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Life and letters of Miss
Mary C. Greenleaf

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W. C. Greenleaf.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF



MISS MARY C. GREENLEAF,

Missionary to the Chickasaw Indians.

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"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."  
MATT. 6: 22.  
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WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND
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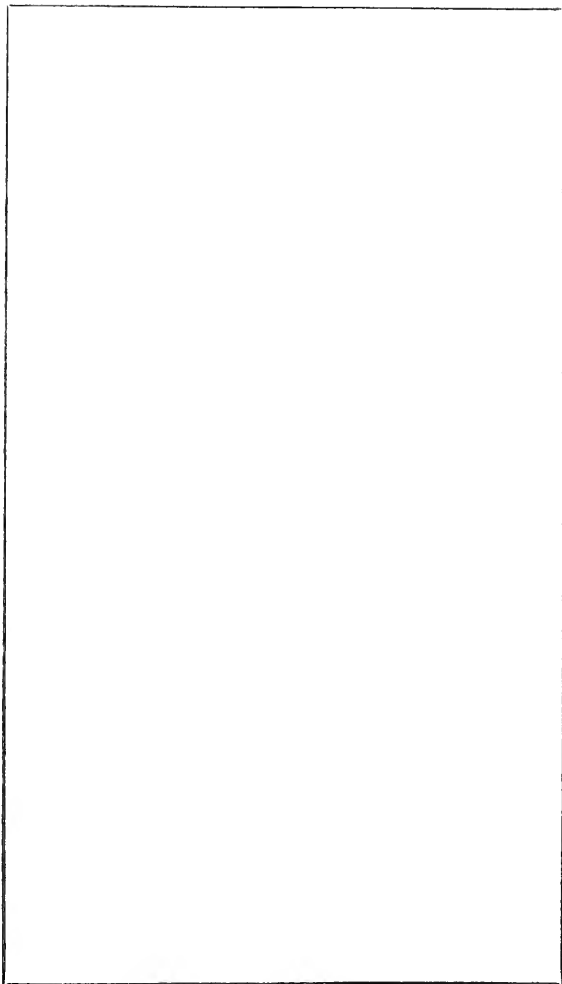
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Life and Letters.



Life and Letters

OR

MISS MARY C. GREENLEAF.

CHAPTER I.

“ Her lot is on thee—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
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.”
MRS. HEMANS.

THOSE who have read the Memoir of Mrs. Jane Greenleaf, compiled by her daughter, may be interested to learn some further particulars in the life and character of the latter. An earnest wish has been expressed by some of those who knew them long and well, that a few of the leading

events in her history, of the prominent traits in her character, may be gathered, and, through the press, made accessible to themselves and others. It is hoped also, that a glance at her life may not prove uninteresting to those to whom she was not personally known. The smallest stream which wanders down the hill-side, to be welcomed finally into the bosom of rejoicing ocean, adds beauty to the landscape, as well as verdure to its own fields and meadows. Should any little rill or stream flowing down from the SPRING of living waters do less than this? Yet some creep along so lazily, and hide among the grass and rushes so daintily, that one would think the object were to do as little good as possible, rather than as much. There are others, however, that sweep joyously along, sparkling in the sunbeams, refreshing vegetation and verdure, reflect-

ing the sweet flowers they nourish, yet never resting while other fields are to be watered, other fruits and flowers to be quickened into life and nurtured into beauty. Let us for a while follow the course of such a fertilizing moral stream.

In one of the pleasant houses upon the ridge of high land which forms a part of High street, Newburyport, Mass., was born, Jan. 31st, 1800, Mary Coombs Greenleaf. She was the daughter of Mr. Ebenezer and Mrs. Jane Greenleaf. Her mother, though she had great faith, had not, it seems, the gift of prescience. At the birth of her son William, her heart overflowed with deep, indelible emotions of gratitude and happiness—but when another life was intrusted to her keeping, she was, for a time, in heaviness of soul.

Under the tuition of this dear Christian mother, with a loved and loving brother,

her senior by two years, passed her early days. With him, on Sabbath evenings, she used to watch the sun descending below the hill. When he was quite gone, they were permitted a walk in the garden. Probably she could not then adopt the language of her grandfather, Captain Coombs :

“ Oh, Jenny ! the Sabbath is so short. I just begin to enjoy it and it is gone.”

Yet God, who enabled the mother to obey literally his command to his early covenant people as to the training of their children,* bestowed upon the daughter that restraining grace which the old divines regarded as the next blessing to converting grace. At school she was a model of diligence, cheerfulness and good behavior. “ She was never punished but once,” so said an early schoolmate, “ and

* Deut. 6: 6, 7.

then I was the cause of it. She whispered, and tired of seeing her always so perfect, I told of her. She was bid to stand upon the seat. She obeyed, but wept bitterly. I too wept. I felt very unhappy. As soon as school was out, I hastened to her, and begged her forgiveness. 'Why,' she said, 'you were not to blame. I deserved to be punished; but it was the first time, and somehow I could not help crying.' 'Well, Mary,' I replied, 'this is the last time that I will ever get a *good* girl punished.' "

Another schoolmate, in accounting for the fact of her being a rapid knitter, said it was due to her making great exertions at school, for the pleasure of seeing Mary's applauding look when she, each morning, designated with her finger the progress made. Those who can recall her quick-beaming eye, her electric glance of pleased surprise, will understand this.

The providential discipline of her life began early. Her father was addicted to evil habits, which, notwithstanding the constant assistance of near relatives, and the occasional aid of friends, entailed upon her a life of exertion and self-denial. That she could not dress as well as her young companions was a sore mortification. Those who know the heart of a young girl can realize that any thing which puts a distinction between her and her school-mates, is hard to be borne. It is one of the little griefs which weigh down the hearts of little people. Besides, though she was everywhere regarded as an example of humility, yet she always insisted that she was naturally very proud. To her father, she was ever dutiful, affectionate, devoted. The household grief was borne and buried in entire silence. What unspeakable sorrow and sadness it caused,

we can never know. Only glimpses of it were revealed to near friends in the quiet subdued air which sometimes told of recent trial. Usually she was cheerful, active, versatile. She had a great fund of innocent mirth. Her laughter gushed out so freely, so appealingly, that there was no resisting it. It was refreshing to hear her.

At the age of thirteen her school-life closed, and she commenced that routine of home duties and labors which was never intermitted till the close of her mother's life in 1851.

Early in the summer of 1819 her mind became more than usually impressed with the subject of religion. Her convictions were deep, but as she says, "awfully resisted." She adds in her "Relation," which, according to the custom of that time, was given in and read from the

pulpit when she was admitted to the church:—"Though I was convinced of the guilt of such conduct, I was unwilling to accept of him (Christ,) on the terms of the gospel, and my heart seemed to grow more hard and stubborn. But after remaining in this state of distress for several days, I humbly hope God in sovereign mercy was pleased to overcome the opposition of my heart, and made me willing to come as a beggar for mercy, realizing that I deserved none at his hand, and that should I be cast off forever, he would do me no wrong. Then, a sweet peace gradually ensued—such a peace as, I trust, the world can neither give nor take away. The character of God appears excellent and glorious, and I think, if I am not deceived, the Saviour has appeared precious to me as the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely! His cause,

his people, I hope I love. The public and private duties of religion, once burdensome, are now pleasant. Sin appears odious in itself, and as committed against a God of spotless purity. Though I am defiled in every part with it, yet it is my greatest burden, and if not deceived, I ardently desire perfect conformity to the temper and image of Christ. I also think I feel a love for the souls of others, and wish that all may come and find solid happiness in religion.”

In that period of distress and mental agitation which preceded her conversion, a word from her pastor, implying that gloom and despondency were no part of religion, seemed immediately to aid her entrance into the light and joy which the Christian alone inherits. She experienced the first conscious actings of her new life, one evening at the Chapel, while the pastor

was reading the hymn of Cowper, commencing,

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

When he came to the stanza,

“E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die,”

her heart overflowed. She with her whole soul adopted the utterance of the last line.

Her journal during this time of spiritual conflict, denotes entire self-condemnation, and astonishment at the Divine forbearance and mercy. Through the whole, she takes the side of God against herself. She says, under date of September, 1819:

“Have attended the meeting at the vestry of the North church. One of

President Davies' sermons on the nature and danger of making light of Christ was read. My own character was clearly pointed out, yet sensible as I am of the folly and danger of my course of life, I have not yet come to a resolution to alter it. What strange infatuation possesses me! Warned as I frequently am of the uncertainty of life, yet I vainly presume on sufficient time to make my peace with God. O, the astonishing compassion and patience of Jesus, who has come seeking fruit of me for so long a time, and yet has not cut me down as a 'cumberer of the ground!' For more than nineteen years have I slighted the offers of a Saviour, the calls, the warnings of God's Word, Gospel, providence, the strivings of his Spirit, and the voice of conscience, and have so hardened my heart that now I seem almost past feeling. How I grieve my dear

mother, who longs so for my salvation, and who watches every favorable symptom. Oh, shall I disappoint her fond hopes? Lord, forbid it. Left to myself I certainly shall."

From that time onward, her soul expanded to catch the quickening, purifying influences of Divine truth. The foundation of her religious character was laid in a deep sense of the holiness of God's law, and of the infinite love of her Redeemer, and in an absorbing desire to be and do all that he would have her. Grief, at the immeasurable distance between her life and her standard, is the key-note of her early secret records. But as she advances, the strain changes to that of jubilant thanksgiving. Looking unto him who had loved her, and bought her with his precious blood, she came more fully into

“the liberty wherewith he makes his people free.”

Some hesitation has been felt at giving to general view, the secret emotions of the heart of a modest, retiring Christian; but her own example in writing the Memoir of her mother shows that she approved this course; and referring to the unerring standard of Scripture, it is deemed there is ample authority for so doing. There, the inmost thoughts of Hannah, and Mary the mother of our Lord, are presented to us; we behold Moses when he talks with God face to face; we look upon the scene of our Saviour's temptation in the wilderness; and, most wonderful of all, the veil is lifted, and we sinners are given to see our Redeemer in that dreadful hour of agony in the Garden, when over his soul there came such exceeding sorrow; when, in anticipation, “he was wounded for our

transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities.”

Let the church, then, with due caution and reserve, continue to use the experience of its members for its own edification.

We give the opening page, and a few subsequent passages of her journal.

“*Friday evening, July 23d, 1819.*—I have this evening resolved to commence a diary of the exercises of my mind. It is what my dear mother has long wished, and frequently requested, but I have always obstinately refused to gratify her desires till yesterday; when she again urged it upon me, and though I made her no reply, I resolved no longer to delay it. Oh, that it might be made the means of arousing me from this dangerous slumber which has so long rested upon me, and leading me to view my own heart impartially, and

finding its awful guilt and depravity, may I never rest till I know it has been changed by Almighty grace!

“For the last six weeks, I think I have felt more sensibly than ever, the importance of an interest in the Saviour of sinners, and have also realized in some degree, the vanity of every earthly object, and its utter insufficiency to afford me any real happiness. Some impression was made on my mind, by a few words which Mr. Byington dropped on the folly and sin of ruining my own soul, and the necessity of immediate repentance. Though I have no reason to think that any deep and lasting impression was then made, yet I hope I shall ever remember with gratitude his exertions to awaken me from my deplorable stupidity. I have, from the above mentioned time generally felt so depressed in spirit, that my wonted

cheerfulness I find difficult to regain. Visiting is so irksome to me, that I wish for any excuse to decline an invitation, and when I can find none, return completely wretched. Thus I derive but little happiness from the world, and yet cling fast to it. Strange inconsistency! O that I might not remain any longer halting between two opinions; but give up every idol, and devote myself to the service of my Creator, who is daily loading me with innumerable mercies!

“Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine,
In thine own crimson sea;
None but a bath of blood divine,
Can melt the flint away.”

“*Saturday, July 24th.*—Have been this day more stupid and unaffected than for some time. Ma’ is gone to B—d, and though I have been alone this after-

noon, have had little relish for serious meditation. O how I waste my precious time, on the improvement of which hang 'endless joys or endless woes!' The Sabbath is now approaching, but how little desire have I to spend it aright! Perhaps I may not live to see it, and oh! if called this night to give up my account, nothing but horror and despair await me; yet (O! astonishing stupidity,) I am unalarmed and unconcerned. When shall I anxiously inquire, 'What shall I do to be saved?'

"O, shall I *never* feel

The meltings of thy love?

Am I of such thrice-hardened steel,

That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,

Dear Saviour, from thy face.'

O, that I could add,

“ ‘This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.’ ”

“ *July, 27th.*— * * * * Have been recently re-perusing the memoir of Henry Obookiah, which has appeared very striking to me. While reading it I have thought that he would at the last, rise up in judgment against me. To hear of one born in a heathen land, so soon after hearing of a Saviour, devoting himself to his service, ought to fill me with shame and grief. His concern for the souls of sinners was truly remarkable. In his diary, while speaking of them, he quotes these lines:—

“ ‘Sinners, you live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.’ ”

“Ah! thought I, I can witness to this truth; for surely my daily experience proves that ‘there is no peace to the wicked.’

“Yesterday Mrs. Moody called. Before she went, she spoke to me on the concerns of my soul, and encouraged me to enter in at the straight gate. Dear woman! Perfectly happy in the enjoyment of religion! O, what blessedness is hers. May I be like her in devotedness to the service of the Redeemer. In the evening attended the monthly concert at the chapel. After reading an extract from the Recorder, uncle D. addressed the assembly very solemnly, particularly the impenitent, and closed with a most fervent prayer for them, and the whole world. He prayed that no impenitent sinner might go from that place, unsolemnized, unpenetrated, impenitent still. I hoped I should not

return home without a deep impression being made on my mind. But, ah! this hope was not realized.

“I recollect Mr. Byington observed in a meeting, that sinners were apt to think that this or that meeting would convert them, that the conversation of such a friend would awaken them, and did not realize their immediate duty was to repent. This I then thought, and still think is my case.

“Thursday was the fast, preparatory to the sacrament. E. C—— was admitted to the church. She is only fifteen years of age, and dates the change in her feelings two years since, when she observed that she was much distressed that she had lived thirteen years to no purpose. But I have lived more than nineteen years ‘without God and without hope in the world.’ Is it not then, high time to

awake out of sleep? Why should I choose to perish, when an all-sufficient Saviour is provided for me?"

"*Tuesday eve., Sept. 14th.*—Oh, what a day has this been to me! Solemn as eternity. Mr. H—— took tea here. He appears entirely devoted to religion. Before he went away, he followed me into the other room, and conversed in the most solemn manner. He said he had been conversing with a friend of mine respecting my state, and he thought it a very dangerous one. To be only seeking, not *striving* to enter in at the straight gate."

"*Saturday afternoon.* Mr. H—— called this morning, conversed with me, and prayed. At ten o'clock went to Miss H——'s. Mr. W. conversed with me for

nearly a half hour. Then Mr. H—— came in. ‘Mary,’ said he, ‘are you not a Christian yet?’ I told him I had no evidence that I was. He conversed and prayed with us. I returned home, (after calling to see ——, who is very anxious,) much distressed, and have been so most of the time since. It seems as if the Bible was full of threatenings to me. Such passages of alarm as I never before knew were in the Bible. Lord, have compassion on my soul, or I perish!”

“*Evening.*—Attended meeting. Mr. H—— was there, and very solemn, but O, it seems as if I had returned to entire stupidity. My heart seems unaffected, and I am so afraid that the Spirit has departed from me, that it seems as if I must not sleep at night, lest I awake in hell.”

“ *Sabbath twilight.*—Attended meeting all day. Mr. W——preached very solemnly, but oh, it seems as if my serious impressions were fast leaving me. I cannot bear the idea of going back to the world, for I have reason to suppose that this is the last call I shall receive; and O! a false hope appears still more dangerous. What shall I do? If God should say concerning me, ‘My Spirit shall no longer strive’ with her; it would be just, but it appears so awful to me that I know not how to bear the thought.”

“ *Tuesday evening.*—My mind has been composed to-day, though I have feared it was only stupidity. Yet sometimes the astonishing compassion of Jesus, and my own ingratitude, have almost swallowed up my thoughts. My hope is somewhat strengthened. A hymn which Mr. Milton

read yesterday at the chapel was made precious to me. It begins:—

‘Do I not love thee, O my Lord?’

Have read it to-day, and if not greatly deceived, it expresses my feelings.”

“*Wednesday evening.*—Went to the chapel. A sermon on these words, ‘Hinder me not,’ was read, and if not greatly deceived, it was comforting to my soul. — and — spent the afternoon here. Was enabled to converse on religious subjects. To God be all the glory.”

“*Thursday evening, 23d.*—My hope to-day has been strengthened. Evening went with — to the society of young ladies. Felt a sweet composure, though at times feared it was all delusion. Lord, save me from a false hope.”

“*Friday eve., 24th.*—My hope brightens.”

“*Sabbath evening, October 3d.*—If not greatly deceived, enjoyed this Sabbath very much; though I have great reason to lament my wandering thoughts, and that I have been so little engaged in the service of God.”

“*Tuesday evening.*—This afternoon attended a female meeting. If not deceived, think I did enjoy it more than I ever did any worldly pleasure.”

“*Friday noon, 8th.*—Yesterday was the fast previous to the communion. Uncle Dana preached a most encouraging sermon in the morning, Mr. Miltimore a very good one in the afternoon. — and — were admitted to the church. It was a solemn scene. If not deceived, could say that my evidences were similar to theirs.

“ Last evening attended uncle D——’s inquiry meeting. It was very interesting, though I was afterwards afraid lest I said more than I felt.

“ Oh, may I live more as an hourly expectant of Death, Judgment, and Eternity. I don’t know how it is, but I cannot contemplate death with terror; and sometimes I seem to long for its approach. I cannot relinquish the hope that I love Jesus, and shall one day dwell with him, and yet it may be a false hope. O Lord, let me not be deceived.

“ The Sabbath was as usual attended with so much sin as to mar my comfort very much.”

“ *Wednesday evening.*—Mr. Blatchford preached a very good sermon from Phil. 1: 23. Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. He

considered why believers desired to depart. 1st. Because it is God's will. 2d. Because God is dishonored here, and in heaven he will be honored. 3d. Because this is a sinful and imperfect state. 4th. Because this is a state of sorrow. 5th. Because it is better to be in the immediate presence of their God and Saviour."

"*April, 1820.* I think I do not wish to stop short of perfection. To this I never shall attain in this world, therefore great exertion will be always necessary. Satan is never idle; he is always on the watch for opportunities to tempt and ruin the soul, and shall I sleep? O! no.

"Am reading 'Edwards on the Affections.' 'Tis very searching. My hope is very much shaken. If it is a false one, I wish it might be entirely taken from me. O, thou who alone searchest the heart

and triest the reins of the children of men, I beseech thee, let me not mistake my real character. May I appear to myself as I do to thine Omniscient eye!"

“*Sabbath evening, 28th.*—Ah me! How cold have I been this holy Sabbath! O, this body of sin and death which presses me so down to earth. Well, the thought is pleasant, that if I am indeed a child of God, it will not be long before I shall drop it; and then with the ardor of a seraph, I will love and praise my Saviour.

“Heard two excellent sermons to-day. In the morning the exposition was upon Christ’s telling his disciples that one of them should betray him, and their inquiring, ‘Lord, is it I?’ It was remarked, that to the sincere and tender-hearted Christian, the thought of proving false to Christ, was inexpressibly painful; and

that such, instead of suspecting the sincerity of others, were prone to suspect themselves. It was also said, that it was the supposition of some, that faith consisted in a strong confidence of our own good estate; but it was a much better sign to see Christians self-suspicious, and that doubts and fears were not always to be charged to the score of unbelief.

“On a review of the Sabbath, have reason to be humbled in the dust at the recollection of my many sins. Why is it that when I go to the house of God, my thoughts, especially in prayer, are so wandering? Lord, search me. Is it because I do not love thee? O, then, give me a heart to love thee! Is it because my love is so cold? O, inflame it. Let my affections be on things above.”

These passages reveal a little of the

“horror of great darkness” through which Miss Greenleaf passed into the dawn and sunlight of the gospel. We dare not expose the depth of that darkness to the view, (shall we be forgiven for saying it?) of a fastidious, caviling, and superficial generation. Yet where thus the converting Spirit wakens the soul to see “the hole of the pit whence it was digged,” it is often preparatory to its becoming a large recipient and dispenser of gospel light and truth.

In December, 1819, she was received a member of the First Presbyterian church, then under the pastoral care of her uncle, Rev. Dr. Dana. It was the church of her ancestors, the church in whose formation and early growth, Whitefield took a deep and active interest, and beneath whose pulpit, beside that of Parsons and Prince, rests his honored dust.

CHAPTER II.

“Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall” her “profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.”

No sooner did Miss Greenleaf feel her soul quickened into a new, diviner life, than she entered at once into the duties and enjoyments of that life. She began earnestly to desire and seek the salvation of others. She united with three young ladies, all members of the same church, in a weekly prayer-meeting. They agreed to select certain individuals in the number of their acquaintance, and pray for their conversion. Also to bear them in mind in their secret hours of devotion during

the interval; and not to cease pleading for them until they had reason to hope that their prayers were answered. After a while they began to think that it was selfish in them thus to confine the sweet privilege of social prayer to their own small number. The question also arose whether they were doing all which lay in their power for the souls of these young friends. They resolved to seek opportunities of addressing them individually upon the subject which lay so near their own hearts; and to invite them also, to attend the meetings. One young lady, upon learning that such earnest prayer was made in her behalf, became deeply impressed, and before very long, she, as well as each of the others, became, it is believed, a sincere Christian. Some of these are now the mothers of large families. Who can estimate the amount of good—

of happiness, resulting from that small beginning,—that dew of grace descending upon the hearts of four young believers, and ascending, in the breath of prayer, to its Divine source! This meeting was continued for a long series of years, and as new members were added to the church, they were invited to attend it.

Early in her Christian course she and seven others formed one of the first charitable sewing circles which met in town. It was the germ of the gleaner circle which still continues, and has had ever for its object the cause of Home Missions. Of all the leading benevolent societies in town, she was an active member: of some an officer. These, together with sewing circles for beneficent and local objects, numbered more than fourteen. When, in 1856 she left the city, she placed her annual subscription to some, if not all of

these societies, in the hands of a friend, to be paid as they fell due. Thus her connection with them ceased but with her life.

In the Sabbath school she was a teacher from its organization in October, 1817. It was then, and for years afterward, deemed essential for the pupils to learn and recite correctly large portions of Scripture. Thus was the mind early stored with themes for devout meditation in future hours of wakefulness and watching—in times of sickness and old age.

In August, 1823, Rev. Mr. Williams, then pastor of the church, formed a Bible class among the ladies of his society which she joined. Some of the earlier subjects for discussion and Scripture proof were: "The Evidences of the Divine Origin of Scripture," "The Character of God," "The Ultimate End of Man." Upon these

subjects in their divisions, he gave simultaneously a course of public lectures. In the class-room, Scripture proofs, and the views of the members, were presented in writing, while the pastor remarked, and questioned, encouraging the utmost freedom of reply and discussion. Perceiving Miss Greenleaf's answers to be always ready and to the point, Mr. Williams resolved still farther to sound the depths of her doctrinal knowledge. His questions to her became searching, and resembled at times the process of cross-examination. A lady of high intelligence present, who had been an honored Bible class teacher long before Sabbath schools were one of our institutions, rejoiced that she was not in Miss Greenleaf's place. But her acquaintance with Scripture, and with the system of doctrine in which she had been educated, was thorough and accurate :

and the clearness and simplicity of her thoughts came out in her replies. Her pastor remarked afterward to the lady above alluded to, "I have tried in vain to puzzle Mary Greenleaf."

Her own method of Sabbath school teaching was not much varied from the first, although at times, the manual was changed. Sometimes she gave out written questions to the class, a few of which we transcribe, to show the simplicity of the method by which she brought before the minds of her pupils the most important practical duties, and the most interesting historic facts and characters.

"What blessings are promised to the poor in spirit?"

"What blessings to those who mourn for sin?"

Each of the beatitudes furnished a question.

“What was Paul’s manner of life before his conversion?”

“What after his conversion?”

“What was his language in view of death?”

“How are we to pray?”

“When are we to pray?”

“For whom are we to pray?”

“In whose name, and by whose assistance should our prayers be offered?”

