked for Angier, then 2,500 miles distant. In our progress thither we had repeated calms, and in our last calm, four or five hundred miles distant, we had begun on our last cask of water. Oh, you know not how long those two weeks were, and how anxious those hours of calm. The allowance was three quarts for each person; that is, a pint mug of tea twice a day, and two tumblers of water besides; the rest for cooking. All these excitements and anxieties, especially the fear our supply of water should fail us under the burning zone, had left me but few, I might almost say no, nights of natural sleep. To the weary, anxious, fevered days, have been added the fevered tossings by night. "Nux" has been my main dependence for sleep; but this often failed. We reached Angier 10th inst. We had been without eggs since crossing the equator in the Atlantic; without fresh meats, except preserved ones, since about 25° S. Atlantic; without white sugar a long while; without potatoes several weeks; the hominy had long since become sour, the rice had long been musty, the bread, you remember, always sour—so you may imagine our bill of fare. At Angier we took a supply of chickens, yams, sweet potatoes, a few bananas, and pine-apples. It seemed to me I could not get enough to eat for the first two days after we got to Angier; but the water we took in there has already become offensive. We are to-day (August 18th) at least 1,200 miles from Hong Kong.

Thus we have been brought so far through dangers, seen and unseen. We shall have the most abundant cause for thankfulness, if brought safe to our journey's end, like the poor old woman, who gained her livelihood by the hardest labor, had a cruel, lazy, drunken husband, had lost many children, and had suffered much from sickness. She was always saying she had more reason for gratitude than any body else in the world, "because she had been carried through so many troubles!"

*Friday, Sept. 9th, Hong Kong.*—We arrived here in safety 31st ult.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am going to send you a copy of a hymn of Gill's, you may

not have seen. I admire it the most of any of his which I have seen. Give my love to Lizzie and Isabel. I will write them from Shanghai. With love, as ever,  
C.

On the inside of the envelope to the above letter, the hymn by Gill, just referred to, was copied at length. It is as follows. Emphasizing ink-marks were placed by her to the last stanza but one :

“SERVING GOD.

“O, not to fill the voice of fame,  
My longing soul is stirred,  
O, give me a diviner name,  
Call me thy servant, Lord.

“Sweet title that delighteth me,  
Rank earnestly implored ;  
O, what can reach my dignity ?  
I am thy servant, Lord !

“No longer would my soul be known,  
As self-sustained and free ;  
O, not my own, oh, not my own,  
Lord, I belong to Thee.

“In each aspiring burst of prayer,  
Sweet leave my soul would ask,  
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,  
To do thine every task.

“*For ever, Lord, thy servant choose,  
Naught of thy claim abate ;  
The glorious name I would not lose,  
Nor change the sweet estate.*

“In life, in death, in earth, in heaven,  
No other name for me ;  
The same sweet style and title given,  
Through all eternity.”

— Mr. and Mrs. Keith remained at Hong Kong three weeks, and arrived at Shanghai October 19, nearly six months after leaving New York.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Dec. 21, 1859.

\* \* \* \* \*

My health has been improving ever since we got to Shanghai. Mr. Keith, too, is gaining; and I am doing all I can for him in the way of good housekeeping. \* \* \*

We feel as if we could not be thankful enough for our restored health. Mr. K. is studying, and I have my day school again. I have not begun to study yet, and do not intend to do so for a month to come. This is our finest season; the air is clear, cool and bracing; and I try to make use of it in laying up a store of health. Mr. K. studies only three hours a day, and walks a great deal.

We have had very few letters since we came from home. Except yours, I have had but two. And, as to writing, I have had little time, and do not feel like using up my strength in doing it. Besides, my pen seems to have lost what "cunning" it had. The sense, the knowledge, of the indifference of so-called Christians to the spread of the gospel among the heathen, is so deep in my mind, that it seems to me naught but the persuasiveness of a St. Bernard, or the trumpet-tones of a Peter the Hermit, can waken the church from its slumbers.



## CHAPTER VI.

1860—1861.

Diary—Renewed Alarms and Perils from the Rebels—Letter to her Niece—Report of Labors in 1860—Consternation on hearing of the Troubles in America—Embarrassments of the Mission—Letter to a Friend on professing Christ—"Confirmation"—"Prayer"—Letter to a young Friend on her Education—Letter on Complete Sanctification—The Civil War in America—Slavery—Matured Views on the best Method of Missionary Instruction—Murder of Missionaries—Tribute to Rev. Dr. Bridgman—Long and able Letter to her Brother on Theological and Ecclesiastical Topics.

DIARY OF CAROLINE P. KEITH, 1860.\*

"WHEREFORE, beloved, seeing ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless."—2 Peter iii. 14.

[\* This fragment of a Diary I find in one of Mrs. Keith's MS. books.]

"Blameless!" what a word! what a thought! is it possible? can it be so with weak mortals? In every relation, in every word, act, temper, disposition, motive, plan? blameless? how can it be? Oh, thou of little faith, is not the strength of an Almighty Savior promised, and has He commanded what He will not enable His follower and servant to do? He could not be so unreasonable. A command, therefore, implies a promise. By His strength I will be blameless.

*Evening.*—"But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." I cannot grow in grace, unless I grow in the knowledge of my Lord, and I cannot grow in knowledge, unless I take time for meditation. How little time is left after all the requirements of the twenty-four hours! yet I long to be more in my closet, that by dwelling upon the charms of the adorable Redeemer, I may be changed into the same image. Death has come near us and taken a beloved member of our mission. I desire to live, so that, if called to go hence ere another year closes, I may give up my account with joy and not with grief.

*January 3d, Monday.*—"I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.

"Yield yourselves unto God."—Rom. vi. 13. I sought to do so yesterday in the most solemn manner, and desire to make it the aim of my every hour.

*Evening.*—"Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus our Lord." I have not that peace to-day, for I have been careful and "troubled about many things." This must not be, for I cannot live without the peace of God. I have this day ardently desired death, if it were the will of God, rather than sin against Him. Yet, by the depressing, disturbing influence of care, I was overcome by temptation. I was deeply distressed; but, thank God, He gave me to see the cause of my fall, and a heart to give up all, even care, to Him. Oh, how my soul has been athirst for God this day amid the desert of care. I know I shall not thirst in vain.

*January 4th.*—"I would have you without carefulness." Blessed privilege! Truly is it said, "My yoke is easy and my burden light." I have found it so easy to-day to give up all care and rest in God. But I want to know more of His presence with me to hallow my every word and act, and make my life full of blessing.

*Evening.*—"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" Blessed be His name, it is written "Thou needest Him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness." Thou waitest to bless; "I shall be satisfied," oh, let it be right early, "that I may praise Thy name." I want to be filled with the Spirit that I may be a blessing to others. Oh God, make me wholly Thine. Make me to know all my duty and willing to do it.

*Wednesday, Jan. 5th.*—"As many of you, as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." Have I walked and talked like Christ to-day?

*Thursday 6th.*—Col. ii. 6.: "As ye have received the Lord Jesus, so walk in Him." Blessed Lord, Thy loving disciples receive Thee! how? with what love, with what gratitude, with what giving up of self, with what sense of weakness, with what leaning on Thy strength, with what hatred of sin—sin, that brought such suffering to Thee—with what hungerings after righteousness, with what longings to be a blessing to others! Oh, Lord Jesus, give me thus to walk before Thee unto all pleasing.

*Evening.*—"Redeeming the time," Col. iv. 5. Lord, show me, I entreat Thee, how Thou wouldst have me to do this. I long to do it, and not fritter away my precious hours in idle conversation and vain occupations. But I fear that a subtle selfishness may mingle in this, and that I may not give up to others as cheerfully as I ought. O Lord, enlighten, cleanse, direct and bless me.

*Friday 7th.*—"Be patient toward all men," 1 Thess. v. 14. I have no patience by nature, and grace must, in this matter, do all the work. Blessed Lord, let me look at Thy patience and be ashamed of my want of that patience, which Thou dost desire to see in me.

2 Cor. iv. 9: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed." I am sorry that I have been distressed to-day. Many things troubled me, and I longed to flee away and be at rest. Oh, God, let me learn to keep that perfect peace of a mind stayed on Thee. Some of these things were trifles, and were doubtless intended for my discipline. I want to rejoice in Thy will, when it crosses my dear wishes and plans; Thou knowest what is best for me.

*Saturday 8th.*—"Above all things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." Help me, oh compassionate one, to love as Thou didst. I want more love to bear tenderly the failings and short-comings of others, as well as to love these unfaithful Chinese. Oh, for a heart of love.

*Saturday Night.*—With great difficulty I got to prayer meet-

ing. It was pleasant, but not free. May the Lord pour out His Spirit on all. I came home with a headache, found levity, where I thought there should have been seriousness. I felt cross, unhappy, restless, wretched; there is sin somewhere. O Lord, show me; Thou knowest I would gladly die to be free from sin; but Thou canst not free me here from "all condemnation."

*Sunday.*—Eph. iv. 18: "Be filled with the Spirit." How large this promise; but I am constrained to cry, my leanness, my leanness!

*Sunday Night.*—I have been to chapel, school and church to-day, but, in the sense of my own emptiness and poverty, could only look up and cry, "O God, Thou art my hope and my portion!" "Who is there in Heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth I desire in comparison with Thee."

*Monday 10th.*—John xvi. 23, 24: "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name; ask and receive that your joy may be full." Oh, Lord, may we prove this precious, this full promise to-day.

*Night.*—It has been a painful day to-day, for it has been observed by me, in common with all the missionaries, as a day of humiliation and prayer; and, oh, who can look at their sins and not feel wretched, even though there may be the sweet confidence that the Lord has put away our sin. Sin—how black it is! I cannot dwell upon it—my sin—against so much light, so much grace. Lord, may I never forget, though Thou hast promised to remember them no more.

*Tuesday, Jan. 11th.*—Malachi iii. 1, 2. This day has been observed as a day of prayer for ministers and missionaries. Oh, how much they need a fresh baptism from God, fresh unction from the Holy Ghost, the "power" from above, "the tongue of fire." How sweet the thought that this day thousands have been praying for them. O Lord, Thou art a prayer-hearing God. I have to lament that I have neglected to pray for ministers as I ought. God helping me, I will henceforth ever be more faithful in this duty.

*Wednesday, Jan. 12th.*—Malachi iii. 7: "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord." O God, "to those who fall how kind Thou art, how good to those who seek." And wilt Thou permit such unworthy children, such faithless servants, to draw near? Wonderful patience and mercy! Yes, we will come with glad, yet sorrowing and contrite hearts. To whom can we go but unto Thee. Lord, receive us graciously, love us freely, hear our prayers, and strengthen us to fight more manfully in Thy service.

*Evening.*—To-day, foreign residents in heathen lands were to be especially remembered. Oh, when shall that saying be ful-

filled, Isaiah lix. 13 : "And all Thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of Thy children?"

*Thursday, Jan. 13th.*—Service in Trinity Church, prayer to be especially for the native converts from among the heathen. Isaiah lxii. : "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Oh, my God, I do this day promise, Thou being my helper, that I will pray more for the heathen than I ever yet have done. I will heed these words, and daily remind Thee of Zion and Jerusalem.

*Night.*—At the Bethel at prayer-meeting—a few sailors and nearly all our own mission.

*Friday, 14th.*—To-day there is to be special prayer for China, with special reference to the present crisis. I have taken for my verse, "And give him no rest till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."—Isaiah lxii. 7.

Hear this day the prayers of those who, this day, from all parts of the world, are crying unto Thee, for Thy name's sake, to make Thy power and glory and mercy known among the heathen.

*Night.*—Isaiah lx. 5. Oh, God, Thou art faithfulness and truth; we wait for Thee.

*January 15th, Saturday.*—John xvii. 21 : "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be in us." To-day there is united prayer for the unity and increase of the church. Our Savior has prayed for this; oh, shall not we labor as well as pray that this desirable result may come to pass. But it will be, I think, not union in one so-called Church, but unity of spirit in one love, one aim, one hope, one joy.

*Night.*—John xiv. 14 : "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full." Oh, for faith to receive this promise in all its largeness. This has been a blessed week to my soul; but I am weary in body, and feel to-night that it will be a sweet release when this mortal shall put on immortality.

*Sunday Morn, Jan. 16th.*—"This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv. 12, 13. What a measure of love is here required; yet our Master requires no more than He will enable us to perform. Oh, to be like Him in this and all other graces! When Christians abound in this, then, indeed, will there be "unity and increase" in all the Church of Christ.

*Night.*—"Unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, to Him be glory in the Church through Christ Jesus, through all ages, world without end."—Eph.

iii. 20. A delightful sermon from this text, from Mr. Hobson, and afterward the Communion to all the missionaries, with a few exceptions. It has been a glorious day. Oh, may the fruit be seen, not only in its effects among the Chinese, but in the holier lives of missionaries! Oh, dare I to take that promise in all its breadth of meaning! God help me "to live up to all my privileges."

*January 17th, Monday.*—"As ye have received the Lord Jesus, so ought ye to walk," or, to quote accurately, 1 Thess. iv. 1: "We beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that, as ye have received of us, how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would abound more and more." Let this be my motto, henceforth. I trust I know how I "ought to walk;" may I be so faithful to the grace offered, that I may indeed abound more and more. May I be self-denying, gentle, meek, loving, pure, prayerful, like my Master.

*Night.*—"Without faith it is impossible to please God." Help me, therefore, oh my Father, according to Thy command.—Eph. vi. 16: "Above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." The promises of God are exceeding great and exceeding precious. I thirst to know more of them, as fulfilled in a blessed experience; but I must have more faith. Mine is very feeble, and why should it be so?

*Tuesday, Jan. 18th.*—"O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee according to thy word." "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me," have mercy on Thy people, have mercy on this land. O, I have much to ask; but I pray for greater enlargedness of soul.

*Night.*—Col. i. 2: "Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power." His power! oh, that it might be so, then shall my perfect weakness rejoice in Thy strength alone. Have been to ladies' prayer-meeting to-day. The subject for reading was "wandering in prayer." Lord, teach me in this matter what is sin, and help me to depart from all sin. I cannot think that God looks upon all these wandering thoughts as sins. Oh, my Father, where Thou hast not condemned me, let me not take on the burden, but let me be honest before Thee, and spare no sin, faithfully striving in all things to die to sin.

*Wednesday, Jan. 19th.*—"Be clothed with humility." Lord, let this prayer come before Thee, that thus I may glorify my Father in Heaven, and adorn the doctrine of my Savior. If I am humble, it is all of grace; but I desire more and more perfectly to understand and practise the injunction, "in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself."

*Night.*—Thou shalt in any wise reprove a brother, and not suffer sin upon him. Blessed Master, let thy spirit enlighten and guide me in this duty.

*Thursday Morning, 20th.*—Rom. xii. 14 : “ But put ye on the Lord Jesus, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.” Blessed Master, teach me how to do this. My soul does, indeed, long to be made in thy moral image. Oh let thine amazing grace so work, powerfully, deeply in me, that I may be able to obey this command to put on the Lord Jesus. Think what it is! His purity, His gentleness, His meekness, His patience, His compassion, His condescension, His love for men, His submissiveness, His zeal for His Heavenly Father’s glory. O my Father, work in me to will and to do of Thy good pleasure!

*Night.*—Matthew xi. 30 : “ My yoke is easy and my burden light.” Let this be my only yoke; may I be freed from the chain of sin and the yoke of Satan, and rest in the service of the best of masters.

*Friday, Jan. 21st.*—Lord, let my faith so conquer Thee, that Thy power may be shown in my behalf, to cleanse and keep me free from sin.

*Night.*—“ I will lay me down and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.” Safe let me be from sin as well as from danger.

*Saturday, Jan. 22d.*—“ And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.” O, my Savior, “ one prayer I have, all prayers in one,” let me be freed from sin, let me be wholly Thine. “ ’Tis worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone.”

*Night.*—“ Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.” Oh, my Savior, my joy cannot be full, until Thou from every sin release, and give me Thy peace.

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*April 1st, Sunday.*—I have often longed to get to this book and to record the longings, the prayers, the vows of my heart. But I have been exceedingly busy and weary in body and mind, night and morning, and have (I grieve that it has been so) allowed the cares of life to eat into my soul, and to press out the sweeter, dearer thoughts to which I had hoped and promised to give myself. Oh my God! forgive me once again! And now, on this first day of the month, the first day of “ passion week,” let me again give myself up to my Lord, more deeply, truly, earnestly than ever! I do love Him. I long to be like Him; I long even to be with Him; only, if it be His will for me to do something in

His service, that I may take some sheaves with me. Oh for souls to be my crown of rejoicing!

And now, O my Savior, I cannot live without Thee. Oh, come and take possession of Thine own blood-bought soul! Oh, Lord, I leave myself before Thee in utter emptiness, weakness, poverty, sinfulness. I place myself on Thine altar; I wait for the consuming fire; I know Thou art able to cleanse from all sin. I wait for Thee.

*April 6th, Good Friday.*—My faith has been feeble the last week, and I have been overtaken and overcome; but to-day, in view of all that my Savior has done and suffered for me, I seem shut up, not only to supreme love, entire, joyful surrender, sweet, full consecration to Him, but to faith; yes, to faith that His blood cleanseth—doth now cleanse from all sin. Dear Redeemer! Thou seest my heart this moment. Oh, does it not long for Thine indwellings with longings unutterable! I cannot keep my unbelief longer. I do, I must, I do believe that His precious blood doth now cleanse me from sin.

And now, on this solemn day, in which so many have remembered their Lord's sufferings for sin, and in which, with the other members of this mission, I have received the Holy Communion, I do anew consecrate my ALL to my dear Master, most unworthy as I am of the least of His mercies, and yet from His infinite mercy expecting the very greatest of blessings. Yes, I do expect to be kept from sin, and to be filled with the Holy Ghost. Behold Thy waiting servant, Lord, and say, "Be it unto thee according to thy faith; thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." Lord, I am Thine; save me, for I have sought Thy precept. Yea, Lord, I thank Thee and bless Thee. Thou art infinite faithfulness; Thou canst not fail Thy promise; Thou art mine; Thou dost visit; Thou dost save; oh, save me henceforth and forever. Amen.

*2 o'clock, P. M., Friday, April 6, 1860.*—O, my precious Redeemer, according to the command of Thine own inspired record, I do from this moment, entirely in Thy strength and depending on Thy grace, which is all-sufficient for all Thy commands, profess in thy all-searching sight, that I reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift. Hallelujah! and let all things praise the Lord; praise Him, oh my soul.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, March 5, 1860.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your imagination draws a picture in connection with my reading of Newman,\* which, I am happy to say, has no reality. I was deeply shocked, and were I twenty years old, instead of being almost forty, I might have received long injury. But it was his attack on the character of Jesus that so shocked me; for if His spotless life be all a dream, then farewell forever to all happiness for me. Dreary, rayless gloom would settle on me forever. Nay, all goodness would appear a dream, and all hope but folly. But thanks be to God, I know in whom I have believed, and, day by day, my soul rejoices in Him more and more. I have never had such views and feelings about heaven and death, as in the past two months. Happy in my home, happy in my work, happy in my friends, I may truly say that I am still more happy in the anticipation of the blessedness awaiting the Christian, and shall be satisfied "when I awake in His likeness."

" We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confess'd,  
But what must it be, to be there ?  
We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The Church of the first-born above,  
But what must it be, to be there ?"

But to return to Newman, from which subject (out of the abundance of the heart) I have made a strange digression. It seems to me utterly incomprehensible that there should be no "void" in his heart. Tell me that a man's whole family were snatched away from him, and that he felt no void, and there could be but two possible conclusions, viz., that he was not human, or else that he had never loved them (which would be, indeed, *un-human*). But is not the place given to Jesus by those who believe in His "divinity," larger than that given to all the world? He feels bitterly that his old friends should judge he never loved; but what else can they think, when he says he "feels no void?" When I read "The Soul," I sympathized more with him than with the Romanist; but let me be a sincere Romanist ten times over

[\* F. W. Newman's "Phases of Faith," which Mrs. K. read at Hong Kong, and to which she had alluded in a previous letter.]

rather than Francis W. Newman. And if that be a divine word, "He that shall deny me before men," &c., oh, what will be the state of his immortal being, when the future world shall open before him? But enough of Newman; from the depths of my soul I pity him; and if his be not a "sin unto death," the merciful One even now intercedes. "He knows not what he does."

We are in comfortable health, and I have just now begun to translate "Gallaudet's Child's Book on the Soul."

TO MRS. SMITH.

Shanghai, July 18, 1860.

MY EVER DEAR CHARLOTTE: Your letter was unexpected and most welcome, and claimed my most affectionate sympathy with you, in the new affliction, which touched the tenderest part of your nature. I feel that you have long since sought and found all the consolations afforded by our precious faith, and that you can say from the depths of a trusting and grateful soul, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good; He doeth all things well." It is true, and every Christian will agree in this, that our deepest sorrows, by God's favor, bring us the richest spiritual blessings. I have no doubt you have ere this found the blessing your loving Father designed to give.

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The last of December, our new friends, eleven in number, besides the Bishop and his wife, arrived. One couple are staying with us, and this adds fivefold to my household cares. As house-keeping is distasteful to me, it is therefore the more fatiguing, and I come up stairs in the morning to lie down an hour, when, had I been otherwise engaged, I should be comparatively fresh. In this way I have lost many hours, which I might have given to writing; and, again, when I have had full strength, my time has been utterly consumed. I never wrote so little in all my life. I have had much company that it was my duty to invite, and servants to train, and the last spring, for eight weeks, workmen in the house. I begin to see how it is that persons, whose occupations are of an exceedingly broken and various kind, find such difficulty in writing. The thoughts are also scattered and confused. I have had my day school, but have found it impossible to give it the regular care I used to do. Also I have finished the translation of a little book, "Gallaudet's Child's Book on the Soul," but I do not feel as though I had got fairly into rank, and had really begun the campaign.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Sept. 1, 1860.

\* \* \* \* \*

About a fortnight since we packed up our clothes and sent them on shipboard; then the ladies went off to stay at night, owing to reports that the rebels were within two or three miles, and approaching our mission settlement. I remained one night, others (in different ships) remained for different reasons a longer time. To be on shipboard is now horrible to me from associations; and it was more so from the presence there of an abandoned American and his Chinese wives. I determined, therefore, that, if I went on shipboard again, it would not be till the banners of the rebels were in sight. It was Sunday morning that I returned home. Our servants had all left; one man gave some assistance in the kitchen. It was in the heat of the weather, and not knowing how soon we might be driven off entirely, and need all our thin clothes, I set about washing. I had just got all the clothes into the boiler, when the summons came to prepare to flee; and I left them nicely boiling, and set out at 11½ A. M. At 1 P. M., Mr. Keith returned and found some dinner, and the servant said he would stay while the foreigners did. The next day I returned and ironed some, and so on daily, till the clothes were mostly done up.

My health has been uncommonly good during these turmoils, though I was often greatly fatigued. I believe the excitement was to me a positive good, as the usual monotony of Shanghai life is, to one of my constitution, a certain, though at the time an imperceptible injury, like bad air.

## TO THE SAME.

Shanghai, Oct. 1, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received yours of July 10th last week, and learn that the transgressor \* has gone to meet his God. For myself, though he were to "restore fourfold," I should by no means feel assured of his penitence; for, as all his life long he has robbed God, so in his death, he might seek to propitiate Him, and, in the paroxysm of fear, essay to buy His favor. To me, the saddest thoughts arise in thinking of his truly pious parents. Their prayers, the yearning cry of their hearts, as appears to human view, have not been answered. As to the debt, I had long since resigned the last expectation of any more payment, and certainly have no hope of it now. I have everything I could wish, and a

[\* A very wealthy relative, who had deliberately defrauded her of several hundred dollars.]

comfortable support laid up for the day of weakness, when it comes. It is more than I ever expected. While I look upon all human possessions as more and more uncertain, I am thankful that God lends me His good gifts so largely, and hope I may not, for a day, forget that all I need and all I can have, is my "daily bread" in its large sense. All other feelings toward —— are swallowed up in the thought of his fearful sins against God, that God whom he has gone to meet.

Some months later, in acknowledging the receipt of the dexterous (I cannot more fitly characterize it by any other word) funeral discourse, preached at the funeral, she says :

I received the "curio," the funeral sermon on —— . He is in the hands of God. Let us be humbly thankful if God has thus far restrained our hands from such deeds as his, our hearts from such devices. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret."

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Oct. 4, 1860.

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I am soon tired. It makes me feel the more that I must hasten to work, while it is day, for my night cometh. I feel the importance now of apportioning the day, for I have not the indefinite amount of strength I once had, to go from one thing to another till all I planned was done.

I have been reading lately some deeply interesting volumes, entitled, "Memoirs of Port Royalists," by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. I wish you had it to read and lend. It has been a feast to me and to others. I think that is one way of doing good, to read and recommend good books. Have you ever read the "Memoir of Elizabeth Fry," by her daughters. If not, do so, and own and lend it. There are, perhaps, half a dozen books, which are as mile-stones in my spiritual history. One is Upham's "Interior Life;" one, "The Way of Holiness," by Phebe Palmer; another, Mrs. Fry; another, I am sure, will be the "Memoirs of Port Royalists." The picture of their self-denial brought me to some close and humbling scrutinies of self.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Nov. 30, 1860.