Another series of questions framed to elicit in reply the biography of a long succession of Old Testament worthies commenced with the following:—

“Mention some of the principal incidents in the life of Adam.”

The question for each week was copied by the pupil into a note-book, and the proof texts and replies written out, to be recited or read the succeeding Sabbath. By this method of searching the Scriptures

carefully for proofs, many precious passages were indelibly engraven upon the memory ; which certainly proves it to be far superior to the present easy one of reading off the references without previous study ; and if pursued generally, it might save some public speakers and exhorters the mortification of misquoting Scripture. “ When I come to one of those well-remembered texts,” says a member of Miss Greenleaf’s class, “ it seems like meeting an old friend.” After the recitation, much practical instruction, deduced from the lesson, was invariably added. Though ever ready to give information, Miss Greenleaf did not encourage much discussion in the class. When it was asked, “ What is your opinion upon this or that point,” the appeal was directly to the Bible, and it was final. She was uniformly pleasant, polite and dignified.

No trifling conversation or conduct arose in the class. Her presence forbade it, and even the desire to indulge in it. Yet her pupils regarded her as "a model teacher," and it is believed they could generally echo the exclamation of her Indian protégé, "How I did love Miss Greenleaf!"

Her care of these youth did not cease with the fresh Sabbath morning hour devoted to them. She occasionally invited them to her house for an evening's social conference and prayer. Two of those who had been longest in her class, used latterly to pass an evening each week with her. It was always closed with prayer. Youth is prone to extremes. Upon one of these evenings they indulged in a strain of light and mirthful conversation not conducive to spiritual improvement. They could never forget the sweet and earnest manner

in which she drew near, and expostulated with them, nor her request that evening at the throne of grace, which was that they "might be enabled to maintain a cheerful spirit, but be preserved from levity." Prayer so evidently blended with all her duties that it is not surprising she was remarked upon, as being not only devout, but singularly *apposite* in her petitions. These two young ladies, one of whom continued with her ten, the other twenty years, preserve as precious relics the Scripture texts, which she gave them for a long series of Sabbaths, in her neat and legible autograph. These were selected for each member of the class, with reference to their peculiar character, or state of mind. "No one," says Miss M. P. S. "can feel her loss as I do, for she has done more for me than she can have done for any one else. I can never

tell how much I owe to her. I have in my possession more than seventy letters which she has written me.”

Miss Greenleaf used frequently to beg this pupil and friend not to trust so much to her, or to any arm of flesh. She said playfully to her one day, “I am afraid I shall have to do some dreadful thing, to keep you from leaning so much upon me.”

Miss S. replied, “You could not do it, Miss Greenleaf. If I heard that you had done any thing wrong, or had spoken ill of me, I should go directly to you, and ask you about it.”

A few of the many notes she addressed to the members of her class, we give.

“ *Sabbath evening.*

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ I am sorry to find you are still walking in darkness, and see no light,—but the Bible directs such, to ‘trust in the name of the Lord and stay themselves upon God,’ and what better direction can I give you? It says also, ‘It is good that a man should both *hope* and *quietly wait* for the salvation of God.’ Sometimes, dear M. I have feared that you did not wait *patiently* for the Lord,—but when you were in the dark, indulged a kind of *restless anxiety* for relief, which seems not quite like the feeling, ‘I will bear the indignation of the Lord because I have sinned against him.’ Now we do not *deserve* comfort, and if God sees it best to try us with the loss of it, should we at once conclude that the evidence he

has given us, in times past, was delusion? What I said to you respecting grieving the Spirit, I meant with regard to your disbelieving what you had experienced. But I am far from thinking that you have grieved him away forever. No, I trust you are a child of God, and his loving kindness he will never take away from you; and though your faith is very feeble, yet it is saving; and you must follow in the footsteps of the flock, and trust the good Shepherd with your interests. I do not like to have you speak of giving all up and being almost in despair. I would rather you would adopt the resolution that you will *persevere*, as long as life lasts—and never give over; for Christ says, (and can you not believe him?) ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.’ Oh, do not pore over your poor, weak, sinful self, but reflect

on his wondrous love—his power, his will to save,—‘his heart is made of tenderness,’—and I often think if you would only repose as much confidence in Christ, as you do in *me*, your doubts would all vanish, and you would be able to say, ‘I know that my Redeemer lives.’”

Again she writes :

“ One of the best remedies for religious despondency is *activity* in the cause of Christ. Try to do good to others—and in this way, you may gain evidence of your own union to Christ. I believe all Christians are more or less troubled with wandering thoughts in prayer—it is part of the conflict with the body of sin and death, which we are called to maintain—and so long as they are grievous and hateful to you, afford no ground of dis-

couragement. As to your leaving the Sabbath school, it would be very painful to me to part with you—and if you are not tired of me, as I often think the scholars must be, I hope you will remain where you are.”

“ *Sabbath morning.*

“ MY DEAR S.,

“ I have thought much of you since my last interview with you, and have wished that I may be directed to speak to you a word in season. It is, undoubtedly, far better to give up a false hope, than to retain it. I cannot judge whether yours is false or not,—but it will be safe for you to set about obtaining one which shall be more satisfactory to yourself, and one which will never ‘make ashamed;’ and I hope, *this day* will be devoted to

most *earnest prayer*, that God will enable you to exercise true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I think you had better go to the communion table,—and before, as well as at the time, try to believe in the Lord Jesus,—and to consecrate yourself entirely to him, soul and body, for time and eternity. Ask that God will remove the indifference of which you complain,—that he will give you true repentance, that he will help you to pray, and give you to *delight* in prayer,—that he will open your understanding to see the beauty of his Word, so that it may be sweet to your taste,—beg him to give you that love for the Sabbath, and pleasure in its most spiritual duties, which characterizes the children of God. To give up your present hope, and *not to strive for a better one* would be a most *dangerous* course. If you have been born of the Spirit before,

the course I recommend will tend to strengthen and confirm your faith and hope ; and if you have not been a Christian, it is the way to become one. I endeavor to remember you in prayer,—and shall be glad of an interview with you soon ; or to receive any thing in writing from you. But *be sure* to go to the Lord's table this morning.

“ Your affectionate teacher,

“ M. C. G.”

“ *Tuesday eve., 9 o'clock.*—I thank you, my dear Alice, for the frankness of your note ; and although I am sorry to learn from it that you are in a ‘lukewarm’ state, yet I am glad to know it,—for perhaps God may employ me as an instrument of good to you. I know, by experience, too much of the decay of spiritual

affections, not to feel for others. The natural tendency of our hearts is *downwards*; and if we would set our ‘affections on things above,’ we must as it were *row against the stream*, and cannot expect as Dr. Griffin says, ‘to be carried as *dead logs* to heaven.’ * * * * *

“My excellent grandfather used to say that ‘when we felt little *heart* to pray, then we should pray the more,—for it was certain that we needed Divine help.’ And, perhaps the ordinances of God’s house may be the channels of grace to your soul, if you endeavor to mix silent prayer with hearing. Such petitions as, Lord, fasten this truth on my heart,—bless this word to my quickening; and it may be answered by the Word’s being made quick and powerful to you. Christ came that his people ‘might have life, and have it more abundantly;’ let us ask him to

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revive his work in our souls. * * * We must look after 'the little foxes that spoil the vines;' and we must be willing to have small and great sins crucified and slain. If we do not return to God, we may make it necessary that he should *chastise* us back. But O, let us go to Him at once, and he will receive us through Christ. You ask me to tell you how to come to Christ. I trust, dear Alice, you know by experience. Repeat the surrender of yourself to Him. Go as a guilty, self-condemned, penitent, but not despairing sinner; just as 'she who touched him in the press, and healing virtue stole,' and your success is certain.

"In a state of mind, in 1823, somewhat similar to yours, I found the frequent reading of the second and third chapters of Jeremiah much blessed to me. I have written plainly to you, my dear Alice;

but I trust no apology is necessary. I would take to my own heart the same advice I have given you. And while I hope still to remember you in my prayers, I trust you will remember me in yours; and do select some impenitent friends to pray for particularly. It will do you good. I hope your health is better, and that we may meet on the Sabbath.

“Yours, affectionately,

“M. C. G.”

TO THE SAME.

Written in 1856 from Wapanucka.

“FOR ALICE ONLY.

“Sept., 28th.—Who, my dear Alice, would ever have thought you would want a little bit *all to yourself*? But here it is. Yet when you have so much advice from

the pulpit, and in other ways, what can I say? I can repeat some of Paul's injunctions, 'Set your affections on things above.' 'Pray without ceasing.' 'In every thing give thanks.' 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom,' &c. Read and *study*, Rom. 12; and 1 Cor. 13; and forget not the exhortation of James, 'Be ye *doers* of the Word, and not *hearers only*.' Avoid light reading. It may not *always*, under *some circumstances* be wrong to read a work of fiction; but to read such books *frequently*, and especially to the neglect of the Bible, will sooner or later, be a great injury to a Christian; especially is the example pernicious to younger Christians, and to the unconverted. I often think of what Henry Martyn says in his diary; it is to this effect: whenever he was more interested in any book than in the Bible,

he closed it, and took up that best of books, and read till his declining interest was re-kindled. I hope you go to some female prayer-meeting. I think it will be for your profit; and you and Mary can often converse on religious experience, which perhaps, may be profitable,—especially if it lead you away from yourselves to Christ; for we are in danger of making our *experience* a Saviour, or living upon frames and feelings rather than upon *Christ*. In the Presbyterian Magazine for June, there is a very good piece on ‘religious declension,’ which it would be well to read. E. G. takes the magazine. All of us have occasion to keep very near to God, and to sit down at the feet of Christ, to learn of him and to be strengthened by him; for ‘without him we can do nothing.’

That you may daily ‘grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ,’ and

while you 'feed the lambs,' be yourself nourished from his fullness, is the prayer of

"Yours, very affectionately,

"M. C. G."

EXTRACT.

"Dear —, excuse me if I say I am sorry that you feel 'dreadfully' about those matters. I would rather hear that your will is so bowed to the will of God that you have not an unpleasant feeling. Will you not pray and strive to *overcome* what now troubles you? You know the great promises to 'him that *overcometh*,' see Rev. 2: 17; and 3d chap. 5, 12, and 21st verses. You will not be offended, dear M. I know with my plainness. I have long wanted to say something, because I feared you did not feel quite

right, and I know you could not *enjoy* religion so well, if any unkind feeling was harbored towards any one. I think I should have spoken before,—I know well enough what must be very *trying* to you,—but we must *bear* and *forbear* and *forgive*. I wish you would talk with Mrs. C. on the subject; for she is so remarkable for a meek and quiet spirit, that she is a pattern for us all. I often find my impetuosity checked by her gentleness. I am glad you enjoy calling on her. She is a dear woman, and a faithful and bountiful friend to me. * * * Love to ——. Tell her to set you a good example.”

Many more of her letters to her class had we transcribed; but let these suffice. They show that she was an earnest worker; that putting aside the natural desire to

be *agreeable* to those young persons who came under her influence, she sought rather to lead them onward and upward. That they in return became sincerely attached to her is certain. Among her papers is a letter from a member of her class, written upon learning that she must part with Miss Greenleaf, as she too truly foreboded, to see her no more on earth. It is full of genuine pathos, discovering a love and gratitude, strong to intensity. "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

In that delicate and difficult duty of giving reproof;—difficult, because that degree of departure from the simplicity which is in Christ, which implies the necessity of reproof, implies also that the mind is in no good state to receive it, Miss Greenleaf's manner was doubtless often surpassed by that of her

mother. Eminent to a proverb, for her charity, which was a counterpart of the apostle's description, it was said of Mrs. Greenleaf, that she could reprove without giving offence, an attainment which her daughter did not always reach. We find the following entry in Miss Greenleaf's journal.

“Made two attempts to do good. One well received. The other occasioned an outburst of passion from several young church members. But they have since appeared better, and I trust good will yet result, as I felt it to be an imperious duty to administer reproof.”

Which of the angry ones it was who soon after did her “an unexpected kindness,” does not appear.

The following extract from a letter to a choice friend gives her opinion

upon an important subject;—an opinion carried out fully in her practice.

“You ask me, my dear friend, to point out some of your deficiencies. Alas! I have so many myself, that you may well exclaim, ‘Physician, heal thyself.’ How then can I speak of others? Ought I not first to cast the *beam* out of my own eye—before attempting to pull *motes* out of others? Yet since you have requested it, and promised to love and thank me for it, I will venture to say, that I have thought my dear—— paid too much attention to *ornament* in dress, and spent too much money for such articles as were strictly *ornamental*. While the heathen world are perishing for lack of vision, it has long seemed to me that Christians should exercise more self-

denial, that they might give more liberally to the treasury of the Lord. Although I know it is difficult to say just how much they should expend on themselves, how much their rank in society renders proper, yet it seems to me, they ought generally, to dispense with *jewels* and such trinkets, and thus show to the world that their affections are on better things. I do not mean to advocate *negligence* in dress, but only a *plain, neat, cheap* style—not such as to appear singular, and attract notice; but such an one as would be the happy medium between negligence and extravagance. Now, my dear ——, I shall expect for this plainness of speech that you will repay me in the same coin—and tell me of my own more prominent defects—as I shall certainly expect. I wish it and shall hope to profit by it.”

Both Mrs. and Miss Greenleaf felt called at times to admonish those near and dear to them. Giving reproof was a duty which they neither sought nor avoided, and the writer, who has more than once received of this "excellent oil," at their hands, can testify that they gave it in a most faithful, affectionate, and convincing manner; not from the love of it, but because they could not turn out of the narrow way to avoid a cross. They found, as every Christian may find, that "the way of the hardest duty is the way of the fullest comfort." Mrs. Greenleaf's special mission however, seemed to be to give religious counsel and encouragement rather than rebuke. Her pleasant sunny parlor was the resort of old and young, of persons differing in rank and religious creed, in each of whom she took a

warm interest.* Her prayers ascended for each, individually. Her cheerful, loving spirit diffused around her an Indian-summer atmosphere. Her words refreshed like the dew or the summer shower. Her thorough understanding and deep experimental acquaintance with the doctrines of grace,—her tact at drawing out, and making herself acquainted with the heart-wants of her guests, and supplying those wants from the gospel fountain;—these were some of the sources of her influence. The tide of company usually ebbed at evening. Then it was very pleasant to spend an hour or two by the side of the small wood fire, listening to the conversation of that mother in Israel, whose thoughts were all of heavenly things. She had some

* Appendix, note A.

remarkable conversion to relate, which had recently come to her knowledge, or sought to ascertain the state of heart of her young relative or friend, or insinuated her wise and Christian counsels; or she had some excellent letter or two recently received, to proffer; which last, being not so attractive as her own words, could be evaded by a show of needle-work.

Upon her daughter necessarily devolved the household labor, and a part of the pecuniary support of the family. In Mary's domestic arrangements, the most perfect order and propriety reigned. Every thing seemed done in the right time and manner, yet none could tell when or how. Her mother's increasing deafness rendered her presence in the parlor desirable. She was usually at hand; ever ready to supply facts, and correct slight mistakes occasioned by Mrs. G's imperfect hearing.

She was never in the way, however close or confidential the conversation grew, being one who inspired instant and entire confidence. She was never long without some added care,—a public school, one or two pupils, or a boarder. She quietly put aside all sympathy in view of these, and similar efforts; saying once in the case of a young lady then staying with her, that her society more than compensated for the trouble. In that and other instances, this temporary residence was the commencement of a life-long friendship. Her patience and gentleness in teaching and voluntarily aiding in their studies, and in needle-work, those who, unlike herself, were slow, unskillful, unambitious, was very noticeable.

Her manner of performing her various duties, was as agreeable as the number and amount of them was surprising.

“Without haste, without rest,” they were accomplished. Her step was quick, but never noisy. There was a sweet composure in her countenance. If you saw her at church, or chapel, it seemed to assist your own religious enjoyment. You felt that she was feeding in “green pastures, and beside still waters.” I have sometimes seen a quiet smile steal over her features in the sanctuary, and have thought I would give something to know what was the (innocent) train of thought which called it up.

Although her mother could not hear the preached Word, yet when able, she always went to the house of God. Upon her return, Mary was expected to go over the public services in their order. So much did this exercise strengthen her memory, that she came to repeat the sermon almost verbatim; she gave the lead-

ing petitions in each prayer, and found for her mother the hymns. If upon her return from the evening lecture, Mrs. Greenleaf had already gone to rest, this was an early exercise upon awaking the next morning.

In reviewing the numerous manuscripts and selections Miss Greenleaf has left behind, abstracts of sermons, and lectures, scrap-books, society account-books, journal, record of mercies, letters; we are reminded of the words of Coleridge:—

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.”

Love to Jesus, and the souls he came to save, was the divinely enkindled flame to which all within, around, above, and below her ministered.

From her letters to one of the four young ladies mentioned as forming the first praying circle of which she was a member, we extract enough to intimate the daily course of her thoughts and life; reluctantly withholding much that would be interesting to those who knew and loved her; but might weary the general reader. We withhold also her constant allusions to friends then out of Christ. Speaking of these in the third person, she yet never fails to expostulate with them, and to entreat them to despise a portion in this world, for the charms of that incorruptible, eternal inheritance which is offered freely to all.

“ *February 1st, 1827.*—The farther I advance in the Divine life, (if I advance at all), the more important does it seem to possess *deep* views of the evil of sin, of

the malignity of its character, and its odiousness in the sight of God; and a heart *truly humbled* for sin, is an attainment in religion which I think I desire above all others, though it is one perhaps, in which I am most deficient. Do, dear Mary, pray for me, that I may be really *contrite in heart*,—then surely, I shall love the Saviour more, and serve him better. Oh! to walk with God,—what happiness! what a privilege! Dear Mary, shall we not walk more simply by faith, and less by sight, as we journey to that better country ‘where our best friends, our kindred dwell, where God our Saviour reigns?’ ”

“ *March, 25th.*—When I tell you I have not written my brother for nearly three months, and but two letters in that time, you will suppose I could not well write

you sooner. But if, amid the numerous cares and labors through which Providence calls me to pass, I may but serve God faithfully, and act from a single eye to his glory, it is all I can desire. I sometimes imagine a little more leisure would be more favorable to progress in religion. But I suspect this is all a mistake,—for the grand obstacle is in my *heart*, and not in outward circumstances.

“Do, dear Mary, pray for *our* physicians and lawyers *every* day. O! if they should become decided Christians, what a powerful influence would they exert! But we want all classes, *every body* to be converted. I hope you will muster up all the intelligence you can get in Boston, respecting the various efforts to do good. Tell us about their Missionary exertions. Have you ever attended any of their Societies? Mrs. Emerson, with her usual

benevolence, has been filling a box for the Sandwich Islands. But we do far less for the heathen than we ought. O, could we glance into the miserable *eternity*, into which they drop every day, while we are enjoying a luxury of religious privileges, surely our compassion would be more strongly exerted; and we should not think much of all that is now doing for their benefit, but should make far greater efforts. O! may we, my friend, do all we can for souls around, and souls everywhere; nor cease from our labors till called to our eternal home.

“ We must resign our *temporal* interests, as well as those which are spiritual, to God. He will provide all that is needful for us,—and in the best way too. I often think it strange, that those who can trust their *souls* with God, can be unreasonably anxious about *temporal* supplies. We need

faith, strong faith in God, to support us through every trial and disappointment.”

“ *August 24th.*—As it is your desire to be useful, you must leave it with God to choose in what way. I have often found, when I have been very desirous of being useful, that some *self-denying* duty was soon presented,—and if I could only perform it with cheerfulness and fidelity, it seemed to be a way of honoring God. This is, as you say, ‘a busy world.’ I often think of the injunction, ‘Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’ These must all be combined, or we discharge but part of our duty.”

“ *November 16th.*

“MY EVER DEAR MARY,

“If my *thoughts* never followed you any oftener than I write a letter, you

might reasonably strike me from your list of friends. But this is not the case,—often are you in my thoughts, while my hands are busily employed about necessary duties.

“I wish you could hear our excellent minister. I think you would be very much pleased with him. His *name* does not describe his character—for humility seems a prominent feature in it; and you know how lovely this grace is. A prayerful spirit too, seems apparent in him. His natural disposition is amiable and affectionate, and I cannot but hope he is sent here to gather in a harvest of souls to Christ. 'Tis true a minister may do his duty faithfully, and yet see little fruit of his labors, if his church remain asleep. And O! dear Mary, I cannot tell you that our church is awake.

“This afternoon, some of the church

meet for prayer at Mrs. ——'s. May a blessing follow! Ma' is gone,—but it seems needful for me to remain at home; but if I feel aright, I can join them in heart.

“The singing school which you attend, must be very pleasant and instructive. You must try to tutor us when you come home,—for indeed we need it very much. Never have I missed your dear father's delightful voice so much as since Mr. Boyd left us.”

“*April 7th, 1828.*—I fear our Sabbath school will be attended separately this summer, although a majority of the teachers wish it to be united with the other societies, who still attend at the court house. I am decidedly in favor of going to the court house, because I think the general good of the school will be promoted thereby.

“The Sabbath school has been a great bond of union between the churches; and I am afraid a separation will promote that narrow, contracted, party feeling, which has prevailed so much in this town. However, I wish to leave the matter with God; and wherever we meet, if we go with a right spirit, God grant we have a blessing. I think of going down to the South school this summer, as well as to the other, if that school should be continued.”

“*June 15th.*—I conclude you did not expect to see me in Boston last Sabbath. I could not see the path of duty to be there; and several circumstances which occurred that week, convinced me more fully that God did not call me from home. Ma’ still talks of my going, after her return,—but I think it very doubtful

whether I do; though I must confess, I do earnestly long to hear Dr. Beecher. But I could not expect a blessing on his preaching if I should go out of the sphere Providence had assigned me, merely to gratify myself.

“Your visit, dear Mary, was so short, that I hardly seemed to have any time with you. Well, this is a world of change and separation; and if we may only meet in our Father’s house above, it will be enough. We must not depend on any created comfort. It is God who must supply our souls.

“I saw last week a young lady from Portsmouth, who spent last Sabbath in Boston, and heard Dr. B. preach in the morning. She had a copy of the hymn which was sung, and she read some notes of his sermon, which were very excellent. I think it must have been a most inter-

esting Sabbath, and I acknowledge that I felt a momentary regret that I was not there to enjoy it,—but it was *but momentary*, so satisfied was I that I did right in staying at home.”

“ *September 14th.*—We have at last succeeded in establishing a weekly meeting for prayer in our church especially for a revival. Mr. Proudfit wished to have such a meeting, and there seems to be a spirit of prayer in them, and I cannot but hope a revival will be granted us. Since it is not for our sake, but for his own name’s sake that God builds up his church; I trust he is about to make a display of the sovereignty and freeness of his grace even here, where iniquity abounds so much. I have felt this hope more strongly for some weeks past; and though I have heard of but two conver-

sions since, I cannot relinquish it,—for why should a spirit of prayer for this object be excited in any breast, if God does not intend to answer it? Do ask some of the Boston Christians to pray for us. Mr. Proudfit recently requested the church to pray particularly for the *young*. Indeed, it is very important that they should be brought in.

“O! Mary, what a fearful doom awaits all who in this gospel land, reject the Saviour! O, did they feel it, they could not rest a moment without flying to Christ for refuge; and did we realize it, we could not cease entreating them not to destroy their own souls. O, when shall we live as becomes souls redeemed? Let us earnestly strive for more likeness to our Saviour.”

“*April 5th.*—I hope I shall not enjoy

your visit too much in *anticipation*, as I am very prone to do. Indeed, our joy in every thing of this kind should be chastened by a thousand considerations. * *

To-day, we have had the most interesting Sabbath school we have ever known. I think it likely, however, that you may have enjoyed the same delightful spectacle in your Sabbath school on a previous Sabbath. I refer to two Indian boys whom Mrs. Barnes has under her care. It was delightful to hear them sing, recite answers, read, and one of them conclude with a prayer in his native tongue. Their instructress gave some account of the state of things among the Indians, which was very encouraging. It was indeed, reprov- ing to us to see the improvement one had made in a year, the other in a year and a half. I cannot but hope that their coming into the school to-day, will serve as a

stimulus both to teachers and children,—for our school has been so very uninteresting of late, that I have doubted whether any good at all could be effected by it. But I will hope for better days respecting it: and if I can only be excited to do *my* duty, it will be *one* step towards improvement.