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Another book, and one of the signs of the time, is "Haste to the Rescue," kindred to the book I commended to you, entitled

“English Hearts and English Hands.” What Miss Marsh effected among the “navvies,” Mrs. Wightman, the wife of a clergyman in the old town of Shrewsbury, attempted among the poor working men of her husband’s parish. They were never to be got to church, though her husband is one of the hard-working clergy, who left no means in his power untried. They could not be seen in their homes by day, because they were away at work; and what do you think this heroic woman did? She went to the homes of these men by night. She asked for the loan of one of their kitchens to hold a “Bible reading;” that is, a service in which there is a hymn, a prayer, a reading, an exposition. Her first audience was six persons. She at once brought the temperance pledge as handmaid to the good work—as handmaid, not the ruling and master power. That was always the love of God in Christ. It was wonderful to see how she melted and raised those men. She had also night schools and other friendly devices. She gave herself to the work (I presume she had no children, she mentions none), spending often five nights of the week, besides afternoons and sometimes whole days. Her husband wished it (rare clergyman), and she did not forget the women. She helped them to see how to help their husbands and brighten their homes. But the book must be read. I fear it is not yet republished in America. But there is another kindred book, which is republished in America, “The Missing Link.” It tells how one, and then two or three and more, benevolent and discreet ladies, found pious, earnest, sensible women, of very humble condition, to go among their own rank in life in “St. Giles’s,” in “Shadwell,” in “Shoreditch,” in “Westminster,” and such places, and these women were to seek the lost in their dens. They could go where neither missionary nor “lady-visitors” could get access. Do get the book, and see how beautifully an important idea is worked out. It may well be called “The Missing Link.” Oh, I feel that such books as these are well calculated to do an immense deal of good. They show the power of patient love; they encourage hope and effort; they make plain the great importance, nay, the indispensableness of the feminine element as a power; they speak to thousands of women, who have already willing hearts, and give them hints for the employment of their different gifts; they shame the indolent Christian lady, who wastes her health, her eyes, and her time in vain employments, for which there is no call of necessity. The glorious “cloud of witnesses,” how it brightens this dark world with a glow that can never cease till the glories of heaven succeed to this world of warfare and pilgrimage! Oh, that all Christ’s soldiers could live as “seeing the things that are invisible.” Then

would they not cease to fight; then would they never faint; then would they go on conquering and to conquer.

TO MRS. WM. DAWES, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Shanghai, Jan. 8, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER: How have you been engaged to-day? Have your prayers risen with those of thousands all round this earth? I doubt not it is so. In about half an hour we go to a prayer meeting held at the house of Mr. Culbertson, a Presbyterian missionary near us. I shall think of you there, as I do so often, if not daily, and shall believe that our prayers mingle before the "mercy-seat." Such a week as this, which we know so many thousands of Christians of all names observe, is a sweet rest and strengthener to us in these outposts of labor. We feel at liberty to relax from the avocations to which we otherwise feel bound by duty, and to taste the luxury of a whole week of meditation, prayer and communion with God. I shall feel, dear friend, that this week you and your dear husband will put up special prayers for us as missionaries. You know how truly I love my church, and how green I find the pastures there. Only turn to your Bible, and see the rich portion for Sunday, it being "Epiphany," when our church commemorates "the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles," in the persons of the "wise men of the East." The appointed lessons are, Isaiah lx., Romans xi., Matthew ii.; also for evening, Isaiah xlix., and John iii. The portions of Isaiah could not have been more adapted to encourage and animate missionaries, as they enter upon a week of prayer. Connecting them, as Episcopalians, by habit at least, must do, with the coming of our Savior to this sinful earth as a child, that He might save us by His life as well as by His death, they bring us very near to Him. On Monday morning, all the missionaries met at the chapel of the London mission, Dr. Bridgman, the oldest American missionary, presiding. The subject, as you know, was brotherly kindness, and the Doctor was very earnest.

*Friday 11th.*—It is one way of spending a week in communion and sympathy with you, to write a few thoughts from day to day.  
\* \* \* Why, why are there not more to trust the word of the Savior? Dear friend, as I write these words, memory unbidden brings up those precious hours, when we together bowed before the throne of grace, when we took sweet counsel together and spake often of our Lord. How precious would be such a season with you now, to have you here, to let you see all our daily life, to recount the faithful dealings of our God, to plan and hope for the

future! I do believe your prayers ascend for us this day. How long it must be before I hear from you!

*Monday 14th.*—The week of prayer is ended, and we must “come down from the mount,” and enter again the world’s dusty highway. On Saturday I was reading, for the first time, the letters I wrote my husband about the middle of February, two years since. It did me good by them to recall that visitation of the Lord. And the tone of them was the more striking after reading a few of the preceding letters. I do not feel that I have continuously walked worthy of that blessed time; but I have never lost the sight of my Father’s face, and the access to Him, that is in itself blessing, and the means of blessing. But I do rejoice to feel that “my beloved is mine and I am His.” My strong desire, the yearning of my soul, is to be only His—to do only His will. Yesterday was a delightful day to me in the courts of the Lord. I was at the English church all day; the morning first lesson was Isaiah xlv., the evening lesson was the xlv., the second lesson 1 Cor. iii. Look at the first Sunday after Epiphany, and see how appropriate the collect was after such a week, and when we were about to go again to our labors. The afternoon there was a special communion service. It would have done your heart good to see the number of soldiers and officers of the army and navy, earnest Christians, who knelt among the soldiers of the cross. Before the communion service closed, it was nearly dark, and the darkness even added to the solemnity. I felt alone with God amidst His people. It was a sweet, solemn season. Oh, how wonderful it is to me that God should spread me a table in the wilderness, that He should feed me with the richest tokens of His love!

TO MRS. GEORGE KINNEY,\* NEW YORK CITY.

Shanghai, Feb. 11, 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. KINNEY: Ever since I left New York and America, in May, 1859, I have been intending “some time” to write you. On shipboard I was too “good-for-nothing;” on our arrival, too busy, except for a hurried line, which was not what I was content to write. Then two of the missionaries boarded with us, and being indisposed a good deal, they cost me not only labor, but anxiety. They left for the United States last October; and then, debts in letters had to be paid up—not debts *for* letters, because almost all my friends have ceased writing. After this one I

[\* The letters to this lady (one of my sister’s very kind friends) of an earlier date than 1861, were mislaid on her removal from New York city in that year.]

have to write two letters, and then my note book will be strictly one of "Dr." and "Cr.," for I shall not use my time and strength in writing to any one, who has not first written to me, much as I might like to write them, or hope to hear from them; unless, indeed, I have some special missionary object in view.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I have told you of what I have done, I must also tell you of what I have planned to do, just as though I were sitting in that little room over the entry, talking with you. Well, for my next book, I mean to make a little text-book something like "Daily Food," for the daily use of the Chinese Christians. I think I shall get that with the "Youth's Book" all printed before next Christmas. After that I think I shall content myself with translating one book a year, as long as health to do it is granted me; and the rest of my time I will spend in study and in active labor among the Chinese. These are my plans; but made in recollection that all things are at the disposal of my Heavenly Father, who is wiser than I, and who will do "all things well." But there is great need of books for our schools, and the need is greater as years roll on, partly because most missionaries love entirely active labor, better than they do the careful, slow labor of translating. And, besides, there is need of a Christian literature, to which the grown-up Christians, who have been educated in our schools, can resort. While I am on this subject of books, let me ask you, sometime when Dr. Tyng calls at your house, to say to him, that, if at any time he meets with a book, either in the religious or general-knowledge department, simple, clear, valuable, and fitted by its style for translation, to remember China and me, and send it out. He will think it a bold request, as though he had not enough else to think of; but he likes boldness in a good cause. And please you send me his volume on Sunday schools. I know I shall learn wisdom from it, and it will help me in my labors. And, as one book would be lonesome, please send me Dr. Tyng's "Christian Titles." I keep getting one after another, and giving it away, and now I have none. I have an idea that some of these years I shall translate it for the Chinese Christians. I like it best of all the books he has published.

I cannot tell you what a joy it is to be once again in health, and at work all day long. I feel unable to thank my merciful God as I ought; but oh, I do long to use that health to the utmost and in the best way, in His blessed service. My visit to America was, in some respects, a remarkably pleasant one; but, as to health, it seems one long fatigue. How much more I should have enjoyed if I had first gone to "Water Cure," and how much better fitted to be useful while at home; for you have no idea, nor

can I describe in words, how much keener is now my interest in life and all its varied engagements—how much greater the zest of every day's duties and enjoyments, than when dyspepsia paralyzed or perverted every faculty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hoffman has been making very affecting appeals for Africa, and were I not in China, I should certainly seek to go to Africa. Yet America is very dear to me, and I wonder there are not ten to every one who now takes the field as a standard bearer for his Master. It seems to me all explained in one word—unbelief; for if faith were lively and simple, it would so apprehend spiritual things, and so appreciate the delights and the gracious rewards of the service of Christ, that there would be a holy emulation, and laborers would be as many as disciples. But the giants are too many and too great, except for the spiritual Calebs. Yet there are more and more Calebs every year, and it is grand to see the enemy fall before them. My heart bounds within me, as I sit in far-off China and read of the doors that are opening to the truth of Jesus in Italy and many other important parts of Europe, in different parts of Asia, in India especially, and to see, too, that the degraded and suffering at the very door of Christendom are no longer forgotten.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hope the ladies of the "Dorcas," who knew "Miss Tenney," will discover and be assured that Mrs. Keith has been a better and more efficient missionary than Miss T., because she has so good a helper in Mr. Keith. Mrs. Keith gets through her housekeeping by nine o'clock, and then is ready for the day's work as missionary—very much as Miss Tenney used to do, only I think that ten years have added to the little stock of wisdom and skill.

Mr. Keith desires his kindest remembrance. Write soon, and believe me always, with very affectionate regard, yours in Christian bonds,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

#### TO HER NIECE.

Shanghai, February, 1861.

MY DEAR ISABEL: I do not know whether or not I am in your debt as to letters. At any rate, I am always happy to write you, hoping to cultivate the more in you a habit of writing letters, and that easily and with pleasure. Correspondence with friends, by letters, has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. The love of reading, real delight in the thoughts communicated by books, has been, next to religion, the first pleasure of my life. I would not sell the pleasure I now derive every year from this

source for the income of Astor. As I think of you, my dear Isabel, it is always with these two thoughts uppermost. First, that you may be a Christian. And, to my mind, that means to make Christ our model, to live to bless, to do good. The purest happiness springs from this, too, and it can be found, really, in nothing else, because without this there is ever a secret dissatisfaction with ourselves. Seek your own happiness as a direct object, and you never will find it; it will elude you. Forget yourself, in living for others, and for the objects presented in the Holy Bible, and you will secure the truest happiness, even though, in the providence of God, there should be many trials in your lot. Trials you will have, as I have had many. They are needed; they are best for us; God thus disciplines us. Mine have ever been among my richest blessings. But I believe, the less selfish we are, the less we shall have, for we shall need less. Selfishness is the poison of human nature, and it is the life-long work, by the grace of God, to expel it from the system.

I had no thought of writing all this, as I took up my pen at a moment's notice. The second thing I desire for you is a love and habit of reading, a love of gaining knowledge, not of mere facts alone, but the habit of using the ideas in fresh and useful combinations for yourself. Thoughts, ideas, become motives, and motives become actions, and actions make up the life, which is the seed-time for eternity. I want to have you love, not merely study of text-books; though these are important, general information is of far more importance in common life, especially to a woman. You do not have much time for reading now, although that time will soon come, for I was startled to find you were sixteen, and I suppose in two or three years more you will leave school. You will leave it, I hope, not to suppose education "finished," but to continue the education at home, or in the world, as Providence may direct. My dear child, you know not how earnestly I long that you may have the wisdom of a teachable, loving, obedient spirit toward God and toward those who are older and wiser than you. This is the gift of God; ask it from Him in all sincerity and earnestness. It seems but the other day that I was only sixteen. Your advantages are much greater than mine were at your age. I am sure that you do not neglect to be diligent and to stand well at school. I do not fear in this; yet I have some fear for you. But even were I near you, I could do little for you. Our destiny in this world, as well as for the other, lies in our own hands, and in those of no one else. Will you be happy; will you be truly useful; will you be good? You alone can answer. The price is in your hand. What is the aim of your life, Isabel? Ask yourself, and compel an answer in plain, definite, straight-forward lan-

guage. Is it such as Jesus would commend? If so, try to keep your eye upon that mark, and be not discouraged though you stumble often. Ah, how oft have I stumbled! but I can truly say, my face has been in one direction, longing for excellence more than for all else; not the esteem of others, though that is to be desired, but the approval of God. Dear Isabel, make this the first aim of every day, to please Him; and remember that He looketh upon the heart.

I sat down to write because I heard that there was a ship to leave to-day for California. I had no plan to write so seriously, and I do not know whether or not you will feel you need it, whether it will tire you, or whether it will speak to your conscience and to your heart. I think of you much; and always, as I do, the image of your own mother stands near you, and I knew her heart, and I seem to see her yearning look and hear her oft-breathed prayer, "Oh, that Isabel may be a good girl, and do good: this is my whole prayer." Such would be the desire that would fill her heart for you as it does mine, as I am sure it does your father's, and that of the kind mother God has given you. May God give you all necessary wisdom and all true goodness. He will, if you seek and ask it of Him. Ever your loving aunt,  
CAROLINE.

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER FROM MRS. KEITH.\*

Shanghai, Feb. 14, 1861.

The accession to our number in December, 1859, as you know, added to my domestic cares and labors, so that I had not the uninterrupted time nor the untaxed strength to give to the work I love best, and I only attempted the care of one day school and some effort at translating. The unsettled state of the country has, I believe, affected all the day schools, and I know of some that are disbanded, because no scholars will come. I have not, as yet, been able to raise mine to its former quality or number; but I cannot give up without a year more of effort. You know so well what they are in general character, that I need not describe them.

During the first half of last year I finished the translation of the "Child's Book on the Soul," by Gallaudet, and it is through the press except a few pages. I hope it may help in the work of education, and stimulate the Chinese pupils to thought and to some feelings of adoration to the Father of spirits. Just before Christmas I began a new school at Tse-Oong Pang, the same hamlet where the old lady teacher Koo-niang-niang worked her last year.

[\* From the "Spirit of Missions."]

It is pleasant to hear the people speak of her as one who "truly believed," and was most diligent, early and late, in reading the Bible. And, indeed, my most vivid recollection of her is of one who was most eager to make herself acquainted with the inheritance purchased for her by her Savior, and glad to go and be with Him. The present teacher is a young girl once in one of my day schools, and then a pupil of Mrs. Bridgman. She is young, and not a Christian, and I cannot tell yet what her success will be; but I feel very anxious that every right advantage should be given to the girls taught in Christian schools, that parents may see that it is some "use" to let their girls study books.

Sometimes quite a number of women of the hamlet, and youths, come in to listen while I am talking to the children. I am going to try to induce the younger women to learn to read, by offering them a reward, and the young teacher a fee for teaching them. I know not which will prosper, this or that; but I must try every practicable means of drawing their attention to the tidings of great joy.

I have begun the translation of Gallaudet's "Youth's Book of Natural Theology," and hope to finish it by May or June, and to see it in print by autumn. It is intended to follow the book spoken of above, and perhaps will open to the pupils in the schools a new page of thought. I hope it may give stimulus to their minds, and open their eyes to some of the wonders of daily life, that they may learn to adore the Creator, and to feel themselves surrounded by His power and goodness. Hitherto there have been few school books prepared, partly because the Bible required so much of the available time and attention, partly that there was so much else to do, there was little leisure for translating and preparing school books. Some geographies and arithmetics and line upon line are, so far as I know, all that Ningpo and Shanghai combined have hitherto done for school books, besides catechisms. Now, that children are in the schools from six to ten years, their minds need to be enriched more with general knowledge, and to be stimulated to observation and reflection and reasoning. I have in view one or two books when I shall have finished the Theology; and I shall aim to translate at least one book a year as long as I live in China, and health and strength sufficient for the labor be granted me. I have been translating some little tales, mostly relating to converted heathen. These I expect to have printed soon, and bound up with the reprint of "Henry and his Bearer." New plans and new works open before me continually, and new hope and new joy in pressing forward to the accomplishment of these.

And while the preparation and translation of school books is a

work upon which my heart is much set, I am also anxious to do more for the Chinese adult women than I have hitherto done, and if possible to be among them more. The sixteen months since our return to China have certainly and by unanimous opinion been most remarkable as to the continuance of rainy and inclement weather. It has kept the country roads almost impassable, and the sky dark and gloomy, and has really been a hindrance to outdoor missionary labors among the stronger sex, certainly not less so in the way of women.

I have spoken hopefully above of plans and labor; but I have not been without discouragements and trials to faith. Soon after my arrival, I took to live with me a bright young girl who had been in the boarding school, but being found incorrigible in binding her feet, was sent away. She was a quick scholar, and I sent her to the day school constantly. At the time of the rebel panic, her mother begged that she might take her to a ship with her where her husband (not the girl's father) was, and that, as soon as the troubles were over, she would bring her back. But she carried her off to Canton, and has doubtless, ere this, sold her to some heathen Canton man. And, to add to my regret, the Chinese now tell me that the girl was unwilling to go, but that her mother terrified her into going. She took her Christian books with her, and I can only pray the Great Shepherd to look after His lamb in the wilderness, and lead her to Himself. He can make affliction a blessing to her.

I prevailed upon the mother of another girl, formerly in my day school, a very bright scholar, to permit her daughter to come to live with me, that I might support her and send her to school, and fit her for a teacher. She came a while, and my hopes were quite raised; but the mother would not let the child rest, and she left me. These have been disappointments that I much felt, for the girls were very interesting, and their welfare was dear to me. Another cause of anxious feeling is the woman who has been teacher of my day school since 1854. She is very intelligent and capable, but utterly uninterested in religious truth. These things try the faith, the patience, the endurance, and drive us to the promises and to Him who sent us hither. We there learn, again, not to be weary in well-doing, being assured that "we shall reap if we faint not."

Believing that God has purposes of mercy toward His people, and knowing that He is faithful and true, and that His promise and purpose can never fail, we wait, indeed; and sometimes the delay seems long, but we wait in hope, trusting in God. He called Jonah to warn Nineveh, and it repented; but had not one repented, it was no less his duty to proclaim the word of God.

So has our Lord said to His Church, "Teach all nations;" and in doing His will, we need not fear to leave results to Him. Though it may not please Him to grant to us the success so naturally desired by every human heart, we are persuaded that others will reap it; for it is the order of nature in many things and preëminently so in the kingdom of grace—"one man laboreth, and another entereth into his labors." But even to us it may be granted before we "depart," that in this land "our eyes should see the salvation" of our God.

When I took my pen, I had no idea of writing so much at length; but as I do not write often, I think I am sure of your indulgence. I felt that you would be interested in my quiet and humble labors. I ought to have mentioned the great assistance I obtained from Mr. Keith in the preparation of the manuscripts of my translations for the printer, and in the correction of "proofs," and in the business of buying the paper, and of having the books bound. He greatly expedites all my plans in these things, and encourages me in my undertakings.

TO MRS. DAWES.

Shanghai, Feb. 15, 1861.

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND: My spirit is often drawn toward you with as much freshness and tenderness as this time two years since, when we were together and God was with us. And from time to time by these little love tokens I am going to bridge over the gulf between China and Wisconsin. This is Ash-Wednesday, the beginning of Lent, one of the two most solemn and strict fasts in our church. I have been thinking over the path of my pilgrimage to this hour, and some of my sins. But a few of all the innumerable legions can memory in the flesh now recall, but even these are enough to humble me anew before God, and make me feel that there is no place low enough for me—enough to fill my soul with wonder at the patience, forgiving mercy, love and long-suffering of our God and Savior and Sanctifier—enough to overwhelm me with unutterable emotion and desire.

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free,  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me."

I trust that such a heart, through mercy, is in some sense mine, and I do joy in God. Of all the wonderful goodness of my Heavenly Father, which this day rises before me, none seems more wonderful than his gracious visitation to me two years since,

when He placed my feet on a rock and put a new song in my mouth. Dear friend, do not forget to pray indeed for me, that my life may praise Him, more and more.

*March 9th.*—In the days since my last date, I have often thought of you, and often wished to record a few lines, but press of occupation forbade. One week ago, had I written, it would have been with the glow of happiness and hope. And now, indeed, there is hope and there is happiness, but deeply chastened and shaded by the dispensations of Providence toward us and toward our beloved country.

March 4th (an ominous day for America, though we are not there to see it!) we got our mail, for which we had been waiting with peculiar anxiety. We were anxious for our country, because the previous mail had informed us of the election of Lincoln and the madness of the South. We also looked anxiously for remittances from the mission rooms, in which there had been a delay unusually long and entirely incomprehensible to us. The news we got, confirmed the fact of South Carolina's secession, and also that the depressed state of business had already so afflicted the treasury, that we were advised at once to make every possible retrenchment. This advice would have been most weighty in any circumstances, but it threw us almost into consternation, when coupled with the fact that the mission is \$12,000 in debt in Shanghai, and that the mail brought not a dollar of relief, or promise of relief. I have seen trials and vicissitudes and changes and distresses in missionary life, but I have never seen a week like the past. I lose the days of the week and the days of the month. I have to reason with myself to believe that it is only five days since we heard the heavy tidings. And I cannot say which we feel most, the evils that seem threatening our country, or this check to our work as missionaries, a check that will tell on years to come.

\* \* \* \* \*

As to our country and slavery, you know my sentiments. It seems to me dissolution is inevitable, and civil war highly probable. Unspeakably sad as it is to contemplate, my comfort is that, through this, God will put an end to slavery the sooner. The South Carolinians have made their institution their god, and that god requires the slave-trade. I believe the United States, now, would rather see thirty-three "kingdoms," than a slave-trading "republic!" As a nation we have sinned, and we must expect that such an evil and sin would require much suffering in its course and in its extirpation. The innocent must share in the fruit and suffering of sin. But God is a God of mercy. Those who love Him are crying to Him. He will hear and answer in

wisdom and love. But has not the cry of the oppressed also gone up before Him?

TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, March 4, 1861.

MY DEAR MARY: On the evening of a day when my thoughts have been much in America, I sit down to reply to your letter of December 4th, received this morning. \* \* \* Is not this heavy news? Just as the sky is beginning to clear away, and the missionaries of different names are beginning to scatter and get into the interior, the clouds settle over our own beloved land, and we feel it is but the beginning of a storm. If the contributions are already affected, when can we hope for the tide to return? So, then, as to our country, and as to our loved work, the interests of religion at home and here, we could sit down and weep. But our hope is in God. He ruleth among the nations; He sees the end from the beginning. We resign all to Him, while we cry with tears and groaning of spirit, "let Thy kingdom come," yea, "hasten Thy kingdom."

\* \* \* \* \*

I feel glad, dear Mary, that you have gone forward in that which has so long seemed to you your duty, and I am not surprised that in so doing you stepped into "light and peace." How else, but in doing all known duty, is peace to be had? And I know, too, how sweet on such a day were words of sympathy and love from others. It is written, "they that loved the Lord spake often one to another, and He hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written," as though God delighted in his children talking together of Him. That feeling of "consecration," which you speak of, is, indeed, a most solemn one. May it pervade your whole heart and life. You ask if I was baptized in infancy. No; but I wish I had been, with the training in keeping. For in baptism, in my beloved church, the child is "signed with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant to his life's end." I believe, if parents are faithful, that God will be faithful to His part, and that children will be Christian children, and not grow up careless of God and duty, insensible and worldly, and expecting God to do a wonderful work for them sometime in their conversion. Then, when the Bishop's hands are laid on the head, the act of voluntary, open consecration before God, men and angels is most solemn. Perhaps you can turn to the hymn of Doddridge, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice." It is generally sung in

two parts at "confirmations," while the candidates are moving to the chancel, and then again as they return; the second part, commencing with the lines:

"Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am the Lord's and He is mine."

Do you not feel regret, now, that you should so long have refused to regard the Savior's parting words, "This do in remembrance of me?" Could you have treated any other dear friend so? Oh, how we put off God and duty to wait our convenience! How wonderful is His long-suffering and patience with us! I would love much to talk with you, and I find that I have but feebly expressed what my heart deeply feels.

*March 17th.*—\* \* \* There are a few books, which, in former times, I have enjoyed and found a help. If I were near you, I would get them for you. Hannah More's "Practical Piety" is one of those books which aid devotion. There is an excellent "Treatise on Prayer," by Bickersteth, suggestive, instructive. There is (to me) a very sweet little book called "White on Prayer." You will pardon me this long discourse, for, as Montgomery has it, "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath," or as another, "He, who has learnt to pray well, has learnt the secret of a holy life." We cannot study the subject too much, nor would we be likely to practise too much. It is the key that opens an infinite treasury. Study the Old Testament examples of prayer; they are most suggestive. See how they brought everything to God. Hear St. Paul: "In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God;" and "Cast all your care upon God, for He careth for you" (St. Peter). It is wonderful, when we begin to study the subject, how it unfolds, how rich and inexhaustible it seems. As a study, Bickersteth is a great help. And it is by meditation on this theme we are greatly helped to pray with vivid faith and simple trust. Remember, too, the Heavenly High Priest knoweth how to have compassion, having been "tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin," and He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He never wearies of our wants and cries. "Lo, I am with you alway." Rejoice in Him, trust in Him, lean upon Him, look to Him as "the way" to God, "the truth" of God, "the light" of the soul. Look to Him as your light, and let it be your daily question in simple, trusting, obedient love (as St. Paul looked up to Him after his conversion, and said), "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, March 6, 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. GORDON: It seems long, indeed, since I have heard from you,—I think three, if not four, months. I wrote you in September, I think, also in October, December, and January. I am confident there is at least one letter from you inclosed to your son, awaiting his return from the interior. We are in excellent health, and when I last wrote, I believe I spoke freely of my plans and hopes for the future. All was bright and happy. To-day my heart is oppressed with anxious, saddened thought, and that not for myself, nor is it my heart alone. We are all in deep affliction. For seven months, I think, the mission has received no remittance from home, and as the current expenses must go on, the mission is now twelve thousand dollars in debt to Russell & Co. This mail just arrived, March 4, gives no relief. Just think of it, no relief!—and advises the utmost reduction of every possible expense, and that immediately. And we are told that the political affairs had so affected business, as to tell already upon the receipts of the treasury! If, then, in good times we were allowed to drift astern, what is to be hoped from difficult times, to say nothing of the deficiency to be made up! We were anxious before the mail arrived—we are in distress now, and yet darker is the future. The bishop, as the responsible head of the mission, is placed in very trying circumstances. The day schools are to be stopped at once, though in my own case I get help from a friend for six months; the English chaplain, the same friend who helped me before. The boys' school is to be broken up immediately, Mr. and Mrs. Doyen (those in care of it) to return home at once,—the school-building and lot to be sold if not at too much sacrifice. So much is decided upon. The next mail is expected on the 17th. If the relief afforded by that is not very great, the next step will be to send home three missionaries of the new set, just beginning to go to work, and truly valuable people. Also with them must come some new arrangement of the girls' school, either reduction or suspension. One single gentleman, and Mr. and Mrs. Parker of the missionaries will then be left—the latter, persons of wealth from South Carolina—though they will be thrown on their own resources. The bishop and Mrs. Boone and ourselves remain, the forlorn hope to keep the colors flying. As for us, we will sell off all but the merest necessaries in furniture before we will quit the field. Here is the plain statement, the calm recital of matters that concern our life-long work, to which we had devoted our thoughts and strength and time and life. Just as the horizon was clearing a little in China, so that missions are beginning to scatter, and to look out for new stations, lo! the angry clouds settle over our own

dear land, and the tempest threatens to be long and fearful. Had all gone well with us in China, we should have thought it sad enough to hear twice each month of tidings of disunion and bitterness. But now, added to all that, we feel for our "Columbia." To all our private anxieties there comes the stunning mandate, "go not forward," "stand not still," but "retreat." True, under the circumstances it is the only wise, prudent, nay, possible course. But at what a cost! What a loss! Oh, my dear friend, what shall I say, and who will help us? I had fears that the zeal and love of our church was not equal to the sudden increase of our mission; but I did not anticipate so immoderate a cooling of interest after the departure of so large a band from the shores of favored America. Oh, to see the professed followers of Him who "for our sakes became poor," loaded with blessings, and so little to spare for these poor starving sheep in the wilderness! How many in "that day" will be astonished when Christ shall say, "Depart from me, for I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat, thirsty and ye gave me no drink!" But I have not time to add more. I have tried to tell the story in as few words as possible. You can feel for us. The expenses for the year have, I believe, been about twenty-six thousand dollars. Divide this sum among the communicants of our church, and see how easily our China mission might be doubled. But, alas! so many of those for whom Christ died, and who expect their own souls to be saved by Him, have no care for the heathen—so many of those who say, "Lord, Lord," yet utterly ignore His last command, "teach all nations," and even are bold enough to say, "I, I do not believe in foreign missions!" You, dear friend, are not one of these; but, alas! how many there are! And now my request is to all who have seen my face in Brooklyn, do what you can each for yourself; do what you can each with all whom you can interest, and who have never yet cared for China. Let each one take home all his responsibility in this crisis, not leave it to others. Let each build the wall against his own house—do all he can, by money, by influence, by conversation, and by real prayer, prayer that pities, prayer that loves, prayer that desires. I told you that the fifty dollars the ladies gave me, together with the thirty-eight from the Sunday school, was to be appropriated to the printing of the geography. But, unless I can get other help from home, that will have to be recalled, and go to my day school. Farewell; pray for us. Love to all friends. Do write at once to,

Yours, "cast down, but not destroyed,"

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

## TO THE SAME.

Shanghai, March 16, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER: \* \* \* I must tell you that Mr. Hayes [A. A. Hayes, jr., of Boston] and your son have become responsible for \$50 toward my day school, which I thought was very handsome in two young men like them. The chaplain, Mr. Hobson, has also given me \$100 (a thank-offering for the birth of their boy) to help on my schools. This will give me time to hear from friends, and, if affairs brighten, the mission may assume again the support of the schools.