“ I have commenced attending Mr. Wilbur’s astronomical lectures, in which I am highly interested. How like an *atom* this world appears, when we consider the numerous other worlds which exist! And yet how consoling to the believer in Jesus, is the fact, that while God is so great a Being, he still notices his disciples with peculiar regard, and not the smallest insect is disregarded by him, since he created them all.

“ The first evening, after having seen several diagrams, that line of the poet

came with peculiar force to my mind:—

‘The skies he formed, and yet he bled for me.’

“How infinite the condescension of our Redeemer! and if we may by faith, call him *ours*, can we ever complain at the loss of any *created* good? I thought I should not last week,—and yet before many days were past, I was inwardly murmuring at trifles,—so strangely inconsistent am I!”

“*March 7th*, 1830.—Don’t forget the Indians at this interesting period. I hope they will not be driven from their lands.”

“*December 26th*.—I do not wonder it seemed strange to you to think of me as engaged in a school. At first it was strange to myself,—but in a short time

I found its duties, though extremely fatiguing, familiar and pleasant. I became so much attached to the dear children, that it was hard to part with them. I entered on the employment under many discouragements,—and the first week I thought if I succeeded, it would be almost a *miracle*. But God, who I trust called me to the service, encouraged and strengthened me beyond my expectations. Though often cast down with a sense of my own deficiencies, and the waywardness of my scholars, I did not despair; and I cannot but hope some good was done, even by so worthless an instrument. I found less difficulty with the parents and managers than I expected;* and when I closed the school, had abundant reason to sing of the merey of God. It will probably be resumed in May.

* It was an Infant School.

“The last week my attention has been directed particularly to the wants of the American Education Society. I have, with the assistance of others, collected forty dollars, to constitute Mr. Proudfit an honorary member for life,—so you see I have not laid aside my old business of begging. Indeed, it is delightful to be employed in the service of Christ; though but as ‘a hewer of wood, or drawer of water,’—and he always does more than I expected, when I undertake any thing for him. My dear M., do you not find that the more you give yourself up to his service, the greater is your enjoyment? And if we were not so reluctant to be *wholly* his, should we not have larger measures of that peace of God, which was the Saviour’s bequest to his disciples?

“It seems a very long time since I heard from S——. When you write give

her my love, and assure her I do not forget her. Tell her, at eight o'clock Saturday evenings, I think particularly of her, and hope I am then remembered in her prayers. You, dear M., do not forget that hour."

In April, 1831, Miss Greenleaf visited the Infant schools in Boston, to gain information respecting the best method of conducting them. In July she writes:—

"I must not keep any longer from the point at which I aim, which is to tell you that we now *have a revival of religion* in the midst of us. We have long *hoped* for it,—we may now safely say *it has commenced with power*. The four days' meetings were interesting and solemn in the highest degree. I can scarcely conceive of any more so. An unction from

the Holy One seemed to have descended on every one of the ministers who were here, (about twenty in number), and while they spake to the outward ear, God spake to the *heart*. On the third evening, all who ever wished to have religion were invited to tarry, after the others had retired, for a few remarks,—when about half the congregation remained. The fourth day an inquiry meeting was appointed in the chapel, morning and afternoon, before public service, where from two to three hundred assembled. Prayer-meetings were held every day between the ringing of the bells; numerous notes were sent in, requesting prayers for unconverted friends, which were very striking. One of them was peculiarly so. It was this,—‘A formal professor requests your prayers that he may be brought to repentance this day.’

Another,—‘ A husband and wife, in deep distress of mind, request your prayers.’

“ At our inquiry meeting Sabbath evening, there were about a hundred. The meetings are crowded, and such stillness and solemnity pervades the assembly as I never saw here before. Indeed, I never saw such a time, and many who recollect the revival here thirty years since, say this is much more powerful and extensive. I heard to-day of the awakening of one man, who opposed the four days’ meeting, and would not attend. Another merchant, who though not opposed, felt too indifferent to go, was impressed by the text from which Mr. Cheever preached last Sabbath, ‘ Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.’ I trust this is but the beginning of the revival. Your good Dr. Beecher seemed more excellent than ever. How can any one doubt that

the love of Christ constrains him to love immortal souls! I could not but hope the ministers who labored so abundantly here, would be rewarded by seeing the work of the Lord prosper more remarkably among their own people.

“I have had a hoarse cold for several weeks; and for about a week could speak only in a whisper, and could not sing a note,—but I kept my school though very feeble. The managers have removed all from the school who were more than six years old; so that I have but sixty-eight now,—have had about ninety. Pray much that I may have grace to be faithful to these young immortals.

“I do not forget eight o'clock Saturday evenings. I wish you to remember particularly at that time, my father. ‘Is any thing too hard for the Lord?’ Ma’ sends love. Has abundance to do; as

inquirers call almost every hour in the day.”

“ *November 18th.*—My school has occupied a large portion of my time, and various domestic duties, which I must perform, hurry me all the time. I had, it is true, one half day given me from my school, and had many engagements planned for that. But the proposal to collect thirty dollars for the Massachusetts Missionary Society was made to me by the agent,—and how could I refuse thus to aid the cause of Christ? Accordingly, that half day and another, was devoted to this object. My school closed twelve days since. The week after, was the time to make the annual collection for the Missionary Association,—and then, again I set out on a collecting tour. This, with finishing my carpet, and much house-work,

attending meetings, &c., has so occupied me, that I have frequently felt at the close of the day, even more fatigued than when I have kept school; so you will see that it was not idleness which has hindered me from writing.

“The precious revival we have enjoyed here still progresses; though it is feared, not so rapidly. I cannot bear the idea of a decline. Indeed, I think Christians have *not* declined in their spirit of prayer, and cannot but believe we shall yet see greater things than these. At the close of the meeting in Belleville, two or three hundred remained as inquirers.

“I could not part with my infant charge without some regret. O! that they may all belong to that little flock to whom the Father will give the kingdom. Only to think of the sufferings of the dear Missionaries among the Indians. But God has

supported them wonderfully. How abundant is his grace!”

“*July 20th, 1832.*—During the winter and spring, my father was sick all the time, and has not now recovered his health. My school has been much fuller than usual. I have had but one assistant; and ma’ has been very feeble, so that I have had my hands filled to *overflowing*. I could only speak to you in my *heart*, and remember you when at the mercy-seat. But my dear friend, as you inquire, I would not have my lot altered; nor would I wish to sit down in ease, and dream away life,—satisfied as I am that ‘wisdom and mercy guide my way;’ and that the smallest event is controlled by these glorious attributes of God. But I must lament, that though my time is so fully occupied, I do not fulfill my duties

with that spirit of holy zeal and benevolence which ought to actuate me, and have hourly need of a fresh application of 'the blood of sprinkling,' to pardon my numberless transgressions and short comings.

"I agree with you perfectly in the sentiment, that if Christians were always engaged, there would be a continual descent of the Holy Spirit around. If we keep near to God, he will not forsake us. We go from him, ere he departs from us.

"I hope you still remember Saturday evenings; and though the answer to our particular request then has been long delayed, I trust it will come in God's good time; for I cannot think with some, that believing prayer is always answered *immediately*,—for wise reasons the answer may be long delayed; but we shall know hereafter that it was best it should be so."

“*December 31st, 1833.*—Much out of door business devolves upon me at this season of the year, in addition to which I have been so crowded with sewing, that I have been obliged to labor with all my might to fulfill promises, so that no reproach may be cast on the religion of Christ.

“I left my school about the middle of October, and do not expect to resume it again; for with such impaired health as I possessed last summer, I could not think of laboring so hard again; and besides, I feel it my duty to be at home as much as possible, to render ma’s declining years more easy and comfortable.”

That Miss Greenleaf accomplished so much, was due in part to her simplicity of plan and arrangement; to her quickness of execution, and great activity, and to

her just appreciation of the value of time and opportunity. With her there were few *intervals*—those interstices through which so many precious moments slip away. One duty was so fitted and conjoined to the succeeding, that the outline of her day formed a perfect and connected whole.

Doubtless the motive and main-spring of this activity, was that fervent, entire self-consecration to her Redeemer, which was known by its effects. She distinguished, perhaps unconsciously, in temporal matters between the needful and the desirable. She contented herself with the former. All the rest, in time and means was given to the outward and spiritual wants of her neighbor, to Christ and his cause.

She had never time for mere amusements, for personal adornment, for calls

and visits of ceremony. The only panorama which she ever visited, was that of Jerusalem, which was exhibited in Boston, just as she was leaving New England for the mission station at Wapanucka. She very rarely attended the Lyceum, or even the musical concert, although delighting in sacred music, and for many years a member of the choir.

Another secret of her usefulness was self-negation. She had not that sensitiveness, that consciousness of being seen, which often prevents Christian women from acting at the right moment. Ever humble, modest and discreet, yet when an emergency came, or a generous impulse stirred her, instead of deliberating, she acted.

Her thoughts and reasonings were often equally prompt. They were so rapid as to seem like intuitions. Her reply to

a dear friend who had been in a long and sad state of despondency, fearing that she was not a Christian, shows this. Her friend doubted whether she had any warrant to approach the throne of grace—whether her prayers would not be accounted sin. Mary quoted to her the words of our Lord in Matt. 7 : 7. “But,” replied she, “these words of invitation are all addressed to Christians.” “We are not to knock,” was the instant rejoinder, “after we are already *in* the kingdom, are we?” This simple reply, uttered in her forcible, assured manner, at once brought light and hope, and the dark shadow passed away. Ah, how often would as natural a reply, as slight an effort or the part of a Christian, heal a long wounded heart, or pierce a stony one, were we on the watch for the fitting time and opportunity.

But often when the right moment comes, our own hearts are so cold, that we shrink from the attempt, and the moment, the opportunity flies. It is hard to realize, that even in heaven some of us will not weep,—when separated by a whole eternity of bliss, from those once near and dear, whom we never lifted a finger to save.”

CHAPTER III.

“ Musing of all my Father’s love,
(How sweet it is!)
Methought I heard a gentle voice—
‘ Child, here’s a cup,—
I’ve mixed it,—drink it up.’ ”
“ My heart did sink,—I could no more rejoice.”

“ ‘ O Father, must it be? ’
‘ Yes, child, it must; ’
‘ Then give the needed medicine,
Be by my side,
Only thy face don’t hide:
I’ll drink it all,—it must be good,—’tis Thine.’ ”
English Tract.

IN 1833 the health of her father continued to decline, and during the following Spring he was visibly sinking. The morning of his death, while her hands were busily occupied with domestic duties, she found the tears raining over her face. She was in anguish of spirit, pleading for the soul of her father. He had break-

fasted as usual, and she had assisted him to his room, and left him to repose. When she returned at the close of fifteen minutes, he was dead! It was a severe shock. Her pale, agitated look as she entered the gateway leading to the residence of her uncle, Dr. Dana, next door, told at once the tale of distress. He returned with her. In such an hour, the voice of prayer brings the only consolation.

Those who knew Miss Greenleaf intimately, felt that she loved her father tenderly. "The silence of a life-time more eloquent than" speech, was one token of this love. The deep, abiding grief which succeeded his death, is best explained by reference to her own record of the sad event, dated April, 1852.

"Alas! my father's dying day, June

9th, 1834. What a day was that to me!

* * * * I almost wonder that I did not lose my reason; but the Almighty arm sustained me, and I did not sink, although my grief was inexpressible; and I fear my heart was rebellious, because he left no *evidence* of a change of heart, though he was *softened* and *subdued* and *convicted*. How different the faith of my dear mother. The idol of her heart * * lay dead,—but she had *faith in God*, that the prayers offered by herself, and numerous Christian friends, were answered, and that he was saved at the eleventh hour. How calm was she! And I had to restrain my grief, and attend to the many things to be done, previous to his interment. The next day, after a sleepless night, my dear mother was so overcome by numerous visitors, that she was obliged to retire to her bed, while the funeral solemnities

were performed. My brother was nearly one hundred and fifty miles off,—and I was the only *mourner* that followed his remains, although a respectable procession was formed. But O! the want of sympathy evinced! How chilling to my *bleeding* heart! * * * My dear mother and I, finding *no one* entered into our feelings, concluded to sympathise with each other,—and not to seek sympathy from friends. Even she could not know the *bitterness* of my sorrow; for *she* hoped he was saved. I was mourning for his lost *soul*. In two years I thought it best to remove the outward badges of mourning,—but for three years I continued at times, to water my couch with tears on his account. At the end of that period I was enabled to leave him entirely with God; and in about eight years, I felt rebuked for my unbelief and ingratitude. And though I

have not written this record without many tears, I trust they are only tears of filial affection, not of rebellion. ‘ Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? ’ and shall I not rejoice that He reigns, and will do all things well ? ”

It would seem from this statement, that her friends were almost unfeeling ; but when we consider the strength and depth of her filial tenderness, which demanded a corresponding depth of sympathy, it is not surprising that under the circumstances, they could not, in outward expression, satisfy the yearnings of her heart. One of the disadvantages of our present imperfect state, is the constant liability to misunderstand, and be misunderstood. The following extract from a letter written at the time, somewhat modifies the view she has given above, both of her own

unbelief, and their short comings. It is addressed to Miss Mary S. She says:—

“As it regards the state of Pa’s mind, he was surprisingly softened on religious subjects. He studied the Bible daily, and attentively; received the advice of numerous Christian friends, with kindness, prayed for himself, and asked Uncle Dana, when he visited him, to pray with him. I had several conversations with him on the necessity of preparation for death, which he received with deep emotion, as his tears evinced. He acknowledged the importance of preparation for death, complained of his stupidity, and I verily thought the Spirit of God had begun a good work in his soul; but whether he was truly converted, I cannot say;—and *this* uncertainty was that bitter ingredient in this cup of affliction, which has pierced me through

and through with many sorrows. Not that I do not feel willing to leave him in the hands of God, for I trust I do; and would by no means alter what God has done. My heart, I think I can truly say, lies quietly in the hands of God, though it bleeds at every pore. For the last two weeks of his life, I can never describe the anguish I endured for the salvation of his soul. I thought I could fully understand what is meant by 'travailing in birth' for the soul. For a few hours before his decease, I suffered more intensely than ever,—and was praying almost *incessantly* for him; although I supposed, I should have many more days to spend in the same manner. Our Christian friends, during the revival, had a great spirit of prayer for him. Whether God saw best to answer these prayers, and conceal it from us, we cannot tell,—and I desire to bow submis-

sively to his holy will ; assured that he saw it needful thus deeply to afflict us ; ‘ not for his pleasure, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness.’ It is my earnest desire that we may rightly improve this dispensation of Providence ; nor do I ever wish to feel less the value of the soul, and the emptiness of earth, than I now do. I feel that I have had very inadequate conceptions of the soul’s infinite value ; although I have thought I realized it in some degree. But when I stood on the verge of eternity, with so near a friend about to launch into it, and the whole business of life crowded into so short a space, then I felt it as I never did before,—and I resolved I would tell every one, who had an impenitent friend, to *besiege* the throne of grace night and day, that such might be saved before the last hour. But ‘ the heart ’ you know,

‘is deceitful above all things’—and I only fear that I shall relapse into the same lukewarm state in which I have lived. Help me, my dear Mary by your prayers, to avoid such a sad decline ; for if I am unaided by *Divine grace*, I feel that this would be the inevitable result. You know, as you say, by experience, how to feel for me in this affliction. When your beloved parents died, I thought I sympathized with you ; but never till the hand of God touched me, did I know how to do so. But I have dwelt so long on this painful theme, I fear I have wearied you. You know how natural it is to dwell on our sorrows. But I hope I shall not forget the cause of Christ, and the welfare of others. The delightful shower of Divine influence, with which we have been refreshed the past season, has passed over, but the good effects remain.”

In this time of overwhelming grief, the life of her mother, now seventy years of age, was seriously threatened. But God, who "stayeth his rough wind, in the day of the east wind," mercifully spared her yet seventeen years. Differing in age and relative position, differing in many natural characteristics, yet in hopes, and heart and interest they were one. Mary took a daughter's place so humbly, was so plastic under her mother's forming hand, entered into all her plans and views so heartily, that it would be difficult were it desirable, to sever in the narration, these two lives so closely interwoven.

In the autumn of 1836, they visited together the son and brother, then settled at Andover, Maine, enjoying upon the way, a delightful communion Sabbath in Portland, at the church of Dr. Vaill, formerly under the pastoral care of Dr.

Payson. We must give the reader a part of the letter which describes this, then formidable, journey; albeit Miss Greenleaf's simple faith in the efficacy of the prayers of a few feeble women may provoke some smiles.

“ November 3d, 1836.

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ Could I use my pen and needle at the same time, you would have had a letter from me long ere this.

“ We reached Portland on Saturday, and were cordially received by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, and their children, and remained with them till Tuesday. On Monday morning mother and I called on a few old friends; afternoon attended the female Missionary Society,—evening the monthly concert. Wednesday morning we

got into the Andover stage, (alias a milk-cart), and over hill and dale, with one passenger beside us, who scarcely spoke a word, we reached the tavern in Andover. My brother drove up just as we stopped. We rode to his little cottage, and found a minister and his wife, from the next town, and some friends passing the afternoon. We could hardly realize that we were safely there. We passed two weeks with them, in which time I went with my brother to an ordination at Dixfield, twenty-two miles from Andover, and rode round a good deal. We found religion very low there,—the crops had been destroyed by early frost. My brother's salary was inadequate to his support; so that he was almost ready to leave, but ma' persuaded the females to meet for prayer; and before we left, there seemed to be some tokens for good. Since our return,

some of the impenitent have been awakened, and the state of the church is more encouraging. We reached our own 'sweet home,' just twenty-six days from the time we left. We had most abundant cause of gratitude to our heavenly Father for his constant care of us. Nothing unpleasant occurred to mar our enjoyment. Ma's health was comfortable, friends kind, and we could only say, that goodness and mercy followed us all the way. My own health and spirits are excellent. I hope ma' will be better all winter for this delightful excursion.

“There was one remark in your last letter to me, some months since, to which I have wished to refer, to correct the very erroneous opinion you have formed of me. It was such a mistake, that I instantly erased it with my pen. It was comparing me to that devoted saint, Harlan Page.

Ah, my dear friend, did you know how unfaithfully I serve the best of masters, you would feel that I was not worthy to 'unloose the shoe-latchet' of Harlan Page. So do not say or think so of me again; for it is a great mistake. Sometimes I think I should like to be such a Christian; but if so, why am I not? Is not the same Fountain open from which I may draw supplies? Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? No,—but I draw back,—I content myself with a few feeble efforts and cold prayers. But I fear I shall chill you if I go on at this rate.

“You have heard of the melancholy death of captain S—— L——, and his cousin A. I hope it will be sanctified to our church. Mr. Stearns says, *we must have a revival*, and while he wishes us to feel our absolute dependence on the Holy Spirit for it, he also enforces the duty of

the church to labor and pray for it. The church seem a little more engaged,—though far from that spirit which we ought to possess. Two little girls in our Sabbath school hope they have recently been converted.”

In March, 1837, she writes:—

“There is no breathing of the Holy Spirit perceptible on our school now; nor have Mr. Stearns’ wishes with regard to a revival been realized as yet. A few secret inquirers ask the way of life,—but the multitude sleep on. In other places, however, it is good to hear of revivals.

“Have you read the letters from Mr. Champion, which have appeared in the two last Records? I long to send out some frocks and aprons for those Zulu children; and were there not three or

four societies who are just now trying to scrape up all the loose coins for their various objects, I think I should try to do something in this way immediately. I am to set out this week to collect the money for the Missionary Association; and as the times here are very pressing, fear I shall not get much."

Thanksgiving afternoon, she gives some reasons for the infrequency of her letters.

"Two boarders for six months, and their friends from out of town to entertain, together with our own, and every item of house-work to perform myself, together with needle-work, renders me always busy, and often excessively hurried.

"O! if we could always trust in Him, and not be afraid, we should never be

disappointed. 'He abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself.'

"I have never felt at liberty to speak of your sister's noble donation to the Tract Society till now. But finding that it is no longer a secret, I am glad to say to you how much I was rejoiced at the liberal spirit she possessed. If all Christians would venture out with so much faith, and devise and execute such liberal things, how soon would the Treasury of the Lord be filled; and how many souls now perishing, might be rescued from eternal woe! I never read of the success of the volume enterprise, without thinking of S——'s donation. She will never suffer for the want of that sum. God will supply all her need; and I have no doubt will abundantly reward her for her labor of love."

The next marked change in Miss Greenleaf's hitherto un-eventful life, occurred in 1839, when they removed to a part of the mansion built many years previously by her grandfather, captain Coombs. At the time of its erection, the location was deemed a highly desirable one. The West India trade was flourishing; ships of light burden lined the wharves opposite; and all was life and animation within and around it. Mrs. Greenleaf, now in age and feebleness returning, had been as eldest daughter, the bestower of alms, the giver of household comforts to the poor. Now, all was reversed. The house had become old. The ample and beautiful garden, the pride and delight of her father, had gone to decay. Sadder than all,

“They who with smiles lit up one hall,
And cheered with songs one hearth,”

they too had gone. The thought of returning there could not but be painful to Mrs. Greenleaf; and it was so. Long before, her daughter with her usual practical good sense, perceived that it was very desirable to make the change, but remarked that she found it so trying a subject to her mother, she had resolved to say nothing further about it. Now, however, her mother saw the necessity and acquiesced. Her house and the neighborhood were parted with forever. Mary never spoke of the trial to herself, so intent was she upon softening it to her mother. Mrs. Greenleaf, a part of whose nature it was to find the bright side of an object or character, very soon expressed deep gratitude to God, that she had not once experienced the anticipated gloom. She remarked to her friends, "There hangs the portrait of my dear sister Mrs. D.,

and I think of those that are gone. I have many pleasant hours in recalling past scenes and occurrences."* To cheer her still more, new doors of usefulness opened around her. Mary had found her way to the chamber of poverty and sickness, and had been kindly received, and her assistance gratefully accepted. She was one day found by a friend at a house occupied by an Irish family, where a little girl had broken her arm. Miss Greenleaf was supporting the child, while the doctor set the bone.

Some pious women living in the neighborhood, instinctively gathered around the new comers. One of these was accustomed to resort to Miss Greenleaf, both to plan and to execute those little missions in the circle of her acquaintance which their spiritual wants demanded. Thus, when

* Appendix, Note B.

a young mother, from care of her infant had acquired the habit of staying away from church, Mrs. A. sought counsel of her neighbor. Her own words designate Miss Greenleaf's mode of proceeding. "When I had mentioned my object, she would say, 'Let us have a little season of prayer first.' After that we would consult together. She had, you know, such a kind, loving spirit, that she could often influence where another could not. And then she was always so ready to go. Sometimes I feared that she would not be well treated; but she would reply, 'Oh, never mind that.'"

The right book, or some suitable tracts were often in her hand, an entering wedge to facilitate these labors of reclaiming love. There was a young seafaring man in that part of the town, slowly sinking in consumption, who had imbibed skeptical no-

tions. Miss Greenleaf procures for him Dr. Spencer's Pastor's Sketches,* thinking that the perusal of "The Young Irishman," would, perhaps, convince him of his error.

Her heavenly Father did not allow her to go on thus earnestly seeking the souls for whom the Saviour died, without giving her some encouraging tokens of success. There was a poor, thoughtless woman whom she had made an individual subject of prayer and effort. At length, this woman's brother came to her and begged her to go and see his sister, who was then ill, adding: "I really believe that she is an anxious sinner." She went, she sat by her sick-bed day by day. She talked and prayed with her, and read to her. Some months afterward, the woman expired, to all appearance a penitent believer.

* Appendix, Note C.

It is sometimes the case that we attain middle life, ere we are aware of our constant proximity to death. In earlier years, when he comes into our circle of loved ones, it is a terrible surprise. We shed tears of passionate grief,—and we forget. Life is warm and fresh within and around us; new hopes, new joys loom up. The past vanishes. A little farther on, and we slowly awake to the fact, that death is ever crossing our pathway. We look along the rank, which in the order of nature comes between him and us. It has already thinned. We feel, for the first time, perhaps, that our turn must come,—we shall not always escape. Thus, in the succeeding years of Miss Greenleaf's life, she was called to a more frequent attendance upon the sick and dying-bed of friends than formerly; and once in 1848, was herself prostrated for weeks with fever.

There was a cousin of her's living in Boston, whose parents resided in London, England. Thus separated from them, and becoming hopelessly ill, it was proposed that he should be received into Mrs. Greenleaf's family. In 1841 he came, and from that time until his death, which occurred more than a year afterward, Mary was all to him, that the tenderest sister could have been. She was ever anxious that he should be amused,—that his time should not hang heavily upon his hands. In her care that religion should not be made odious or distasteful to him, she denied herself in part, that free Christian intercourse which had so long made her parlor an Emmaus. Her unwearied assiduity in seeking his temporal, and of course, his spiritual good, can never be forgotten. Well is it that a Christian family shared at this time, the

same roof-tree, that some of the details of this portion of her life may be known to her friends; since she was silent as the grave with regard to her deeds of charity. Her ever watchful care to tempt, or suit the capricious appetite of the invalid, her indomitable sweetness and cheerfulness of temper, her readiness at each moment to leave every other occupation in obedience to his wish, or that of the other dear invalid, these little things exhibit her in her true character,—loving, self-sacrificing, self-forgotten.

The sight of Mrs. Greenleaf had been long failing, and several hours each day were devoted to reading and writing for her. Yet at this time, with her cousin so ill that he could not be left alone, the amount of needle, and other hand work accomplished by Miss Greenleaf, was surprising.

After his decease, warm testimonials of gratitude to Mrs. and Miss Greenleaf, from his relatives across the Atlantic, evinced their high appreciation of the manner in which these offices of care and kindness had been fulfilled.

Under date of February 15th, 1842, she writes to a dear friend:—

“ You inquire how I feel. I cannot say that I feel as I ought, or as I hope to; but to the praise of Divine grace, I would say, I think I have been drawn nearer to God of late, and have known something of the sweetness of communion with him. I have received, as I firmly believe, a remarkable answer to prayer, in the case of my poor cousin, who has long been with us, and who left this world the 20th of last month. I know we cannot speak with any confidence of

a death-bed repentance, because we want the evidence of the *life* to prove it sincere; yet to my own mind, God gave enough to satisfy me, exceeding my desires and expectations. When he came to this house, nearly sixteen months before his decease, it pleased God to awaken in my breast such compassion for him, (though no favorite of mine before), and such an earnest desire for the salvation of his soul, that it seemed to me I could do, or suffer any thing for him, if the Lord would but save his soul. Though for months there seemed nothing encouraging in his case, but every thing the reverse, cold indifference and even violent opposition, with a fixed determination to banish the thought of death from his mind, and to flatter himself with the thought of living many years, yet 'mine eye poured out tears to God' for him, and I was at times,

almost overwhelmed with agony for his soul ; nor did any light appear till about five or six weeks before his death, when he began to *pray*, which he had always obstinately refused to do before. Soon conviction of sin, and an earnest desire for pardon followed ; a willingness to hear religious conversation, to see Mr. Stearns and other ministers, to ask their prayers with and for him ; and the oft-repeated endeavor to give himself away to Christ. Though it was not till the day of his death that he said ‘ he hoped he could trust in Christ,’ and this with many fears, yet he manifested such a different spirit, such a meek, patient, gentle, grateful temper, that I could not but feel that he was washed, and sanctified, and justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, and when I looked upon his sleeping clay, from which

his spirit departed in the gentlest manner, and beheld the pleasant, placid expression there visible, I could not but hope he had been received into the arms of Christ, and as ‘a sinner saved by grace,’ would sing a loud note of praise to his Almighty Deliverer. The sufferings of his body were very great, but no murmurs fell from his lips; but ‘I deserve it all,’ was a frequent expression. The last day I saw you, my dear Mary, which was Thanksgiving, was the last day he was down stairs,—this was just eight weeks before his death. For three weeks he was confined to his bed, and was reduced almost to the weakness of infancy. I was able to take the whole care of him, and of the family, till the last four days of his life, when I had assistance by day, and watchers by night. His death has made a great void in our family, but I am now able

to attend meetings, and perform some active service for the good of others. O! pray for me, my dear friend, that I may faithfully occupy all my talents, till my Lord shall call for me. I am much interested in your Sabbath school class, and shall, as the Lord enables me, unite with you in prayer for them, and shall hope they will all be saved."

What a commentary is this upon the words of the poet:—

"Enclosed doth lie
In each 'Come Lord,' an 'Here am I.'
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine,—
Reflections of a love divine;
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven."

"All other gifts unto his foes,
God freely gives, nor grudging knows;

But love's sweet smart and costly pain,
A treasure for his friends remain."

In 1843, death again entered the house, and the only remaining loved daughter of captain C., (an elder in the First Presbyterian church, who occupied the other tenement) was summoned. An amiable young lady, just on the verge of her eighteenth birthday, she sank in rapid consumption. Miss Greenleaf was much, and frequently at her bed-side, and to her, Mary C.* who was naturally diffident, learned to open her heart more freely than to any one else. So said Mrs. C. She was the first to whom Miss C. expressed a hope in the Saviour; she died in sweet peace.

The following letter is an excellent exponent of the character of Miss Green-

* The sister of Right Rev. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island.

leaf's piety. It is addressed to a member of her Sabbath school class, Miss M. P. S.

“ *Saturday evening, Jan. 6th, 1849.*

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ Accept my sincere thanks for your very kind note ; and for the good wishes contained in it. Indeed, I do not feel that I *deserve* your *thanks* for any thing I have done for you. I always feel ashamed of myself, when you speak as if I had been of any service to you in any way. If I have been, *give God the praise*, for I am a very weak, erring, and lukewarm instrument in his hands ; and often wonder that He bears with me, and continues to shower down such an abundance of blessings upon me. Your kind interest and sincere prayers for me, during my late illness, affect me tenderly. May God reward you abundantly for them. Your

prayers were answered. God 'made all my bed in sickness,' and raised me up speedily. As he answered your prayers for me, let it encourage you to believe that you are His, and that amidst all your trials, doubts and discouragements, He is still a kind Father to you, adapting his chastisements to your special need, as He sees wisest and best; and is leading you on in the right path, till finally he will bring you off a conqueror over every foe. I endeavor to pray for you often, and ask that you may be submissive under your trials, and be enabled to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things. Think not that I do not sympathize with you under your trials, especially *that one* which is the heaviest of all. But, probably, when you reach heaven you will see that God sent it upon you *in love*, and not *in anger*; and, indeed, I trust you

believe this now, though sometimes you long for its removal.

“I do not like to speak of myself very well, but thought I would tell you a little of my experience, during my late illness. When I found that I was indeed sick, and that a fever would probably be the result, I had no wish to have it otherwise; for I felt that I had had an uncommon degree of health, and now it was right that God should visit me with sickness; but I had a *will* respecting the person who should take care of me. Mrs. E. was at our house, only as a boarder, and her health not firm; and for several days I felt unwilling that she should have the labor come upon her. But when I saw, that in the Providence of God, no one else could be procured, I was enabled to give up *my will*, and submit to *His*,—and after that, if I am not deceived, I think

I enjoyed much of the presence of my covenant God and Saviour. The promises were inexpressibly sweet to me; one in particular, viz. 'The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' Though I could only pray by ejaculations, I think I had much communion with God; so that I can hardly look back upon this sickness as a trial to me, (apart from the trial to my dear mother, to whom it was a great one), but I rather regard it as a season during which I had such experience of the kindness of my heavenly Father as I never felt before. O! pray that my future life may evince that it was not a delusion! I enjoyed much Dr. Watts' Hymns, and those of other good men. Please read the one hundredth hymn, second book, beginning,

'How full of anguish,' &c.

It was a great comfort to me. Another one of Doddridge's was very precious. I will copy and enclose it for you.

“And now, my dear M., I reciprocate all your good wishes for me. May you indeed have a happy New Year,—whether in joy, or sorrow, in life or death, may you be enabled to say, ‘I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him,’ &c.

“As ever yours, sincerely and affectionately,
M. C. G.”

During the winter and spring of 1849-50, there occurred in town an unusual awakening to the subject of religion. This was attributed, in part, to the instrumentality of an itinerent preacher who occupied several of the pulpits, particularly the one in Federal street, then vacant of a settled

minister. The doctrinal views he presented were sound and Scriptural, and eternal realities were brought before the minds of his hearers, with power and effect. Yet many doubted his thorough sincerity.

To the motives drawn from unseen verities, the mind of Miss Greenleaf was ever awake. They now enkindled fresh ardor in her soul. She felt too deeply, and was too anxious that others should receive abiding impressions and convictions to reason coolly upon the manner of the preacher, or his supposed intrinsic deficiencies; and in two instances was unduly severe towards those who differed from her with regard to his influence; treating their objections to the individual as opposition to the revival.

We are thus careful not to conceal Miss Greenleaf's only prominent fault, that to

which she herself repeatedly alludes, because Scripture warrants, and the Christian public justly demands the giving, not one phase only of the character, but the whole character, so far as brought out by circumstances, and the friction of society. The church militant is bound together by common affections, common wants, common infirmities and sins, and looks for perfection only in its Leader. Did religious biography come up more fully to the Bible standard, as do the lives of Simcon and Chalmers in good measure, it would be more reliable, more instructive, and doubtless far more interesting.

Finding that her words had wounded one of these friends, a member of her Sabbath school class, she addressed to her soon after the following note.

“ *Thursday evening.*

“ MY DEAR ALICE,

“ I am glad to find you have got over the unpleasant feelings, excited by my well-meant reproof, though perhaps administered with too much severity. Could I have taken it back, with a clear *conscience*, I should have done it; but an apology for the *manner* was all I could make; and I was willing to wait till you had time to get over it,—though I felt it *possible* that you had some *coldness* towards me in your heart. I know I do wrong so often myself, that I ought to be very tender towards others; but I have a natural *bluntness* of manner, which I regret, as I think I often give offence by it, when I do not intend it; and I am always sorry to give pain. But I hope we may yet love each other as well, or better than before. I trust my dear A.

that you have been refreshed during this precious revival,—and are praying earnestly for its continuance.

“I fear I said too much respecting a certain individual this evening. We must try to make kind allowances for her; and pray that she may be led in the right path.

“As ever, yours, affectionately.”

Lest it should be deemed that her efforts to arouse individuals from their dangerous slumbers, involved no self-denial, we subjoin an extract from the journal of her earlier Christian life.

“Through the day, I have been much exercised respecting writing a serious letter to a neighbor. I felt it a great cross, and vainly tried to excuse myself from it. But this evening the consideration of the

worth of the soul, the uncertainty of life, &c., prevailed on me by the Spirit's influences, to attempt to write. I now commit it into thine hand, O God. Bless it, if it please thee, and thine shall be the glory."

Several notes she penned at this time, for those in whose welfare she felt a special interest. The one given below is addressed to the son of a beloved sister in the church.

"MR. G——,

"I trust you will excuse me for the liberty I take, in addressing you in this way. I have long felt a desire that you may become a disciple of Christ; and since this interesting revival has commenced, I have anxiously watched for the intelligence that the son of my friend had

indeed chosen Christ for his friend and portion. But as yet, I have not heard that this is the case. Yet I have been pleased to see you often at the prayer-meetings, and I cannot but believe that the Holy Spirit is now striving with you, and urging you to consecrate yourself to the service of Christ *now*,—and it is with the desire to help you to do this, that I have ventured to address this note to you. I know, by *sad* experience, what it is to halt between two opinions; convinced of the duty of coming to Christ, and yet delaying to take this important step. And I trust, I have known by *sweet* experience, for more than thirty years, how blessed it is to give up all for Christ,—to take his easy yoke, his light burden, and walk in the narrow way which leadeth unto life. I would fain urge you, my young friend, no longer to *delay*, but to come

at once, and give your heart to ‘Him who merits all your love,’—who died to redeem just such sinners as we are, and who ever lives to intercede for all who come to God, by him. Christ has long been knocking at the door of your heart for admittance, by his Word, his providences, by the voice of conscience, and the strivings of the Spirit; and shall the heavenly stranger still be denied? Rather will you not open the door of your heart, and let him come in, and take full possession? ‘He stands with melting heart and loaded hands,’—and can you slight his offer of pardon and eternal life? O! may you be inclined to enter into a solemn covenant with him,—to love and serve him *forever*; renouncing every sin, and coming out fully on the Lord’s side. Then you may hope to be instrumental in persuading others to go with you in the way to heaven;

and do you not wish thus to honor God? That you may, *very soon*, know by sweet experience, what it is to yield to the requirements of the gospel, is the earnest desire and prayer of

“Your friend, M. C. GREENLEAF.

“*Water street, Dec. 27th, 1849.*”

Mr. G—— read the above in the presence of his mother, and perhaps to conceal a deeper emotion, he smiled and said, “I shall answer this note.” He took an early occasion, to call at Miss Greenleaf’s door. She afterward expressed regret to his mother, that she had not invited him in, as she observed him to pause for a moment, after concluding his errand, and she thought he might wish to converse with her upon the subject of religion. Her suspicion proved correct. He had become deeply serious, and is now a con-

sistent member of a church in a neighboring state.

Wakened to a livelier sense of the soul's inestimable value, she thought out another method of scattering broadcast the good seed. She resolved to place in the hand of each operative in the five manufactories in town a religious tract, which she accomplished. In one case, the agent upon whom she called to ask permission, proposed that she should leave them in his charge, to which she readily assented. When this last enterprise was discovered by a few of her sisters in the church, they insisted that she should permit them to defray the pecuniary expense attending it.

CHAPTER IV.

“Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
 Oh, silent house! once filled with mirth:
 Sorrow is in the breezy sound
 Of thy tall "lindens, "whispering round.”

MEANWHILE, there had been a change in the occupancy of the paternal mansion. Captain C—— had removed; and two of the nieces of Mrs. Greenleaf, with their families, came successively to reside there. Again the gay footsteps and glad voices of children made its large halls and apartments vocal. They loved to spend their evenings with “cousin Mary.” She assisted them in their studies, and by her cheerful air and conversation commended that religion which some of them had already sought and obtained. They, in their turn,

aided her in her occupations; they read to Mrs. Greenleaf, and sat with her, while Mary refreshed her spirit at the lecture and prayer-meeting. Of that little band, three lovely sisters in the beautiful spring-time of life, within two years of each other, have since passed away from earth,—Eliza, Sarah, Ellen. They were all members of Christ's church on earth, and gave most assuring evidence of the home and family in heaven to which they belonged.

Now the days drew on for this Christiana and Mercy to be separated. Some two or three years previous, when this event seemed probable, the family physician had intimated to Miss Greenleaf, that her mother's illness was of an alarming character. The thought of this was so distressing to her, that he remarked, "You do not seem willing to give up your mo-

ther?" She frankly admitted that she was utterly un-ready to do so. God, in tender compassion spared her at that time. But now the daily suffering which her mother endured, so sweetly and submissively; and her deep and solemn searchings of heart, suggestive of the awful nature of the transition, which none can fully realize, reconciled the daughter in some degree, to the event of that last sad morning, when the mother slept upon earth to awake in heaven. She writes:—

“On the 15th of May, 1851, at a quarter past four in the morning, she sweetly slept in Jesus. As I watched beside her with E. N., and saw that she had really ceased to breathe, my first emotion was *gratitude*, that she was safely landed in the haven of eternal rest, where she would experience no more *pain*, no more *sorrow*,

because there would be no more *sin*. As I looked upon her countenance, so placid in death, I felt that I must utter some of my emotions. I fell on my knees, and attempted to give thanks that her warfare was accomplished,—and that she had been so gently released.”

That mother's face was furrowed with the wrinkles of age, and many emotions; but after death, as is sometimes the case, the wrinkles vanished, and the cheek resumed the rounded smoothness of earlier years. One who looked upon her, remarked that he could have wished to remain all day gazing upon the countenance beautified and spiritualized by death. Another change came, and she appeared as in her usual sleep. It was deeply affecting to look for the last time, upon that loved and venerated face. To think

that the long, rough, weary way, had all been passed,—she had got safe home. The cross upborne so long, was now laid away forever. She had already kissed the blessed feet of her Saviour,—his wounded hands had placed the crown upon her brow; the work and worship of heaven was begun.

At the funeral, the scene which occurred in the room where the chief mourners were assembled, was somewhat unusual. The nearest relatives were the ones to console the hearts of those around them. There sat the daughter, her soul not yet dissevered from her mother, as the hand of death will dissever; the beloved sister, who for more than eighty years had shared her every joy and sorrow; the aged brother-in-law, formerly her pastor; the sister by marriage, also more than eighty years of age, all in a little group, communing in

a strain of pious gratulation over the thought of the ransomed spirit. The large circle of kindred and friends listened with tears of mingled, sad and joyful emotion.

Let us pause a moment, and in the light of God's providence, consider the principles, and course of life of these Christian women,—these exemplars of the precepts,—the *permissions* of our blessed Lord in his sermon on the mount. Living as they did, “not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,” believing themselves as truly safe in the care of their Father and Redeemer, as if they had already crossed “the river that has no bridge,” and were upon the other side of its “stormy banks,” let us observe God's manner of dealing with them.

They sought “the kingdom of God and his righteousness,” and not the three world-

idols. They sought not wealth; yet God gave them all things needful. Though often in perplexity, they never suffered the evils of actual poverty. Their table, especially at the noon-tide hour, was always well spread; their cup, though it did not overflow, was full. Above all, they never denied themselves the luxury of giving. They sought not pleasure,—yet every line in their expressive countenances told that peace, that joy, that happiness was theirs. They sought not power; yet that highest of all power, the art of drawing souls heavenward, was given them in large measure. The native tenderness and suavity of Mrs. Greenleaf's character, and the purifying furnace in which she had been long kept by the Refiner, prepared her to be an eminent blessing to others. She knew well what sorrow meant; and through her flowed

down rich consolation to the poor and afflicted. Her look, and smile, and gentle address were each a benediction. She had only to open her hand and scatter the seed liberally. More physically energetic, and less soft and winning than her mother, it was Mary's part to plough deep, and plant carefully, and water frequently, waiting in hope, as they both did, for the precious fruit. She waited not long, nor in vain. It becomes all, in speaking of things pertaining to the invisible church of Christ, to be cautious. Yet surely what we regard as the fruit under God, of her labors, is not as are the apples of Sodom,—fair to the sight, but deceitful. It still buds, and blossoms, and ripens.

While thus diligently employed in the service of the Master, he of course provided their needful temporal supplies.

As each in turn entered his presence above, had he asked them, as he did his first disciples, whom he sent forth two and two, "When I sent you without purse and scrip,—lacked ye any thing?" they too would have replied, "Nothing."

The means by which the supply of their wants was ordained, though humbling to proud hearts, yet to these tender and loving ones, were not distasteful. Aside from the exertions of the daughter, they chiefly came through the ever watchful care of a brother and sister, and the various branches of the family of which they were the united head. The daily note which passed between the sisters might fail, but never the weekly token of affection. This care was not intermitted while either of the objects of it was within reach. Other Christian friends too, felt it a privilege to aid disciples,

wearing so unmistakably the badge of the Master.

It was all over ;—that tender, watchful devotion so well merited, so interesting to witness. Miss Greenleaf's home was now desolate ; yet she went on her way as usual. There was probably an unconscious excitement, a degree of mental exaltation, arising from the thought of all her mother had been, of all she now was, that sustained her in some measure through the first few weeks of bereavement ; but her joyous laugh was for a long time hushed. The next Sabbath morning she was in her class as usual. She had thought of excusing herself that day, but she seemed to hear her mother's voice, saying, in her pleasant, sententious manner : " Mary, go right forward."* So she went. She heard the lessons recited

* Appendix, Note D.

with her usual composure ; but when she came to allude to her recent affliction, her feelings overcame her.

To a cousin residing in New Hampshire, she writes under date of May 22d.

“ I must tell you how wonderfully the Lord has supported me through this sore bereavement. I have always looked forward to it as to the climax of all my sorrows. Yet when I have seen her suffering such extreme pain all winter, I have been made willing to part with her, knowing it would be unspeakable gain to her to die. I slept alone the night after her decease, without a gloomy feeling. And now that I have returned to the chamber from which she took her upward flight, it seems to me a sweet spot, to which I should be loth to bid adieu.”

TO HER FRIEND AND SABBATH SCHOLAR.

“ *Sabbath morning.*

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“I have had a night of quiet sleep, and have risen with new strength. I have just been reading all the pieces you marked in the book you have given me. They were very appropriate. I thank you much for the kind sympathy I have received from you, in this time of great bereavement. It is very soothing to my wounded heart, and helps to alleviate much of the pain which must necessarily be felt when the tender tie which binds the parent to the child, is severed by the stroke of *death*. May the Lord reward you a thousand fold for all your kindness to me these many years.

“ O! Mary, what a good Master we serve! What a sympathizing High Priest

we have! I feel that I ought to praise Him that he has not only *supported*, but even *comforted* me in this time of need. O! may I be enabled to render unto him according to the great benefits I have received! I hope we shall have a profitable season this morning at the chapel, the Holy Spirit helping our infirmities."

To another friend she writes:—

"Pray for me, that I may rightly improve this dispensation; that I may be *humble, prayerful, watchful, and spiritually minded*.

"I think I shall not go to the West for a home,—nor on a visit *at present*. However pleasant it would be to me to be with my dear brother. I do not feel like breaking up all my associations here;

and if I have the *disposition* to do good, there is no want of *opportunity* here.”

To Miss M. P. S., after hearing a sermon upon the death of the righteous.

“ *Sabbath eve.*—Yes, my dear Mary, you were right in supposing my thoughts were much with my dear mother to-day. No Sabbath has seemed so much like the one after her departure. And though my tears *would* flow, in spite of my efforts to suppress them; yet I could not but enjoy the delightful sermon, and anticipate the time, when after having done and suffered all God’s will here below, we may hope to join our redeemed friends above.

‘ A hope so much divine
May trials well endure.’

“Your dear departed sister, and multitudes of others are now before the throne, being made perfectly holy by the blood of the Lamb. It is our lot now, to ‘fight the good fight of faith,’—and though we may often be ‘discouraged because of the way,’ let us seek for grace daily to go on in the narrow path. We must expect to be continually disciplined, till the last stain of sin is purged away. But no matter,—it is but momentary, compared with eternity.

“I thank you for your prayers. Continue them. I do not forget you. We had a precious sermon this afternoon; but I feel condemned that I profit so little under such means of grace. Adieu.”

Miss Greenleaf’s only brother, Rev. William C. Greenleaf, still remained to her; and it was natural that her thoughts

should now rest upon him with fonder interest and affection. He wrote repeatedly after the death of their mother, urging his sister to come out to Springfield, Illinois, where he resided, and make her future home with his family. In a little more than two months, he too was called to enter his Father's house above! He was seized one morning with cholera, and died at night. Her faithful friend and pupil, unapprised of the sad intelligence which had just reached Miss Greenleaf, went in on Thursday evening, and found her sitting silent; her eyes resting upon the open Bible. A cousin was with her, but no word was spoken. Her friend withdrew, and sent the expression of her sympathy in a note, to which Miss Greenleaf soon responded. Her own words reveal the manner in which she received this added stroke of God's afflicting hand.

They are addressed to her bereaved sister-in-law.

“ *Newburyport, July 31st,* }
Thursday evening. }

“ MY DEAR AFFLICTED SISTER,

“ Your letter has been received within two hours. I can hardly compose myself to write, so heavily has this unexpected bereavement fallen upon me. Yet I feel that yours is far greater, and I would not sit down, and indulge in selfish sorrow, and forget you. Yet how can I comfort you, when my own heart is *bursting* with grief. ‘The God of all consolation’ can alone sustain and comfort us,—and having so recently experienced his power to sustain, we must not distrust him now. ‘A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow is God in his holy habitation.’ To him I commend you

in this day of adversity; and doubt not that he will be near to you, and enable you to lean on his Almighty arm. For a few days' past, I had been thinking more of seeing my dear brother another year, should our lives be spared, and had indulged some pleasing anticipations of enjoying his pleasant society once more. But now these hopes are all blasted. Still we must not forget the great mercies mingled with this bitter cup. That we have reason to believe that death to him, was the gate of endless joy,—and that he has joined our beloved mother, and all the pious dead, is a mercy which demands our most lively gratitude. It will not be long ere we too, shall be called to pass over Jordan, and enter the heavenly Canaan,—and how light will our trials then seem! May this event be specially sanctified to us both, and to the dear

children; your brothers and sisters, and all friends. I do hope your life and health will be preserved, and that you will not be overwhelmed with care and anxiety. I trust Mr. R—— will relieve you at once from all care of the place, which, I fear, has worn too much upon my beloved brother, and predisposed him to this disease. But I would not dwell upon second causes. Our bounds are set, and we cannot pass them,—and I rather think William would have preferred a *short* illness. It is a comfort to me to think that he did not linger longer in a suffering state.”