I have been writing a good deal lately, but I do not find my hopes as sanguine as they once were. And, with duty alone to animate, my pen seems to have lost its former spirit. I feel as though people at home were tired of hearing the old story and the old appeal, and I saw and felt, when I was at home, how little care there was to save the heathen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Excuse this poor scrawl. After our last mail, I had such headache for three or four days as I have seldom had, and it has settled into my eyes and made them inflamed and weak, a thing I never was troubled with before, so that I see things dimly. Yet I must write.

## TO HER NIECE.

Shanghai, April 30, 1861.

MY DEAR ISABEL: I am much obliged to you for the long and particular account you gave of yourself in your letter to me of December, lately received. I should think you would by this time have enough of mathematics to serve all the uses desirable for you, and I hope you will not prosecute it to the neglect of other studies, though I am glad you enjoy that class of studies and are thorough in them. I sympathize with you in your love and admiration for Latin, and among other uses of it for you, I shall expect it to increase your "bump of order." You will think that is a use too small to speak of, but not so. I am rather bookish than otherwise; but I declare that an orderly woman, who could only read her own tongue, and knew nothing of the "trys" and the "ologies," and who understood and practised order, would be preferred by me to the most learned woman in the world without it. But there is a time and a purpose to all things. The best is to be well cultivated and informed, and well formed in the habits of life. But these habits, like your knowledge of Latin and geometry, must come by little and little. Do you write "compositions" at all? And what studies have you to cultivate the taste? I am afraid these will be neglected. New England does not think

enough of this class of studies for females. I admire the cultivation of the reasoning powers; but a woman, who has not cultivated the sense of the beautiful, in many ways is not well prepared to fill her place in this world. I would never place the cultivation of the taste first, but I would not feel satisfied to have it overlooked. Your letter is a great improvement on any I have ever received from you, both in style and matter. I can scarcely realize that you are now sixteen, and that you will in a few months be as old as I was, when I was deprived of both parents. How inferior had been my advantages to yours! I knew nothing worth mentioning of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, of French nothing, Latin but very little, music nothing. I sometimes think, however, that my deepest, best thinking, though but half-developed, was done by that time. I am sure my character had taken its direction. Yet, except for the absolute duty of unquestioning submission to what God in His providence orders for us, I should never cease to regret that so late a start was given me in the race of knowledge, and so little real training.

I am especially desirous that you should by no means omit the sciences. I forget whether you have attended to chemistry; I would, by all means, have something of that, and still more, if practicable, of geology, but on no account omit botany. If you go to school in the country, you may get a chance at this, though New England is not so favorable a field for botany as warmer climates. But, whether botany, as a science, can be cultivated by you or not, cultivate the love of flowers. Cultivate it by having a pot or two of your own, and a little spot where you can sow some seeds. Do not think this of no consequence; it is of consequence, and it can and will be a recreation. In what I said of Greek I did not propose it for a study now; but when you should have left school, you might study it with your father. But I would not care to know it as thoroughly as Latin. It is a more difficult language, and does not bear so near a relation to our tongue; so would be neither so easily acquired nor so useful as Latin. I would like to know, not the Greek tragedians, but the force and meaning of the original of the New Testament. This is a study by itself, and I doubt not that in due time your father will not object, if you do not fail in the practical duties of life.

I have said more than I meant to do about studies. But there are other things about which I am equally, if not more, anxious. I mean the cultivation of gentle manners and of a loving heart. I confess that much as I admire New England, I think New England ladies generally do not attach sufficient importance to gentle manners in ladies, and hence they are generally deficient in this matter. I suppose nothing so much hindered my fortunes in life,

as my defects here. Of course, surrounding influences have you much in their power; but if you think of the matter, and estimate it as it ought to be estimated, you can do much for yourself. You can have kind and gentle, though you may not have graceful, manners.

As to the loving heart, I do not know where love can come from, except from God. Think of His love and become loving, by His blessing, which He will not fail to bestow, if you really ask. Never praise any person to obtain their good feeling toward you; this is a motive far from noble. Even though what you say would be true, the end is selfish. Yet it is not wrong, I suppose, to act with a view to gaining love, though I doubt if the best love can ever be gained in this way. Be really loving, forgetful of self, and there is little doubt but love will be gained from those who are worthy and capable of love.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, June 29, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Our mail two weeks since brought the intelligence of the taking of Fort Sumter. It seemed long to wait for another mail, and yesterday it came, bringing news that has stirred every heart. I felt from the first that war must come, though, at one time, it seemed to me possible, if Virginia could resist secession, that it could be avoided. But the thought that there is really war between brethren, is like a heavy burden, and a strange shadow of sorrow sits on all our joys. \* \* \*

At one time, I feared the North would be induced to give up their great principle, and I could not see how that would be right; and right seemed to me dearer than the Union. \* \* \*

We have received papers and news to April 27th, through English channels. It is thrilling to read of the real loyalty that is waked up. We seemed to have lost that noble sentiment. I felt a glow of satisfaction that it was Massachusetts troops that were first on the field; that, if blood must be spilled, it was their's that witnessed to the cause of Freedom. The issue is to maintain the Government; but, deeper down, it is to preserve liberty. I hope the North will act worthy of her cause.

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What do you think of one of the missionaries in Shanghai telling an Englishman, that if his own brother were an abolitionist, he should think it right to cut his throat? and another said, that he would never speak to such a brother. To such passions does the barbarism of slavery degrade men.

God does rule among the nations; and I think all Christians,

both North and South, ought to feel that they have sinned by pride and vanity, if in no other way—boasting of America and its destiny, as though God were not at all in their thoughts. Yet, besides that, the North may feel that her cause is on the side of truth. How mournful it is to see Christians at the South ready to spill blood for the extension of slavery, and they call it a “glorious cause.” Oh, the patience and long-suffering of God! May we learn something of it, and be kept from bitterness.

TO REV. E. W. SYLE.

Shanghai, July 3, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. SYLE: How strange are the contrasts of life! When we had just received the thrilling news that civil war in our native land had begun, and that blood had flowed, and that the country was everywhere answering to the summons for troops, to be equipped for deadly strife—when emotions, deep, strong, inexpressible, were swelling my heart—I opened a letter from you, written the 12th of March, in mid-ocean, in happy ignorance of the upheavings in the United States. And this letter, far from alluding to any of these mortal or temporal affairs with which our common life is bound up, was entirely occupied in a review of a book entitled the “Higher Life.” I was disappointed. I wanted to hear of you, your children, your and my friends, and much else. I fully expected some other of our mission had received a full letter, but none came to hand. It was, by the way, to all a thin mail, and we had no news from Miss Jones, whose last was from Marseilles.—Before proceeding to common matters, I must reply to the subject of your letter as concisely as possible, premising that it used to seem to me that you approached the subject speculatively, and not with the hearty seeking which alone makes discussion on such subjects profitable. I was in error, perhaps, but such was the impression upon me. I did not put the book in your way—I do not admire it. I agree with you in the fault you find with it, and also in the opinion, or feeling, rather, that there are interesting and profitable thoughts contained in it. It seems to have been blessed to many, not by means of his theory (for he seems to have none), but, as I suppose, by his examples in illustration. But, with you, I ask, where is this better way that he expects to show us; so much better than Wesley or Finney urge upon Christians? He is, as you seem to think, where all earnest Christians are who seek to grow in grace, and have learned that the way of faith is the shorter way. But he shrinks from Scripture terms, Christian requirements, and invents a phrase far more objectionable than perfectionism, a word, by the way, mark you, never used by Wesley or Finney, and which throws an unjust

prejudice on the truth. I do not agree with you that he sketches happily or fairly the Wesleyan or Finneyite view. I have studied these often. He mystifies you as to what their real view is, though he seems to give it, and he gives so meagre a sketch, that it is equivalent to a misrepresentation. I think Boardman has stirred feeling in many, but failing to give something definite, but little fruit will be the result of his book. You ask, in an underscored line, what are my "individual convictions." I hope I may be more fortunate than before, when you have been puzzled to understand me. I will be brief, for I do not intend to argue, and I will ask you, if really interested, to read one or two small books which I will name. It is my deep, firm, and earnest conviction, that it is the duty and the privilege of the Christian to be, according to the expression of the apostle, 1 Thess. v. 23, 24, sanctified, "wholly in body, soul, and spirit;" that he may find the blood of Christ "cleanseth from all sin," from "all unrighteousness;" that he may "reckon himself to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God;" that he may be made "free from sin," and "become servant to God," having "fruit and holiness;" that he may cleanse himself from "all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God"—in a word, I believe the 8th chapter of Romans to mean what it says, and the Eph. iii. 19, 20, to mean what it says. But as the Pharisees made void the law through their traditions, so has a philosophical, technical theology taken the simple force away from plain Scripture. I believe that sanctification is not brought about by the formation of holy habits, but results from the renunciation of self, and the appreciation of Christ in all his fulness. If you want to know what I mean by this, please read Finney's "Guide to the Savior"—a profitable book, even to one who may not be ready to receive all his views. I believe sanctification, as justification, is to be attained by faith, not by any stock of grace we can gradually lay up for ourselves. Daily manna! faith by the moment! The just shall live by faith! "Purifying your hearts by faith"—this is the way. I believe Christ may be received as an indwelling Savior, and "what agreement has the temple of God with idols?" I believe the child of God may be kept from all known sin, and so walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing; that, in the words of St. John, he may "sin not," and that they who say they abide in him, ought "also to walk as he walked;" that, as he was, so should we be, in this world; that this is the victory that overcometh, even our faith. Is not the Captain of our salvation able to make us conquerors? Why, then, always go mourning, defeated, in bondage, giving an occasion to the scoffer to say, "where is their God?" Is He not able to make all grace abound unto all sufficiency in

every work? Oh, why will not we take God at his word, offer ourselves a "living sacrifice," and find Him our Almighty Savior? Why not let Scripture mean what it says, and then, with a perfect heart, like the apostle, say, "I have not attained (the goal), not found the perfection (of the resurrection); but this one thing do"—yes, "as many as be perfect," let us do this "one thing." Oh, if we did this one thing—were absorbed in doing the will of God—we should find his meaning where he says, "go on to perfection," and "this will we do." But are you not aware that the large majority of professors are forever "laying again the foundations," and not "leaving the doctrine of repentance," etc. What is there wonderful in his belief? Is it not according to what it might have been expected such a God as ours to do for us? The price of our redemption was great; why might it not have been expected that Jesus gave himself to redeem us from all iniquity, and make us a "peculiar people, zealous of good works?" We are called to "put on all the armor and withstand; and having done all, to stand"—not fall: to conquer—not be conquered!—But I must check my pen. I hope I have made myself understood as to my "convictions." I have endeavored to be clear and concise. I rather incline to the Oberlinian philosophy of sanctification; but, in fact, Finney is one with Wesley. If you have never read Wesley or Fletcher on Christian perfection, and really wish to "prove all things," it would be well to look at them. But I prefer Mahan on Christian perfection. I suppose that is heretical; but then, St. Paul was, in the view of some, a heretic—and also Wickliffe and Cramer and Luther and Fenelon. So the word is not so frightful to me as it would be to some. But, whatever you don't read, please get Finney's "Guide to the Savior." And now, one word as to the doctrine as liable to abuse and to be misunderstood. And, by the way, the term is Christian perfection, that is,—to be all that sinners redeemed can become in the strength and fulness of Christ. Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from—what? future punishment?—no—from their "sins." Ask yourself if there is any doctrine of the Bible not liable to abuse—to misconstruction and misrepresentation. Another word as to there being a peculiar danger of pride springing up. As to the theory, if all is of grace through faith, do you not see there is no room for pride? And this I take to be the reason why those who are laboring in the old notion of working out their sanctification, complain so much of self-righteousness—that "works" is the condition of its attainment, not "faith." And, on the contrary, all who profess to have tasted of this great salvation, will testify that they never else so learnt their own unworthiness and emptiness. They look to Christ for all things,

for He is head over all things to His church. They are not kept thinking of themselves and weighing to-day's attainments with yesterday's, and self-examinations and repentings, and getting proud of repenting and all that—they are looking to Jesus and are changed into His image and rejoice in Him (not in themselves) "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Boardman is afraid of Scripture and Scripture terms—why, men have always stumbled at Scripture and always will as long as anti-Christ is abroad. "To the law and to the testimony"—search and look. God gives us teachable hearts and obedient wills. Do you say there has never been any one, whom you judged to have been in the enjoyment of this state? There are several replies that might be made to that objection. I would suggest that you might not be in a favorable condition, subjectively, for judging, for your idea of what was proposed as attainable might be excessive. Most Christians say, "We don't live up to our privileges." St. Paul says, "A conscience void of offence." But I said, I did not intend to argue, only to state my convictions; but I know so well the questions that spring up in the consideration of this question, that I cannot help touching upon them. And I know you will ask, "How is it that persons lose this grace and fall back?" Let me ask you how Adam fell from a perfection, admitted to be higher than is now attainable? Entire consecration and simple faith, unhesitating obedience to the dictates of conscience and the Spirit—if these fail in the least, the separation is begun, and the soul loses that intimate and tender union with the Savior, in which alone it was secure from the attacks and temptations with which in this militant state we shall ever be beset. One word more. You will desire to know if I have had an experience of this state. To the praise of the wonders of God's grace, and also the confession of my own unspeakable unworthiness, I must confess that at two periods of my life, for weeks, I knew in a large degree these things, by an experience which I could no more explain away as not the result of this faith, than I could explain away all else that I have known and felt. I fell from this—my sin was, oh, how great! My subsequent sorrows—oh, how bitter! My spiritual desolation—oh, how fearful! None but God knew it all. Again, in wonderful, wonderful love, He led me back; again I proved the power that is in Christ, again my faith failed and my strength was gone; the enemy prevailed, and sadness brooded over a heart that might have rejoiced evermore and with joy unspeakable. I believe God calls us to be witnesses for Him and for His grace, to His praise in various ways, according to our sphere of action and our opportunities. I shrank from this, and my candlestick was removed. This road, this highway of

holiness is very narrow. To swerve is to leave it. But I cannot deny my belief and my experimental knowledge of the truth that God is able to keep us from falling; but, it is in His way, not ours. The forbearance of God, how wonderful! This year has been, to me, one of much spiritual enjoyment, and I may say, victory, especially lately; and I am striving after "one thing," and looking to Him to keep me—knowing that He is faithful. I trust that I am kept. May I never wander more. The state of which I am speaking is one which makes growth in grace necessary and especially rapid. Would you not expect a garden to grow faster when the weeds had been exterminated? Christ can reign alone in the heart, and then the fruits of holiness abound. Depend upon it, the Christian, in the enjoyment of this union with his "head," has a power with men and with God, in spiritual things, quite astounding to himself. And now I have said all that I shall say, though the subject is most momentous and interesting. I do not approve of writing essays across three seas; but for this once I felt it right to comply with what seemed to be your wish. May God bless the writing to me, and the reading thereof to you. Again, I say, search and look; and especially remember a profound truth of our religion, "believe and know." Ye will not believe, therefore shall ye not be established. May Christ, the way, the truth, the light, be revealed to us by the Holy Spirit, in a manner that the natural man cannot discern or understand.

## TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Aug. 30, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: It was very refreshing to me to get such a nice, fat package of letters from you and Lizzie and Isabel, as I received last Monday.

And first in answer, as in order of topics and in interest, is the war. From the first I saw no human chance of avoiding a war; but I had no "realizing sense" of the coldness and division of the North before the taking of Sumter, until the mail brought news of that event. Then expressions in private letters (more reliable and more graphic than newspapers) horrified me in revealing the precipice on which the nation had stood so quietly. Fortunately, the mail that brought us the particulars of Sumter (though the incredible and uncredited rumor had reached us earlier), told us of the troubles in Baltimore, and the passage through of the troops. Still, I did not take a full breath till next mail, when I knew that Washington was amply strengthened. With the Sumter mail news, came your Boston papers, carrying me more fully into New England and the deeds of her soldiers. I read the news and the incidents, and cried and laughed, and wiped

my tears, and went through all sorts of emotions. But I was glad that Massachusetts should be on the spot first, that if blood must be spilt, it was hers, and that her troops hitherto are an honor to the land of the Puritans. (I don't admire the Puritans as a whole, you must know; but honor to whom honor is due.) I believe that sad, dark, distressing as this war is, fearful as is the evil of war, looked at in every moral, social, and physical aspect, great good will come from it. Our politicians were fearfully corrupt, and the people were willing to have it so. Too many loved their own firesides too well to do the duty of men and patriots. Besides, they were too busy making their fortunes. The mercenary mind had eaten into our people like a canker. Our nation will now be energized, elevated by a grand idea.

TO MRS. WILLIAM C. TENNEY.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Shanghai, Sept., 1861.

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I love to think of that little smiling girl. I am glad that it is a girl. I want both the little ones to love me. It may be they will never see me, or it may be they will be the light of my old age, or it may be that I may be to them a friend indeed; at any rate, "love is a present for a mighty king." I hope I shall be able to send the last comer something pretty; but I don't want any of my things to get astray among the Confederates. \* \* \* God has poured upon me so much of His goodness and gifts these last years, that I am deeply indebted to do all I can in any way to add to the happiness of others. I often think of you. The quiet days I spent with you in America are among my pleasantest recollections. How I should love to return the kindness in kind, if it were consistent with my appointed lot; only I would have you spared the sickness. And yet, through that sickness I have learned to enjoy health, and to take life as a daily gift. \* \* \*

I sympathize with you in the gloom caused by this war; it seems ever to be over me. Yet I can sometimes forget, by the aid of distance and foreign scenes; but you are ever kept reminded that the flower of the country is devoted to the war. If it shall restrict slavery and tend to freedom, it will be worth all its costs; above all, it may purify our country of its great corruptions. I see, with regret, the feeling toward England; yet I have felt from the tone of English papers (after the first month) that it must arise. Yet, underneath, the best people of England are not heard. Not that they care for our Union; but they do desire to see slavery checked, and the opium trade, too. I wonder that an anti-opium Wilberforce does not arise to wage war against that evil.

TO REV. E. W. SYLE.

Shanghai, Sept. 21, 1861.

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By the way, if I was in America, I should try hard to get Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's tract, showing the difference between Jewish and West Indian slavery, and entitled, "Is Slavery Justified or Condemned by Scripture?" because, I think, a republication of it might be useful,—so many good people now are fortifying themselves in the evil system by looking to "Scripture." The terms of controversy are not, perhaps, wisely chosen, being generally, "Is Slavery Allowed or Forbidden by Scripture?" Now (though it is not that abominable system American slavery) it is "allowed," and not "forbidden;" YET, if anything is plain that cannot be mathematically proved, if anything can be trusted to the moral sense, it is the fact that "slavery" is not "justified," and is "condemned" by Scripture.

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Lekh Richmond, when dying, exclaimed, as in view of the state of Christians, "We are all half asleep." So, I believe, still more emphatically may it be said, as to the subject of prayer. In regard to earnestness and faith therein, we are not half awake. It is said in Bedell's "Life" that he came very late into a missionary meeting (or "Bible meeting") where he was expected to speak. Many had already spoken. He took a subject none other had touched (he judged wisely), and said, "Let us do it; we can do it by prayer." Ah, yes, if there is prayer, real prayer, there will be all else that is necessary. But, to pray well, one must live well, must live to God; and to live to God is to die to all that "the world" loves and seeks. Israel prevailed against Amalek—when?

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Mr. Keith perseveres in his translations and at his dictionary. The latter grows; but what a labor! We have taken, for amusement, an hour after dinner, reading the Chinese (romanized) novels. After tea, if no other engagement prevents, we take Worcester's Dictionary. Mr. K. selects the English words; I write them in a blank book with the Chinese synonyms, which he tells me from memory or his vocabulary. We find the exercise very interesting, and to me it is most instructive. My only danger is of getting so much interested that sleep is scared away. In that case I have to resort to the water cure physicians' prescription, which, though given in high language about the will and electricity and the extremities, means, try to think of your toes for ten minutes. The consequence is loss of consciousness; in plain English—sleep. \* \* \*

For my school I have still some money, and have not needed to call on H. and G. As to "active labor," I could find enough to do to keep me busy, and it suits my temperament, and the Christian desire that all missionaries must feel to seek the "lost sheep." But then, as a teacher, I do so feel what a need there is of books, that I see enough for two heads and four hands like mine for five years to come. The question is, to do what is the most imperative, and for which I am best fitted. What inclines me to book making as the specialty is, that so few will do it. Besides, if God please, they shall work when this hand and this tongue have returned to dust. \* \* \*

My most matured idea of the school wanted, is on this wise. Let there be twenty boys, or, at the very outside, twenty-five. Let these be gathered in, not all at once, but slowly, with care in the selection. At the head let there be a clerical instructor (no more laymen, in the name of all that is wise). Let him not sacrifice the high calling of a minister, but, being "apt to teach," and gifted with ruling powers, let the school form one branch of his labor, and in this let him be assisted by a true "helpmeet," intelligent, educated, quick to see, ready and able to do, prepared to aid in teaching, somewhat, and, above all, having a moral power, the result of character moulded and governed by Christian lovingness. A motherly heart—alas, you will say—where is this couple? Mr. and Mrs. Brown approximated to this, did they not? Are there not more such in America? and in our church? I more and more feel that the school must be so small as to have a family stamp. It will do more to form the characters we need to go out to do good in China, than all that the whole company of "professors," if here by scores, could do for that end or any other equally valuable. Look for such a minister and such a minister's wife. How few are the laymen who, even to the degree of the coldest minister, consider themselves as bound to the service of God.

And here I must say one word—oh, I could write pages, and I am sure I could preach sermons!—as to the efforts of missionaries when at home. I felt when there, and since my return, in thinking of the past, I am more deeply convinced, that the most important thing is not to tell of China or Africa, or this or that incident. All that, indeed, in its place; but first, go back to principles, and though it seem to go against the apostolic rule (only in seeming), I fear it would have to be "first principles." To me, the Christian church, as a body, seem not to have even a dim conception of what their claim to be Christians takes for granted. In fact, they do not feel, they do not remember, that they are "not their own." It seemed to me, if this point were pressed with

more simplicity, with more directness, with more of the power of the Spirit, that more would be effected than by trying to build where there is only a sandy foundation.

May God help us, as missionaries, to live as those who are "soldiers," ready to follow and to fight!

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Oct. 23, 1861.

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As a mission it is resolved among us to try to dispense for the present with one tenth of the salary hitherto allowed, that we may meet the Committee in their embarrassments, and be in sympathy with so many at home who suffer in estate. When I tell you that everything is one third dearer than when I began housekeeping in 1854, and some things one half dearer, you may imagine that the one tenth minus will be felt. Of course, the remainder will allow of no new clothes, unless we give up our charities, and that, I hope, will be the last thing we retrench. While we have so many comforts, I should be ashamed to do that. \* \* \* Do not think we are too engrossed in our own work to feel the difficulties of the people of our country. Our hearts ache and our eyes weep over them, as from mail to mail we get new tidings; but this slackness of the church is no new thing, and did I not look up to God for strength and on to duty, I must give up in despair to see the real insensibility of the church at home to the glory and extension of the kingdom of Him to whom they owe every hope and every real joy. I felt it so deeply, when at home, that it did paralyze and discourage me to a sinful extent; hope almost died.