“*Friday morn.*—I slept considerably last night, but was dreaming of you, my dear sister. I thought your conversation was very pleasant, telling me how useful William had been,—that his preaching had

been blessed in several instances. Do tell me all respecting him you can.

“Life seems *very* short to me,—these feverish attacks which I have often, remind me that I shall soon depart. May it be ‘to be with Christ, which is far better.’

“Adieu, dear sister. I commend you to the widow’s God, and trust he will support and comfort you.”

She stood by the grave of her mother, with her friend Mary P. S. at her side. “There lies my dear mother,” she said, “my brother’s grave is far, far distant. But their spirits are united in heaven. I hope I may be permitted to lie down by her side; but I do not know how it may be.”

Her friend inquired “whether in all her recent affliction she could feel entirely resigned to the will of God?” She replied,

“I think I can. Yes, I do feel that I have evidence of being a child of God. He is my kind Father. I shall meet my dear mother and brother again in heaven.” This is all that, after the lapse of years, is recollected of a conversation, which at the time, made a deep impression upon the mind of her friend.

Previous to the death of her brother, she had, at the urgent request of friends, decided to prepare a memoir of her mother. It was commenced the second week in August. But leaving town for some weeks, and being otherwise interrupted, she had by the first of October, completed only thirty-six pages. She says, “The second week, Synod met here,—four of them put up with me, and that week I could not write. I hurried on afterwards, and by the assistance of a few friends, one in particular, it was written

and published the 26th of November." She adds, "It was favorably received, though not flattered, but generally criticised. I was prepared to have it put down as a most *inferior* memoir,—and I felt willing to have my pride mortified by its being despised. Yet, I hoped it might do *some* good, and I have evidence that it has done a little. The third edition came out the next year under the auspices of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society.

The winter of 1851-2, she passed in the family of a near relative, rendering herself to his invalid daughter, and each member of his family, including grand-children, a comfort and a blessing. She returned to her home in the spring. Its apartments, large and lonely for an individual, were yet endeared to her by early, and still more by later recollections, and when she

quitted them finally, it was with sincere regret.

What mysteries attend this being of ours!—this union of soul and sense. In the onward rush of an active outer life; when, to all around, we seem absorbed in the present, a sweet-scented flower, a strain of music, or the annual return of a day, has power to bear the heart irresistably back through the unforgotten past. Friends called upon Miss Greenleaf on the 15th of May, but discerned not beneath her quiet manner, the deep under-current of lamenting love. The receipt of a note of affectionate sympathy led her to disclose it.

“*Sabbath evening, May 16th.*—It was very kind in you, dear Mary, to write me that note yesterday,—and to think of the solemn and affecting event of which

that day was the anniversary. I did not know that any one remembered it but me. I sat alone in the morning busily engaged in plying the needle; but my *thoughts* were not confined to my work. Indeed, through the whole week, though much occupied, I have lived over again, as it were, the scenes of that *memorable week*,—to the dear departed resulting in the consummation of all her hopes and wishes, her soul immediately passing into glory as I doubt not. Though, as you suppose, I have some sad hours,—for it would be most unnatural not to *feel* the severing of the tender tie, which had so long bound us together; yet in general, I have been enabled to rejoice that she is

‘No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.’

“The separation at the longest, I feel will be very short, and I only wish to fill up the remnant of life with duty; and be prepared to join her in the realms of endless day.

“I thank you, dear M., for all your kind wishes,—and for your prayers, and pray you may be abundantly rewarded. That we shall love each other in heaven, if so blessed as to reach there, I cannot doubt. How often would my dear mother repeat the lines:—

‘There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit;
And with transporting joy recount,
The labors of our feet.’

“I try to remember your brother, but am not half earnest enough. Yet I fondly hope he will not die unrenewed. God hears and answers prayer.

“I have numerous and various duties before me this week. Will you specially remember me as I will try to you? I trust, dear M., you are not deceived. The many fears you have, are no evidence against you,—yet I want you to remember this text,—‘The Lord takes pleasure in them that fear him,—in those that *hope* in his mercy.’ Adieu.”

A visit from her widowed sister-in-law, during the summer of 1852, comforted and cheered her. The sisters, thus more than ever, drawn towards each other by the double bereavement, evidently “took sweet counsel together.” In the autumn, Miss Greenleaf was again called to remove, and the door of a pleasant tenement, exactly adapted to her wants, seemed to open of itself, to admit this child of Providence. Here, for a time, her friends

took great pleasure in visiting, and calling upon her; but so much was she in demand among them, that it soon came to be for herself but an occasional retreat. The strong and tender tie which had bound her so long to home-cares and duties, being severed, she became, more than ever, if possible, the handmaid of the Lord and his church. The call of sickness or trouble, or need of any kind, received her ready response. It has been remarked elsewhere, that she was *never in the way*. It is equally true, that in these cases she was never *out of the way*. Her assistance was usually not un-requited; indeed she was blessed with most warm and generous friends; but her manner of performing her part, plainly indicated that a higher motive than earthly reward, furnished the stimulus. Love to God and her neighbor shone conspicuous through the outward

acts of her life. Her presence in the sick-room was one of those cordials which aid recovery. Her busy little fingers, while they seemed at play with needle and scissors, accomplished marvels. She supplied every want and wish as it arose; reading far into the night if desired; coming up with a smile from the table, to repeat the lively sally, or witty anecdote which had amused her, and ever seeking to communicate to her invalid friend the sweet influence of her own devout spirit.

After an occasional absence she would return with fresh satisfaction to her loved seclusion, which on Sabbaths, and Tuesday evenings, witnessed her secret and social communings with her God and Saviour. Concluding a somewhat lengthened residence with friends, she makes the following tender and grateful record:—

“I was treated with uniform kindness by all the family, and though glad to get home, I could not leave them without some emotion. May they be rewarded abundantly for their kind treatment to the orphan. It was worth more to me than *thousands* of silver and gold.”

The church and society to which Miss Greenleaf belonged, has been distinguished from the first, for its warm and clearly manifested interest in the prophets, and the sons of the prophets. This, some of the most devoted ministers and missionaries can testify. They give to them and to the cause of Christ liberally; and as though they loved to give. Silver and gold had Miss Greenleaf not much, but she gave time and energy, and carried many a good project through to completion. In each of her own pastors, four

out of five of whom survive, she felt a deep and peculiar interest. The preached Word was to her, as "honey out of the rock." She fed and feasted upon it. She never tired of the contemplation of the attributes and ways of her God and Father, of the love and offices of her Redeemer. She commenced at the age of eighteen, writing out abstracts of the sermons, and Bible class lectures which she attended. A large number of these remain, monuments of her neatness and industry.

In the family of the present pastor of her church, she frequently spent days, and even weeks. The fact that he had so excellent an opportunity of ascertaining her worth, enhances the value of the affectionate tribute he has paid to her memory. It was the standing rule for his little son to spend one day in each week, (usually Monday), with her, when-

ever she was at home. He was very fond of "my aunt Mary," as we have heard him call her.

During the early part of the winter of 1852-3, she again made her home in the house of her uncle, taking a daughter's place most cheerfully and entirely; reading and writing for him, and pursuing her own numerous avocations with her accustomed diligence and punctuality.

The 15th of May, 1853, again brought words of sympathy from her friend Mary. She replied:

"*Sabbath noon.*—It was more than I expected my dear Mary, that you should remember this anniversary of the departure of my precious mother, so early and so particularly, and I do thank you for *every* expression of sympathy in your note. I was so unbelieving as

to think no one but myself would remember that important event, so unspeakably joyful to the dear departed, so deeply wounding to her desolate child. I cannot say that the day thus far, has been very sad to me. Probably in answer to your prayers and mine, I have had, I think, some spiritual enjoyment, some delight in contemplating her complete bliss, some sweet submission to the Divine will. 'Tis true, I have not been able entirely to restrain the tears of filial affection, and I write now almost blinded with them. Yet, blessed be God, I would not for worlds, alter *His will*, for it is—it must be—best. The sermon this morning has been peculiarly refreshing to my bleeding heart. Yesterday, I took up the little book, 'Gems of Sacred Poetry,' which you designed for my sister, and

was much comforted by the hymn, 'My times are in thy hand'—particularly with these lines,

'My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.'

"I cannot doubt that 'all things will work together' for my spiritual profit, and that should satisfy me. I tried to remember you this morning, and hope you will be enabled to 'sow in hope!' As I came out of the chapel I was greeted affectionately by one of my former scholars, Mrs. K——, (formerly H. D——.) When she was in my class for years, and her sister E——, I used to think they were so thoughtless I could never do them any good; but now they are both, I trust, in the kingdom. This ought to be a lesson to me not to be discouraged.

“Tomorrow I am called very unexpectedly to go to L—, on business, expecting to return in the evening. Though I have no fears, yet the numerous accidents on railroads should remind us that we may be called suddenly into eternity. I have a prevailing impression that my stay in this world will be *very short*—and to-day especially, as I thought of my dear brother’s last Sabbath on earth, I wished to be reminded that I may be called as suddenly. Yet I hope I am willing to live, and labor, and suffer, as long as God sees best, though, ‘to depart and be with Christ,’ seems far better.

“May God richly reward you, my dear Mary, for your prayers for me *this day*, and for your note, which I think you were directed to write.

“As ever, &c.”

CHAPTER V.

“ Ah, be not sad ! ah, do not weep !
 Ere thou lay thee down to sleep
 The sleep of death—
 Thou shalt feel anew,
 Spring s kindly dew,
 And the May-wind’s fragrant breath.”

FOUQUE.

THE tenor of Miss Greeleaf’s life was now more frequently varied by visits to relatives and friends out of town, in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. She carried sunshine with her. In the domestic circles which she entered, her presence is still referred to with vivid interest. The celerity of her movements, her lively remarks, her graphic descriptions, her Dorcas deeds, her fresh interest in passing scenes and events will long be remembered. To a person

of her simple tastes and habits, country life was very attractive. She enjoyed rural scenes and pleasures, she loved animals and pets, and to be among flowers, which she always cultivated. She writes to a cousin residing in New Hampshire; "you do not know how often I think of my pleasant visit with you. It was a delightful retreat from the cares of life, and was of great service to me."

To the daughter of her cousin, under date of October 8th, 1852:

"MY DEAR MARY,

"I suppose you may have thought that I was more ready to *promise* to write you, than to *perform*; but I have never found time till now, and I can only spare a few minutes. How often do

I think of the pleasant rambles I had with you! And I fancy you have often been the same rounds since, though not for the same purpose, as the berries were all gathered before I left. But now I suppose you get apples and other fruits in your walks, and when at home, assist your dear mother in sewing, &c.

“Do you love to knit? And have you ever worn a pair of stockings of your own manufacture? You read considerable, I presume, and are adding to your stock of knowledge every day. That is the way to learn. Youth, you know, is the seed-time of life, and you must try to sow only good seed. Take the Bible for your guide, my dear Mary, and you cannot go astray. Like Mary of old, choose ‘that good part which cannot be taken away.’

“I shall hope to see you here soon

with your mother. I must now bid you adieu. Give love to Johnny, hope he and the steers are good friends still. I should like to have you write me.

“In great haste,

“Your affectionate cousin,

“MARY.”

Again:—

“*Newburyport, July 16th, 1853.*”

“MY DEAR MARY,

“Have you forgotten your promise to write me as soon as you found out the answer to that Bible Exercise in the Sabbath School Visiter? Or have you not found it out yet? I studied out the answer in a few days after I saw you, and will give it you now.”

* * * * *

“I hope, my dear cousin, you love to study the Bible, and will lay up a large stock of it in your memory while

you are young. I would recommend the 19th, 20th, and 23d Psalms for you to commit to memory, also the 34th, 51st, 90th, 91st, 103d, and as many others as you can. If you learn one every week, you know there will be fifty-two in a year, and how glad you will be to have so much stored in your memory!

“It is late in the evening, so you will excuse my short letter, but be sure and answer it; and tell me all about the family and the farm, &c., &c. I suppose you will soon go berrying, in which I would join you if I could spare the time, but I have too many engagements to think of being so *dissipated*.”

Her course of active usefulness was suddenly checked, in January, 1854, by a

severe accidental injury to her left wrist. It disabled her completely for a time, but no entreaties could induce her to close her doors, and receive from relatives those attentions which she was always ready to bestow. Love of independence, and fear of giving trouble, which were among her marked characteristics, forbade it, and rendered this period of inaction a season of peculiar trial to her. She, who partook so largely of that spirit of joyous enterprise which marks the century with which she began her life, who had found such pleasure in conquering difficulties, had now in part to succumb, and to practice upon the latter half of the quaint maxim quoted by Baxter,—

“When thou art the hammer, knock thy fill,
But when thou art the anvil, lie thou still.”

To its spirit she conformed by uncomplaining, childlike submission; but had no idea of continuing idle or disabled, so long as any measures of relief remained untried.

In April, finding her wrist by no means recovered, she was induced to place herself under the care of Dr. Hewett, of Boston. Her letters while there, furnish this page of her history. She writes under date of May 2d:—

“I came two weeks since. I board in his house; and after several painful operations, the bone seems to be gradually returning to its socket; and I am encouraged to hope for a cure. As the arm is splintered, I cannot use my needle at all, but can write a good deal. Placed in new and peculiar circumstances, I feel the need of Divine grace to enable me

to set a Christian example, and not be overcome by temptation. Give me your prayers, my dear cousin, that I may be sustained and blessed in all my ways. I am able to walk out every day,—go to the prayer-meeting in the Old South chapel every morning, and occasionally attend some evening service with my valued friend Mary S., who boards a short distance from the doctor's.

“ I often pay an imaginary visit to your secluded abode, and wonder what you are doing; but as Yankees can *guess*, I fancy I know pretty well. If aunt Mary Ann is with you, I think her amiable, cheerful spirit must serve to gladden you every day.

“ Dear cousin, how sweet it is to notice a Father's hand in all the varying dispensations of his Providence, and to live upon the precious promises! I trust you are

enabled to appropriate to yourself these cordials which belong to you. Do you own Bogatzky's Golden Treasury? It has been a great comfort to me of late. I hope to return home in two or three weeks, where I shall remain probably all summer. When you can write *as well as not*, I should like to receive a letter from you; but you need never feel *obliged* to answer my poor scrawls."

To her Newburyport Correspondent.

"April 24th.—Although I have not been *home-sick* since I have been here, yet it seemed a very long time since any intelligence had been received from my dear native place. My situation here is so entirely different from any one I ever filled before, that I feel sometimes entirely

out of place. Yet as the hand of Providence seemed to direct my steps here, and I have many pleasant things, I am generally cheerful, and willing to be just where I am.

“ My wrist is to be set this afternoon, and as the operation will be quite painful, I have considerable dread of it ; but trust, &c. The days pass rapidly away. Yesterday I went with Miss S——r to the Episcopal church, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Vinton, from ‘ We love him.’ In the afternoon went with Miss S——t to Dr. Waterbury’s church, and heard Professor Jewett. Evening, heard Dr. Duff, the celebrated Scotch Missionary from India, in the Tremont temple. I have seen several friends here, all of whom are very kind. I knit, sew, and read or write all the time. The doctor, his son, and son-in-law sometimes make us a call.

The first evening after my arrival, there was a *whist party* in the parlor, to which we were all invited. I of course declined, and so did one of the patients; so we passed the evening together in our room.

“ Dear M., let not a sense of sin ever discourage you. It is one sure mark of grace. ‘ They that be whole, have no need of the physician, but they that are sick.’ The ladies are talking, and I run on from one thing to another, without order. Give my love to your mother and A——, and all who inquire for me. It would be impossible to name all; but don’t forget all who meet on Tuesday evening. Good-bye, till after the operation is over. You must all pray for me, for I never needed your prayers more.

“ *Evening, 6 o’clock.*—Help me, dear Mary, to praise the Lord for his goodness; the bone is set, and my arm splintered,

with so little pain, that I could scarcely believe it, when I opened my eyes, (for the doctor did not wish me to look,) and saw that it was all done up in the nicest manner, with no more pain, though of a different kind, than is occasioned by the extraction of a tooth. No one was in the office but the doctor and his son-in-law, who held my arm; and I think the whole time spent in wetting the bandages, replacing the bone, and winding seven yards of bandage round the splints, could not have been more than ten minutes. I certainly feel very glad that I came, and doubt not that with the blessing of God, the wrist will be as well as ever. O! may all my bones say, ‘Who is a God like thee?’ and may my life be wholly devoted to Him, who healeth all my diseases.”

“*May 1st.*—How can I thank you

enough, my dear Mary, for your prompt attention to my request, and for the good long letter which came safely to hand. O! may you be rewarded a thousand fold for all your kindness, and for the constancy of your attachment, which is often astonishing to me. Many times have I wondered that your sensitive nature has not shrunk away from one who has so much of *iron* in her as I have. Yet when I have wounded you, you have always felt that it was the wound of a *friend*, and with true Christian feeling, have not turned away in disgust. If you think you are never useful to any one, I can assure you you are mistaken. * * * Often, you are ministering to my comfort when you do not suspect it. * * * Ungrateful indeed should I be, not to *feel* it sensibly, though I cannot *express* what I would like to.

“Dear little Tom! how I miss his pleasant ‘aunt Mary,’ and all his winning ways. I am glad you could have him and Johnny together at your house, for I know how much they must have enjoyed it. O! may they both be lambs of Christ’s fold.”

“*May 22d.*— * * * I am now staying with Mrs. C. B——, as she and Mr. B—— very kindly invited me to pass the remainder of my time with them. I have a nice room to myself, and every convenience and luxury that the most fastidious could desire. I came on Saturday, and such a sweet Sabbath as I had yesterday,—it seemed ‘like a little heaven below’ O! may I be suitably humble and grateful under God’s dealings with me, for surely He is continually blessing me.”

The contrast in her situation, upon pass-

ing from a crowded boarding house to the dear society of Christian friends, was very great. "It is such a comfort," she remarked to one she loved, "to hear the sound of my own voice again in prayer."

"*May 29th.*—You need not fear that I shall like Boston well enough to stay longer than it seems to be my duty. 'Tis true the Anniversaries this week would have presented a strong temptation for me to remain. Yet it is doubtful whether I should have done so, had the doctor allowed me to return. * * * *

"Employment is a great blessing. I sew a *very* little every day, though my hand is bandaged very tightly; but I get tired of reading, writing, and spinning street yarn.

"There is a great excitement in the city with regard to a fugitive slave. One

man was killed instantly on Friday evening. We hope God will appear, and in some way, overrule all to his glory. The military are all out, and in my walks I dare not pass through Court street, there is such a crowd there. It seems shocking to have the poor slave returned to his master; and yet we are bound to submit to the laws of the land, though some of them may be wicked; because, if the people may trample on *one* law, they may on *all*. But we can *pray* that our rulers may repeal iniquitous laws.”*

“*Sabbath noon, June 11th.*—I do not often, my dear Mary, write on the Sabbath,—but having just returned from hearing Dr. Adams preach, I want to tell you a *little* respecting his sermon. He has been absent from his people for three

* Appendix, E.

months, journeying to the South for the improvement of the health of his wife; and returned last week. The text was: 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in.' He began by inquiring, 'Why is it that our losses and bereavements are always remembered, and our mercies and blessings so soon forgotten? The latter far exceed the former,—yet how little feeling do they excite. A single tree which has been struck by lightning, attracts the gaze of every beholder; while the green field, which months of sunshine and rain have ripened, is overlooked.' He then went on to speak of the goodness of God to the traveler; and after specifying many particulars, said, to the Christian the conviction was forced upon him at every step, 'Thou God, seest me.' But I can give you no adequate conception of the discourse,—though I enjoyed it ex-

ceedingly, and heartily respond to the sentiments; for on a small scale, I could say, 'The Lord has preserved my going out,'—and I trust, ere long to add, 'and my coming in.'

“I want now to copy part of a sermon which I read this morning.

“Many believers, sincere enough in their convictions—sincere as an inactive believer can be, but inclining more to *reverie*, than to *service*; misled by the feeling that Christian duty terminates in self-improvement, are mischievously disappointed, and degenerate into complaining, self-absorbed, peevish religionists. None of us are appointed to walk to heaven alone. And it is doubtful if any of us will reach the gate, who do not help some other soul thither. If you have never, in all your life, helped any lame spirit to go forward joyfully 'walking and

leaping, and praising God,' through any gate Beautiful; you are already palsied yourself.

“ With these sentiments I fully agree ; although some parts of the sermon are erroneous. We must *serve* Christ, to prove that we *love him*.

“ * * * * I just now recollect a little more of Dr. Adams' sermon. ‘ Have you not, my hearers, often devoted an hour to the luxury of grief, recollecting all the circumstances of a bereavement, and dwelling upon them till you had pierced your heart with a sharp thorn ? Should you not also devote set times to the recollection of the blessings God has bestowed upon you, till you felt that the goodness of God, no less than his greatness, was *unsearchable* ?’

“ The first Psalm sung was the eighty-fourth, C. M., beginning at the pause. The last verse sent a peculiar thrill

through my heart, as it was one my dear mother often repeated:—

‘ Could I command the spacious land,
Or the more boundless sea ;
For *one blest hour at thy right hand,*
I’d give them both away.’

“ The other was the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm ; ‘ Upward I lift my eyes.’ Though I enjoyed the services very much, I found my thoughts wandering to *our church* in Newburyport ; and I felt how good it would be to hear Mr. Vermilye *to-day*, and sit with old friends in the old house.

“ Thank you for telling me respecting the Wednesday evening lecture. You can never know whether you are chosen, but by finding out what is the first wish of your heart,—whether it is to be *holy like Christ*, and to be *with him hereafter*. A

sense of sin is one evidence of grace,—for we must know that we are deeply, thoroughly diseased, in order to value the Great Physician; and it is the Spirit that convinces of sin. We should be willing to have our spiritual maladies healed, even though *sharp discipline* must be the means.

“ You need not fear that I shall take up my abode in Boston,—no,—I have no idea of it. On the contrary I should be glad to go home *to-day*, did it not appear to be my duty to stay.

“ With love to Alice, tell her *Christ is her pattern*,—and if she takes any one else, no wonder she is no better. Kiss Johnny O—— for me, and tell him now he has a little sister, he must be a *very* good boy, so as to set her an example.

“ Is any one coming to the church? I shall be with you in spirit next Sabbath.

“ Yours, &c.”

TO THE SAME.

“I have not attended the morning meetings the last week, though Mrs. B. wished me to do so, because I thought it was more my duty to be helping her under her numerous cares at that hour. Surely it is a small part to enjoy a communion season. We should let our light shine afterwards. So it is, my dear Mary, —*In* and *by ourselves*, we can never stand, —but *in the Beloved* we are accepted,—and when swarms of worldly and unholy thoughts assail us, and we seem ready to be swallowed up, we may call to our aid the mighty Spirit of God, and may obtain the victory through Christ.

“I thought of you this morning when you were, as I suppose, preparing for Sabbath school. I hope you were enabled to enjoy sowing good seed in the hearts

of your scholars, though the soil may seem hard and unpromising. In God's good time it will spring up,—for 'blessed are they that sow beside all waters.' ”

This providence, seemingly so adverse, proved the means of exercising and exhibiting in Miss Greenleaf the graces of meekness and patience. It probably drove her more frequently to the throne of grace, as did a former one, of whose effect she thus makes mention in a private record :

“It led me to self-examination, and to more earnest prayer, for I had become too formal, and prayed too little, and only twice a day. I was then stirred up to more frequent approaches to the throne of grace. The Word of God was more precious, and I hope the rod will ‘bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit’ as did

Aaron's, and as my dear mother often prayed that her's might.' ”

This “rod” was not alone disciplinary ; it was also indulgent, as that of the Shepherd. By taking her from her home for a season, it gave her to see, do, and enjoy much which would have been otherwise unknown to her. This she fully appreciated, dwelling in her letters and conversation upon all that was agreeable, ignoring what at the time was trying,—even distressful.

Amid these novelties, came to her heart, the memory of her mother's departing hour. *Never* did its annual return fail to elicit a tender tribute from her pen. She writes, May 15th.

“Yesterday was spent by me very differently from the 15th of May, 1851, that

memorable day to me. Yet I would not recall my sainted mother, nor wish her again to be an inhabitant of this wicked world. If she now watches over her child, and I sometimes think she does, does she not want me to quicken my steps heavenward? And does she not realize how soon, through Infinite grace, we shall be reunited?"

She returned home July 22d, to fill for two more years her accustomed place in the church, the Sabbath school, the Teacher's meeting, and all her favorite resorts. Then the steady flame of love and pity for those "that sit in darkness, and the shadow of death," burned higher and hotter within her, and she went forth to teach the Indian youth the way to heaven.

TO REV. A. G. VERMILYE.

[Confidential.]

“*Mount Rural, March 18th, 1856.*

“MY DEAR PASTOR,

“I want to have a little free communication with you, and take the liberty to address you in this way, not doubting that you will excuse me. You will probably be surprised when I ask you, what should you think of my offering myself to the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian church as a teacher, or assistant teacher, at some one of their stations among the Indians of our own country? Would you think it the most absurd idea that could ever enter my head? Perhaps so,—yet, as in the early years of my Christian course, my mind was long exercised upon this point, and as I did *once* solemnly consecrate myself to the service

of Christ among the heathen, provided he would accept me, and open the way in his Providence for me to go ; although for more than thirty years after, it seemed an imperious duty for me to remain at home, and take care of my aged parents, doing what I could for souls here, and promoting the Missionary cause in other ways. I have recently thought that possibly I might do more for the cause of Christ, by devoting a few years to the labors and sacrifices which are inseparable from Missionary life. For the last year, particularly, I have felt that I am not so useful as I might and ought to be. A large proportion of my time is spent in secular concerns, just to obtain a temporal support ; and I have often wished that I could employ myself more *directly* for the welfare of my fellow creatures. In reading the 'Record' for this month, I noticed

their appeal for female helpers in the schools among the Indians, which awakened in me an earnest desire to give myself up to the service of Christ in this way. But I supposed I should be considered quite *too old* to be thus employed, were I qualified in other respects. But after a prayerful consideration of the subject, I wrote to one of the Secretaries, just to inquire if a person fifty-six years old would be considered too far advanced in years to be employed by the Board. I said in my letter that I wrote in behalf of a member of the First Presbyterian church in Newburyport; and spoke of her in the *third* person, so that they might speak more freely than if I had let them know that it was myself. The only qualifications I mentioned as possessed by the individual, were a strong constitution, uniform health, a willingness to 'endure

hardship as a good soldier of Christ,' and ability to teach the common branches of education. I enclose the answer I received this morning. It was quite unexpected to me to have an interview requested. I supposed they would hardly give it a thought. But now, what shall I do? I cannot conscientiously dismiss the subject, without earnestly asking wisdom from on high, and the advice of my pastor. Shall I still remain here, amidst a luxury of religious privileges, where there are so many laborers? Or shall 'the love of Christ constrain me' to forsake these delightful privileges, to separate myself for a few years from the church with which I expected to live and die; to leave my beloved pastor and other friends, if perhaps, some Indian child or adult may be directed to the Saviour of the lost, and thus greater glory redound to his name?

I can think of many objections,—my unfitness for the work, &c. ; and some reasons on the other side,—and probably you will think of others on both sides. Will you, dear sir, give the whole subject your serious attention ; and I will endeavor to call down on Thursday morning to talk it over. I wish it to be kept a *profound secret* at present,—but I must decide by Friday, about going to New York, so as to write on that day. Even if I should think it best to go on, the interview then might only result in an abandonment of the subject altogether ; so that it will be best to say nothing about it. And I must especially request that you and Mrs. Vermilye will not mention it to any one.

“I am sorry to intrude so much on your time, and will do so no farther, except to subscribe myself

“Your obliged friend, M. C. G.”

She writes to her sister, "I then went to my esteemed pastor, hardly expecting that he would think at all favorably of it. But he treated it with the greatest kindness and consideration; and though he said he could neither advise, nor decide for me, yet he thought there were more reasons for my going than the contrary. He gave me a letter to the Secretaries in New York, and such directions that I could find my way. The result was, that the three Secretaries were unanimous in wishing me to go; but I told them I should decide upon nothing till after my return home. I was detained a week in Boston," (by the sudden death of the daughter of the friend at whose house she stopped), "and then came home to hear objections. Mrs. — was the hardest to leave, and for a time I felt that I would give it up *on her account*. But my conscience would not let me;

my obligations to Christ were far greater than to her,—and after a week of conflict, the path of duty seemed so plain that I have offered myself to the Board, and am now preparing to go. With all the opposition, I have had great encouragement from some of the most judicious and excellent Christian friends, such as uncle Dana, Mrs. C——, Mrs. S——, Mr. and Mrs. Vermilye, Miss B——, and many others. And if I could only see you, I could tell you of many Providences which seem clearly to point out my duty. Whether I can endure the Western climate remains to be seen. If not, I can return at any time. Now dear C——, if you were only well, I should want you to go too.”

With reference to her trip to New York, she writes to a friend in Newburyport, to

whom she felt under deep and peculiar obligations.

“ I had a delightful time, though I went alone. I found no difficulty in getting along. I staid at the house of a returned missionary, who seemed to be one of ‘ the excellent of the earth,’ as did also his wife. I made also the acquaintance of the other Secretaries of the Foreign Mission Board ; called at Dr. Vermilye’s, and saw a good deal of the great city. *Possibly* as the result of this visit, *you* may be called to make a little sacrifice for the cause of Christ, as well as I,—but I trust that cause is far dearer to our hearts than any other interest, and we shall have grace to do all that the hand of Providence directs.”

While staying at the house of Dr.

Wilson, in New York, the conversation turned one evening upon the subject of her future course. Dr. Wilson asked her if she supposed that she could encounter all the difficulties to which, as a Missionary, she might be subjected? She thought that she could. "Could you ford a creek, or stream, on horseback?" he asked. This was an obstacle quite new and unexpected. She had never mounted a horse, and reflecting a little, she thought that if already on her way to the Mission station, her courage might fail at the moment of reaching the water's edge, and she be obliged, even then, to turn back. She replied "that she did not think she could." Dr. Wilson smiled, and the subject was dropped. She could not decide from his manner, whether he was in jest or earnest; but she was perplexed by the point raised. It fastened upon her mind, and was her

last thought before closing her eyes in sleep, her first upon awaking. She went down to breakfast with the doubt still un-resolved.

She had thought of presenting to Mrs. Wilson the Memoir of her mother, and took it in her hand. As she was the first in the breakfast room, while waiting, she opened the book at random at the one hundred and sixty-second page, and her eye fell upon the passage quoted from Isaiah, forty-third chapter, second verse. "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Her relief, and resolution to appropriate that wondrous promise, were instantaneous. When she told Dr. Wilson her decision, he stated to her that it would not probably be necessary for her to ford a stream before arriving at Wapanucka; but that should

she remain for some years in the Indian Territory, and wish to visit other stations, she might find it needful to do so.

The impression her visit left upon the mind of the Secretaries, may be inferred from a private letter of Hon. Walter Lowrie. He says:—

“When she visited us first, I had one pleasant interview with her, and was then fully satisfied that she would be eminently useful in forming the character of the untaught, but most interesting young females of that tribe. In her our expectations were more than realized, and we thank God for the good she has done.”

He alludes in passing, to one of the most agreeable of the Indian traits. “They never forget a kindness; it may be called the instinct of their race.”

Asking of long tried and revered friends their counsel with regard to taking the contemplated step, she writes:—

“Early in my Christian course, my mind was much exercised respecting giving myself to the work of missions among our Indians,—and under a very stirring appeal, read by Mr. Williams in our old chapel, I did silently consecrate myself to this work, if God in his Providence should ever open the way.

“When my precious mother and brother were taken from me, I thought of my early consecration. * * * At present I am entirely uncommitted,—and am earnestly seeking Divine direction. I wish also to hear from my friends all the objections to the proposed important undertaking. To you, my dear and valued friends, I look, trusting you will give the

subject a candid and prayerful consideration. Probably, at first it will seem visionary and impracticable, but afterward you may view it differently. I have put down the reasons on both sides, which I enclose. You will please return them to me in a day or two, and I hope for an opportunity to converse with you on the subject soon."

Her "reasons," we quote from the Sermon of Rev. Mr. Vermilye. "1st. The early consecration of myself to this work, in secret silence of the mind; 'thy vows are upon me, O God,'—'pay that thou hast vowed.' 2d. My strong constitution, good health, and willingness to labor in any way whereby the cause of Christ may be promoted. 3d. Greater usefulness; the most of my time being taken up with secular concerns, incumbent for my liveli-

hood, with no prospect of being free from this necessity. 4th. No family ties to sunder by going away. 5th. In a church of over three hundred and fifty members, should not several give themselves to missionary labors; especially those who have no wealth to bestow? 6th. A greater interest in missions might be awakened in the church, and others, perhaps, be induced to go. 7th. My friends in other places might have their interest in missions increased. 8th. Encouragements; the command of Christ, 'go ye into all the world,' &c.; the promise 1 Cor. 1: 27—29, 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise,' &c.; 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' Moreover, the engagement to stay is but for three years, should it seem desirable to return."

The objections, she thus states: "1st My advanced age; my health might fail in another climate. 2d. The interests of the church at home might suffer. My position here is useful, and this year in particular, there are special duties to be performed. The low standard of piety among us seems, also, to require the presence and influence of those who entered the church, in a day when there was less worldliness, and more spirituality; and I may be rushing out of the sphere where Providence has placed me. It was here my sainted mother lived and labored; and I may tread in her steps, if grace be earnestly sought. 3d. Am I sufficiently qualified for missionary labor, in this to me untried sphere? 4th. The opposition of some friends."

To her friend Mrs. B——, of Boston,

then in peculiarly deep affliction, she writes, under date of April 10th :—

“ MY DEAR AFFLICTED FRIEND,

“ Your kind note of the 8th, enclosing a noble present, I received yesterday morning. I know not how to express my grateful emotions. I can only say, may the Lord reward you *abundantly* for this unexpected ‘token of love.’ The little I was permitted to do for you in your season of deep sorrow, was all for love, and not for money. Yet I would not hurt your feelings so much as to refuse what you have so kindly and delicately sent me.

“ My thoughts are with you a great deal, and God forbid that I should cease to remember you and yours in my poor petitions every day. I firmly believe that great *spiritual* blessings will be experienced

by all of you, in consequence of this sore bereavement.

“ My dear friend, look up to your sympathizing High Priest, and believe that he is constantly interceding in your behalf, and feels for you in all your grief. ‘ In all our afflictions He is afflicted ;’ and if there were not a ‘ *needs be,*’ for them all, He would never send them. Do we not learn lessons in such seasons that we never should in prosperity? Do we not *feel* how empty are all worldly joys,—how unsatisfactory its pursuits? Are we not reminded that *sin* is the cause of all our sufferings, and that the fruit of them should be to make us more vigilant in our warfare against this foe, which in the best, is only partially overcome? And do we not find that the Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble?’ ‘ As one

whom his mother comforteth, so does he comfort us.'

“ * * * * I have not *quite* come to a decision respecting my future life, but so far as I can understand the leadings of Providence, I think it is his will that I should go. I have encountered some opposition, but generally, have had more encouragement than I expected,—and have received from friends many *substantial* tokens of their interest. Mrs. S—— and Mrs. C——, both approve of it, and say if they were young and well, they would be glad to go too. Cousin E—— does not approve of it; thinking I am needed here; but in a church of three hundred and fifty members, it seems to me we are sacredly bound to send *one* at least; and my desire to go has been for years like ‘a fire shut up in my bones.’ But I have waited for **P**rovidence to open

the way, which it seems to me he now does.”

The opposition to which she alludes, was probably stronger than she anticipated, and impinged upon her sensitiveness;—a woman-trait, which though not suspected, by most of her friends, went with her through life. It was this, that in her childhood cost her hours of weeping, both in and after school, on account of the slight punishment she incurred while there.

Many among her friends thought that in leaving a position of so much usefulness, at her age, she was departing from her appropriate sphere. And there was one, between whom and her mother, there was a tacit agreement that she was to watch over and care for Mary. Fulfilling this sacred trust, responding to every

claim upon her hand and heart, she had come to rely in her turn upon the daughter; and the sudden wrenching of this delicate, yet strong tie, was exquisitely painful. More than one looked to her as the future companion and consoler of their latest hours.

The objections and dissuasions of so many friends, urgent in proportion to the warmth of their attachment to her, caused her week of suspense to be one of severe trial;—more severe than her letters indicate. At this time, as in 1854, in writing to friends, she glides over all that was painful, and dwells chiefly upon the more bright and cheerful aspect of her affairs. This exhibits one of her strongly marked, and inherited traits. Among the encouraging words spoken, a remark made by her aunt Prout, was peculiarly inspiring

to her: "Mary, if your mother could speak, she would say 'go.'"

With the final decision came peace. Her friends finding her not to be persuaded, "ceased, saying, the will of the Lord be done." She says to her sister: "Since His hand has opened the way for me to go now, I gladly follow where He leads, willing to make sacrifices for Him who gave his life for us."

She now hastens to make the requisite arrangements for her departure, adjusting all her temporal affairs, as if she knew she should never more return, and selecting little tokens of affection for relatives present and absent. To several friends, she expressed feelings of sadness at what she feared would be her final earthly parting with her aged relative, Dr. Dana. It proved so indeed. Yet his hoary head is still seen each Sabbath in the Sanctuary,

while some tresses of her soft brown hair, unmingled with a thread of silver, are all that have come back to us of what was so lately instinct with life! Cheerfully she bids adieu to friends, while they are in tears. She goes to Boston, stays a few days with her friend Mrs. B——, and visits for the last time her early loved companion, Miss Mary S——. She calls to see a relative at Dr. Hewett's boarding place. To each member of the family, where she formerly boarded, she speaks some word to be remembered. She hopes S—— S—— "will be a good girl, and love the Saviour." She takes leave of her kinswoman at the head of the stairs, evidently preferring to have her interview with the Dr. alone. We can guess her errand. She had already said, (and it had come to his ears), that she should always remember him in her daily prayers as long

as he or she lived. "How can I help it," she said, "when he has done so much for me?"

Her friend Mrs. B——, goes out with her to the carriage which conveys her to the depot, watches it out of sight, and as she re-enters her vine-embowered door, consoles herself with this reflection, "three years,—how soon they will glide away,—and I shall see her again."

Mark the tone of her letters from the moment when she stands fully committed to her chosen and loved work. They are the free, joyous utterances of a glad and trusting spirit. Take the following extracts:—

TO MRS. J. N. C.

“ *Boston, May 23d, 1856.*

“ I look forward to the long journey without any apprehension, knowing that God is everywhere, and can protect us in the midst of the greatest dangers. The thirty-sixth Psalm in Watts, beginning, ‘ High in the heavens, Eternal God,’ has often been a great comfort to me, when about to travel. Please read it.

“ I have had a very pleasant week in Boston,—have seen many Christian friends, all of whom speak words of encouragement respecting my Missionary work. I go to the morning meeting daily, which I enjoy very much. Went to Mount Auburn yesterday with Mrs. B——, whose heart is still full of grief for her deceased daughter.

“ As I wanted to settle all my affairs

before leaving this part of the country, I sent to New York for fifty dollars, which I received safely, and forwarded to Mr. Pritchard, as my subscription for the repairs of the church. Hope all things go on well with regard to it. I would rather give another fifty than have it lag. But I trust there is enterprise and Christian zeal enough to carry it forward.

“I think much of you, and all the dear friends in Newburyport, and their kindness and parting gifts have only bound me to them more closely. Yet as I am satisfied that my Master calls me to labor in another part of his vineyard, for a season, I go cheerfully at his bidding; relying upon his grace to enable me to be faithful.”

TO HER SISTER.

“ Boston, May 26th, Morday morn.

“ I expect to leave for New York this afternoon, and start from thence on Wednesday. I am in good health and spirits, not doubting that the same kind Father, who has always taken care of me, will still protect and bless me. And if he has any work for me to do among the Indians, he will spare me to do it. ‘ We are immortal till our work is done.’ When it is done, we shall be called away ; and I have no anxiety respecting that, leaving it all in his hands, who has the keys of death,—and who will love me to the end. Could I talk over all the exercises of my mind on this subject, and all the providential openings with regard to this Missionary work, I think your faith would be stronger.

“I have been abundantly supplied with clothing by my friends, and only want a more grateful and humble heart, which you will ask God to bestow,—won’t you?”

Under date of May 28th, she writes from New York, to Mrs. C——.

“I arrived here safely yesterday morning. After breakfast I called at Dr. Vermilye’s,—went into the General Assembly for two hours,—there met Mr. Caldwell from San Francisco, and had a pleasant interview. I expect to start for Philadelphia tomorrow morning. There I meet Miss Morrison, who returns to the Missionary work; and at Pittsburg a young man is to join us, who goes out as teacher. These are the only two they could find at present, and I am more glad than ever I have concluded to go. If you do not

hear of my arrival for *seven weeks*, you must not be anxious. The Lord will protect me, and order all things for the best. ‘Goodness and merey have followed me,’ every step of the way since I parted from you, my dear friend, and I think it would be unbelief to distrust the care of the ‘Keeper of Israel.’ My health is excellent, and of course so are my spirits.

“Mr. and Mrs. B—— and their family were most abundant in their kindness to me,—giving me many articles; among the rest an air pillow, to use in the springless wagons. *Love to all.*”

The kind interest taken in her by the Secretaries at New York, and their families, must have been singularly grateful to her feelings, during that trying intermediate time between the sundering of old ties and associations, and the forming

of new. The tokens of their regard which she took with her, and the easy tone of the letters which passed between herself and the Mission House, show that her character was well understood and appreciated.

Among the papers left in Miss Greenleaf's writing-desk, is a note from a grieved mother, entreating her prayers for an erring and intemperate son.

In the church of which she was a member, no one has yet come forward to take her place. "What are the things," said a young lady belonging to it, "which Miss Greenleaf did, and we do not?" "They are so many," replied her elder friend, "that I cannot *begin* to tell you."

It has been very refreshing to go in quest of letters and little items concerning her. Her name has been a pass-word to the interior of many a sweet Christian

home ;—it has unlocked many a touching reminiscence ;—it has lighted up many a plain face with a beaming, *beautiful* smile.

One of the homes incidentally visited, was that of Miss Caroline P——, who resided for some years as a sort of Missionary in the State of Maine. She mentioned that she used to feel privileged to spend an hour each week with Mrs. Greenleaf, and it was there that she made her last call before going to Brownsville, in 1817.

“ You did not then know Mary ? ” asked the writer, for she had not spoken of her.

“ Yes, but she was, you know, modest and retiring. She always kept in the back-ground. Mrs. Greenleaf was the chief attraction. Mary at that time was not a Christian.”

“ But she was exemplary then, was she not ? ”

Again the smile.

“She seemed to me perfect. I used often to wish that I were half as lovely. I suppose she must have had some faults, as she belonged to a sinful race; but I never heard of any.”

We must now anticipate a little, in order that the letters which follow, selected and arranged by a lady, an attached friend of Miss Greenleaf, to whom many of them were addressed, may be given in unbroken succession.

A sister Missionary, Miss Barber, writes :

“On arriving here last July, although she had accomplished what I know from experience to be a very wearisome journey, yet she appeared far less worn than could have been expected, and quite strong and vigorous. She was most diligent in her labors in that vacation, either for herself

or some one else ; and it seemed as if she could hardly wait for the period of her more active labors to arrive. Soon after her arrival, a mechanic with his family came to reside here some six or eight weeks, in order to accomplish some work for the institution. Miss Greenleaf seeing that they had children who needed instruction, immediately sought permission of the parents to instruct them ; which being gladly acceded to, she daily, morning and evening, collected them in a little school, and taught them not only to read, but religious knowledge also.

“ When school commenced in October, she was zealously devoted to her charge, always read to them, or talked to them in the most earnest manner respecting their soul’s salvation ; and above all prayed much, both with them, and for them. We

think that the blessing of God has attended her labors.”

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

“*June 18th, 1854.*—How can I ever recount, or be sufficiently grateful for the mercies I have received since I left home, nine weeks since, to place myself under the care of Dr. Hewett. My bone set, carried through pain comfortably, a home provided for me at Mrs. B——’s; many religious privileges, Christian communion, pleasant rides into the country; health good, and wrist nearly well. Preserved from all accident on railroad, &c., brought home, cordial greeting from friends, permitted to hear our pastor again, &c. O, may my lips and life prove my gratitude.”

“*August 6th.*—Have always an abund-

ance of mercies to record. Preserved in health, though one day indisposed; yet means blessed for speedy restoration. Temporal wants supplied. Now Lord, help me to render according to benefits received."

" *Sabbath, 20th.*—Have been quite sick for several days, threatened with fever. Last evening went to bed very sick; but through the kindness of 'Him who healeth all our diseases,' am better to-day, and this afternoon went to the house of God, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Dimmick, upon walking with God."

" *Sabbath, 27th.*—Health restored last week. Religious privileges enjoyed, and my usual blessings continued.

' Still the orphan owns thy care;
Screened by Thee in every danger,
Heard by Thee in every prayer.'

“ *September, 17th.*—Great mercies to record. Went on Monday afternoon to Ipswich, and passed the night with my kind friends there,—from whom I received tokens of love. Tuesday, went to Marblehead,—kind reception, and nothing but kindness and love all the time. Did not feel in very good spirits. My friends sent me away with handsome presents; and I was safely returned last evening. To-day have been permitted to hear most faithful preaching from my beloved pastor. O, may it do me good! But, alas! my ingratitude and many sins!”

“ *November, 5th.*—Passed more than two weeks at Mount Rural, and had a pleasant time. Was not very well when I went, but the change of air, and living, was very beneficial, and I returned home well. Had much pleasant intercourse

with Miss B——, and kindness from her. O for a grateful and cheerful heart. Have been tempted to indulge despondency. Lord, save me from it.”

“19th.—One more week passed at Mount Rural. Had the care of the house in the absence of Miss B——. Was kindly preserved from all harm, though there were two fires in the vicinity. Do not feel quite well to-day. My spirits rather low. Perhaps I have not sympathised enough with the desponding; and so I have this feeling.”

“*Saturday evening.*—Have been quite sick this week,—threatened with a fever; but my kind heavenly Father has graciously appeared for me, &c. Surely I ought to have a thankful heart, but alas! I am evil and unthankful. Lord, bring

me nearer thyself. Restore my health, if it please thee ; but give me quiet resignation to thy will."

" *Sabbath, Dec. 17th.*—Constant mercies, health better, kindnesses from friends, temporal supplies, religious privileges, spirits better. ' Bless the Lord, O my soul ! ' "

" *March 18th, 1855.*—When I review my life, though I have had many sharp trials, and was called to bear the yoke in my childhood and youth, yet I am disposed to think, that few have had so many blessings. But, alas! what poor returns have I made! "

" *June, 24th.*—Carried through great labors, events mercifully ordered ; permitted to receive under my roof my

excellent friends, Misses S——. Kindness from them, and much reason for overflowing gratitude.”

“*August 5th.*—My dear aunt W——, after severe and long suffering, was released yesterday morning; and this afternoon her remains are to be committed to the tomb.”

“*December 17th.*—On Tuesday morning, 4th inst., received a letter from Mrs. W——, saying that Mrs. E—— was very sick, and wished me to come to Cambridge-port. In little more than an hour, I left with Miss F——. Found my friend very sick indeed, and at her earnest request, and that of the family, concluded to stay as long as she lived. She died on Saturday the 8th, at twelve o'clock at noon, after very severe suffering.

I watched two whole nights, and half of another, yet my health was preserved, and I was able to wait on her a good deal; and by repeating hymns, and passages of Scripture, to endeavor to direct her mind to the true source of consolation. Now Lord, help me to live to thee alone, and may the death of my friend be sanctified to me, and all interested."

" *Sabbath, Jan. 6th, 1856.*—Spared to commence another year, while three of my friends have died the last week."

" *Jan. 24th.*—Still encouraging symptoms of a work of grace among us, and most faithful preaching to-day."