And now, amid the grief and woe that must shadow so many hearts in our own unhappy country, who will heed the distressing news of the cruel murder by the rebels at the North of two valuable missionaries?—one of them a beloved member of our own mission, Rev. Henry Parker. You will learn particulars through other pens and through papers; but I will mention a few. [Here follows an account of the murder.] Mr. Parker was a wealthy man; but he counted nothing dear to him but duty to his Master. "One thing I do," might be truly said of him. He was very generous, kind, affable, and more a favorite with all than any missionary I ever saw.

Anarchy prevails through China; government is lost; different bands of rebels waste and destroy in different parts. Perhaps it is thus that God will "overturn and overturn and overturn" till China shall be ready to receive the gospel.

Of our own country, what shall be said? But there, at least,

they have the gospel and the hope of a "better land." I deeply feel that, as a nation, we deserved punishment.

This has been a sad, sad year to us; one after another of missionaries has departed.

TO REV. DR. BLODGETT.

Shanghai, Sunday, Nov. 3, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. BLODGETT: You will wonder that I write, and that to you, on this day! But why not record the thoughts that fill the mind and heart in connection with an event, sad to us and to many, but joyous to him whom we mourn! You will soon learn from other sources the departure of Rev. Dr. Bridgman for his heavenly home! This event took place yesterday, after a short but severe illness. Only last Sunday he was in the pulpit at the London chapel, and even so late as Tuesday was not confined to his bed. His age was just sixty, and he bade as fair for another half score of years as any one of us. But his warfare is accomplished, and he has entered into rest—eternal, blissful rest. His end, as you would expect, was peace, perfect peace, resting, without a doubt or fear, on his Almighty Savior. His widow, bereaved of the companion of seventeen years, between whom and herself existed a union uncommonly dear and tender, bears the sorrow with simple and childlike trust, thankful that God sustained her to attend him to the last. It was but Friday week that she returned from a trip made necessary by her own enfeebled health. Of him, with peculiar emphasis, it may be said, "He was a good man, and a faithful servant of his Master." If I were asked what, in my judgment, characterized him most, I should answer in the words of Scripture, that he kept "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." Those who have seen him under circumstances very trying to the spirit of most, say that his meekness was unflinching. The last time he was at the "Monthly Concert" (and he never failed to be present there without good reason), his subject was "brotherly love," a favorite topic with him; and at this occasion he urged it by our Master's argument: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples." Had he lived to the age of the "beloved apostle," I doubt not but the unfeigned utterance of his heart would have found expression in the oft-repeated injunction which fell from the lips of that saint and martyr: "Little children, love one another." And, being dead, his life still speaketh to all who have known him; and the cold clay seems to say even yet, "Little children, love one another." I know so well, my dear friend, your deep and sustained interest in the work of "foreign missions," and your affection for those engaged in them, even

though you may not have seen their faces in the flesh, that I am assured of your sympathy when bereavements come. Still more peculiarly will this be the case when the missionary is connected with the American Board. And all who contribute to sustain their enterprises and labors are familiar with the name of Dr. Bridgman as the first American missionary to China, coming out in 1829, when this empire was closed to foreigners, except at one port. He came to Canton and labored patiently there for fifteen years, alone most of the time. In that year, 1845, he married; and if "a good wife is from the Lord," then most certainly the Lord provided him with a companion most completely adapted to his wants. Eminently useful and happy have they been together, each assisting and strengthening the other in their various plans and labors. Few women in China have been as acceptable and useful in their labors for the Chinese as Mrs. Bridgman. Last winter she was quite ill, and we almost feared that her work was done. She is far from strong now, though she has work enough on her hands to demand the vigor of youth for its accomplishment. If she does not abate her labors she will soon follow her husband—and I know of none to fill her place. Most of the missionaries, and especially the missionaries' wives, are so young that they are not so well prepared to have influence over the Chinese. Few can stay to be old; and since the opening of the five ports there has scarcely been time for the young to acquire age and its experience, although approaching those honors! Dr. Bridgman will be missed by all in Shanghai. The American merchants highly respected him, and some of them cherished for him a warm affection. All the missionaries revered him as an old and faithful soldier in an enemy's country. Marrying, as he did, a lady from our mission, its older members certainly felt a peculiar interest in his labors and happiness; and of late years, since his residence in Shanghai, his house has been in the same street and very near. We were the nearest neighbors; and daily shall we miss the sight of his cheerful face, and the sound of his kind voice, as he met us in the house or by the way. It was ever a real enjoyment to us to see him going out for his daily ride on horseback with Mrs. B., or with a little, motherless child, for whom they were caring, placed before him on the horse, or with two other orphan children under their roof skipping after him. He looked so full of happiness that it was as a sunshine to us; and life, not death, was in all our thoughts of him. What do I say? Surely it is now life more abundantly, life perfected, life eternal. He has awakened in the likeness of Him he loved, and is satisfied forevermore. But we miss him here, his work misses him, his friends miss, and we shall look for him, and look in vain. We can only

lift our eyes and pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth," "the faithful fail." The laborers—oh, how few and how rapidly the past thirty months have thinned! He will be laid by the side of Macy and Aitchison's monument in the cemetery at this place. That monument was erected by the Chinese, the former pupils, I believe, of Mr. Brown's school at Hong Kong. By the peculiar favor of a kind Providence, Mr. Brown (formerly of your Board, but now of the Reformed Dutch Board), of Japan, arrived here on Tuesday to attend to some business, and has been at hand to nurse and cheer his old friend and fellow laborer. He, with Bishop Boone, one of his next oldest friends, indeed, an earlier acquaintance, was with him all the time after the disease assumed its dangerous character, which it did on Wednesday. It was a comfort to him, and a privilege to them. His end was peace, perfect peace, simple, unshaken faith. "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" was his wondering exclamation. To-day, in the English church, the chaplain preached a funeral discourse from the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

*Wednesday, Nov. 6th.*—I must hastily finish my sad letter, for the mail leaves to-day. On Monday last our friend was committed to the grave, attended by a large concourse of friends, the merchants as well as the missionaries. Mr. Brown officiated in the mortuary chapel, making some very appropriate remarks, and offering prayer. The Scripture was that chosen and arranged for the burial service of the dead in our church. Oh, how precious those words are to the aching and fearful heart, as the dust is committed to its kindred dust to hear the voice, as from heaven, speaking over the grave, "I am the resurrection and the life"!

## TO MISS PLUMER.

Shanghai, Nov. 20, 1861.

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If the North is not true to herself, and makes an unrighteous compromise, before the soldiers now in the field shall have grown gray headed, another and fiercer war will come on. It may be a seven years' or a twenty years' war, now; but it is the true wisdom to settle well, now, the foundations. Yet there are so many who have no power to look beyond the present. I have a correspondent in Boston, who is an echo of the *Journal of Commerce*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our treasury sends us no money, and we are living on the results of the sale of our boys' school; and, owing to the previous involvement, that is nearly exhausted. We may be all broken up

in a year from this, and be obliged to go home. May God spare our church the guilt and the disgrace, and us the pain.

TO HER BROTHER.

Shanghai, Dec. 17, 1861.

\* \* \* \* \*

I notice what you say on religious matters, and as to Unitarians and Episcopalians, and I can understand your feelings and, to some degree, sympathize with you in them. As to the "lack of earnestness" among both, I feel that Episcopalians have less excuse; for, verily, I see nothing that Unitarians have to bring out an earnestness sufficient to counteract the natural human inertia. There are many, many, many most earnest, devoted, spiritually minded ones among Episcopalians, with whom I have found the purest religious enjoyment; but I have not done wondering that the proportion of such to the whole body is not larger than it is. If in that one point only, I can assure you my gain was immense in turning away from Unitarians to Episcopalians; but I was not and am not blind to what Episcopalians, as a body, lack. Besides the "gain" to me above alluded to, the "order" and "worship" of our church are a continual feast and joy. But they who would feel this entirely must "live in the family." I believe that a Christian character modelled from early youth by the teaching of the Prayer Book, and inspired by its reverent, humble, trusting, joyful, filial spirit, is more likely to be a beautiful and symmetrical one than that trained in any other school. But then, practically, we see the Prayer Book through and by the minister to whose teaching we listen. He may be a dry sacramentarian, or he may be a severe Calvinist, or he may be a mere formalist, not deeply convinced of, or impelled by, any great truth. Few could get behind such a difficulty. Leighton and Jeremy Taylor seem to me to have lived in the spirit of the Prayer Book. There is a slight asceticism about both. Query: Does it belong to the Prayer Book? If so, something is erroneous; there is surely no asceticism in the New Testament. As to the remark that "Unitarians and Episcopalians [laymen] are very much alike," there is a phase of truth in it. But I do not think it is a common lack of earnestness that causes the similarity, whatever it may be. I think it is the excess in both of the æsthetic sensibilities. An Episcopalian, though he believes in very solemn and momentous truths, and thinks it most becoming and most important to be solemn and even earnest in the proper place and proper way, and at the proper time, could yet, on no account, transgress his law of what is proper; that is, his taste in religious actings. The æsthetic nature rules; and where this is

so, the likeness comes out most strongly between Unitarians and Episcopalians. Their tastes, respectively, may and do differ; but taste is lawgiver, and the other parts of the soul are overshadowed, and the stronger faculties (naturally) become the weaker. But among no body of Christians (and you know I have mixed somewhat with all), is there such a "holy horror" of the Unitarian doctrine as among Episcopalians. The reason is, that the Trinitarian doctrines are ever kept before the mind in our worship; they cannot be left out. Williams, Jowett, and Temple may bestultify, or bevillain their consciences, but the "doctrines" and the form of words must continue to be heard from their lips in the service. They who listen and believe in sincerity, have their minds filled with what seems to them plain Scripture teaching; the echo is ever on their ears. In any other body it is not so. One minister may pray according to Calvin, and read only from the Epistle to the Romans; another may pray like a mere Deist, and read an extract from "Evangel" or "Psalm." Of course, when I speak of these differences, I am not unmindful that great varieties of character and great diversities of mind and opinion are formed under each kind of teaching. Nevertheless, there is, for all that, a characteristic tone and result in each distinctive body of Christians, and there are a thousand influences outside. I understand your idea, referring to the Essay of Martineau, *i. e.*, the ethical, the passionate, the spiritual, "one gospel in many dialects." According to my judgment, our church alone makes full provision for each and all these natures, in its doctrines, order of worship, &c., and is calculated, and is better calculated than any other for the symmetrical development of these in their different combinations and proportions. For instance, take an individual having all these "natures" combined in more or less harmony or excess. I might as well call the individual "I." Well, let "I" find herself in, or seek the culture of the Presbyterian Church. The ethical is cultivated all the time, till, by and by, nothing is relished but a prayer in which the whole character of God is didactically dwelt upon, or a written sermon, planned and built by measure and plummet, having all mysteries so clearly explained that light turns into darkness. All emotion is to be so deep as never to be seen. (N. B.—If you have ever studied the "Lives" of Presbyterians, or Sprague's "Ecclesiastical Biographies," you will find it very noticeable that when emotion among Presbyterians breaks the limits, it exceeds even the Methodists. Several instances in point occur to me.) Again "I" seeks the Methodists. They cultivate the "passionate" (or "emotional") till ethics are lost in the fog, and "orthodoxy" of sentiment lives a fitful and sickly life, the æsthetical is utterly lost and dead, and the "spiritual"

has no leisure and no retiracy of soul, wherein to cultivate its growth, even under the secret of the Almighty and the shadow of His wings. Great, very great, as are the faults of the Methodists, yet, with my nature, I could find a place and nourishment among them better than among the Presbyterians. But the Moravians are a *tertium quid*. Thank God, I am shut up to neither of them. I feed in pastures which are calculated to nourish the whole nature.

Now, my dear brother, you will not understand this long discourse (*sermo*) as intended controversially. When I have a leisure afternoon like this, I like to let out my thoughts to my only brother. The circumstances of life are very real, and very near; its stern yoke is sometimes very heavy upon us, and we become worn and fretted by petty, yet necessary cares. It is soothing, if not elevating, to turn our minds to thoughts akin at least to more enduring and satisfying things, to the life of the soul, and to what best nourishes and forms that life. One word as to what you say of the value of "aspirations" \* as developing the religious nature. I feel with you, I am sure, to some degree, on this subject. I can only explain the fact that so little use is made of it, by two other common and sad facts, viz. : the low religious life of religious teachers (among all), and the fact that memory—too faithful, but a bitter friend—breathes upon "aspiration," and it withers. We judge of the future by the past, of God's treasury by our own leanness, and a half despair seizes us, that is ruinous to strength, as self-confidence is to safety and true progress, and so we settle down into a formal, monotonous, joyless, and in the same measure, unfruitful life. If lofty resolve and aspiration could join indissolubly with humble dependence on Divine strength, we should have more occasion to give thanks as conquerors than now; and while "sin" is the stern fact of our race and our life, brought to light with every day's toil and pain and weariness and sorrow, there would be more thanks for "redemption," real and near, brought down to our low condition and pressing needs. In some such thoughts as these perhaps there is somewhat in common to us; and yet, if so, the substratum of these thoughts in each of our minds, how different! Turn to the "Prayer of St. Chrysostom" in our Prayer Book. I scarce ever hear or use it that I do not bear you on my heart before God. "Knowledge of Thy truth" and "life everlasting!" Nor do I forget my own ignorance or liability to error. Reversing your expression, I may say, "I

\* A large part of Beecher's power over men is, he wakes them to aspire. But men are often such clods that their aspiring faculties seem too deeply buried ever to be raised.

would not be a Unitarian, if I could, and I could not, if I would ;” for, if Jesus of Nazareth were not He whom it is lawful to worship as truly God, then the whole Bible would be a riddle to me. If now I understand little, then I should be utterly in the dark, and go whither I was fast tending in 1843—to utter, comfortless unbelief. Jesus is the Being held up for the gaze, the love, the worship of the world, yea, of the hosts of heaven, and for all eternity. And on this view, of course, turn all systems of theology. “What think ye of Christ?” is the keynote, and, according as another soul can answer with ours to this interrogation is there “unity” and “harmony.” It is all folly for Unitarians to complain of the feeling and opinion toward them from other denominations. Fixed in our nature are the laws that rule here, and no got up “charity” and “harmony” will ever reconcile that which cannot be reconciled. “Cannot be reconciled,” I say, because at the bottom there is that which is always and only utterly antagonistic, hostile, and irreconcilable. To love all is a plain duty ; but to call black white and white black, is to be either a fool or a hypocrite. Plain speaking, therefore, never troubles me, and I hate false glosses. All “shams” are hateful. Alas, alas ! that so much of the lives of real Christians (as we may hope them to be) should be so hollow and sham-like.

I have indulged in this long talk at the expense of other matter. If Lizzie hears you read all this, I predict she will pronounce it very dull, and a waste of ink ; for I imagine she is one of those who are in the habit of thinking (and of acting according to this thinking) that, when two people do not believe alike, the less said on the given subject the better. Well, in many, perhaps in most cases, she is right ; nevertheless, there are “exceptions,” and perhaps this may be allowed as one. When two people differ very widely in character and opinions, and go by the rule to throw the veil of silence over all these differences, how little is left to attach such people to each other, or to preserve an interest, except, perhaps, a traditional one ! Now you and I, my brother, from our veriest childhood were widely different in character and tastes ; and in mature life, in opinions also, as well as tastes. But shall we then be content to live in almost utter ignorance of each other, except only as concerns this perishing body and the affairs of this fleeting life ? Oh no ! there are things more precious than these.

Not long since I sent a blue-and-stone colored gauze for Lizzie. It is my only regret at being in China that I cannot in many little ways prove my sisterly regard. But God has blessed me in this land of exile, has He not ? Where could I begin to recount His mercies ? And not the least is the gift of such a friend as my husband—so tender, considerate, gentle, watchful, loving. It has been

a pleasant path [to me] with him, though sickness has not been a stranger to us. Even that has made the light of love and heart companionship more needed, more prized. Many women have loving husbands; how few have those who possess that rare and most valuable quality, considerateness! To my mind that word includes so much! You will smile, "I guess," and think I must have too much leisure, that I indulge in such "revealings" after almost eight years of married life. Well, I don't believe you are sorry to have a small overflow of this kind once in a great while. At any rate, I think it will be good for you to smile; and when that has passed away, I know the glow of thankfulness on my account will do you good also.

*December 21st.*—Yesterday a letter from you came straying in, which ought to have come to me two weeks since. \* \* \* I have been reading Bushnell's Sermons for the "New Life." To me it is a charming book; and yet in type of expression it could hardly have had birth out of New England.

*December 24th.*—Don't worry about my being taken down sick. It's all for the best, though I could have wished for strength to do a prime winter's work.

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## CHAPTER VII.

1862.

Sickness and its Experiences—Winter Voyage to Japan—Sinking Health—Farewells from the Deathbed—Voyage to San Francisco—Death—Destruction of the "Golden Gate" by Fire, and Death of Mr. Keith.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Shanghai, Jan. 3, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER :

\* \* \* \* \*

Though, in your own household, you have had, I trust, no experience but that of joy, your sympathies have been deeply taxed for your country and your friends, and the year 1862, it is to be feared, has much of darkness and trial for those who shall live through its hours. How blessed the lot of those who have Israel's God for their unfailing portion, and who find in Him an ever-present "refuge and strength." I am not weary of life—oh, no—but I do find that the changes that meet me at every step, and that I see in all around, help to make the home and rest above

more dear and prized. So "it is good to have been afflicted," if thus we are enabled to learn heavenly lessons. To us, as missionaries (and especially is it true of our mission), the year has been a heavy one. Blow after blow has come, till we are ready to cry out with the patriarch, and say, "Show us why thou contendest with us."

Perhaps I mentioned in my last letter that I was not feeling as well as usual; and now I have to yield myself prisoner and be good and obedient and quiet and patient, and hope for freedom in due time. To tell the truth, secession, as it fell upon us last March 4th, was a blow from which I did not recover. You will smile, it may be; and I will tell you what I mean. At the time I allude to, I was in perfect health, enjoying my studies and my teaching, and giving myself fully to them. For the next two weeks after that sad mail, it seemed to me my head would burst with excitement. Indeed, my eyes had a panic, and I could not look in a book at night, or let the lamplight shine upon them, for some months. I lost my appetite, and felt spiritless and languid, till, after two or three weeks, I resolved to cast off the burden of my country and of the prospects of our mission. It was useless for me to be crushed. So I hardened myself, and improved again. But I never before saw Mr. Keith take trouble so to heart, for he is generally the one to bear unruffled the storms of life, while it is always difficult for me to throw off grief. As the summer came on, its weight was fearful, though I stood up, while many lay on their sickbeds. One after another of our number we had lost; and one after another of those I most cared for in other missions left, and there was no heart, no hope, no joy, to revive the drooping body. I longed, as I never did before, for the summer to be over, or to get away from Shanghai. Until August I had no sickness; since then I have had occasional days of diarrhœa. This autumn has had its fatigues, and I could not avoid the knowledge that I was not gaining in health, but the contrary. Since cold weather, I have had three attacks, each leaving me more and more worsted; and now I cannot escape the sad fact that I am an invalid, possibly, I will not say probably, for the winter. I come from my room to the parlor, and ride out, carefully muffled; that is all! I never was so helpless before, even when a miserable dyspeptic. I have provided for the care of my schools the next two months; but work at my translations is out of the question. Mr. Keith "keeps the keys," and I "keep the couch" or the easy chair. I write a page or two occasionally, as now, and read very little, and seem to do nothing the rest of the time. So, here is the picture of my New Year. We are waiting momentarily for the mail. Will it tell us of a great battle and woe and death? Will

it tell our mission that the church will try to sustain it? Ah, my dear friend, we stay ourselves on God; but the heart must feel these sorrows. Wherever we look, the heart bleeds. But enough of this. Your heart is at least as heavy as mine, for you must see around you distress, anxiety, and suffering.

You will be glad to know that Mr. Keith is in excellent health and strength, and busy all day as he can be. Our own lot, aside from our relation to others and identity with others' interests, is bright and happy. Even though an invalid, and kept from the work I delighted in and had long and eagerly planned for, yet I feel so persuaded that, in the providence of God, it shall work for my good, that I can cheerfully leave all and wait, thankful that it is the Christian's high privilege to serve God in the sickroom as well as in active life. And, if yielding myself to His will is all that He requires, it is all, in one sense, the highest angel could do. Nay, I desire to look upon it as a rest time He is giving me, when, free from care, I may grow rich in heavenly knowledge and grace, waiting His permission to go forth with blessing, if it may be, for others.

It seems long since you have written me; but I have become used to silence on the part of home friends; and I suppose I shall gradually give up my pen almost entirely. Letters take my time and strength, and I often ask, what good do they? Friends at home have little need of our cheer; and they know not, cannot know, how much we have need of theirs. And now, dear friend, good-bye. I have a feeling that it will be long ere I write again. For all your kindness and love, the Lord bless and reward you. Remember me to all yours, and to dear friends. Mr. Keith sends love. Ever yours,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO MR. AND MRS. DAWES.

Shanghai, Jan. 24, 1862.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS: Only last week I sent off a brief messenger, in the last hope of bringing some remembrance from friends so loved and fresh in memory as yourselves, for during the weeks of the sickness to which I referred, I had so often thought of you both, and longed for the sweet sisterly sympathy of my dear Mrs. Dawes. I little thought your tardy but welcome messenger was so near. I must forgive your delay; but if, while you were "riding, sailing, bathing" in the cool region of ocean, you could have seen your missionary friend, fixed to the dull, hot, damp malaria plains of Shanghai, losing those best loved among the missionary band by departure on account of failing health, and standing by the bedside of others prostrate by disease, or aiding

to the utmost some hurried preparation for sea, and all the while feeling herself sinking under the combined effects of climate and sorrow (sorrow for native land and for China), could you not have rightly spared one hour to administer the cordial so sure to a loving heart, so greatly needed in the absence of the various kinds of healthy stimulus to be found at home? Yes. I know you could and would; but you cannot know what comfort can be conveyed on those little white and black messengers. The strain upon the hearts and sympathies, the tension of feeling for the year 1861, we can never forget; yet friends at home are the more engrossed and can spare less of time, thought, sympathy for us. It is natural; I cannot blame; but we Northerners in Shanghai (where are mostly Southern missionaries) are like as a sparrow alone upon the housetop—we mourn and keep silence, lest “in the multitude of words” there should be “sin” and the beginning of strife. I must not take up my little space with the great theme of our country. “God is not dead,” as Luther was wont to say. His purposes are ripening; He will humble; He will teach; He will be entreated too, if men are willing to turn from sin. I do not feel like asking this or that; but the one cry of my heart is, “Lord, send out Thy light and Thy truth,” take glory to Thyself in the wise and merciful working out of Thine own ends. When I think of the issue, (not, perhaps, a temporary, but) the real issue, the words come always echoing in my ear.

“And right is right, for God is God,” and so I know that justice shall be established. (By the way, do you know that long hymn, beginning,

“I worship thee, sweet will of God,  
And all thy ways adore.”

If not, look it up. It is in the “Hymns for the Ages,” I think.) We read Olmsted’s “Tour in the South and West” this summer, with great interest. I never saw a book produce such an impression on Mr. Keith. Just now we are reading (I for the second time) the life of T. F. Buxton. How the lesson tells on these times and this crisis! I was thinking that a wide distribution of this work now, at home, among men of any intelligence, would be a good “tract distribution.” What think you? The animus of slavery is one everywhere, and at all times.

Just now we have an exciting time. The rebel bands are marauding near us, and threatening to take Shanghai. Our mission is considered “unprotected,” and we have removed most of our wearing apparel to a place more secure, lest we should be visited in a way similar to that of our unfortunate missionaries at the

north, in the province of Shantung. It is arranged that we ladies should leave on a given signal, and great vigilance is being used by the mercantile community here to prevent, as well as ward off, attack. Last night we had finished our letters, and were deep in the newspapers, when guns were fired. Mr. Keith ran out to hear—then came in and ordered me off. I had not been out for five weeks, except a few times in my sedan, muffled with the greatest care. Yet, in the misty night, after nine o'clock, my husband ordered me off! How cruel! He accompanied me over the bridge, when, thinking me safe, he left me to pursue my way alone to my friends. The coolies kept jostling the soldiers, who had turned out at the alarm, some of whom are sepoys, some gentlemen, some belonging to the regular English army. Arrived at my friends', a cold room and night were before me; but I returned home to-day, feeling stronger. I think a little excitement is, as it were, a "normal state" for me, and I miss it in the East. This will, belike, do me good; but I have taken a little cold, and feel that poisonous salivation at work again. We feel safe and comfortable to-night; but alas for the hundreds whom these bands deprive of their all, and turn out homeless by light of their own burning dwellings! Such times hinder our work, too, in various ways; but we feel that God can and does bring out of it to us most profitable discipline, most precious lessons. But, oh, this poor people, when shall the Prince of Peace indeed come and reign among them? "O Lord, how long?" And when will His people, as one man, work in His vineyard?

Farewell now. I love to think that you pray for us, and if we meet no more in the flesh, may we meet where we shall be "like Him" who is here our hope and joy. Ever yours, C. P. K.

TO MRS. B. JENKINS, PHILADELPHIA.

Shanghai, Jan. 27, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am seated at my centre table, in our warm, comfortable parlor; and as I look from my window, the thickly falling snow might half persuade me I was in New York or New England, and not in Shanghai. Few, if any, residents have seen it so deep—say a foot (28th, two feet).

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not intend to write you a long letter now (though you must always notice how much more than most others I crowd on a page), but shall hope to write you from Kanagawa, Japan, for which port we expect to sail next week. Oh, how I dread the voyage, and at this season, too! I never before felt so languid and prostrate, so almost lifeless. It almost seems as though my natu-

ral elasticity and activity could not return. I go forth, feeling like a pilgrim, and wondering if ever I shall come back. Such has been the effect of the last year, that I feel (as regards the circumstances of life) as one who stands upon quicksands; but in spiritual things I can rest upon the Rock, the Rock of Ages. At latest I shall hope to return by June, perhaps earlier.

\* \* \* \* \*

My limits are exhausted, and I must close. I seem to have said nothing worth sending, but I did not like to leave and embark on the "treacherous deep" without first answering your letter in some measure.

I am not very strong, and a little writing fatigues me much. Great reader as I am, in these six weeks I have not read six books—no, not four. \* \* \*

And now I must say "farewell." Ever, most affectionately,  
your friend,  
C. P. K.