" *March 23d.*—Have been dealt with in great kindness and love this last week. There is some prospect that a long-cher-

ished desire of my heart may be gratified ; that I may devote myself more exclusively to the service of Christ. The kindness of my pastor and other friends have been great. The Holy Spirit's influences seem more apparent among us,—and I have renewed reason to be humble and grateful. Unexpectedly summoned to New York. Lord, go with me, bless, and defend me.”

“ *Wapanucka, July 13th.*—Now that I am actually on missionary ground, Lord, I ask thee grace equal to my day. May I indulge in no sin ; but be strengthened to every duty,—be divinely directed every step ; and not left to do any harm, but good.”

“ *August 3d.*—Have read in Dr. Milnor's life to-day, and have been much interested. I feel that I shall need great

grace here, that there may be no jealousy, no self-will,—no evil surmisings; but a spirit of self-sacrifice,—a willingness to be or do any thing which God requires. Lord, use me as the instrument of good to some souls here!”

“*August 10th.*—Miss E—— returned on Thursday sick, and is still confined to her bed. Lord, be thou her physician, both for soul and body. Give me this day a humble, spiritual and grateful spirit. It is the communion at Newburyport. O, may I commune with Christ here! To whom else should I go?”

Under date of June 1st, 1857, she writes to a young relative:—

“Yes, my dear ——, you judged rightly in thinking I am your friend. Long before

the patch-work days, I have felt a great love for you ; and though I believe I have a very cold way of manifesting affection, for every body, I know it is in my heart, nor has three thousand miles of separation weakened my attachment to friends.

“I dreamed last night that my term of service here had expired, and I had returned to Newburyport. But my friends did not seem very glad to see me. I had no home, and seemed only to be meeting them in the street, and glad was I to awake, and find it *but a dream*,—and that I was still on missionary ground, with thirty-two girls in the next room, over whom I can exert an influence daily.”

Whence this dream ? Was it the effect of incipient disease acting upon a brain in which thoughts of dear native place, and long cherished friends were busy ? Or was

it the one special intimation of her heavenly Father, that he was about to call her hence; *for this was not her rest; because it is polluted?* Or both? We know not.

But we know that she recognized the eye and hand of her Father in each event and circumstance of life. She looked after her prayers, and interpreted God's providence with reference to them. Thus, when she fell and injured her wrist, she thought she must have failed that day to ask Divine preservation from personal harm.

And still our Saviour says to his disciples, "According to your faith, be it unto you." Still with these who dwell very near to him, and shut out the turmoil of earth, that they may listen intently for his voice, he hath ways of communing, unknown to the world,—unknown to world-entangled Christians.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In the arrangement of the remaining letters, we have endeavored to give a continuous narrative of Miss G's journey to the Mission; a minute description of the face of the country, of the weather, and the routine of daily duty, not only for the gratification of her numerous friends, but in the fond hope that some who read them will be constrained to follow her noble example, and be glad to know the difficulties and the pleasures of the way. We have also taken the liberty, where there were several letters on one subject, to select that which seemed to us most graphic; and incorporate passages from the others into it; thus making the descriptions more full, and finishing up the pictures with the artist's own nice

touches. We indulge the hope that the friends to whom the letters are addressed, will be pleased. It was the only method which occurred to us, by which we could do justice to the writer, and at the same time avoid tedious repetition, or ungraceful abruptness.

With her usual lovely modesty, Miss G. calls her letters "dry and barren." We esteem it a rich privilege to have had access to the correspondence, and feel very grateful that we may furnish the thread upon which the pearls are strung.

TO MRS. J. B., OF NEWBURYPORT.

"Pittsburg, May 30th, 1856.

"I was very glad, my ever dear friend, to receive your letter in New York. Every word was interesting. Though sympathiz-

ing with you in your sickness, I cannot but rejoice in your fresh experience of the grace of God,—that you have found ‘He giveth songs in the night.’

“I left New York yesterday at eleven in the morning. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary, accompanied me to Philadelphia, which city we reached about half-past three in the afternoon. There we met Miss Morrison, who has been a Missionary to the Choctaws for eight years, and who is now returning to the Mission to that tribe. At eleven in the evening, under the care of Rev. Dr. McKinney, we left for Pittsburg, and traveling all night, reached this city about two in the afternoon, and having brushed myself up a little, I sit down to write.

“We expect Mr. Young, an accepted teacher, will join us here; and under his escort we hope to reach Cincinnati to-mor-

row evening, pass the Sabbath there, and then on Monday take steamboat with two clergymen, down the Ohio. 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us,'—not the slightest accident has befallen us; and the sublime and delightful prospects as we crossed the Alleghanies, afforded me a rich treat. I was reminded of the passage, 'Thy righteousness is like the great mountains,' and safe under His protection, I have had no fear of evil. Indeed I have been increasingly strengthened to go forward in this Missionary labor ever since I left home; for the many Christian friends I met, all spoke words of encouragement, and promised to aid me by their prayers. The journey will probably be longer than I anticipated,—it may occupy four weeks, and then it will take nearly as long for a letter to reach Newburyport; so if you do not hear from me for two months, you

need not be anxious. I am glad to meet you at the throne of grace every Wednesday, to pray for those so near and dear to you, as well as for yourself, and may we persevere until the blessing come.

“Miss Morrison was five and a half years in the Indian territory, before she had fever and ague, and then it was brought on by riding on horseback in the hot sun. She has been at home two years, but now gladly returns, though she looks so frail compared with me, I almost wonder at her courage.

“I had three pleasant interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Vermilye,* in New York. They gave me a beautiful Polyglot Bible, for a parting gift. I shall leave this letter to finish in Cincinnati, after giving you the post office address, which is, Boggy Depot, Chickasaw Nation, West of Ar-

* Her Pastor and his Wife.

kansas ; and I do not care how many letters I find there on my arrival.”

“ *Cincinnati, June 1st.*—Well, my dear M——, here we are safely brought on our way. Mr. Young came in soon after I had finished writing, and we left Pittsburg with him at three o'clock yesterday morning. It was very cold, and as we got up at two, we were very tired when we arrived here a little before seven, last evening. The cars were excessively crowded all the way, by men coming on here to the political convention ; and when we reached the depot, the coaches were instantly filled, so that we had to wait the arrival of others, before we could be taken to the Walnut Street House, where we were directed to stop. On reaching it, the landlord assured us he had no room for us ; nor could he tell us where we could find any ; but

allowed us to come in, until we could make arrangements. So at once I sent my card to our old N. P. friend Mr. J. Haskell, who came over immediately, and insisted upon our going at once to his house, and glad indeed were we to go. His wife also and daughters gave us a cordial welcome; and under their hospitable roof, we abide 'till tomorrow noon, when we expect to embark in a steamboat for Louisville. We went to the Episcopal church this morning with Mr. H——'s family; heard a good sermon from the rector, Mr. Nickerson, and united with them in celebrating the dying love of our common Lord and Saviour. Bishop McIlvaine assisted at the communion, and we found it good to be there. This afternoon, we went to the old school Presbyterian church, and sat down again at the table of our adorable Redeemer. So

we have had rich cordials by the way, and can only sing of mercy. After we left Philadelphia, we suffered with the cold, riding so in the night, and yesterday morning the ground was white with frost. To-day is warm, the sun pouring down intensely. How thankful should we be for the rest of the Sabbath, both for body and soul, and what a loss do they sustain, who have no relish for the spiritual duties of the day, but profane it by idleness or recreation. Adieu for the present,—if I can I will add a word in the morning.”

“*Monday morning.*—Went to hear Mr. Scott last evening, and after a good night, am well and cheerful this morning. Hope to leave in a boat at twelve this day.”

TO MR. AND MRS. C. B., OF BOSTON.

“ * * * We took passage in the steamboat for Louisville, as we could find none going farther. Both the Ohio and Mississippi were very low, and we got aground once before reaching Louisville, Tuesday morning. We then rode three miles to Portland, and took passage in a St. Louis boat for Cairo, which we reached safely on Friday evening. At five o'clock, Saturday morning, a New Orleans boat came along, took us in, agreeing to land us in Memphis for the Sabbath; but as they could not proceed in the night, lest they should be snagged, we did not reach Memphis 'till late in the afternoon. We continued on and reached Napoleon, Monday evening. Here we staid one day waiting for a boat, which sailed on Tuesday

evening. We reached Little Rock, the capital of the State, on Friday morning.”

TO MRS. J. N. C. OF NEWBURYPORT.

“ *Little Rock, Arkansas, June 15th.*

“ MY DEAR MRS. C.,

“ I trust you will have received my letter from Napoleon, ere this reaches you. That town is just below the mouth of the Arkansas. We left it on Tuesday P. M., and on Thursday morning were within forty-five miles of this town, and were hoping to be here in a few hours; when to our dismay we found our progress arrested by a sand bar, which our boat could not pass; and for some hours we knew not what to do,—our hearts were therefore lifted to Him who is ‘ our refuge and strength, a very present help in trou-

ble,' and in a few hours we saw a boat coming down the river, which anchored on the other side of the bar. Our captain went to it in a yawl, and finally agreed with the other captain to exchange passengers and freight; and in the afternoon, we walked about three hundred yards to the other boat, and next morning at half-past eleven, we landed safely in this place, where we were kindly received by Dr. Dodge, and conducted to his house, where we are hospitably entertained. I found here a former Sabbath school scholar of mine, Mrs. K——, who called upon me in a few hours after my arrival, and with whom Miss Morrison and I passed yesterday very pleasantly. She is daughter of Mr. D——, one of our church, and married a son of Mr. H. K., of N. P. The Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Mr. Frazier, is absent, so Dr. Dodge read a

sermon. And as they have no afternoon service here, but an evening one, we have remained at home this afternoon; but intend going to the Methodist church this evening.

“The Arkansas is so low we can proceed no farther by water,—so with the leave of Providence, we expect to set out tomorrow in a large, new covered wagon, with two horses, taking with us our own provision for the way. Mr. B—— bought me an air pillow in Boston, which will serve for a cushion, and supply the place of springs; and we trust the same kind hand, which has preserved us hitherto, will still be our guide. I meditate upon the ninety-first Psalm, which prevents apprehension. Miss Morrison is not very strong, and has repeatedly been threatened with sickness on the way, but is now pretty comfortable. I have the greatest reason to be thankful

that I have been uniformly well, though I have been very careful of my diet, thinking 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' but I ascribe nothing to myself, it is all owing to the goodness of God, who 'prevents me with the blessings of his goodness,' and I feel bound by new obligations to dedicate my life anew to His service, who merits all my love.

"As our progress will be very slow, we expect to get no farther than Stockbridge on Saturday next, and there spend the Sabbath with Rev. Mr. Byington; and in a week after, I may reach Wapanucka."

*

TO MISS A. P., OF N. P.

Little Rock.

" * * * There are five churches here; one Presbyterian, one Episcopal, one

Methodist, one Baptist, and one Roman Catholic, and many pretty houses with fine gardens. We walk to Dr. Dodge's door through a fine yard, in which are many ornamental and fruit trees,—a beautiful Acacia in full bloom, specially attracts my attention. In the street are large locust trees in front of the house, on which gold robins, and many other birds make their nests, and delight our eyes and ears. The roses and pinks have almost done blooming,—green peas are gone, but beans and cucumbers remain, and green corn. Melons, squashes and tomatoes are in blossom, or forming. It seems such a rapid transition to us from snow, a flight of which we had in Pittsburg, two weeks since, to ripe apples of which we partook yesterday from the doctor's garden."

TO MRS. J. N. C., OF N. P.

“ *Spencer, (Choctaw Nation,)* }
June 27th. }

“ Here I am, brought thus far safely on my way about eighty miles from Wapanueka. We reached this place to-day, just before twelve o'clock, and having been refreshed, I sit down to tell you a little of our journey from Little Rock. We left that place sixteenth instant, just before noon, in a large covered wagon with two horses, accustomed to drawing a wood cart. In appearance we very much resembled the Barrington beggars, except that we had no baskets to sell, and no squalid children peeping out. However, Mr. Young was a good driver, and we got along without any obstacle worth naming. The first day we went only ten miles, and found

good accommodations for the night with a deacon of the Presbyterian church, in Little Rock. Next day we went thirty miles, resting two hours at noon,—we always ate our dinner on the road. The weather was excessively warm, thermometer some days over a hundred. Wednesday noon, we were overtaken by a thunder storm, which continued nearly all the afternoon; the rain descending in torrents, and pouring into the wagon, and as we were ascending a hill, the wagon stuck fast in a deep rut, and we were obliged to get out while Mr. Young, with the help of a rail, pryed it out, and all wet as we were, we reached a house to which we had been directed, where we asked for accommodations. The woman said she was not very well prepared, as her house had been nearly blown to pieces a few weeks since, and had not been

thoroughly repaired. But as there was no other one near, we were glad to enter. There were but two rooms in the log cabin, in one of them slept the parents and children, five in number, and in the other we were accommodated; and strange to say, slept soundly 'till morning. They had no oil, or candles, so Mrs. S—— melted some grease in a spoon, and having lighted it, put it into a crevice between the logs, and as it burned down, replenished it from the fat in which she fried a chicken; and when supper was over, the fire by which she cooked, supplied the light. But not to give too many details, we found on Saturday we could not reach Mr. Byington's as we hoped, but spent the Sabbath at a rich planter's about thirty miles from the Indian territory. They were members of the Methodist church, but there was no preaching in the neighborhood, that

day, so we had a quiet time reading at home ; the house being quite large. Monday we proceeded on our journey, but the road was very hilly, the weather very hot, and we were obliged to seek shelter in a most miserable house, which we were glad to leave before breakfast. Before noon we reached Stockbridge, Rev. Mr. Byington's station, where we staid until next morning. Mr. B—— was not at home, but Mrs. B——, a very interesting lady, did every thing to make us comfortable. We left there Wednesday morning, and reached Wheelock, another Missionary station, about dark. On our way met Mr. Byington returning from a Missionary tour. He could not recognize me, but when I told him who I was, he could not speak for a minute, but turned his head away to restrain his emotion. Yesterday we came on to Pine Ridge, where Mr. Kingsbury

is stationed. He has been among the Indians forty years, and is a veteran in the service of his Master. He wished I could have brought several more with me, as helpers are very much needed now, many of those who have been here several years, having left to recruit their wasted energies. This morning we came ten miles to this place, where Mr. Young and Miss Morrison are to remain. The Seminary at Spencer is solely for boys,—the term closed on Tuesday, and all save eight or ten have gone home. Those dined with us to-day, and behaved with great propriety. At Wheelock, three Choctaws breakfasted with us, and one of them returned thanks in Choctaw. Though I could not understand a word, save Jesus and Jehovah, it was very interesting to witness the apparent fervor with which he spoke. We met many of them on the road, men, women, and

children, and generally stopped and spoke to them, which seemed to please them very much. Most of them dress like the whites, except that the women do not wear bonnets, but tie handkerchiefs over their heads instead. I meant to have said before, that the roads are very good for a new country, all over which we passed, being public roads. But it is hilly and rocky, in some places goes through woods, and until yesterday had not crossed a prairie. The school at Wapanucka closed this week, so there will not be many girls there; but some of the ladies are sick, so I can be of service to them. I shall probably set out for W. early next week. The journey will occupy three days. The Missionaries seem to be very cheerful, though they are abundant in labors."

TO MR. AND MRS. C. B., OF BOSTON.

“Spencer Academy, July 6th.

“ Friday, June 27th, we came ten miles to this place, just four weeks and one day from New York, and eleven days from Little Rock. This academy is situated in the woods, no house being near. It consists of five buildings of two stories, made of split logs, clapboarded and painted white, with piazzas in front and rear,— a one story school-house, a stone house, and five or six smaller buildings. A fine bell, the gift of a gentleman for whom the place is named, is elevated in front of Mr. Reed’s house. This is rung every morning before five, to wake all up, and is subsequently used to call all to their meals. There are beautiful China and locust trees in front of the main buildings, while in

the large back yard the original forest trees remain as they were before the buildings were erected, and afford a good shade. In one of the gardens there is now a passion flower in blossom,—this is found growing wild in the woods. The Mission family seem very happy; one of the ladies told me she would not leave here on any account. Oh, may we all be faithful in laboring to win souls to Christ, and never think we can do enough for Him who gave himself for us.”

To Mrs. J. B., OF N. P.

“*Wapanucka, July 23d.*

“I wrote you from Cincinnati, and gave you my address, and hoped to find a letter from you on my arrival here thirteen days since, but I found not one from any body ;

although two letters have come since, and two Heralds. * * * *

“ * * * * From Little Rock we traveled very slowly, our accommodations at night were sometimes good, and sometimes very poor, in wretched, dirty log-cabins, yet we slept sweetly, and remembering that ‘the Son of Man had not where to lay his head,’ were cheerful and happy. On the eleventh day from Little Rock, we reached Spencer academy. As the vacation had commenced, I did not leave S. until the eighth instant, and reached here the eleventh. It is about ninety miles from Spencer, and three hundred and forty from Little Rock, yet I did not feel very much fatigued; and though the weather has been extremely warm, yet my health is excellent.

“ The building here is three stories high, of limestone, which abounds in this region.

It stands on an elevation, having a small prairie in front, and an extensive rural prospect, with not a habitation in view. The territory is very large, and the Indians do not settle in villages but scatter about, generally at some distance from the road, going to their homes by bridle-paths; so that often we would travel several miles without seeing a house. The Chickasaws are a small tribe, numbering not quite five thousand. They are less religious than the Choctaws, but of late are unusually desirous of preaching and instruction. Rev. Mr. Wilson, who is at the head of this institution, goes almost every Sabbath to preach to them at different stations, preaching generally in the open air, under a rude arbor. Several natives keep up Sabbath schools which adults as well as children attend. In the Missionary family here, besides Mr. Wilson and his wife,

there are two farmers and their wives, and six female teachers. There are also five black servants, who do the hard work, which it would be impossible for us to do in this warm climate.

“You will probably want to know how I feel, now I am actually on Missionary ground. Although I have not entered on my Missionary labors, and cannot tell how I shall feel then, yet I have been contented and happy; missing it is true, my friends and religious privileges, but still finding that God is present everywhere, and loving to lean on His Almighty arm. I have heard but one sermon since leaving Cincinnati, and that was in this place Sunday before last, by Mr. Wilson. He lectured on Sabbath evening on a chapter in Joshua, which is pretty much like a commentary. We have family worship immediately after breakfast and tea, and always have a hymn

sung then. One of the farmers is a Scotchman, who often leads our devotions, and his prayers are very excellent, as well as those of the other. The other evening Mr. W. was absent, and he gave out that beautiful hymn :

‘Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal, &c.’

which I enjoyed much, and this morning we sung—

‘O for a closer walk with God.’

TO MISS M. P. S., OF N. P.

“ *Wapanucka, July 19.*

“ When Mr. Wilson returned from the Post Office Wednesday evening, he brought me yours of June 18th, and was I not glad

to get it? Every word was interesting,— I only wished I could get an answer to the office on Thursday, as the mail does not go until Friday; but there was no way to send it, so I must wait another week.

“ You wonder in your letter if the birds sing where I am. Yes, my dear M., they do. I was in Little Rock the day you commenced your letter. A variety of birds were around Dr. Dodge’s, golden robins and others; but our common robin I have never seen, and am told he is not here. All through the journey from Little Rock, the birds abounded, and they are here too. There are three martin houses on poles in front of this building, which have numerous inhabitants. All the way, there was the golden coreopsis, four varieties growing wildly in the woods; and here there are verbenas, cactuses, prickly pears, passion flowers, and many others which

grow spontaneously. The Indian territory is far more beautiful than Arkansas, indeed containing some very fine prairies, and delightful prospects; but it is so large, the Indians are scattered widely, and live generally far away from the road; but when they have 'big meetings,' they come out in large numbers.

"20th. Mr. Wilson has gone several miles to preach; three of the family went with him, and if I had known how to ride on horseback, should have gone too; but that I have yet to learn. I have a room to myself, to which I can always retire when I wish. It is quite large and decently furnished. I have been reading two good sermons, and hope you have heard two. After all, the great end of preaching is practice.

.. I trust our temporary separation will be sanctified to both of us. Certain I am

that not one unnecessary trial will befall either of us, and if we only profit by God's dealings with us, and willingly labor in the vineyard of Christ, it will not be long ere we rest from our labors, and are at home in heaven, and surely

‘A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure.’

You remember Mr. Vermilye's text on the first Sabbath this year was, ‘Son, go work in my vineyard.’ I have come to work for a time in this part, and you remain to work where you are. Let us then be diligent. I long to hear who joined the church at the last communion. Oh, may the young members, as well as the old, adorn their profession by a holy walk and conversation.

TO MRS. J. N. C., OF N. P.

“ *Wapanucka, July 11.*

“ I arrived here yesterday afternoon, in good health, having been protected and blessed every step of the way. * * * *

As I rode into the yard, and felt that I had reached the home to which I had been looking for the last three months, I thought that I could be happy here if I have the presence of Christ, for it is only that which can make us *really* happy any where.

“ It is vacation here, as it is at all the schools, so I do not see any of the girls, and my work for the next two and a half months will only be preparing for the session in October. Rev. Mr. Wilson, the superintendent, (nephew of the Secretary in New York,) seems to be an excellent man, and his wife and the other ladies

seem very pleasant. The food is good, and we have glass tumblers; at Spencer we had Japan, and the water did not taste so good.

“On the way from Spencer, we passed the nights with the Choctaws. Tuesday night our landlady was a widow with eight children. She spoke English with great facility, had a good table, clean beds in a room by ourselves, each of us having a separate one, clean wash-bason and towel, and very far superior accommodations to some we had in Arkansas. Wednesday night we put up with the Chief,—the accommodations there were poor, but we did not sup or breakfast there, and slept quietly, notwithstanding the discomforts. The chief is a pious man, an elder in the church. He prayed in English, and returned thanks that the sun had not smitten down the travelers who had come under

his roof, and prayed for a blessing on all the Missionaries, and on the people, returning thanks that the Missionaries had come to teach them and their children the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. In the morning I offered to pay him for our lodging, and the provender of the horse, but he said 'No, you cannot pay me any thing. I am only sorry I could not give you better accommodations.' We stopped at noon at a public house at Boggy Depot, where we asked for a cup of tea, and had a cup of very nice green tea, with cream and loaf sugar, and here the lady, a Chickasaw, refused pay for it. All seem to hold the Missionaries in high estimation, even those who are not Christians.

"On arriving here I met with a disappointment. I thought I should certainly find two or three letters, and some N. P. Heralds, but not one had arrived. It is

six weeks since I had a letter from any body.”

TO MRS. A. G. V., OF N. P.

“Wapanucka, July 25th.

“ Before this reaches you, you will undoubtedly have heard of my safe arrival here two weeks since. I sent off ten letters by last mail, and intended to have added another for you, but deferred it. When the session commences, I do not expect to write many letters, as I presume I shall have little time ; so now I write an hour or two every morning after breakfast and prayers. I generally rise a little before five o'clock, breakfast a quarter before six, then we have prayers, always singing a hymn first, which I enjoy very much. We then disperse, and I stir round a little

for exercise,—the remainder of the day I read, write, and sew. We cannot walk out in the morning on account of the heavy dew, and afterwards the sun is too hot,—besides which, poisonous snakes and insects make it dangerous,—so riding on horseback is the usual recreation, when it is cool enough. This week the weather has been quite comfortably cool, and I took my first lesson in riding. Mr. Wilson and two ladies rode with me about half a mile from the house, to a neighboring hill, from which there was a delightful prospect across a prairie; returned by a longer route, so I rode in all about a mile and a half. I felt at first so afraid of falling off at every step, I could not enjoy it; but after a little while I lost the apprehension, and expect to take my second lesson this evening.

“ A letter from N. P. this week, informs

me that Mr. Vermilye has had a call,—to what place is not mentioned, but I hoped he would not go, as I dare say all the people do. It takes so long for letters to come here, that I suppose his decision is made before this time, and I can only pray for submission to the Divine will, whatever it may be. I know he would not think it his duty to go, unless the indications of Providence were decisive; and whether in Newburyport, or some other part of the vineyard of Christ, you will always be beloved by me, and I shall always love to ask for you the richest blessings of God's grace. Yet it seems to me it would be a sad thing for our church to be deprived of its pastor just now, when the repairs are being made, and of course there is a more unsettled state of affairs than has existed for six years.