P. S.—You are young yet, dear one; cheer up; set yourself diligently to self-improvement; do not let the days and hours slip away unfruitful: there is one noble object. Do all the good you can, at all times and in all places: there is another noble object. Trust God's promises; thank Him for His salvation. Would you change places with one of these millions of heathens? No; a thousand times, no! Then, how good has God been to you! How blessed is your condition! Forget not to be thankful; "a good and pleasant thing" it is. If there are clouds, there is light behind them. "Only believe."

TO ISABEL CAROLINE TENNEY.

Shanghai, January, 1863.

MY DEAR NIECE: I have long wished to write you, though I am not sure that I am in your debt as to letters. Nevertheless, as I wish to write you before I embark on the "treacherous deep," I may as well do it to-day. Procrastination has, perhaps, never been my special temptation or fault; and every year I live gives me deeper impressions of the value of "to-day." They who say "to-morrow shall be as this day," and much more convenient for our work, will never accomplish much good; but they may be fruitful occasions of evil and mischief. Is anything good to do? Is to-day a good time to do it? Then, "what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Take that as your motto for life, for every day. For the last year this sentiment and feeling has been much on my mind—not to dream, to wish to plan merely—but to act, and, as far as possible, finish my work. The last summer, during

its heat and inaction, I sought to have everything in my house in order, finished—and so with my letters. It is well that I did so; for, early in the autumn my time for two months was very greatly given to the needs of others, then followed occasional days of illness, and, since the middle of December, I have been a close prisoner—my utmost limit being to the parlor, or a ride in my sedan, closely wrapped. Some days I can read nearly all day; some days I feel unequal even to that (a low point for me). Occasionally I feel well equal to writing a few pages of a letter, at intervals; again, for days I do not touch a pen. Some days I sit up nearly all day; at other times I am on the couch from the time I dress till I undress. It is well there are no “odds and ends” to finish, but that my work is as complete as possible. We are looking for a ship for Japan, and shall take one the first opportunity.

\* \* \* \* \*

The trial of relinquishing my cherished plans of labor for China, for the present, has been sharpened by the knowledge that it was the heedlessness of a physician in administering “harsh medicine” that has prostrated me. I was ailing; but his medicines, as by a spell, withered up my strength, and laid me by, useless, helpless, suffering. I would like to leave it as dying advice, “Beware of drugs.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, dear Isabel, a word more, and I must close. I have thought of you much of late, for you have completed your seventeenth year. How sensible, how amiable, how intelligent, how lady-like, how good you ought to be! I dare say there are moments when the thought of the coming duties and responsibilities of life weigh heavily upon your thoughts. Well, let the future take care of itself; see you to the present! As a general rule, I think that at seventeen the aims of life are taken, the character moulded, the purposes formed, the tastes developed; and if it is not so, the case is that of a commonplace person, who floats on in life without aim or thought. Of course, to all this there are striking exceptions; but in my own case I see 1862 nearly connected with 1837 and 1838. I often wish I could see how it is with you. You know I prize intelligence; but I would rather you excelled in goodness than that your acquirements exceeded those of the wisest woman that ever lived. Let it be your daily aim to be a blessing to others. Perhaps no one day will offer you any striking opportunity; it is not those you are to be looking for. Life is made up of littles. I feel this more and more every day I live. But, oh, if you seek to make others happy, if you watch for opportunities to be kind and do good, be sure to seek to have your motives pure. Do this without thought of praise or popularity:

those are mean, because selfish, motives; but do it because it is right—because it is good.

In my last letter, I dare say, I wrote you something in this strain; it is because you are much on my mind, especially this year, when you are on the threshold of womanhood, and life's responsibilities are rising up around you.

May God guide you, my beloved niece, into all truth and goodness and blessedness! This prayer is ever in my heart, as I think of you: "Oh that Isabel might live before Thee." Good-bye.  
Ever your loving aunt,  
CAROLINE.

TO MRS. GEORGE KINNEY, NORWICH, CONN.

Shanghai, Jan. 31, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. KINNEY: I am much obliged for your letter and package; and they came like the visit of a friend, and were better than medicine. I was sick in bed at the time, and it did me good to get your good, affectionate letter. You are wrong in supposing I have many correspondents. I am an "old story" now, and have lost interest with many, and never hear from most of those who used to write me when I first came to China, now nearly twelve years since. Do you remember? Besides, an affectionate letter is always interesting. So long as you love me, you need not feel your letter will not be interesting. You told me more news, also, than I had heard since I came back, and I am not one who lose my interest in others. I do not flatter or make talk, you know, but I keep up the same interest in the welfare of those among whom I have been thrown, or who have been kind to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I feel that this climate has stolen my vigor, and that it is stealing Mr. Keith's. However, early in the autumn, I think, he seemed better, stronger, more fleshy than any time since 1852. If I could afford a voyage to Japan every summer, I might last twenty years; but that is out of the question. It is a fearful thing to be shut up, year after year, through these hot summers, and never get the least change. People at home would soon lose health. Nor is it well to keep on the same train of thought—to be always thinking of China and its woes. This is one reason we break down. We miss the little visits and changes that are a matter of course at home. And to all these things have been added the woes of our own land, saddest of all. It is no comfort to me to think of home.

*Kanagawa, Japan, March 30th.*—My dear friend, an opportu-

nity will occur to-morrow for sending this letter *via* California, and I hasten to finish it. I have been much sicker since my coming to Japan, though we had a quick, comfortable, and pleasant voyage. Half the time I have been confined to my bed; but I am now better, really better, I trust, and on the way to amendment.

\* \* \* \* \*

The climate here is lovely; the scenery charming; so different from flat, rainy Shanghai.

You will get this about hot weather. But you do not know what Shanghai heat is. May your life and health be preserved to be a blessing to all your friends and to the church! If we meet no more on earth, may we meet above. Your affectionate friend,  
CAROLINE P. KEITH.

#### TO HER BROTHER.

Kanagawa, March 27, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER: You will have duly received my letters down to that written just as we took ship for Japan; you will therefore be expecting a letter from this place *via* California. From the date of our arrival to this day, a period of six weeks, there has been no departure in that direction; but a fine clipper, the "Golden State," one of Low's ships, only waits for decisive intelligence concerning the matter in dispute with England. If peaceable, she will leave for Hong Kong, and from thence this letter can try the California route. Yours and Lizzie's letters were received here about three weeks since, and that opportunity brought us no newspapers (they being "delayed"), so that Mr. Keith and myself are in blissful ignorance of what has transpired in the great world since the date of our leaving Shanghai. For myself, I heartily enjoy the quiet, "Sleepy Hollow" style of things; for, though I would not choose to dwell permanently so disconnected with the great world as the residents of Japan now do, yet, after a year of such sorrowful and harrowing excitement, in which we were kept waiting from fortnight to fortnight, or month to month, for something which was going to be "important" or "decisive," which we should hear by "next mail," and in which we heard of more humiliations and defeats and blunders of the United States than of anything else, I do feel it something to be thankful for, to be out of the way. "Good news will keep"—bad news I am in no hurry to hear! We have an abundance and variety of English papers (when in Shanghai), so that we see "Russell" fresh, and John Bull too. Poor Russell is so vexed, that he is nearly rabid, and has lost even an Englishman's power

of discrimination. I confess when I sit down calmly and look out, and see and hear the din of the world, as it comes up from divided America and "proud England," the view is saddening, humbling. "Human nature," enlightened, refined, Christianized, in this "nineteenth century!" How selfish, how vain, how weak, how self-sufficient, how coarse, how brutal! Alas! alas! Now, do not think I am sick and blue and doleful. Not a bit of it (except the sick), nor discouraged either. There is a verse of a grand, old hymn (I first met it in "Hymns for the Ages," edited by Hedge and Huntingdon), whose echoes are ever in my ear:

"He always wins who sides with God, for God the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty—to falter would be sin!"

Perhaps I quote inaccurately—you doubtless are familiar with the whole. To the devout, who see God in all and over all, to the man of faith, who trusts in Him whose throne is built upon truth and justice, despair is a forbidden word. They see, though it be "afar off," the promised reign of right, and, though good happen or sorrow, must press on, nothing daunted.

Every year I live, it seems to me, I feel more deeply what a noble privilege—what a high calling to be "co-workers with God," even on this saddened earth. "To be living is sublime." You will be anxious to know what effect my sojourn here has upon my health; and I will proceed at once to give you the abstract of the matter. After apparent retrocession to a rather serious extent, I can now say that for a week past I am undoubtedly better, and though no stronger than when I left Shanghai, having in the mean time been much more reduced; yet the important features of the disease have given way to decided improvement, and care and an even course seem all that I need, under Providence, for gradual restoration. Gradual it must be, so greatly am I wasted; but I shall in a week more, probably, have enough strength to allow me to occupy myself all day; and, after that, sickness ceases to become wearisome. Though, indeed, except for a very sore and painful mouth, which troubled me a month in Shanghai and a month here, I have little to complain of weariness. When I was going about among friends in America, and thought by all (strangers) to be looking well enough, I suffered far more. Those fevered, wakeful nights, from which I arose so tired, to drag through a weary day, were far more trying. Dyspepsia proper is a bundle of miserableness that obtains no consideration from others—diarrhoea is a threatening disease that at once commands sympathy. I have missed here the comforts of my own home, not from the absence of kind feeling, but from the

circumstances of the case. Few know what comfort is, or how to command it (friends being equal)—fewer still know what an invalid needs, or how to offer it. I trust among many useful lessons of this long illness (for it is now three months) I have learned the duty of caring for the sick—I mean, having the heart warm and the hand ready. But the fact is, that almost all the time, even when confined to my bed, my mind is so cheerful and bright, and my manner so alive to everything, that it is difficult for those who do not see me all the time, to realize how sick I am. I had to be here three weeks, and have three relapses, before Dr. H., in whose house we are staying, appreciated or believed what I told him at first was the case. Then he set to work in earnest, and I have been covered with blisters all over the abdomen ever since! Dr. H. now says I must not think of returning to Shanghai this summer; and Mr. Keith, who expected, ere this, to have been back at his work, has sent for his books to go on with his studies, as it is not fit he should leave me these two months, even should I go on steadily improving—and after that there is little use in his going back to broil on malaria plains. I had planned and prepared for a noble winter's work of my own; and lo! not only am I laid aside, but am the hinderance of Mr. Keith. I trust, however, this change and rest will make him stronger for future labors. In these six weeks there have not been, by record, three days of rain! and the air is all one could desire. A perfect contrast to Shanghai, although the winter there has been unusually fine; but dampness in Shanghai poisons all, whether cold or hot weather. The country here is pretty, very, very pretty. I cannot bring myself to apply a grander word. Hills, vales, small brooks and fine bays, reflecting heaven's own blue! Think what this must be to those who dwell in a mud plain, and look only on yellow water! In the distance a glimpse of noble mountains is afforded, capped with snow. Of course, as yet I have made no excursion, and Mr. Keith but one, as, I am sorry to say, I have been in so much need of his constant cares. I go out in sedan, and have a few times been on horseback for a short ride. I hope soon to ride regularly, and to derive great benefit from it. I am not, as yet, so much in rapture with Japan as some travellers here have been—perhaps my enthusiasm will kindle by and by. Our residence is a temple, and the priests of Buddh occupy some small out temples. From thence, morning and evening, we hear their knocking (on a bell), and vain and wearisome repetitions. On some high days, the service is kept up almost continually. It is a sad sound, and my heart aches; and while I wonder at the goodness which has placed me among those who know and love God, I can only bow in humble submission before the wisdom of Him who suffers this

darkness. Near my window is a graveyard crowded with inhabitants; and almost daily women, and sometimes men, come to sweep the tombs, place fresh flowers or evergreens there, and burn incense. One day I saw a tiny child with both hands full of burning sticks of sandal wood, thus early in training to a false religion. There is more attention to temple worship here than in China, because everybody is enrolled in some parish, and thus compelled to pay and to do to a certain extent. The Japanese Government is evidently in dread of the presence of foreigners. They tremble, as it were, before their approaching doom. It is an utter despotism, and the distinction of classes most strongly marked. The free manners of a free commercial people cannot but have an effect on the thinking Japanese.

*March 28th.*—I wrote the above yesterday, at intervals, on account of many interruptions. Please excuse the disjointedness. This morning a ship is heralded, and we are therefore looking for news in the course of the day, and this letter must be ready to send in a few hours to the "Golden State." Time passes swiftly; books are plenty and various. A little work keeps me from wearying of these, and my attempts at riding and walking fill up some hours, so that, on the whole, I keep very busy. If we go back next fall, I shall hope to be fresh for a good winter's missionary work. I have done none since last July! But I imagine that, if spared to the summer of 1863, I shall flee before it and go north. Although last summer I used every known precaution to preserve my health, I felt that the burden of the climate was heavy. Had there been any virtue in "will," I should not have succumbed. I stood out while most others yielded, and the common remark to me was, "You are never ill!" One week before my prostration, our skilful friend and physician from Japan said to me, "I am glad to see you looking so well. I had heard you had been suffering from the effects of the summer!" I often thought during the summer, that I could not stand many more in Shanghai! and I now expect nothing else but that I must go away somewhere every summer, or else become so utterly broken down as to compel Mr. Keith to leave China for good. That would be sad, indeed, just as he is in the prime of his usefulness in the language. And, as to myself, I can now do more in nine months of the year than a new missionary could in twelve. Besides, my temperament is such, that it would break down anywhere tied to one spot. Just imagine, now, that for a series of years, you and Lizzie never went four miles or ten miles from your home, and saw no new faces, except occasionally a new comer to your town, and that you were busy at work in the drudgery, the foundation work of instruction. All the circumstances of last year conspired

to aid in depression. Whether we looked at America, China, or missions in general, or our own backward progress as a mission, all was dark and trying. The only comfort was "God reigns." In undoubted, unequalled submission there was rest—in the promises of God there was hope; but to the eye of sense there was no comfort. To a temperament like mine, moral causes are all-important in sustaining bodily vigor, and when to these perturbing causes was added the unusual summer, the burden was too heavy. My books were my ever dear companions, and, next to religion and to my husband, my constant joy, and through them I lived with the choice spirits and the choice thoughts of the world. Few can understand what my books are to me; and I thank God more fervently every succeeding year, for giving me intellectual tastes. I would not sell them for all the gold in the world. They are far more precious than mere learning. By the way, I heard a sad and, I suppose, undoubted fact, concerning the authors of "Adam Bede," a book I spoke of so highly. It is said the authors are three; namely: first, a son of Leigh Hunt, who, though married, is living with a woman not his wife; second, said woman; third, said woman's husband, who is living with another woman than his wife. When I think of that prayer in Hetty's prison, I am dumb! How could such wretches attain such conceptions? I brought over my Chinese books, intending to refresh and add to my stock of knowledge; but my feeble state has hitherto precluded all study. My reading has been necessarily desultory, picking up the books that fall in my way. Among other things, I have been looking at a History of New Zealand, written by a man evidently hostile to missionaries, and I count it a triumph that even he could find nothing worse than a few mistakes in judgment to chronicle. It is the old story of civilized rapacity and the decay of the weaker people. The life of Mrs. Sherwood was a curiosity to me. She synchronizes in time with Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. Unlike those truly great women, she can never divest herself of "Ego." But she had her mission of usefulness, though wonderfully crude in her culture and opinions. But her elegant father sent her to an elegant French school, where nothing seems to have been taught but the accomplishments. Her mother was a O. Nothing could be more preposterous than the story that Mrs. Sherwood became a Universalist. Of late, Mr. Keith has been reading to me the "Greyson Letters," by Henry Rogers, which we find very interesting. Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language" engages an occasional hour, and I am at present reading an interesting book in popular (not scholastic) style, on the Prophets Haggai, Zachariah, and Malachi. Some histories of Japan came in for a share of attention, and sprinkled among these we

take "Prenticiana," the "Autocrat," and "Elia!" Some sermons by Monod, Tholuck, Muller, Krummacher, and Bushnell, stimulate and strengthen the religious feelings, and the "Life and Times" of the Haldanes gives us a rare picture of whole-hearted Christians. Thus, you see, when ground lies fallow and seemingly idle and useless, it is growing richer for future, more ample harvests. I hope it is so with me; for, when my strength is restored, I must use it, as far as prudence will allow, in the direct work of the Christian missionary. Precious are the lessons of sickness, if only we do not forget them, but carry their wisdom with us into the active busy life of coming days. So many mercies and so few trials have accompanied my sickness, that I have no doubt I shall look back to this season as one of serene and deep happiness. I seemed to have communed deeply in spirit, both of life and of death. If it may be the will of God, I desire many days—if I may have strength to labor in some good cause or causes. There is great happiness in living for God, even in this world, which is, in so many aspects of it, a vale of tears. I notice your charge of my Puritan-ness, and, according to your wish, I referred the question to Mr. Keith. Now as, of course, he thinks the Puritans were an unlovely set, he would be slow to be willing to see any likeness in me. His answer was, "Not much;" but I pressed him, so, with a smile and a kiss, he retreated from the question and from the room, saying, "Well—yes, you are rather fond of having your own way!" I was much amused, as, in turning the question over, I had come to a similar conclusion. I am like the Puritans in natural wilfulness, and that covers the whole ground. They simply wanted liberty to do as they liked, and I have never (from my nature being so like, I suppose) found it in my heart to condemn, or rather to blame, them, for driving the Baptists and the Quakers from their colony. They came to the wilds of America to have their own way; so it was but natural they should wish those "heretics" to go to some other portion of the wilds to carry out their notions. I often wonder, as I hear for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time of the two thousand godly ministers that were ejected at the Restoration, and, "with their families," thrown upon the world, what ever became of the more than two thousand (perhaps not all "godly") who were ejected by Cromwell. No one knows that Jeremy Taylor suffered any inconvenience for "conscience;" but all the (intelligent) world know that the father of the saintly Archbishop Leighton gloried in getting his nose and ears slit, and standing in the pillory! Rutherford was delighted when he got ("a martyr's") exile to Aberdeen—"the honor I have prayed for these sixteen years!" As Shimei, in Jerusalem, he remained two years, when he returned to his flock. Yet so late a

publication as Haldane's "Life" speaks of Rutherford's "call." Twenty-two years afterward he was summoned to answer in Parliament for his "Lex Rex;" but a higher summons called him away from earth. Now, I am not blind to Churchly errors or Puritan excellences, but I confess, as my acquaintance with Puritan times grows wider and more accurate, I cannot but feel that these would-be martyrs had a wonderul way of blowing their own trumpet! There, again, I am afraid I am like them. I doubt, my dear brother, if you have as fairly studied the whole tone and bearing of the Episcopal characters as you have those of the Puritans. In one thing I am under the impression I am not "*sui generis*" to the majority of thorough-going Episcopalians. I mean, the opinions of the Fathers. While these are of great value in their true place, they do not weigh as much with me in the matter of doctrine as prevailing public opinion among us might require. Our "article," however, is all right, referring everything to Scripture for foundation and proof. So much—and you will say, too much—on Puritanism. I really think that if, in anything, some of the numerous sharp corners of my natural character have become a little rounded away, it is much owing to the healthful and symmetrical training incidental to the church of my mature and ever-blessed choice.\* Except for Mr. Blodgett (*clarum et venerabile nomen*), I have no pleasant Puritan associations; and, had my home been elsewhere than in New Market, and my training in the Episcopal Church, I often think how different would have been the result in moulding a character like mine! But it pleased God to order these things as they were, and I owe Him all thanks that I was early led to "covet earnestly the best gifts." Through how many dangers has He led me, how many escapes has He granted me, how much goodness has He and does He still prepare for me! Ten years ago I was writhing in anguish of spirit, and refused to be comforted, saying, "All these things are against me!" Eight years less one month have I been the happy wife of one of the purest spirits that are given to dwell in earthly tenements. Engaged in a work that is worthy of all my sympathies and my best labors, mine is a lot most highly blessed. Days of deep sorrow may again come to me; but these precious memories of precious years nothing can take away, and only my own unfaithfulness can dim the brightest of those blessed hopes that "anchor within the veil."

[\* An unquestionably and emphatically correct remark.—Ed.]

TO MRS. JENKINS.

Kanagawa, Japan, }  
 Sunday Morning, April 6, 1862. }

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER: A more beautiful Sunday morning than this never dawned upon any land, so far as sun, air, and earth can give loveliness. All my friends have gone across the bay to Yokohama, to attend divine service, and I am left alone—scarce a sound, but the music of birds, disturbing the stillness. The smile of God seems shining down upon this restless world, and I could forget (for the time) that our abode is within the very precincts of a heathen temple, and where its repeated idolatries daily insult Him to whom worship is due. I could forget, too, that scenes of war and sorrow are passing in other parts of the world—what loads of sin and misery weigh upon millions of my race. I could forget all but that “God is love,” and that He daily loadeth me with benefits innumerable. \* \* \*

I did not write all I wished in my last letter to you, which I sent over to Mr. Jenkins, asking him to enclose it. I could not bear to launch out into the cold world and upon the stormy ocean, without a word, at least, with my best loved ones. And among this class, my dear friend, I put you; and while I am sure you think often and affectionately of me amid the rush of life in America, I am confident that, in my more quiet and monotonous existence, my thoughts are far more of you.

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You may be astonished that Japan, which has proved a genuine sanitarium to so many, should have done so little for me. But my real decline was all summer (though I did all that care and prudence, and a determination not to be sick, could do to keep up), and I am, of course, worn by long years in hot climates and my previous exhausting dyspepsia. When, therefore, the last fearful summer drew upon my resources, I had no credit; I could not fall back on the hidden force of native constitution. I was poorer than I seemed.

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Here is the whole story of my sickness, and of the reasons that seem to drive me home. A little hope will linger at the bottom of my heart, that, after all, it may not be necessary; but reason and judgment will not bend, and they continue to affirm that it is wisest to go. I only pray that God will direct. You know how greatly I should desire to remain at my work, in my home, and by my husband's side; but I desire, most of all, to do just what God in His providence shall direct. In all my sickness, while I have from the first felt it to be serious, and that it was to be long con-

tinued, I have been enabled to say, "Thy will be done," only desiring to learn from this dispensation all the lessons my Father designed. I have almost been amazed at myself, or rather, at the grace given me, in ceasing from anxious care, self-will and murmuring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do not forget to keep up a wise course of reading. Do not let time slip away in busy America. Keep a record of your days and of your doings in books. There is a store of happiness in treasured thoughts, well matured. How I could enjoy a long talk with you of many things. Good-bye; regain your health, if possible; guard it with the most jealous care. My motto is, "health is next to grace." Ever yours,  
C. P. K.

TO MRS. GORDON.

Kanagawa, Japan, May, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER: I thank you for the brief lines of ever-affectionate remembrance which were penned in the last week of the last year. As you will have learned, by letters from me, written in Shanghai, it was that week which saw me prostrated as a helpless invalid, to suffer for many, many long months. Early in February we came here, to try what Japan air, so efficacious for some invalids, might do for me. I confess I was not very sanguine, for the utter prostration, which I could hardly describe, I felt would prove incurable, even in this much-bepraised country. But it has been worse than I feared; and, in one way and another, going from bad to worse, I am now so entirely broken down, that it will be a difficult and wearing duty for my beloved husband and unwearied nurse, to bring me safely to the "home," whither everything, and the doctor, in the most decided manner, orders me, and, as he says, to return to China—certainly to Shanghai—no more!

I write reclining in bed; where, for the most part of the time, of late, I have been confined; and, as my infirmities now are not few but many, I shall not have strength to write much. I am, of course, hopeful of reaching the United States, and even of a recovery there of very tolerable health; but considering the weary way that stretches before the invalid, and the many fatigues and exposures and inconveniences unavoidable that must meet me on the way, I do not feel sanguine that I shall be able to go through them all. Therefore it is that I am the more anxious to pen these few lines, if, indeed, they should prove my last. You know how grateful I have ever felt to you for all the untiring kindness you have bestowed upon me for my Master and my work's sake. It is be-

yond my thanks, and I can only pray that God will abundantly reward you in the best of blessings. To Mr. Gordon, too, I feel much indebted, and know that he is satisfied in the reward of his own consciousness in having ever extended to me the favors I asked, and more. Of my feelings in leaving China, thus almost hopeless of return, I shall not attempt to speak. I do not think that even warm-hearted Christian friends in native land can enter into or hardly believe what missionaries feel when thus turned back from that upon which they had cast the plan of their whole life, and the warmth of all their hearts. But we are the servants of God; and it becomes us not to question, or murmur, or move sadly at His mandate. His whole work is all before His eye; and, surely, He knows best how to dispose of us. I was full of missionary work and of missionary plans; but, doubtless, there is other work perhaps necessary to be done by the laying down of all these. Of Mr. Keith's more important labors, thus cut off for the present, as regards China, what shall I say? "What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter." I trust that it may please God to restore him, at least for a time, to China, or to make use of us in His service at home. At one time I hoped to be able to go on alone from California to the East, and let him return to his work; but I am too ill to allow any reasonable hope of that now. It is our purpose, when we reach America, if I am at all able, to proceed at once to the water cure at Saratoga, spending only a few necessary days in New York. Of course, Mr. Keith will apprise our friends when we shall have arrived. Give my best love to Mrs. Clibborn. It has been in my heart many times to write her a letter, though I know she could not answer it; but, when my strength has been equal to so much exertion, there seemed other claims upon it. I trust she finds that, as the visible world darkens, the things invisible become doubly clear and precious. Remember me to all that household. I never failed to meet there the same warm, kind, unmistakable welcome. The memory of it even, has often been like a cordial to my heart. Give my love to Mrs. Low; I wrote her in November, and was then gradually failing, though doing my best to seem and to feel well. Remember me to Mrs. Rapelye, and to all who care for me. If the Lord will, I hope to see their faces in the flesh yet again. You speak of the sad times at home. Alas! my friend, we too feel all our country's and our friends' distresses, and more yet those of missions. It has been a mournful year to us in Shanghai—most mournful. And now, leaving a "forlorn hope" there, we return to see and to hear and to feel—what? But are we not Christians? Is not the Captain of our salvation mighty?

Is not our God our Father? Let us, then, "trust and be not afraid." \* \* \*

I would gladly write far more and otherwise, but have not the strength; God bless you and yours. Ever, with love, yours,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO JEANETTE R. CONOVER, PHILADELPHIA.

Kanagawa, May 8, 1862.

MY DEAR MISS CONOVER: I am not willing to leave this place, where you spent so many busy, active, happy days, and where I have spent more than twelve long, weary, and, latterly, painful weeks, without penning a few lines for you. They must be few, for my strength is less than an infant's, and I write reclining in my bed.

I have seen nothing but Bokengie since I have been here, and my longest ride has not exceeded five miles and back. In my last ride I was thrown by the frisking of Mrs. Brown's pony; and, though not feeling the injury at the time, there followed great weakness, and then hemorrhage; and you may little judge how little able I should be to bear this new trouble. My mouth, too, is a daily source of agony, so fearfully ulcerated is it; and the tongue and gums even are now beginning to be affected.

I sometimes feel that I am returning to Shanghai but to be buried there. I feel some hope, of course, of recovery, if I reach the United States, and the doctor encourages me to think that I shall get well. But, my dear friend, it seems almost too much to believe. If I were now in the United States, I should be sanguine. Well, I can only live by the day, and leave all to God. Could I have come to Japan, when you did, I should now, humanly speaking, have been a well woman; for, I remember well, even so early as when you left, how heavily my feet moved, and how greatly I felt the burden of the summer, and how often I used to groan, "How shall I ever get through the summer?"

And summer it was! Seeing so many around me, prostrated by sickness, I felt that I must not complain. Still, when Doctor S—— arrived from Japan, the week before Christmas, he complimented me on looking so well. But I was not well, and asked him for some medicine. I took it four days, and then took my bed; and here I am still. If I die, it might with truth be said of me, "Sick of diarrhœa, died of muriatic." Well, I did not mean to write so much of myself. God has been very good to me in all the desire to be resigned to His will. \* \* \*

Give my love to Mrs. Jenkins. I would love to write her a line, but feel that I must not try. Tell her that I have loved her

deeply, warmly, truly, and that her love has been very precious to me. How I missed her last summer and since! Love is a precious gift.

You were becoming much endeared to us just as you left, and I could have greatly desired, for your own sake, that you could have remained longer. May you be useful and happy wherever you are! \* \* \* Good-bye, my friend, with very pleasant recollections of your kindness, and with the prayer that God may make you greatly a blessing to many. I am, in much weakness, very faithfully your friend,  
CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO MISS MARY PLUMER.

Kanagawa, May 8, 1862.

MY DEAREST MARY: Does it seem unkind that, in these long three months of my painful sojourn in Japan, I have hitherto written you only a few feeble lines? There have been some days when I could have written; but other long standing and deferred claims would press in, and I would hope, too, for still more vigorous hours, in which to pen a letter to my best loved friend—the friend of so many years. And now hope, long deferred, has stretched through three months in Japan, and “the desire cometh” not; and, as there seems no reasonably near prospect of any ship offering direct for California, we must wend our weary way back to Shanghai; thence to Hong Kong, and thence to California. This to a woman who has become too weak to sit up except in bed, or for half an hour in the easy chair, and who cannot walk across the room alone, is a great undertaking. Dear Mary! I do not feel very sanguine of living through all this; but it is my duty to try—for certain death awaits me here. If it please God, I greatly desire to live yet many, good, active, useful years—for I see much to do, if not in China, at home; but I pray that God may so dispense His grace that I may conform myself to His will as it becomes manifest.

All during our stay here, the doctor has been expecting me to begin to gain, and wondering that I did not; and at length he came to the conclusion that there was no rally for me in the East, and that we must go home. This was sad tidings, but not altogether unexpected by me; for, from my first seizure, in Christmas week, I felt that it would be a long sickness, and the end would be the United States. Of course, I cherished a secret hope to the contrary; but my feelings and my convictions all said, “Home!” After the doctor had told us we must go, he thought there was “no hurry,” and we could wait here for a ship, as I seemed to improve decidedly, rode on horseback every day, and longer rides.

One day it was "so ordered" that I should ride another horse than my own—it was said to be "all right;" but it proved frisky, and, in an unguarded moment, I was thrown! I felt no serious injury, rode home chatting gayly, found no soreness the next morning, and felt that I had escaped wonderfully. Soon, however, a feeling of remarkable weariness took possession of me, and a slight hemorrhage began! I thought nothing of it, but it increased; and now for a month it has been drawing on the springs of life, already too much exhausted by many months of diarrhœa. There is found to be serious derangement internally, and, in the greatly emaciated and relaxed state of my system, there is no hope for me but in getting home, to be "built up," as the doctor expresses it, at water cure! How I can reach the United States remains to be seen—we must try! It is highly probable that there has been some internal derangement, existing as long ago as last summer or spring, and that this has been both cause and effect in the untoning of my system, and in the difficulty there has been in completely checking the diarrhœa. But thus it is—and I am indeed but a wreck. We have taken our passage in the "Glendower" for Shanghai, to sail about the 18th of May. This letter will go by a steamer to-morrow; but the fare in her is too exorbitant, and we must wait for the ship. By this mail, I have ready a long letter to my brother, written at intervals of two weeks past. I have told him plainly that I am very weak, but that the doctor gives me great encouragement; and I do not speak so plainly as I now do to you, when I remarked above that I was "not very sanguine." I do not wish to keep him in the dark, but I do not wish to put him on the rack of anxiety, which will be useless. I suppose my hope of life is really stronger than I am fully aware of, for my desire to live is very strong. There is much that attracts me to life, and, besides, I feel that I am now just in the full maturity of the powers God has given me, and I do so earnestly desire still to live to serve Him more worthily. The doctor says I can never live in Shanghai again, and it is probable that, if I live, my work will lie at home. But, oh, I see so much to do there, my mind and heart are ready to fill themselves with plans! Oh that God may raise me up to be an instrument in His hand of much usefulness! If Mr. Keith should desire to return to China, to finish his translations, I would say, "Go;" for he is the Lord's servant, and the work in China is very dear to my heart, too. Oh how much I had planned to do there, even in this year, 1862, in which I am a helpless invalid. In Japan, especially, I am entirely dependent on Mr. Keith for all the attentions of a nurse; he even cooks my chocolate and my sago. His watchfulness is as unwearyed as his love, and, but for him, I should before this have

been in my grave. He has a heavy task before him—to take me to the United States. But he seems wonderfully well, considering all things, and, I trust, may find his strength equal to his day. During the almost five months that I have now been so entire an invalid, I have been truly supported by the grace of my Father. Hitherto He has granted me patience under my sufferings, and submission to His will. It is my prayer that He will continue to “supply all my need,” and make “His grace sufficient for me.” Very precious have been the teachings of these days; and often I have felt that I was learning some of the most invaluable lessons of my life, so that I need not, in truth, regard these as days lost to work, since I am sure that by them (if God please to raise me up) I shall be fitted so much the better for higher and nobler work, in the power and with the blessing of God. I feel sometimes as though He would certainly raise me up, since He is taking so much pains to chasten, try, refine, purify, and teach; and that, since He knows the longing of my heart to be altogether His, He will abundantly hear my prayer, and be with me.

Much of the time my mind has sympathized with my body, and I have felt unequal to much reading or thought. Much of the time the mind has seemed its clearest, and thought after thought crowded upon me, making my sickroom radiant with all that was beautiful and noble and lovely in the region of the intellect and heart. I have even thought that, if I live, there would arise a necessity for me to express some of my thoughts!! for the good of some few! Think of your friend’s presumption! But I should not wonder if I should try my pen if I live at home! There are some subjects dear to my heart, about which I should wish to write, and, if I could succeed, to publish! Now, dear Mary, this is only for you at present; but somehow I feel as though this would be one way in which I could do service for my Master. But I desire in all things to follow His leading.

When we arrive at home (how far off it seems!) if I am strong enough, we purpose to go at once to Saratoga to water cure; and, after spending three months there, to seek, probably, my brother’s. His wife is a sensible woman, a good housekeeper, and a good nurse; and my niece will be really benefited by learning to wait on the sick. Next summer, should I live and be able, if you are still living in Epping and receive friends, I should be so happy to come and board with you a few months! and then the next winter in New York!! You see, dear Mary, how easy it is for a weak invalid to make plans for coming years! I know that it is well for my hopes of health, that I should indulge myself in pleasant pictures of the future.

One of the sources of my most acute suffering in all this sick-

ness has been a cankered mouth. It was synchronous with my first seizure; but got well in the course of a month. Since I have been in Japan, I have had three "bouts" of it—in this fashion: A large canker would eat itself out on the inside of the cheek and on the side of the tongue and in the region of the uvula at one side! Oh, the aching and the soreness beyond description! After a week or two, some slight cold or some hidden irritation would develop a set on the other side, and then on the uvula itself, and on the tip of the tongue and under it! Just now my tongue is the color of red coals, and tipped with white ulcers—underneath, in the same state! You can have the faintest idea of the constant pain and suffering, if you have some time had a few ulcers in your mouth. But some of these eat as large as a three-cent piece, and have to be burnt with sulphate of copper! But my most serious trouble and danger at present is from the displacement and hemorrhage, which last it will need my utmost care to keep in check. But the nature of the derangement makes it impossible I should be otherwise than weak and helpless till I can get where nature can be assisted, to be "built up" as the doctor expresses it. Few people at home have any idea of the difficulty of an invalid getting proper nursing in the East and proper food. Shanghai is one of the best localities, perhaps; but even there, when I am sick, how much I miss what I could have at home, and which would be most desirable as nourishment for the sick! Japan, compared with Shanghai, is as a desert, and part of the cause of my constant decline has been the impossibility of getting proper food. The climate is said to be most salubrious; but you know the old comic song says, "A man cannot live upon air!" For instance, there is no milk, no mutton, no decent poultry; and if supplies of butter and flour and sugar from home run out, hard's the chance of him who falls on that interval. There is good beef to be had, and good fish, and tolerable oysters—but fish and oysters are not in my list of "good things"! The Japan salt will not keep anything, and there are almost no vegetables eatable by a foreigner. I shall be glad to be back in Shanghai, though we must stay there as few days as possible and be off to Hong Kong. Before leaving there for San Francisco, I shall hope to send you later tidings overland.

Now, dear Mary, I have filled all this sheet about my poor self; but I knew you would desire me to do just this, and would wish to know all the particulars you could. We had just got completely settled again in our Shanghai home; and now, all will be sold out again, and we must take up our pilgrim staff. But I am persuaded "all things shall work together for good to us."

I scarcely ought to attempt another page; but as I feel my

life and my future to be so uncertain, and that even this may be the last letter I ever write you, I must indulge myself in a few more lines.

Dear Mary, you can never, never know the comfort and happiness which your friendship has been to me—so uniform (in this world, uniform affection is rare), so constant and unchanging, so disinterested, so warm and pure! It has been a brightness on my path of life, long so clouded by orphanhood and loneliness, that is second only to the tie of relationship to my brother and the rich blessing of a husband's love. I would thank you for it; but love is a free gift, and you have had the reward in the giving, for, how more and more profoundly we feel it to be true, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"! But I do know that I have loved you in return, with all the affection of my nature, whatever that may be, and in these far-off lands I have loved you not less, but more, and you are bound up with my daily thoughts, and are cherished in the words and prayers of my dear husband as well as my own. In your afflictions we are truly afflicted; but at this distance our only and our best help is by our prayers. Perhaps, in future years, it will be our happiness to see more of each other, and to comfort and help each other in ways we now think not of.

\* \* \* Give my love to your mother. I feel deeply for, and pray you may be spared to each other. \* \* \* I wish I could adequately describe last summer as I felt it, in its physical, mental, and moral influences. The load seemed heavy—and the end was, that that summer has left me a wreck. My work in China, I feel, is done; but not, I hope, for China.

And now, dear Mary, farewell. Feeble is my pen, and cold seem any words at my command to tell you just what you have been to me—a joy and a blessing. May God watch over you and bring you out of all your sorrows, and give you many blessed and happy days! I write, reclining low in bed, so that you will pardon all defects. I am afraid you have not received the Memoir of Mrs. Fry, which I meant you to have; but we will do our best that you shall have it yet. She is my "saint," and I make her my travelling companion. Through many trials were her faith and patience made perfect.

Once more, my darling Mary, my thanks for all your love and kindness; and for the kindness of your dear mother I feel much indebted. God will not forget all that she has done in kindness to so many.

My love and blessing be with you now and always, and may the blessing of God in all its fulness be more and more experienced by you, ripening you for His service and fitting you for His presence in another and better life. There may we all meet,

to sorrow, to die no more, with and like our blessed Savior and Redeemer forevermore. Ever your own true, loving, faithful friend,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

TO HER BROTHER.

Kanagawa, Japan, April 23, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am reminded, as I pen the above date, that it is twenty-four years to-day since our mother's spirit passed away from earth, and we were written motherless. Sometimes it seems like a dream, that I had ever a (childhood's) home, and a mother—sometimes I am astonished at the fresh, warm tears, that even now, after so long an interval of years, come rushing to my eyes, as I recall some act of motherly solicitude and affection, some look of deep and yearning love. As I grow older, I may almost say I think of her the oftener, for something in my own reflected image often reminds me of her face, as I began to study it; and "study" it I often did to try to decide if my mother were handsome! I suppose such a thought never entered your head. But, oftener still, I think, my tears have flowed at thought of my father; for, sterner and less loving as he appeared to us, his long, sad years of sickness, his weary wasting away, his life of disappointment—"Oh, my father, my father," is the pitying cry of my heart, as often and often some event, some remark, some book, or some youthful reminiscence recalls his silent, grave, and suffering figure. How very seldom he laughed, how rarely in the last year (that last winter) he smiled! How little his young daughter of sixteen understood, appreciated all that must have gone on in those saddened hearts that winter; but I knew that my mother felt that death's shadow was coming upon him! He was just beginning to appreciate, to confide in me, now just gaining sufficient maturity to give, in filial affection, an appreciative return for all their loving care and solicitude. I had not intended to have written of these thoughts; but as my pen recorded the never-to-be-forgotten date, when the sunshine of life was clouded forever to me—(inasmuch as there could never more be a mother's love for my comfort)—I could not refrain from placing upon paper, in writing to my only and much-loved brother, so widely separated, this record of feeling, as a fitting memorial of grateful and filial enduring affection.

Your last letter, dated January 4th, reached me at this place the 16th inst. (with one *Boston Journal* of November 21st), and yours of November 22d arrived here on the 7th of March, no papers accompanying. I answered the November letter, and sent it to Hong Kong to go *via* California, date of March 29th. It may

be long in reaching you; if so, this may explain. Commerce is inactive this winter, and opportunities of sending, even to Shanghai, have not been very frequent, and only by sailing ships. Since middle of December there has been no opportunity to California direct! We have received mails from Shanghai since we left in February but twice! So you see, it is a quiet corner of the world, and that, with my long sickness, has made your twice-coming letters peculiarly welcome, if that could be. Not for the "news," for that we have *ad nauseam*, but because the letters were from my brother, and gave me hope concerning his prosperity and welfare. I made special mention in my last as to the newspapers; but lest that should miscarry, I will say again that it is not worth your while to send me papers, except for some very special reason. We see at Shanghai (and here in due time) the *Times*, *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, *English Times*, the *Overland Mail*, *China Express*, &c., &c. Of course, I am fully posted up as to Brother Jonathan and John Bull in the mean time. I notice what you say of England, and as I see much of (the class of) English people (who come out to the East), and as I read so largely not only English newspapers, but English (calm and fair!) Reviews, I will put down in a few words my conclusions, and, after that, my feeling, as to the relations and the misunderstanding and the ill will of the two countries.

*April 24th.*—In the first place, as a general rule, an Englishman cannot comprehend the nature and actings of the American Constitution, nor the feelings and nature of the people who live under it. He cannot get into the place, subjectively, to take a fair view. It is just as impossible as it is for a Frenchman and Englishman to appreciate, heartily, each other's different traits and virtues. I have read numerous dispassionate reviews, written by men evidently well read; and while some points were touched with truth and reason and clearness, in other matters there would be a set of ideas and phraseology sure to mislead, and evidently proceeding from misconception. In conversation with intelligent and (would-be) candid Englishmen, I have adduced cases relative to this, and their John Bullian reply would be, "But our greatest statesmen are often the authors of these opinions, and even of these reviews: surely *they* must know!" Where is the use of argument to such mental states? In the next place, as we, who see most of the English, best know, there is a wonderful, willing, and, I have often thought, invincible ignorance as to the United States, in all classes of the English people. In the third place, there is the ineradicable, because inborn (and, as they think, proper) feeling, that the Americans, as individuals and as a nation, are *parvenus*. Except commercially, I do not think the feeling of

jealousy and rivalry is very wide spread or active, because the English always are too well established in the conviction of their own superiority to all the world, to be tormented with the ignoble feeling of jealousy! I notice what you say as to the mercenary spirit of England, &c. To this I reply, that if you have studied Buxton's Life, you have seen even more plainly than in Wilberforce's (I regret that I have never read Clarkson's) the desperate conflict with selfishness. It was only the array of harrowing facts, such as nearly drove Buxton crazy, that fairly shamed the English Parliament into the Emancipation Act. Would Birmingham or Liverpool, then, have been less selfish than now? But, after the act was done, John Bull learns to plume himself upon what the inextinguishable conscience must ever testify was a righteous act, and to contemn others left behind in the good work. John Bull is a creature of traditions, and he now believes in abolition. When the anti-opium Clarkson & Co. shall arise, John will learn to believe in anti-opium. But, are we as a (Northern) people a whit more advanced? I doubt! If New York city saw her material interests more vitally linked with the South than the North, tell me, what would be the sight? I know a young New York (Christian! save the mark) merchant, who says he "always had great sympathy with the South, and would have no objection to a nice plantation and one hundred negroes"! There are thousands like him; yet, he (and they) are strong "Union men"! On what principle? the noble and right, or the ignoble and selfish one? Shall we not do better, then, while we cannot but be sad and deeply disappointed perhaps, in view of England's feeling, to remember that Americans, alas! share to the full all the same weakness and hatefulness and selfishness common to poor human nature? True, the abusiveness of England toward us is hard for nature to bear; but Christians, "lights of the world," "salt of the earth," "the good leaven," should in word and conduct show forth and teach humility and patience and forbearance, as sharing the same nature and the same infirmities! The religious portion of the English people are not represented by the *Times* and such papers; for, though their conceit as to the superiority of England, even to injury! by America, is wonderful, they shrink from the thought that the two great truth-bearers of the pure gospel should turn and slay each other—they feel that all Popery, all heathendom, and all the evil spirits of all worlds would rejoice—while all angels might weep and the Prince of Peace be grieved anew at the reign of hate and war. But it is impossible to make them comprehend the merits of the position of the United States as a Government. "Why, if they wish and expect our sympathy," say they, "does not the United States at once abolish slavery?"

And words traced upon sand leave a deeper impress than explanation or argument does upon such minds. Bishop McIlvaine, I think, will do good service among such in England. He is a *bishop*—elegant, courtly, of great presence, just the man to deal with Englishmen. It is a slow work everywhere and always to change deep-rooted (inborn almost) prejudices and notions. Many influences must combine and by and by the result is seen. But let us give John Bull his due—he means to keep the right road and do the right thing. He has an ideal, yes, and a real admiration for, and adherence to, the right, when £ *s. d.* do not blind his vision, or prejudice pervert his sympathies! And he is above all (nations) truth-telling. Let me tell you that, evil as is the course of England as to opium, sad would be the day for the East, yea, and for the world, when France or Russia, or Spain or Holland, or any of Europe else, should hold the sway she does now, and she be humbled and crippled. The lawlessness and vile-ness of the French abroad, exceeds description; the *morale* of Russia—what is it? the influence of Spain and Portugal is worthless to truth and progress. No. May England, as a chosen nation, be chastised, if need be, that she may be purified and made even more remarkably than now the light among the nations, since to her, more than to all others, is it given to send forth (through various and imperfect instruments, indeed) the word of Christ and the principles of truth, right, and freedom. Deeply have I felt disappointed in English feeling—seldom so deeply in any matter since the days of youth and youthful hope; but I feel that it is the high honor and imperative duty of those in America “who profess and call themselves Christians,” not to be swept away with the majority, expressing and nursing feelings of hate, bitterness, and revenge, but to pour oil on the waters, and wait till truth can overtake error. And are not we now as a nation confessing our sins—and professing to humble ourselves before God? Is a Spartan revengefulness consistent with the confession God will accept? Not for us is it, against whom the cry of an oppressed people rises to God, to be vindictive. “Vengeance is mine,” saith the Lord.

*April 25th.*—I saw yesterday in the *Illustrated London News* an editorial expressive of blame and shame that England had been so hasty to bluster and threaten and talk arrogantly before they could know what the action of America would be. I thought it a remarkable instance of candor on the part of any Englishman.

*April 26th, Saturday.*—Last night a ship came in from California, bringing the consul for Yokohama (opposite this place), his wife, her cousin, his adopted daughter, and two children besides.

For a rarity in officials in the East (especially Americans) they are decidedly religious people, and their influence will be with and not against Christianity. There came also the consul for Hakadadi and wife and two children, and the commissioner who is to take Mr. Harris's place. Also the son of a Mr. Gulick, missionary at the Sandwich Islands—proposing to enter upon missionary work in Japan. Perhaps you have heard that when Japan was first opened to foreigners, the Sandwich Islanders subscribed \$1,000 to build the first Christian chapel for the use of the Japanese! An act of faith, no less than of love! The money is accumulating, and, if safely invested, I fear, before the day for public preaching arrives, the sum would be sufficient to build a cathedral! By this California ship we have news by telegraph to 11th March, giving information, but not many particulars, of the battle and taking of Manassas, of Nashville, the investment of the North Carolina coast, &c.; but I long to hear that Charleston has fallen, and that the dishonored flag of the United States again floats on Sumter—that Savannah, too, and New Orleans, are in the power of the United States. Then may Richmond and Norfolk tremble, and Virginia begin to find her blushes. We learn that the impudent little Nashville, too, under United States colors, returned home in safety.

But my paper will be running short, and it is high time that I should begin to tell you about my prospects for health. You were fully informed up to the very day of our leaving Shanghai; and, I presume, my last letter thence will be in your hands before this gets to Shanghai, on its way overland—for I do not wish to risk two successive letters by California. If the letter *via* California is long in going, I fear the interval may seem long to you. In that letter, I believe I told you that my hopes of a rapid and decided amendment had not been fulfilled, and that I had been much worse (but was then better) since leaving Shanghai. Since that date, 29th March, I have had one or two "set backs," as the doctor calls them, and after each of these I seem not yet to have found the recuperative power to recover my loss and go on to better things. Nearly a month since, the doctor candidly told us that it would be well for me to go to America *via* California. He said that I might recruit here this summer so as to go back to Shanghai in the autumn and live there in the winter, but that I should have to go away somewhere the following summer, and that I would never have good health again if I spent my summers in Shanghai! He said that if I went home, I ought to remain at least two years! Well, all this, though not altogether unthought of, was sad. The hope I still had was that I should find myself well enough at California to let Mr. Keith return to his

work, and I proceed to the United States to seek health at the water cure and among my friends. For a few days after this mandate of the doctor, I seemed to gain so fast that California faded, and next winter in Shanghai seemed bright again. After a fall from my horse, which I did not feel at the time, other difficulties set in, and I became weak again, and we often thought of a speedy return to Shanghai to seek a more immediate passage to California *via* Hong Kong. But the added length and expense of the passage thus arranged deterred us, especially as the doctor did not think there was such urgent need. He feels that this climate is all that could be desired, but that many of the articles of food, tempting and nutritious and most desirable, if not indispensable for recovery from chronic sickness, are wanting especially in Japan. What I have most missed is milk. I could live on it, boiled, and it would be most palatable and very strengthening. He says I must have home nursing and care to build me up, and home society. I feel that he is right; but we are ship bound, for there is no vessel up for California or likely to be in some weeks—indeed, we know not when. I feel so deeply my own ignorance and short-sightedness, and know so little in truth what is best for me, that my first desire is to be enabled to wait in implicit trust and entire patience till the will of God concerning us shall be made known by His providence. We have all the needful things here for our passage to California, and even to the East. Much as I love my native land and those dear to me there, I do a little shrink from a return to hear of wars and strifes. Great has been the sorrow of being thus laid aside from my loved work, and still more of being the means of hindering Mr. K. in his more important labors. But I desire to record it with deep gratitude that, as our day, so has been our strength; and as our sorrows, so have our consolations abounded. Many and great have been the mercies that have followed us—precious are the promises on which we lean and by which we live. “Our God shall supply all our need,” yea, in all things. In some of the more severe and active attacks of disease, I have felt that not unlikely earth for me was passing—and soon I should know by experience of those things which “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.” In such hours (resumed *Tuesday, April 29th*) my dear husband and myself have communed together freely of life and of death, of that home above, toward which for years we have been looking. We have long made it not unusual in our conversation to speak of that time when one shall pass on and leave the other alone. We have wished to divest death of its gloom, and to sanctify and chasten and ennoble life by a constant and cheerful recognition of death as the end of our term of action here, but the

beginning of a glorious and perfected life in the presence of our Father and the society of the blest. We rejoice together in the love of God, which seems so great, so "manifested," that as dear children we cannot "fear" (in that "which hath torment"); and it seems to me, one might as well look up to the sun and say it is nevertheless dark, as for the true believer in Jesus to look upon Him and feel afraid! Blessed faith! "Those who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him," and so "we shall be forever with the Lord." But I have yet desired still to remain "present in the body," if it be the will of God, for, not to speak of him whom I should leave bereaved, I greatly long for the privilege of serving my Master yet on the earth. Oh, I see so much to do, on every hand, and my mind is just come to its best maturity, and my heart has grown warmer and larger—not smaller and colder—by all the varied discipline of my Heavenly Teacher. I feel better prepared to serve Him, if He see fit, than ever before; and, oh, the service even on earth is so full of joy, albeit of trial! I could wish, too, for myself, and still more for Mr. Keith, to remain and labor among the heathen; but if God in His providence determine otherwise, what have we to do with sad faces and vain wishes? No! If God gives us strength, right gladly shall we gird on the harness at home.

To-day Mr. Keith has gone to look for a ship back to Shanghai, whence, after the briefest possible tarry, we shall take steamer for Hong Kong, and thence to California—the prospect of ship from here direct is so remote and indefinite. In the mean time, new weaknesses have supervened, for which these short, broken sea-voyages promise the best remedy. I am writing this in bed, not because I could not get up, but because it is probably better that I should remain recumbent.

I have purposely written thus freely and frankly, my dear brother, feeling that it is what I should desire another loved one to do by me. I am very hopeful, and the doctor entirely so, of my living to reach the United States, and of my ultimate recovery. But life, at the best, is uncertain; and if this were to prove my last, you would rejoice to have known so much of my mind and heart. We shall carry this to Shanghai and forward from there; but I did not like to postpone what I most wished to write, lest I should be less able there. I meant to have written Lizzie a nice long letter; but many days (if not most) I have been unable, and my better days have been filled up, to the extent of my little strength, by matters that seemed to have prior claim. I wanted to write her a letter about this country that should be really interesting—but a slovenly descriptive letter is a tiresome bore. Give my best love to her, and tell her that it may be, though I

hope better than this, that I shall tax her sisterly care, and need her sisterly nursing. I shall feel no compunctions in taxing Bel, for I have been made to feel what great ignorance exists among most women of what the sick need! Tell her I want her to set about learning to make first-rate milk porridge, that shall be smooth and well boiled, but not scorched or smoked, or taste of the saucepan or iron spoon! I shall want just a little nice milk porridge every night for supper! Tell her to learn at once to make delicious milk toast, because that I want for my breakfast! And tell her that I know her mother to be a super-excellent instructor, and that, when she has learned to do two things well, she has gained an acquisition for herself, by which she may be made a comfort and blessing and even means of recovery to some poor sufferer. Tell her to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive." Oh, I have, in this sickness, been made ashamed of my past selfishness, or, at best, unlovingness, and have been made to feel that to arise and be able to serve and comfort and aid one similarly situated to myself, would have been a work, an errand of delight and blessing—I had almost said; a work not beneath an angel's employ! If circumstances allow, and my strength is sufficient, our first recourse will be to the water cure! Health first, friends afterward! I feel that, though you will lament the cause, you will rejoice in the fact of our return. May it be to find you all in circumstances of happiness and comfort. Good-bye, and believe me now and always, your faithful sister,

C. P. K.

*May 10th.*—There is an opportunity of sending some letters to Shanghai to-morrow (an interval of three weeks), but the fare by same is something fearful. Just think of \$175 apiece, as far as from New York to Charleston! We have taken passage in the ship "Glendower," which will leave one week later, the 17th or 18th, and we may hope to be no more than ten days on our passage. The fare is \$65 apiece. I have some expectation that the sea air will prove bracing to me, as it did on the way over. Of course, I dread the fatigue of sea life, and have often had a benevolent! wish that some of the good people who are fond of reminding foreign missionaries "how much better time they have than the poor half-starved home missionaries," could know the weariness of the average sea voyages.

My health does not vary much; but everything conspires to make us feel that the path of duty is plain, to go home, without waiting longer. Just now I am suffering from the most painful of the many-times cankered mouth; and as the ulcers are on the tip and under the tongue, you may imagine there is no respite to the pain and irritation. There are other ulcers, but these I do

not feel, so surpassing is the torment of the tongue. "Patience, patience," is my constant prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think you are quite right in insuring that Isabel should have such thorough knowledge of books as will be good investment for her in the future, when she may have to depend on her own exertions for a livelihood. But I confess that, as soon as possible, I should like her to be done with mathematics. Some of the most unpractical (and impracticable) people I know, delight in mathematics—they never seem to be in contact with the real world! Moreover, so bare are many other chambers of their minds, that they are the most uninteresting people in the world—the perceptions are asleep, and the imagination never has been awakened. With the long-continued study of the dead languages I am not in favor, unless there is a decided intellectuality and taste, and capacities of imagination that make it alive, and cause it to have influence and use in other studies. I am anxious for the eyes to be called into use daily, and I want to have her engaged in studies that will compel her reflective (not conjectural) faculties to be at work—that will give her material for thought, and interest her in thinking. \* \* \*

No one study waked up my mind so much (when about fifteen) as natural history and natural theology (studied in continuation), and something of that kind, it seems to me, would open a new world to Isabel. I want her to be as thoroughly read and well grounded in the studies that are concerned with common and daily life as she is in mathematics and Latin, I mean physiology, anatomy, as studied in schools, as well as the simpler elements of chemistry and geology. I want her to notice the flowers that grow at her feet, and the habits of the living things, vegetable and animal, that surround her—then she will not lack food for thought, and will find material for many enjoyments. I do not know how far you agree with me in my educational views, nor how far Bel would give herself to my influence and direction. While I have a high ideal of the cultivation any sensible woman may gain, and of the education most are capable of receiving and acquiring in youth, I have no tolerance with an unpractical, shiftless, awkward woman. Noble is her office and mission; but it is through feminine and womanly powers and gifts. I have long felt that the culture of New England women is too severe and ungenial, generally, and that warmth and grace should be sought for in greater proportion. Bear with me in inflicting this long discourse, perhaps a repetition, in some measure, of what I may have said in previous letters. You know that all that concerns you and yours lies very much on my heart, and I have observed and thought

much as to intellectual and moral culture. My varied life, too, has perhaps enabled me to look at these things in varied and often advantageous lights. Should it be the will of God that Bel should see much of me for the next few years, I may be of use to her, and she a comfort to me. There is much more in mind and heart that I would love to express; but my letter is already too long, and I will hope for another and better opportunity. Of Mr. Keith's devoted and watchful care I have said nothing; you can imagine it to be all that a sick wife could desire. Truly, in him God gave me the "hundredfold in this life," promised to those who leave what is dearest, for Christ's sake. With tender love to all, your ever affectionate sister.

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

FROM REV. CLEVELAND KEITH TO RT. REV. BISHOP BOONE.

San Francisco, July 7, 1862.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I understand that the "Delaware" is to go direct to Shanghai on the 10th, and take time by the forelock to give you an account of our progress. I intend to send you a weekly paper from here with the last news.

My last note to you left us fairly on board the "Rival." We were under weigh in a few minutes after, and before night were outside and in stormy weather. Our passage was, on the whole, as quiet and rapid as could be expected; we anchored in the bay here on the thirtieth day out, the 27th of June. Mrs. Keith continued to be as weak and feeble the whole passage as when we started; but there seemed to be some favorable indications the last few days. The weather was very cold, and the thickest clothing was hardly sufficient for warmth. The captain was kind; and the other passengers, of whom there were seven, kept very quiet, so that, upon the whole, we could hardly have had a more comfortable voyage. We had letters to Mr. Loomis, which I sent by the first opportunity. The next morning I received a note from him, enclosed in one from another gentleman, stating that he had been ill and was going out of town the next day. The gentleman who enclosed the note invited me, on behalf of Mrs. Bishop Kip (the Bishop being away), to come and make their house our home. He also made the necessary arrangements for getting Mrs. Keith moved. This latter process extended into the night, but was successfully accomplished at last. We took a mattress out of the berth and put it on a door, then laid her on it, and four of us carried it to an open carriage, where it was laid on the seats. The most difficult part was bringing her up stairs; but that also was safely accomplished. They have been very kind to us, and we

have had every comfort which the place affords. The family physician (homœopathic), or rather his partner (for he was away), has been very attentive, and we feel that he is doing as well as the nature of the case admits of. She had suffered much pain in the lower part of the back, with an unaccounted-for quickening of the pulse for some weeks. This was discovered last week to proceed from an abscess not making itself locally apparent. It was opened on Saturday last with great immediate relief, and she has thus been saved, in all probability, from the additional miseries of fistula. All her symptoms are better yesterday and to-day, and her strength has specially improved. She can now lift her head from the pillow, and even went so far yesterday as to lean a few moments on her elbow, though that was perhaps an over-exertion. If she should improve as much in this week as in the week preceding, I shall have sanguine hopes of being able to set out for the Eastern States at no distant day. Truly we have great reason for thankfulness and praise.

I hope you will write me often, my dear Bishop, and much of our mission and work. The future does not yet look plain to me; but I trust that my way will be guided aright, and, if it be His will, back to China, for a season at least.

Trusting that the blessing of God will rest on every work of your hands, and warm regards to Mrs. Boone and the other members of the mission, yours very truly,

CLEVELAND KEITH.

San Francisco, July 11.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I scarcely feared for Mrs. Keith's life, when I wrote the above; still less did I think the same envelope would bear you the tidings of her death. The rallying of nature, which I mentioned, was but the last flickering of exhausted life. She failed again from day to day to my eyes, though not to those of the doctor and others until yesterday. The physician who attended her, and also the one who usually attends the family, both saw her, and agreed yesterday to recommend me to take her to a water-cure here. The keeper of it saw Mrs. Keith at six P. M. He did not express much hope of a favorable result, and was the only person who has ever felt at once how sick she was; but perhaps the sinking of life was too evident to be hidden then, for at half past eleven she was gone. The immediate cause of death was suffocation: she took a little cold a week ago, when we let her lie for a change on a lounging chair for a while, but it did not distress her much until the day before yesterday; even then the doctor made nothing of it. But all through the last two nights

of her life she would painfully expectorate large masses of phlegm. Yesterday morning she began to lose the muscular power to bring it up, and to suffer from this cause. The discharges from her bowels took a form more like dysentery, and were very wearisome to her. She expressed a good deal of anxiety that I should have the doctor give her something to allay it for the night, and I wrote a note asking him to come in again. Scarcely was it gone when the final struggle began. She suffered much agony for an hour or two; but her departure was very peaceful and quiet at the last. The doctor was present, and did something to cause the alleviation. I have all the kindness that can be heaped on me. My first impulse was to return to China in the vessel which will take this, but I now think it wiser to go East first.

Yours truly,  
CLEVELAND KEITH.

FROM RT. REV. BISHOP KIP TO REV. S. H. TYNG, D.D.

San Francisco, August 7, 1862.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: Long before this reaches you, the telegraph will have brought you the sad news of the burning of the steamer "Golden Gate," and the loss of your relative, the Rev. Cleveland Keith.\*

I know not what he may have written from here, to his friends at the East, with regard to the illness and death of his wife; but, as he expected to see you soon "face to face," he probably reserved most of his intelligence until that time. I feel it a duty, therefore, to write you some particulars of the last days of this estimable and devoted couple, as that time was passed in my house.

On the 28th of June (Saturday), the ship arrived from China. I was at that time absent on a visitation at Nevada. Mr. Keith had a letter to Mr. Wm. R. Wadsworth, of this city, which he at once sent to him. On learning the circumstances of the case, Mr. Wadsworth informed Mrs. Kip, who, learning that a clergyman had arrived with his sick wife, immediately sent for them to be brought to our house, where they came that evening. A mattress was placed on a state-room door, and on this Mrs. Keith was carried up to the house.

I returned home the following Tuesday evening, and found her so ill that she had to be fed in bed; and so she continued for two weeks until her death. During all this time, the devotion of her husband, night and day, was unceasing, until we began to fear that his own constitution would sink under it. I generally saw

[\* Sunday P. M., July 27.]

her but once a day, going in in the evening after dinner, and talking with them for from one to two hours.

Mrs. Keith seemed to be rather improving until two days before her death. On the very day of her death, she talked to Mrs. Kip about trying a water cure, and even sent for the doctor to consult with him. On the evening of Thursday, July 10, she became worse, and the physician who attended her was sent for. He was rather inclined to believe the attack a high state of nervous excitement, but remained by her bedside. I had prayers with her during the evening, as her husband afterward had. She continued, in reply to his questions, to give the most unwavering declarations of her faith and trust in her Lord. About eleven the doctor said that her pulse had risen, and her system seemed to have rallied. We thought the danger was over, but it was the last flutter of life, and she died at 11½. It was as calm and Christian a death as could ever be witnessed.

The funeral took place the following Saturday. A few friends assembled at my house, where we had prayers, and then went to the Church of the Advent, where the burial service was performed by Rev. Mr. Brotherton, of St. John's Church, and myself. The funeral then moved to the cemetery, three miles distant, where the body was placed in the receiving vault, and I read the burial service.

For the next ten days, Mr. Keith remained with us, until he sailed, July 21; and never have I had any one an inmate in my house to whom, in a few weeks, I became so much attached. His devotion to his work, together with his refined, unselfish nature, enlisted the interest of all who knew him. Of our city clergy, Rev. Dr. Clark and Messrs. Brotherton and Easton were marked by their attentions to him. It was once my privilege to be a pupil under his father, Rev. Dr. Keith, when he was in the Virginia Theological Seminary; so that we had many reminiscences of the past to call up, and I now look back with melancholy pleasure to our many conversations. He showed, too, such a lively interest in everything pertaining to our diocese, and volunteered to me the offer, when in the Atlantic States, to use his influence in procuring us clergy. I looked to an acquaintance here as the beginning of a pleasant intercourse which, I hoped, would last for years.

Friday, the 18th, I was obliged to go into the interior. Mr. Keith drove down with me to the steamer in which I was going, and we parted on her deck, his last words being, "God bless your work in this diocese."

On Sunday morning (Mr. Easton being ill), Mr. Keith supplied my place in Grace Church. In the afternoon, he went with

Mrs. Kip to a mission school and church we have begun in a distant part of the city, where he delivered an interesting address on his missionary labors in China. In the evening, with Mrs. Kip and Mr. Wadsworth, he went out to the Dolores Mission (three miles), and preached for Mr. Brotherton. Such were the labors of his last Sunday on earth.

As I was absent, Mrs. Kip invited Mr. Wadsworth to breakfast with Mr. Keith on Monday morning. He went down with him to the steamer, where I had previously procured for him a good state room, and given him a note of commendation to the captain. There he parted with him, and we were in daily expectation of hearing from him from Acapulco, when last night came the sad news.

I have tried to learn from those who were saved some particulars about him. One person says that Mr. Keith behaved with the greatest courage, aiding in helping the women and children, and when the steamer struck, threw himself into the water, but was seen to sink.

Will you tender to his family my sympathy for their loss? I feel for them and with them, for I had learned to respect and love him. He was one whose influence our church could not well afford to lose, and we must sorrow thus to see "the faithful ministered from among the children of men." He has now joined his wife, so that, in death, they were but little divided. Believe me, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

WM. INGRAHAM KIP.

August 8.

I have made diligent inquiry among those who were saved, and there is but one voice with regard to his bravery and coolness. He seemed to care for the safety of every one but himself. One man, after speaking of his conduct in terms of the highest admiration, ended with saying, "Well, after all, it is a good thing to be a Christian, and I believe I'll be one!" Such was the last lesson taught by the life of our friend.

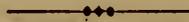
The *Bulletin* last evening contained the following notice:

"The Rev. C. Keith was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who was for a while stationed in China, as a missionary. He came to San Francisco, with his wife, in the hope that her health, which was very much broken, would be improved by the voyage. She died, however, in this city, on the 10th of July. Mr. Keith then determined to return to the States. Mr. Murphy, one of the saved, says that, while the panic was greatest, a little boy, some two years old, came running up to him, asking him to find his mother, from whom he had been parted. The woman, turning to Mr. Murphy, begged him to save her boy. He told her he would

try, and, taking him on his back, asked some one to tie his burden to him. Then the Rev. Mr. Keith drew his handkerchief, and, fastening it to Mr. Murphy's handkerchief, Mr. Keith lashed the little one to his preserver's back. 'The Lord save you and the little child,' said Mr. Keith, and with this benediction Murphy leaped into the sea. The two were saved. Another one of the saved says that he found Mr. Keith swimming by his side, and swimming well. Mr. Keith, occasionally, as he grew weary, turned upon his back and rested. They reached the surf together—after which Mr. Keith was seen no more. Mr. Keith had preached in the cabin on the morning of the fatal day. Several unite in saying that he was among the busiest in calming the excited, telling each how he might best behave—cool, calm, useful, and active to the last."

Mr. Keith's Chinese Dictionary in MS., on which he had bestowed the labor of years, was lost with him.

On opening Mr. Keith's last will and testament, made in the spring of 1859, just before sailing the last time for Shanghai, and deposited under seal for safe keeping at the Mission Rooms in New York, it was found that he had bequeathed the bulk of his property, to the amount of from eight to ten thousand dollars, to the Protestant Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, for the benefit of the mission in China.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Summary of her Character—Testimonials—Interment in Greenwood Cemetery—Monument.

The fulness with which Mrs. Keith's ever-transparent nature is revealed in these outpourings of her inmost heart, the naturally suspected because almost unavoidable partiality of an only brother to an only and beloved sister, and the needful space required in this already extended memoir for the testimonials of friends, the insertion of which I would on no account forego—all permit, or rather admonish, me to be brief in what I have to say of her character.

And yet, will it seem unwarrantable or inexcusable to one

who has followed, page by page, this autobiography, written with a pen dipped in the heart, if I claim for her, who has passed on, the character of a high-souled woman, who, with remarkable intellectual gifts and rare mental self-culture, devoted, with all the energy of a strong, and the fervor of a deeply emotional nature, discouraged by no obstacles and overwhelmed by no trials, her thought, her heart, her will, her most strenuous and unremitting efforts, to the service of her Lord and Master, for the glory of God, and what she believed to be the highest good of mankind?

From her childhood to her grave, she was ambitious—ambitious not only to be, but also, as I think, even to the last, to be recognized as being, one among the first. The ungenial circumstances of her youth, forcing her thoughts in upon herself, made her, I suspect, even more of a dreamer than is usual at her age and to her sex. Yet hers were no vain, enervating, and fleeting dreams. With her temperament, and with an unconsecrated ambition, she might have become (especially had hers been a prosperous outward lot) hard, bitter, contemptuous. However this may be, the seed sown by a devoted pastor, in life's spring time, fell on receptive and productive soil. Desirous as before of being distinguished, she desired yet more earnestly to be useful. That early wish and purpose, though checked, turned aside, baffled, was, through all the changes and disappointments of opening womanhood, still retained and cherished. Sorrow and betrayal, which would have prostrated or exasperated a feebler nature, only enriched hers, and through conflicts with self and with circumstance, and mental trials that threatened her soul with spiritual shipwreck, she came forth at the age of twenty-eight, consecrated to the work of a Christian missionary.

To one who knew her but imperfectly, her design might have seemed but the hectic of a fevered spirit, her course but another of the many spiritual Quixotisms, which move in observers only pity or contempt. The self-revealings, now made known to the world in these pages, are a sufficient answer to those, if any there were, who entertained such a suspicion respecting her. The unwavering energy, the thorough fidelity to her work whatever it might be, and the unflagging industry, which had always been

signal traits in her character, animated, elevated, intensified by a fervent piety, were hers to the very last. Enough to say that few have equalled, only the fewest have surpassed, her in zeal for and in the cause which she espoused.

Of her theological views, religious experiences, and ecclesiastical relations, there is no need that I speak. Extended comment by me on these topics, were the supererogatory work of one who, from his position, would be, after all, a scarcely credited critic. "Jesus Christ a Savior from all sin" is the sum of her religious belief; "the love of Christ constraineth" the motive of all her endeavor. Prayer was to her the key unlocking the spiritual treasury; and through self-surrender alone, in her view, did the life of God enter into the soul of man. Here her spirit rested after troubled and stormy wanderings, and found abiding peace and joy. In this faith she lived, loved, prayed, labored, suffered, and died.

A remark may here be made concerning her ecclesiastical position in connection with her relations to her Christian friends of other communions than her own. A New England Congregationalist by early associations, a communicant for a few years in the Unitarian Church, still later a perplexed and distracted theological inquirer, she became at twenty-five an Episcopalian. The reasons for her preference and her growing attachment to, and deepening enjoyment of, her own Church, are fully and forcibly set forth in the preceding pages. But her warm love for her friends of other denominations was never interrupted or abated. Frank, and in some instances it might almost seem to them severe, in her criticisms on their theological opinions, she loved with all her heart those who held these views, and loved them to the end. Her correspondent in New Hampshire and friend of a lifetime, and her correspondent in Kentucky, her next most dearly cherished female friend, were Unitarians. The ever-revered and beloved pastor of her youth, and a much-prized friend and correspondent in Danvers, were New England Congregationalists. Another most intimate friend was a Baptist, others still Methodists and Presbyterians. Many seasons of sweet spiritual converse she passed with Christians of other names than her own. If any thought her mind one-

sided, if some of us felt that by her very *make* she was incapable of doing justice to our theology, none could doubt, all deeply felt, that she had a catholic heart.

Not less intellectually than spiritually was Mrs. Keith a woman of mark. I must resolutely deny myself the analysis of her mental qualities. Her ready and prolific pen, and the allusions of friends, enable her readers to judge for themselves what she was, and to conjecture what, with her steadily maturing powers, she would, had her life been prolonged, have become. At her death she had not attained, by full ten years, to mental maturity, and the results of her long and earnest thought on subjects of mental and spiritual concern, especially as connected with missions, she would, I doubt not, have published in systematic form. To me it seems that she was taken to a "better country, even the heavenly," when her capacity for usefulness on earth was accumulating in a geometrical ratio. But He, in whose "house are many mansions," knoweth best, and doeth all things well.

One word as to her style of composition. It should be remembered that she wrote rapidly, diffusely, and in the intervals between her labors. She was no professed letter writer, trimming and polishing sentences, seeking for telling points and epigrammatic phrases and striking antitheses. She only "spoke right on." Let this explain and excuse some of the faults observable in her epistles. With the care, patience, and pruning which she could and did employ when it was necessary to do so, she displayed a remarkable grace and accuracy, as she always did copiousness, of language. As it was, many of her letters found their way into print, and were read with an interest and a sympathy which not seldom proved their genuineness and strength in substantial aid to the cause to which she had given herself.

Her social qualities may be inferred from references of friends, yet to be quoted. Too transparent (often imprudently communicative), too outspoken, of too marked an individuality, too negligent of conventionalisms, too impatient with prosy and with pretentious people, too high toned to seek or even to appear to seek for the approbation, which, nevertheless, she loved—to be, what is called a favorite in society, she nevertheless made many true,

deeply attached friends, and to her, particularly in the last years of her life, "the thoughts of many hearts were revealed." Her eagerness to converse with thinking and cultivated persons was sometimes an occasion of soreness of feeling, particularly to her own sex, who felt themselves slighted, and who, in some instances, placed an uncharitable construction on her motives.

Let it not be presumed that, in her mental and spiritual elevation and aspirations, she was deficient in home-bred virtues, neglectful of life's daily and common duties and cares, forgetful or backward in the little kindnesses that strew earth's pathway with flowers. The occupations of the housewife came to her late in life, and were, doubtless, something of a drudgery. Yet I have the authority of one of her female friends in Shanghai for saying (spite of some self-depreciations in the foregoing pages) that her table, and indeed her whole housekeeping, gave evidence of neatness, thoroughness, painstaking care. Commissions from friends in America for the purchase of tasteful articles of dress or parlor ornament, she fulfilled promptly and cheerfully; often at personal inconvenience, sometimes procuring from Canton the thing required. More than this, she was always sending to relatives and friends, and not the least to the younger members of their families, whom she carefully and kindly remembered and inquired after, mementoes of her interest and attachment.

On one point her self-restraint (of which she always had more than might have been expected of a person with strong positive convictions, and a natural impatience, and which, in her last years, was an abiding principle, power, and practice) deserves to be singled out for notice. Ever after her residence in the Southern States, where she had occasion to see much of the workings of American slavery, she hated that "sum of all villanies" and barbarism with the fiery indignation of a true Northern heart. Many, if not most, of the American missionaries in Shanghai—nearly every one in her own mission—came from the South. That she might pursue, in pleasant relations to all around her, the great work of her life, she schooled her tongue to silence on this one subject of difference in opinion and feeling. At the breaking out of our rebellion, her heart bore in speechless grief her country's

wrong, while her pen, even amid the heart-rending embarrassments of her beloved mission, sent stirring messages across thousands of miles of intervening ocean to the friends of freedom, to be steadfast for the righteous cause, whatever might befall.

Mrs. Keith's industry was unsurpassed. And whatever she undertook, she prosecuted with all her might, rewarding resolution with no rest. During her visit to America in 1857-'9, an invalid with an invalid husband, she filled up every unoccupied hour. I remember her speaking with prolonged animation on the themes closest to her thought and heart, while plying with busy fingers the swift needle.

Of her health she was, till some time after her marriage, almost censurably careless. Advice and warning on this point were thrown away upon her. Not that she wilfully and obstinately slighted the remonstrances of her friends. But persons of her mould forget that nature, robbed of her rest, will exact to the full her retributions. The last few years of her life, assisted by a watchful and tender husband, she was as conscientiously careful as she had previously been negligent and imprudent. The citadel of a good constitution had, however, been already undermined. A debilitating climate, mental anxiety, monotonous occupation, severe personal trials, did their share of the work; but by the aid of systematic attention to her health, from her youth up, I believe she might, in spite of all these, have lived to threescore.

Her marriage with Mr. Keith was a most happy and blessed union. He found in her a helpmeet indeed; she, in his society, no longer felt the loneliness that had saddened her heart from her very childhood. "Each was the exact complement to the other." \* In the most entire confidence, and the deepest, purest affection, united in the earnest pursuit of the same cherished object, they passed eight years of earthly companionship, and in their death they were not long divided. If any anticipated from her marriage a diminution of interest in her great work, the sequel undeceived them. She was a missionary and a missionary's wife in one.

Of Mr. Keith himself I may not speak at length. The seal of saintship was on his countenance; the spirit of a saint breathed in

\* Rev. Dr. Tyng.

all he said and did and was. "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." Gentle in manners, affectionate in heart, sweet in temper, firm in his opinions and purposes, thoughtful and delicate in his bearing toward all, most conscientious, patient, reverent, devoted to his work, he ever bore his high commission with him. A filial child of his church by education and training, he was hers also by taste, tendency, affinity; her son by birth, as Mrs. Keith was her daughter by adoption. He was one of those rare spirits, "too meek for transport, too faithful for remorse," to whom "goodness, beauty, truth are original, hiding behind the eye, thinking on the brow, making music in the voice. The angels appointed to guard the issues of the pure life seem rather to have taken their station at its fountains, and to pour into it a sanctity at first." Few souls have winged their flight from earth, fairer than that of the sainted missionary who, on the Pacific coast, on the last Sunday afternoon of July, 1862, from a scene of fearful conflagration and shipwreck, was translated to the skies.

In person Mrs. Keith was tall, reaching the unusual height, for one of her sex, of five feet and eight inches. Her weight, when she was in health, was about one hundred and forty pounds. She was of a light complexion, with light hair and eyebrows. Hers was a variable and expressive countenance. The likeness prefixed to this work was taken in March, 1850, just before she sailed for China the first time, and is as fair a representation of her face and head as can be obtained in a daguerreotype. Her manners, though early disadvantages were never entirely overcome, forbade any one to think her an ordinary woman. In company, if usually quiet, and sometimes seeming abstracted, she could, when the subject invited and the occasion permitted, with kindling countenance and animated lips, awaken, arouse, delight, fascinate. Few could be more interesting than she when there was sufficient motive. In her youth she was a very fine natural singer; with cultivation she would have been a superior one. Learning to play on the piano at a late age—eighteen—although her progress was very good, and she sang and accompanied herself upon it to the delight and even admiration of those who heard her, she was, nevertheless, dissatisfied—so high was her standard—

with the little progress she appeared to herself to make, and discontinued practice upon the instrument—a course which she afterward regretted. At the time, however, it was fruitless to attempt to dissuade her from her decision.

But it is time for me to relinquish the pen to other hands. Her readers have, in these pages, if I deceive not myself, seen the picture of one who, with unusual powers and great love of admiration and distinction, consecrated all, in the absorbing determination to be useful, at the foot of the cross, to her Lord and Savior—one who, fastidious in her friendships and associations, and most craving in her intellectual aspirations, made herself the companion and teacher of slow, unprepossessing, unpromising, untidy, unimpressible children in a heathen land—one who, not hopeful by nature, undertook, counting the cost, a work trying above all other things to faith and patience, among a people marked for ages by deceitfulness and immobility—one who, with the most intense attachments, tore herself from country and friends to minister to those who were living thousands of miles distant, “having no hope, and without God in the world”—one who, with no high estimate of human nature, labored self-sacrificingly for and among mankind “as in the great Taskmaster’s eye”—one who, disappointed and betrayed, did not turn scorner or give over in discouragement the battle of life—one who, deeply conscious of imperfection and sin, never ceased to labor, to struggle, to pray, “going on unto perfection.” On all this might have been written, “The love of Christ constraineth,” and, “I can do all through Christ who strengthens.” At forty-one she has left us, life’s work in seeming, but only in seeming, unfinished and broken off. “*Only* in seeming,” I say, for she is not dead. “The memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it. It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.”

Her schoolmate and friend, Miss Plumer, writes :

“I remember that, when she entered school, some of the girls were rather disposed to ridicule her unusual height and rather awkward ways. But they soon desisted, when they saw how

superior in mental power and scholarship she was to any one in the school. It was soon felt that we must all look to our laurels, for here was a girl who could easily outstrip us all. My own heart warmed to her from the first, and nothing ever interrupted our friendship for one moment from this time till the day of her death.

“She early took a very high rank in the school, and was very much respected and admired. Others had acquired as much, perhaps, but she had the greatest natural endowments. I think this was felt by us all, though, in the excitement of rivalry, we might not then have been so willing to acknowledge it. But time, as it developed her character and capacity, showed how superior she was. In my later experience of life I can truly say I have found no woman her superior, if any her equal, in mental power. Her memory was very wonderful; but this was the least of her powers. I never knew but one or two persons who so quickly saw into and through every subject; nothing appeared difficult to her. She was very clear headed and quick in all her mental operations, and seemed to go to the bottom of a thing almost at a glance. She would take a book, and in appearance be only turning it over, so that you would say ‘here is a superficial girl.’ You would, however, find that she knew all that was in the book, and (for she had a very critical mind) all its deficiencies.

“As I look back to our school days, it does not strike me that she had much exuberance of spirits; she indulged in an occasional frolic, but was no leader in fun. I never thought of calling her a lively girl (though she was uniformly cheerful), but rather a very thoughtful, intellectual, studious one. She was always more interested in books than in anything else, and looked upon many of the pursuits of the other girls as frivolous and a waste of time, though I remember she did do one piece of fancy work while at school, and was always quick with her needle, as with everything else that she took in hand. Her desire for knowledge, and her keenness in its pursuit, were unbounded; no task was difficult, no time unpropitious for study and acquirement. I never knew one who had a more genuine love of knowledge; never so happy as when immersed in a book, and enjoying study as others did play—for play, indeed, it seemed to her. She was conscious of, and enjoyed her power, and, I think, in her youth, felt something like contempt for those who could not compete with her. Frivolous people and the idlers of society had always her hearty disdain; she never felt or professed any interest in them.

“She abhorred all the shams of society, so that, in early life, she was rather intolerant and hard in her judgments. Such things were so foreign to her own nature that she had no patience with them in others. She could not understand the weaknesses of

those who were less strong than herself. As she grew older and mellowed with time she had more charity, and did not wear such keen spectacles. At school she had few intimates. Strong in her attachments, capable of the most devoted affection, she loved the chosen few, and was perfectly indifferent to the good or evil opinion of others, never caring whether she pleased them or not.

"She was so truthful, so independent and self-reliant, that she had little respect for the conventionalisms of life, or for those who were polite and attentive to all. She thought this general desire to please savored of insincerity, and could hardly understand how one could be generally polite and a favorite in society, without being deceitful. She would not show the slightest interest where she did not feel any. The isolation from society, in which she had been brought up, strengthened this native contempt for insincerity. She had never been taught to wear a mask, and, with one of her truthful and strongly marked character, it was impossible for her to avoid showing the contempt she often felt. Thus she made few friends. At this period of her life, and for a few subsequent years, she generally inspired respect rather than love, but her few friends were warm ones, and friends for life. She did nothing by halves; and where she did love and respect, it was with the whole strength of her warm heart, and others loved her in like measure. Like all strongly marked characters, she had some sharp corners, which were rounded off by contact with society in later life, and softened and tempered by deep religious feeling.

"She had naturally strong religious tendencies, and, a few years later, threw into religion and its duties all the strength and devotion, the zeal and activity of her nature. At the time of which I have been speaking, she was fond of debating doctrinal points, and a knot of girls would often grow very warm in the defence of their own tenets, and were very fluent in quoting texts. We had, perhaps, as great a variety of belief as can be found in an equal number of older and wiser people. Of course, she was very able and zealous in defending her side, which was then the Calvinistic.

"After she left school and entered more into the world, she became a great favorite in society. Her manners softened, and she was very winning. The two last visits she paid me, I found that all my friends were delighted, not only with her mind, as they always had been, and her religious fervor and devotedness, but with her manners also. She seemed to win and please every one who approached her. Her sweet smile and her approbation had always been fascinating; one felt that it was a great thing to secure her approval. The softening effects of sorrow and deep religious feeling made her considerate, loving, and attractive to all who came in contact with her.

\* \* \* \* \*

“She seemed to be wonderfully above the world in all the last years of her life. Hers was a constant growth in spirituality. She appeared, at times, like one inspired; we felt that she had been with Christ more truly than in common, every-day moods we can conceive possible; at times she awed me. She was cast in a heroic mould, and capable of anything and everything in the cause of her Redeemer. No saint or martyr of old ever had more of the heroic element, or more truly was transported to ecstatic states, wherein she moved above the world, yet ever ready for its most trying and self-denying offices, if by so doing she might win one soul to Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Alike in her religious and her intellectual developments, I must ever think her a very remarkable woman.

“When with Mr. Keith she visited me on their return from China, she seemed more sportive and light hearted, more truly happy than I had ever known her to be. They were both living above the world, and had perfect faith and peace. Her happiest days were after her marriage, when she was heart and soul engaged in a work which she loved, and with a companion whom she loved and respected with her whole warm and faithful heart. I never knew a more perfect marriage than this between her and that most saintly man, Mr. Keith. They assimilated wonderfully; what one lacked the other possessed, so that they formed a perfect whole. Their confidence, respect, and love for and in each other was beautiful to behold.

\* \* \* \* \*

“In spite of all her toils and sufferings, her failing health, and her painful death, I shall always think her a person to be envied more than any one I ever knew.”

The pastor of her early years, Rev. Constantine Blodgett, D. D., of Pawtucket, R. I., says :

“I used to wonder at the steadfastness of her affection for those whom she had only loved, at first, with a child’s love. But I see in it a happy exemplification of one of her prominent characteristics. I refer to her high appreciation of self-consistency in all that she had deliberately admitted to be right, and once felt to be congruous and incumbent. She was quick to discern in herself, and as quick to condemn, what was capable of being considered unsuited to the aims and leading purposes of her life. She was sensitive upon this point, and jealous over herself with a ‘godly

jealousy.' She dreaded even to seem to have taken a step backward or downward in her great work of forming a perfect character and blessing the world to the glory of God. The thought of abandoning the missionary work was ever most painful to her.

"Connected with this, of course, was great decision of character. With a persistency of purpose and strength of will seldom equalled, she 'let her eyes look right on, and her eyelids look straight before her.' This characteristic was early developed, and seemed to strengthen with advancing years and under a wider observation of mankind, and with a deeper and more accurate self-knowledge.

"She was also greatly superior to all narrow attachment to denominational peculiarities. With a true and intelligent love to her own church, and preference for its forms of service and of organism, she could yet delight in Christian intercourse with, and appreciate Christian excellence in, those who were of other communions than her own. Witness her very able and discriminating notice of Dr. Bridgman, in a letter which I forward to you with this note. \* \* \*

"I regret that some of her letters to me, loaned to Episcopal friends in Providence, are lost to us by the death of the friends who borrowed them.

"I forward you such letters as I find . . . . [exhibiting her] in her unstudied and loving intercourse with the pastor of her youth, and still desiring to feel the guiding power of the hand that used to lift her over the hard and rough places in her girlhood. It was touching to that pastor's heart to discover the depth of her affection and the strength of her confidence amid all the changes of her later and most eventual life. And one of the most grateful reflections upon the events of a long Christian pastorate is the reflection that I was allowed to do something toward forming so noble a character, and in aiding and edifying one who was to be so early exalted to the service of the heavenly state.

"For, much as we found in her to admire and love as a woman and a friend, it was in the depth of her piety, in the fervor of her devotion to the service of her Master, and the steadfastness of her purpose to glorify God her Father, that she won our admiration and our affection. She made high attainments in piety—a piety unaffected, child-like, and yet intelligent and thorough."

Rev. Charles C. Sewall, her pastor in Danvers, writes :

"I have always associated with your sister's character a pure self-devotion to duty, a high and noble aim, a benevolence embracing the widest interests of others, and a conscientiousness that

guarded her own heart and life with scrupulous care. Having witnessed the development of her intellect and affections, I anticipated for her a high position of usefulness and benevolence. The object to which she finally devoted her life, tested, beyond all question, the strength of her character and the sincerity of her heart. Pursued, as it was, often under personal trial and many discouragements, it has been accomplished far enough to win for her a deathless name and praise in the hearts of all who 'love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.' The cost has indeed been great. But she had counted that cost, and with it purchased a peace that the world could not give her, and a hope that death could not destroy. Laying aside the body, worn with sickness, weariness, and pain, she has risen to a higher life, and received 'a crown of glory that fadeth not away.'"

Rev. E. W. Syle, for many years a member of the mission in Shanghai, in a communication marked with a most accurate and discriminating estimate of Mrs. Keith's character, writes me :

"On your sister's first arrival in China, I saw in her so many tokens of earnest desire to grow in holiness and in usefulness, that I felt drawn toward her in a special degree; so much so, that it was often the subject of pleasant remark at our table how constantly she and I sided with each other in those little discussions which used to enliven the hours of social intercourse in our happy missionary circle.

"Perhaps it was this mutual good understanding which led to the plan of my being her tutor friend in the early days of learning the Chinese language. Time was precious, and the days were warm, so that it was found the most convenient to have our daily recitation during the half hour or so immediately before breakfast. Oh, how vividly do I recall those occasions, when she sat in her study room, painfully fixing the names of strange Chinese characters, and trying to associate them with the meaning of St. Matthew's Gospel! This was our text book, and faithfully did she do her arduous part of fastening in her memory the unaccustomed forms and unusual constructions of that uncouth language. Not a very rapid, she was a very conscientious student, and succeeded, after about six months' application, in mastering the translation of that Gospel, so that she could read it intelligently and fluently. This was counted good progress in those days, before the alphabetic method of writing the local language was as generally adopted as it came to be afterward. Her own exertions, as well as those of her esteemed husband, contributed not a little to the adoption of this method. The books she prepared and translated in this style

—a geography, 'Little Henry and his Bearer,' 'Line upon Line,' and others—were very useful and much sought after.

"Amidst our many coincidences of opinion, there was one subject on which we maintained a very decided difference of views. This was as to the desirableness of instructing the pupils of the mission school in English, not to the exclusion of their own language, but in addition to it. I have always advocated it, and she, just as decidedly, thought it unwise.

"The effect of this opinion, on her part, was to induce great and earnest diligence in the translation of books into the vernacular, and in the establishment of day schools, where these were taught. This was her forte—the department to which she gave her strength, and in which she excelled. I often had occasion (when it devolved upon me to visit and inspect the various day schools connected with our mission) to remark that 'Mrs. Keith's school showed the marks of better training than any others; certainly better than my own.' She had confidence in that particular method of doing good, and gave her mind to it. Most certainly we all bade her 'God speed' in her efforts, for we all felt how important a department it was of the great general missionary work. In the foreign field, perhaps more than anywhere else, the Christian laborer is taught the wisdom of occupying with his own talent, whilst he refrains from disparaging the gifts and talents of others.

"I say, the missionary is 'taught' this, which implies that it is a lesson some need to learn, and your sister was one of this class. In some things she learned slowly, illustrating a fine saying of Edward Irving: 'The errors of an honest mind are not easily removed, being interwoven with the consciousness of honesty, which is the asbestos of the spiritual world, and giveth to the fabric with which it is interwoven an almost indestructible character.'

"This 'honest mind' your sister eminently possessed. It was more easy and more satisfactory to sustain a discussion with her than with four fifths of the people one meets with. She could appreciate an argument and keep to a point. Trifling was abhorrent to her; even pleasantries were not always welcome, because of the abiding earnestness of her character. To her, the realities of life were matters of serious import, and she did not easily tolerate anything which even tended to make light of what she felt to be of such great moment. So, also, her convictions of right and duty were of the most earnest kind, requiring her sometimes to exercise a good deal of self-control when others, who held views differing from her own, undertook to carry out those views into practice.

"'Onward and upward' might very suitably have been her

motto, for she was evermore striving for higher degrees of excellence of every kind, even to the endangering of that repose of feeling and of manner which a confiding Christian would desire to have and to exhibit. The experiences of life wrought slowly, but surely, upon the material of her natural character, and the effect was a gradual ripening and softening, which her friends rejoiced to see.

"She was a firm and reliable friend, and where her affections centred, it was with great intensity, reminding one of the poet's lines :

" ' Be Ætna's snow to others,  
But be Ætna's fire to me.' "

"I have often thought that her case illustrated strongly the power of religion to soothe and control the elements of a natural character which, without those influences, would have caused its possessor great unhappiness. It was in the last year or two of our acquaintance that this appeared most evidently and most pleasingly. We were next-door neighbors, and many were the evening hours I spent with my dear brother Cleveland Keith and herself, chiefly in conference over matters connected with our common work. To her, also, I was indebted for much kind attention to one of my little, motherless boys, who went in every morning with his book, to spend an hour in reading history. And now that dear child and his kind teacher have both departed from

' this mortal scene  
Of broken hope and frustrated intent.' "

The remains of Mrs. Keith were brought by ship from San Francisco to New York in the spring following her death. On the day which commemorates the Ascension of Him who said to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," her body was finally committed to its native earth, in the hope of a glorious resurrection. In the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, whence thirteen years before she had gone forth to the ends of the earth, in obedience to that command, counting not her life dear to herself, the solemn and impressive burial service of her beloved church was read by the rector, Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, who, although unacquainted with her, offered, in an exceedingly felicitous extemporaneous address, a most appreciative tribute to her memory. Thence the body was followed by

relatives and friends, and the members of the Committee of Foreign Missions of the Episcopal Church, to Greenwood Cemetery, where it was interred in Hilly Ridge on Hillock Avenue. A memorial marble tablet has since been erected on the spot, with the following inscription :

S A C R E D  
 TO  
 THE MEMORY OF  
 THE REV.  
 CLEVELAND KEITH, M. A.,  
 WHOSE LIFE  
 WAS DEVOTED TO  
 THE WORK OF  
 A MISSIONARY IN  
 CHINA,  
 AND WHOSE DEATH, AMID THE TERRORS OF  
 CONFLAGRATION AT SEA, WAS ENNOBLED  
 BY HEROIC EXERTIONS IN BEHALF  
 OF HIS FELLOW SUFFERERS,  
 AND  
 BY A TRIUMPHANT  
 FAITH IN  
 CHRIST.

S A C R E D  
 TO  
 THE MEMORY OF  
 CAROLINE PHEBE,  
 DAUGHTER OF  
 WM. TENNEY, ESQ.,  
 WHO BECAME  
 A MISSIONARY TO  
 CHINA IN 1850;  
 WAS MARRIED IN 1854  
 TO THE REV.  
 CLEVELAND KEITH;  
 AND WHOSE LIFE  
 OF FAITHFUL WORK  
 WAS CLOSED  
 JULY 10, 1862,  
 AT SAN FRANCISCO,  
 IN CALIFORNIA.  
 HER REMAINS WERE HERE BURIED,  
 MAY 14, 1863.

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THE REV. CLEVELAND KEITH WAS THE SON OF THE REV. REUEL KEITH, D.D.,  
 BORN AT ALEXANDRIA, VA., APRIL 16, 1827;  
 ORDAINED DEACON, JULY 12, 1850; PRIEST, JULY 10, 1851;  
 DROWNED, ON THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA, JULY 27, 1862.

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THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE OF  
 THE BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,  
 IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THESE FAITHFUL SERVANTS OF CHRIST,  
 CAUSED THIS STONE TO BE ERECTED.

I cannot more fitly conclude this memoir than with the following words, which, though found in one of the Apocryphal Scriptures, might have been written by an apostle :

“THE SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS ARE IN THE HAND OF GOD, AND THERE SHALL NO TORMENT TOUCH THEM. IN THE SIGHT OF THE UNWISE THEY SEEMED TO DIE, AND THEIR DEPARTURE IS TAKEN FOR MISERY, AND THEIR GOING FROM US TO BE UTTER DESTRUCTION ; BUT THEY ARE IN PEACE. FOR THOUGH THEY BE PUNISHED IN THE SIGHT OF MEN, YET IS THEIR HOPE FULL OF IMMORTALITY. AND HAVING BEEN A LITTLE CHASTISED, THEY SHALL BE GREATLY REWARDED ; FOR GOD PROVED THEM, AND FOUND THEM WORTHY FOR HIMSELF.”

THE END.

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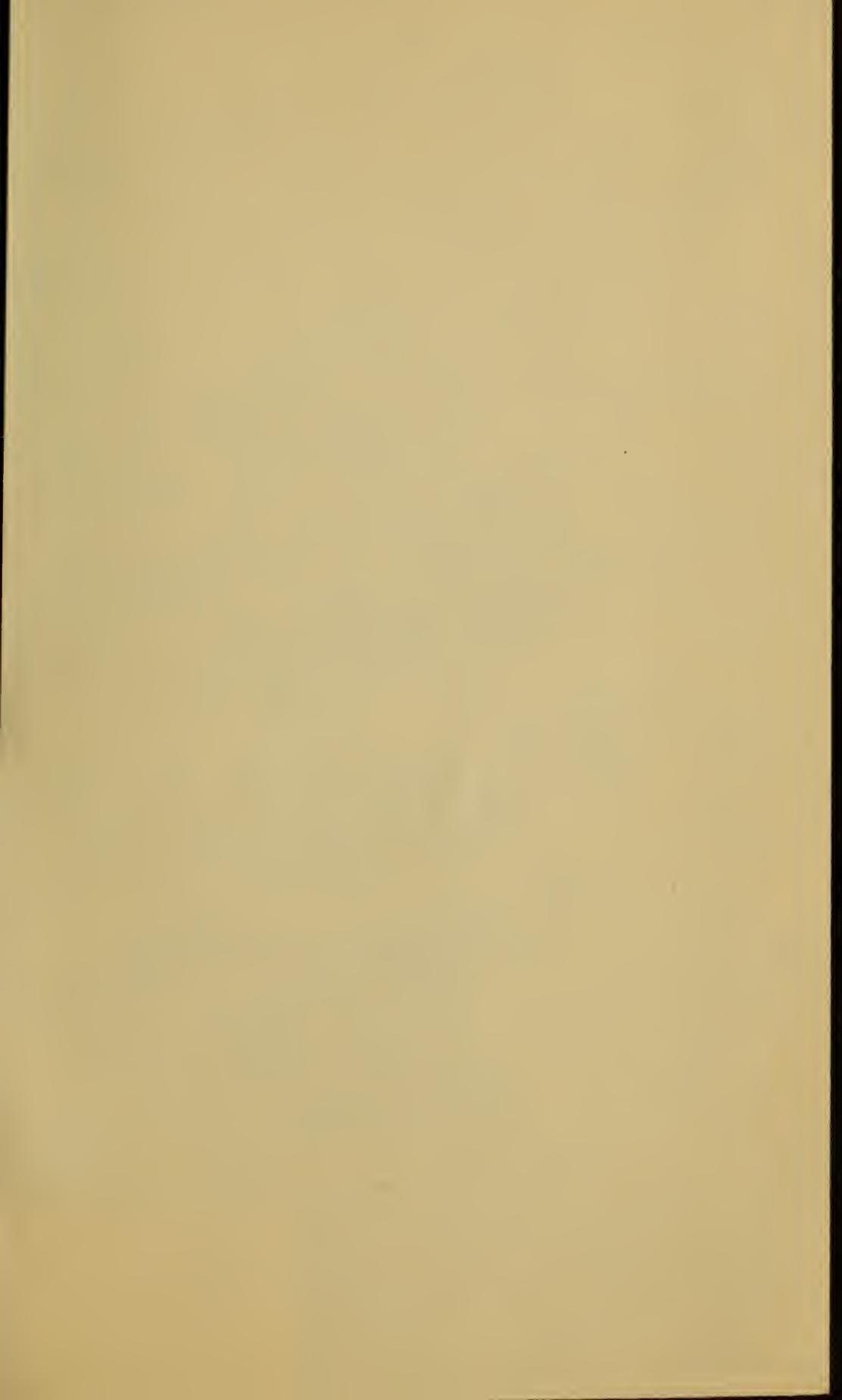
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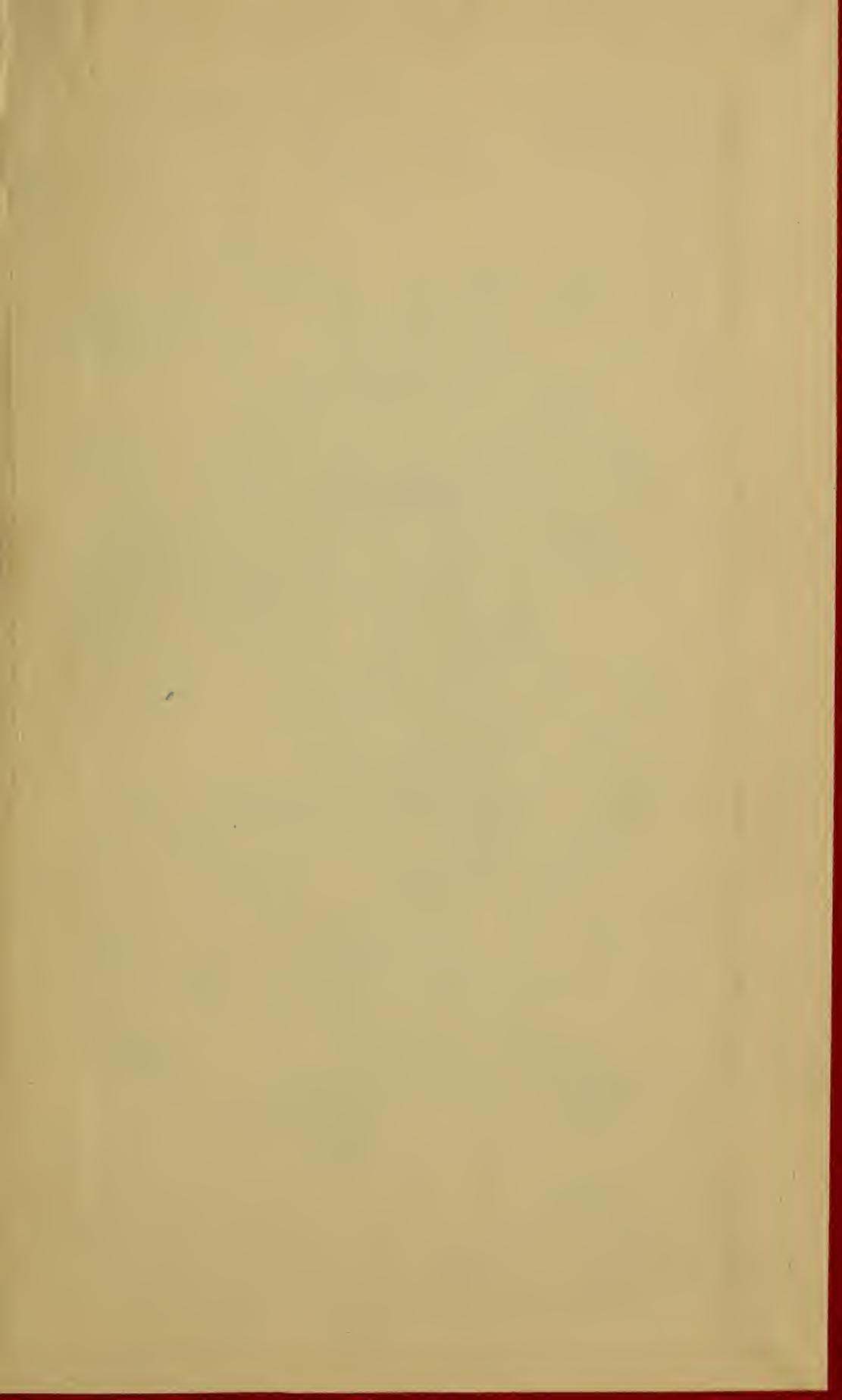
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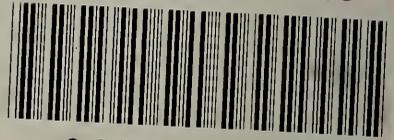
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