“I have heard but one sermon, and

two expository lectures for seven Sabbaths, so you see I am deprived of my religious privileges in great measure, but in deciding to come here I counted the cost, and see no reason as yet to regret it. If the streams are cut off, the Fountain is ever full; and if I learn to repair more constantly to that I shall not 'faint by the way.' If I may but feed some lamb and guide it to the Saviour's fold, what sacrifice can be considered great? I have repeatedly asked the ladies here if they ever regretted coming, and they all say 'No.' Amid many trials they have much enjoyment.

"Tell Mr. V. I have not been here long enough to write any thing for monthly concert, but will endeavor to do so."

TO MISS E. G. OF N. P.

“ July 28th.

“ Accept my thanks for your welcome letter. It was very kind in you to give me so many particulars. Every word from Newburyport is interesting. I rejoice to hear that the influences of the Spirit are among you,—that there were so many additions to the church, and that the meetings are so interesting. When I saw Mr. V. in New York, he looked so feeble I was afraid he would be unable to do much when he returned, but ‘ did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?’ I trust he will not leave the church in N. P. at present; it seems to me it would be a very great frown of Providence upon us, for he is a rich treasure, though in an earthen vessel,

that the excellency of the power may be of God. I miss his preaching very much, for I seldom hear any here, for Mr. Wilson goes several miles to preach to the Chickasaws; but in deciding to come, I expected all this, and if I can only draw nearer to the Fountain, which is always full and flowing, I shall not miss the streams so much. * * * *

“Of my journey here you have probably heard through others. I had mercies every moment, and can only wonder that God is so good to one so unworthy; but His thoughts and ways are not like ours. The vacation, which had commenced before my arrival, gives opportunity for rest and preparation for our abundant labors when the session commences in October; and though sometimes it seems as if I had not enough to do, yet in this warm climate we could not

stand constant labor through the summer. I do not mean that I am unemployed, for this is not the case. I sew for my associates, as they have a great deal to do, and read and write; take care of my room, and do some other things about house for exercise. Am learning to ride on horseback, which is very important here, and am daily gaining information respecting my future labors.

“There is a regularly organized church here, but I prefer to remain a member of our church in Newburyport; for there is my *home*, though for a few years, if the Lord will, I may labor here. I am daily with you in spirit, and am as deeply interested in all your concerns, as if I were still there. I trust the young members of the church will be consistent and exemplary in their lives.

The older ones must watch over them in love. Am glad to hear of the Sabbath school—that my former class attend. Give my love to them, and their teacher, and tell them I hope to hear they have all entered on the service of Christ. Tell Miss W., with my love, that she lives to *pray*, while others *act*, but hers is the most powerful instrument. * * * *

“And now, dear E., may the peace of God, which passeth understanding, keep your mind and heart through Christ Jesus, and under all your daily trials may you be enabled to cast all your care on Him who careth for you, and the desire of your heart for growth in grace and conformity to the image of Christ be granted you.”

TO MRS. J. N. C., OF N. P.

“ July 27th.

“ Mr. Wilson went away on Friday to attend a ‘big meeting,’ as they term a sacramental meeting here. It is held about twenty miles distant, in the open air, under a rude arbor, and there these children of the forest, listen to the preached word ; and there receive the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of that Saviour, to whom all who will, may come and receive pardon and eternal life. It is delightful to think that in these ‘ends of the earth,’ we may have the same fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ, as in the great congregation in populous cities.

“ This morning, at family worship, Mr.

McCarter, one of our farmers, read the twenty-fourth of Luke, containing the account of the journey to Emmaus. It was a favorite chapter of my grandfather Coombs, and I was carried back to the days of my childhood, when I frequently heard him read it with so much feeling; and then I remembered his manner in prayer, while occasionally a silent tear would drop down upon his drab vest. I then recollected it was in *his* arms I was presented in infancy for baptism, and could not but feel how much I am indebted for his prayers, and those of my sainted mother, as the channel through which I have received the greatest blessings; for if I have been made a partaker of the saving grace of God, 'the wealth of sea and land is but a toy compared with this.'

TO MRS. E. A. G., OF N. P.

“ *August 21st.*

“ It is just six weeks to-day since I came to this place. The only reasons for my delay in writing you, are, that I knew you would hear from others of my safe arrival here, and some description of the place ; and as the vacation had commenced before I came, there is little to write about *here*. I have deferred it in the hope that something would occur of sufficient interest to form the subject of a letter ; such however is not the case. During vacation we live a very secluded life, the extreme heat not allowing us to go out much, and we have very little company. We are remote from any habitation, and see very few of the Chickasaws. Mr. Wilson

is away a large part of the time on missionary tours, and the few teachers who remain here, are my only associates. There are only two beside myself who usually sit together in the day time; of these, one is just getting up from a severe attack of chills and fever, and the other had a similar attack a week previous. Neither of them can sit up all day. One of them has been five years in the service of the Board, going home once to recruit; the other has been here little more than a year. One is an orphan, the other is fatherless—both well educated, and loving their field of labor, though of course they find many trials in it. I love them with Christian affection.

“ My dear friend, how often do I think of you, and all my friends in Newburyport. My coming away has not

weakened, but rather strengthened the ties which bind me to them; and every meeting is remembered by me with great interest. All are in my thoughts at the appointed times, and I fully believe I am not forgotten, when you meet in the social circle to pray for a blessing on the church and our dear pastor; and I trust I shall always be remembered in this way; for until I came on Missionary ground, I did not fully realize how much we all needed to be upheld by the prayers of the faithful. * * * I presume you see Miss B. often. I send many thoughts to Mount Rural, where I have passed so many happy days and weeks; but hope the few years I may be permitted to spend in this wilderness, may be more singly devoted to the advancement of Christ's cause, and some of these Indian

girls be directed, through my instrumentality, to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.' A short time before the close of the school, many of them were much concerned for the welfare of their immortal souls, and we hope they will not lose their impressions during vacation. I miss my religious privileges, having heard but two sermons preached in eleven Sabbaths, so do you all profit as much as possible by the rich means of grace with which you are favored."

To Miss A. P., OF N. P.

"August 31st.

"I believe my thoughts go to the place of my nativity more on the Sabbath, than on any other day. I think

of my friends first as assembled in the Sabbath school, and then uniting in praise and prayer; and then the classes at their recitations, after the contribution, and then the closing address and hymn. Next I think of you in the sacred place where more than half a century since, I was solemnly dedicated to God in baptism by a believing mother, in the arms of my venerable and excellent grandfather; the service being performed by my uncle, Dr. Dana. In that consecrated house, what inestimable privileges have I enjoyed! For nearly thirty-seven years I have been a communicant in that church, and love to think of the sweet seasons enjoyed there, though all unworthy.

“And have you, my dear A., been permitted this day, to worship in that ancient house? I know not that it is

ready for worship, for my last letter spoke of the repairs as if but just commenced, and referred me to the Herald, for an account of the services, at the laying of the corner-stone.

“How different have been the place and circumstances of our worship to-day! Mr. Wilson preached about four miles distant, to the Indians; and Mrs. W. and I went on horseback. I rode without fear, forded a creek, stopping in it to let the horse drink, mounted and dismounted without assistance, and enjoyed the delightful ride this morning, meditating on the great event which this day commemorates, and repeating mentally the quaint lines of Herbert:

‘This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this lot for man,
That as each beast its manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.’

“ When we reached the preaching place, we found the Sabbath school in the midst of their exercises ; that is, reading in the Indian language. The building was a rude log-cabin, about twenty feet square, without a single window ; sufficient light however came in through the open door, and large openings between some of the logs. Directly in front, was a rude arbor, made of branches of trees, with split logs laid across other whole logs for seats. When the assembly is large, and the weather very warm, the meeting is held under this arbor, but as this day was delightfully cool, the ground somewhat damp, and not quite forty persons present, it was held in the house. Mr. W. gave out the Choctaw hymns, which were read by his interpreter ; for they have a Choctaw Bible and Hymn Book, and

the Chickasaw and Choctaw languages are so nearly alike, that both tribes understand them. Then we all sung them, for I can read the book, though I do not know the meaning. One of the Chickasaws prayed in his own language. Mr. W., and Mr. McCarter, prayed in English. Mr. McC. is one of our farmers, a Scotchman, one of the very best of men. He has a lovely wife whose example is very consistent. Mr. W. spoke through an interpreter, on Christ and the woman of Samaria. There were adults and children of all ages in the assembly, which was smaller than usual on account of the annual Council, which met last week, and did not close until midnight last evening, and there was not time for the Indians to reach their homes in season for the services this day."

TO MRS. J. B., OF N. P.

“ September 17th.

“ We did not get our mail until this afternoon, but in it were six letters for me, and I have had a feast, for I have received only one letter for a month. Surely I thank you all for remembering me in this way, as well as others, for letters are in this place ‘as cold waters to a thirsty soul.’ It takes a long while for letters to get here, yet I think all have come safely to me, and several papers from Mr. M., and one from you last week, giving account of the laying the corner-stone, which was deeply interesting to me, as is every item from dear Newburyport. * * *

“ But I shall fill my sheet without answering your questions. We get sup-

plies, groceries, dry-goods, &c., from Boggy Depot, where two Yankees keep a store. They get their stock from New York, New Orleans, and sometimes from Texas. We are but fifty miles distant from this latter place, and had a large wagon load of nice flour from thence recently. We raise our own pork, or most of it, all our beef, most of our poultry, &c., make butter for summer use every day, purchase for the winter—often get out in the winter. We live very comfortably, and I relish all the food. What we miss most are vegetables; the grasshoppers having destroyed the garden for two years past. We all have a room to ourselves, and a large one, seventeen feet square, high studded and airy. In winter, all have fires in their own rooms, because there is no common sitting-room there, but in sum

mer we have one which is then occupied by the girls. We have the Presbyterian and New York Observer, and some other publications sent here; there is also quite a Library, so that we can read a good deal in vacation.

“The girls are not educated specially for teachers, for they marry so young here, we want to fit them for good wives and mothers, and hope they will teach the next generation what they know themselves. Some of the girls have recently been to see us, some bringing peaches as a present. We feel anxious respecting those who were serious, but our hope is that God will not suffer them to grieve the Spirit away entirely.

“This morning, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Barber, and I, went on horseback about four miles, to visit ‘Aunt Nancy;’ a pious Chickasaw, who, with her husband, was

converted before they were removed from Mississippi. They are pretty well off for worldly things—have a comfortable cabin, good farm, plenty of cattle, ponies, &c. She was much pleased to see us—had water and nutmeg-melons, and fine peaches, for our refreshment. She has no children; but has adopted several,—two young ones are now under her care; the little girls come here to school. We had a delightful ride, sometimes through the woods with only a bridle-path—then we would emerge into a rolling prairie, diversified with small groves of trees, under the shade of which, the cattle were resting. We crossed three creeks, which had quite steep descents and ascents, but I did not mind it at all, as the horses are so gentle, and the *real Missionary horse* which I ride, is so careful in going down hill, and up the

steep banks. * * * I long to hear that our house is finished, and worship regularly performed there, yet I rejoice that the church have worshiped at Mr. C's, because I think it will promote kind feelings, and union I always love; you know my darling mother did. It was kind in you to mention my mother's grave. You cannot doubt I often think of it, and also of that of my dear William in Illinois, but I never have any gloomy associations with them. They rest sweetly there, in hope of a glorious resurrection, and their spirits are present with the Lord.

“My health continues to be very good, though all the ladies but one have had chills and fever, and some of them several attacks. One is just getting over a severe one, she is a very slender person, but has great spirits, and may outlive many others.

“Dear M., do not think so well of me, but ask that I may have more grace. I am quite mortified to have such scrawls as mine go the rounds, as you tell me they do; and as for Tommy V’s letter, it was solely for his amusement, and too flat for anybody else.”

TO THE SAME.

“*September 24th.*

“Yours of the 25th came on Saturday, with three others, so that I had a great treat. How kind it was in you to send that sprig from my mother’s grave! I keep it in my large Testament, (it was hers) close by the text, ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,’ &c. I am so glad a rose-bush is on her grave, she was so

fond of roses. I deeply regret I did not have a small white fence put round the lot in which my parents and grandparents lie, it is such a difficult spot to find, and if I live until spring, think I shall direct our sexton to place one there.

“I cannot do as you wish, that is, send you a leaf from a plant under my window, for none grows there. This house is not only built *of* limestone but *on* it, so there is no soil for plants within some yards of it, and the back yard, upon which my room looks, has nothing green, but twenty oak trees. In front of the house, at a little distance, the flowers are numerous, though few of them make much show when pressed. On Monday, I went out for some passion flowers — to my great disappointment, not any could be found, all had gone to

seed. One of the ladies has given me one which she pressed, and I will send that, though its beauty is very much gone. The kind we have here, is different from those I have seen at home; the color is lilac, and the leaves are fringed, and it is not as pretty as those, yet when they are in full bloom they are handsome.

“I have written more than fifty letters since I came, yet I have not written to all I promised, because I think there will be more to write about after school commences.

“Still I shall have very little time then, so if friends do not hear often, I hope they will excuse me and write themselves. We have a good deal to do yet, to prepare for the school. I expect to have the care of thirty-three girls out of school—shall have to cut and fit at least

a hundred dresses for them, and teach them to make them properly, besides teaching them cleanliness and almost all domestic duties, and giving them religious and moral instruction. You will ask that I may have grace and strength equal to my day. Hitherto my health has been excellent, and my courage has not failed. I cannot but rejoice I am here, and hope some souls will be savingly benefited by my feeble instrumentality, and if so, how trifling are all the self-denials to be endured!

To MISS A. P., OF N. P.

“ September 28th.

“ Your letter of the 20th ult. was received the 20th. Many thanks for it. Yesterday the mail came, but no letter

for me. This was a disappointment, but I doubt not there are several on the way. We all watch eagerly for the mail, and surround Mr. Wilson when he takes out the letters; so you see we are selfish in this respect.

“ We have all been very busy for several days, preparing for the return of the scholars on Wednesday next. I believe I wrote you that I am to have the care of thirty-three girls out of school, cut and fit their garments, teach them to make and mend them, and try to be what a mother ought to be to them. If sick, I must take care of them by night as well as by day; so you perceive my hands and heart will be full. Yet I look forward to these labors without apprehension, trusting that the Omnipotent and Omnipresent Saviour will be near to succor and sustain,—that His grace will be sufficient for me, and the

seed I may sow in these dark minds may spring up and bear fruit to His glory. That there will be many trials in the way ; that the native depravity of the heart will be often developed, is certain ; yet I also believe that the Holy Spirit, in answer to prayer, can renew these hearts as well as others, and make some or all of them willing to believe in Christ. That the church in Newburyport prays for this Mission, in connection with one of their number here, is a great encouragement, since God is the hearer of prayer. Let them be more importunate, and perhaps they may see in eternity that their prayers were the most powerful instrumentality employed for the conversion of souls here."

" *October 3d.* Our scholars come in very slowly,—it is natural to the Indians to be sluggish in their movements ; yet I have

been very busy all the week. I have moved into the third story as my girls all sleep there, and I prefer being near them in the night, so that if any are sick, I can step into their rooms at once. There is much to do at first in mending their clothes, and there are many to make; and though they are required to do a large part of their sewing, yet to cut and fit all their garments, is not a small affair. But I did not come here to live at my ease, and I rejoice to labor for these red children, and train them up in the way they should go. I have one among them who is sixteen years old, and seems to be a very good girl, and there is some reason to hope she is a Christian.

“They have all gone to bed now, so I finish this letter, expecting to send it to the depot tomorrow. I enclose a yellow sensitive plant, a verbena, and a small

flower like a pea, which I like very much. Verbenas bloom in every direction, though I have seen but two colors, red (not scarlet), and purple,—the last have different green leaves from the others. All tell me the spring flowers are much prettier than the autumnal ones.”

TO MISS M. P. S., OF N. P.

“October 5th.

“Yours mailed August 26th, and September 2d, came last evening in company with *ten* others, all from Newburyport. I thank every one of you most heartily for writing. Last week I had not one letter, such is the uncertainty of the mails here, and I am told, that sometimes in winter, no mail arrives for seven weeks, so if you do not hear from me every week, do not be anxious.

“We expect a fresh arrival of girls tomorrow morning. They began to come last Monday; but not a third part have come as yet. This is a great mercy to us, for if they all poured in in a day, we should be in such confusion, we should find it difficult to get along. I have only six as yet, the youngest nine or ten, eldest sixteen; and my whole Sabbath, except when they were in Sabbath school, and an hour early in the morning, has been devoted to them. We had meeting in the morning, but I must have my eye upon them all the time. Those who have the care of them *out* of school during the week, do not teach in the Sabbath school; but I keep a kind of maternal school the remainder of the day. Oh! if the Holy Spirit only visits us here, and turns the current of their minds from sin to holiness, how delightful it will be.

'Tis ours to sow the seed in their young hearts, but God giveth the increase.

“We are disappointed with regard to another teacher,—the Board could not find one for us. One of our number, Miss Lee, returned last evening; she has been here one year, and is very healthy. Not an hour's sickness have I had since I came here; indeed I have not been so well in summer for many years, as I have been the past. A strong body is needed here, as well as many other qualifications. There is a great lack of laborers,—all the stations within twenty miles or more, need females, but none can be found willing to come.

“If I had not a multitude of correspondents, I would try to write you more. I have them in Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Arkansas, as well as in several towns in my native state, besides Newburyport,

so you must take this into account if you get few and meagre letters.

“The Missions in this territory are suffering for laborers, as I have already said. The school at Tallahassee cannot be commenced at present for want of teachers, and all the stations need more ; for those on the ground are obliged to over-work, and then their health fails, and many return before the expiration of three years. Oh ! that the members of our churches were more self-sacrificing,—that they thought less of their own ease and enjoyment, and were ready to endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ. Oh ! may the time soon come when a more genuine and enlarged benevolence shall pervade the church, and whether at home or abroad all shall be intent on the salvation of the lost.”

TO MRS. J. B., OF N. P.

“October 7th.

“Yours of the 5th ult., came the 4th instant, in company with eleven other letters, two Heralds, and a Presbyterian paper from Pittsburg. You can imagine what a feast I had, though I could not read them for two hours, as it was Saturday evening, and I had to have the girls thoroughly washed, and see them all in bed before I could gratify myself with their perusal. The week before, I had not one letter, so uncertain are the mails in this part of the country. You have probably received two from me, and others also have heard, for never but once has the mail gone without letters from me, and though I shall have little time for writing now, I think I can write one or

two weekly. From my heart I thank you for writing so much, and so often, and only regret I can make so poor returns.

“I have not quite half my number of girls as yet, for they come in very slowly, three or four a day. Sluggishness is one of the Indian characteristics. It is a mercy to us that they come gradually, for if all poured in at once, we should be overwhelmed with the pressure. Thus far I have got along very well; my health continues unimpaired, and I am able to do a great deal. The first month is generally the hardest, unless there be sickness, which is not uncommon, when we have nursing by night and day, added to our other cares. However, I trust for daily strength for daily duties. I have been perfectly contented ever since I came; have pleasant society in the house, and do not hanker for any external enjoyment. I have gone

into the third story, because the girls sleep there, and my room is far more pleasant than the one I have occupied. It fronts the north-east, so that I can see the sun rise, and there is an extensive prospect across the prairies,—hills rise in the distance, and I could easily fancy the blue line, miles off, to be the ocean, did I not know to the contrary. You ask if I can see any water? I cannot. There is a large creek at a short distance, but the high banks on each side do not permit it to be seen from the house, or until we are close to it. It was so swollen by the abundant rains in August, that we all went down to see it; and Ball, my good horse, came near drowning in it, when Mr. McCarter attempted to cross next day.

“ My sitting-room is in the second story. There I sit with the children, when they are out of school, and indeed almost all

day I am there, fitting their work, mending their clothes,—for the girls are so unskillful in this last kind of work, I must do it generally myself;—but you know I like to be busy, and if I can only ‘be fervent in spirit,’ while ‘diligent in business,’ it will be well.

“My girls go to bed at eight o’clock. I have some bright-eyed ones, whose happy faces are a comfort,—others look dull and intractable;—had two new ones to-day, who cannot understand a word of English, but who behave admirably well. This evening in their working hour, I repeated several of Watts’ Divine Songs, and when that verse came:—

‘There’s not a sin that we commit,
Or wicked word we say,’ &c.,

many an eye was turned upon me with great interest. Our principal hope of use-

fulness is from influencing the children; so do be 'instant in prayer' for us, that the Holy Spirit may renew and sanctify these young hearts."

TO MRS. J. N. C., OF N. P.

“ October 19th.

“Our school is not full yet,—it generally takes a month to collect all the scholars. I have plenty to do, but can do it all cheerfully, and am contented in my situation, never having regretted coming, but rather rejoice that I am permitted to do these humble services for Christ. This morning, Mr. Wright, a Choctaw, who was educated in New York, and who is a very intelligent and interesting man, and an ordained minister, preached in Choctaw, from—‘As Moses lifted up the

serpent in the wilderness,' &c. He gave out the text in English,—that was all we could understand. Mr. Wilson instructs the girls for three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon every Sabbath, when he is at home, and they are as easily managed as any children, and some of them who cannot speak a word of English, would be patterns of obedience to many children in the states. A little one, whom I have named Jane Greenleaf, for my beloved mother, is a dear little girl, who tries to do exactly as I direct her.

“The sacrament of the Lord’s supper is to be administered here next Sabbath for the first time since I came. On these occasions it is usual to have services on Saturday as well as Sunday. Several ministers are expected to be present, and we hope the Holy Spirit will be specially with us.

“ I enclose a leaf of a cedar tree, which seems to grow out of a solid rock ; also a prairie queen, and a green leaf of one kind of sensitive plant.

“ Our church seems to be a very long time in repairing. I hope it will be done thoroughly, and that there will be a liberal spirit in paying for it ; for is it not a privilege to give liberally for the house of God, and for the promotion of the cause of Christ ? I often wonder if we do feel as Watts expresses it :—

‘ Yet if I might make some reserve,
 And duty did not call ;
 I love my God with zeal so great,
 That I should give Him all.’

In singing that verse, I have often feared for myself, there is so much selfishness and love of ease to be crucified.

“ There were two little white boys be-

longing to a carpenter, who was here for a short time, who came to me twice a day to be taught reading and spelling, and to receive such instruction from the Bible and Catechism, as I could give them. I felt glad to have this door of usefulness opened to me during vacation.”

TO MISS S. T., OF N. P.

“*October 30th.*

“You must have thought me very negligent and ungrateful, not to have written you before. The truth is, that in vacation there was so little to write about, I thought I had better wait until school commenced, and since then I have been so fully occupied I could not spare time. I have now, I believe, ten unanswered letters by me, but I am determined to write you not-

withstanding, though I may be obliged to do so at several sittings. My department here is to take care of girls out of school, and when the whole number, one hundred, comes in, I expect to have thirty-three under my care. The Missionary Board clothe them all, sending out annually materials for this purpose. But that you may understand what the work is, I will enter into detail.

“The bell rings at half-past five in the morning, when all rise. The children sleep in the third story, as I also do. As soon as they are dressed, they go down into the second story where they have a sitting-room,—there is a large piazza running the whole length of the building in the rear; on this they wash and prepare for appearing in the dining-room at breakfast, a quarter before seven. I appoint two of the girls weekly, for housekeeping

in the sitting-room, and they make the fire, sweep and dust the room. Two also take care of the bed-room, all the girls making their own beds, the others sweeping the room and stairs. I remain in my own room until about ten minutes before the breakfast bell rings, when I go down to see that all are ready; some having neglected to wash and comb their hair, must be sent to do it. At breakfast, one of the large girls pours out the coffee at one end of the long table, (designed for sixteen girls), and I sit at the other end to help to the food, and see that they behave properly. Prayers immediately after breakfast, preceded by reading a chapter in the Bible, and singing a hymn. After a short recess, the girls repair to the sitting-room to sew, until fifteen minutes before nine, when they have a recess of a quarter of an hour before school,

which begins at nine, and closes at twelve. Dinner soon after, when all play out of doors until school at half past one, which lasts until half-past four. Supper at five, then family worship, then play until dark, when they come in to sew for an hour or two. At eight o'clock I see them all in their comfortable beds, after saying their prayers; and then if they are not sick, I have no more to do for them. While they are at school or at play, I am fitting work for them, and finishing off garments, and mending a great deal, which they cannot do themselves. I have constant opportunities to impart moral and religious instruction to them during the week; and on the Sabbath I give up all my time to them except when they are in meeting or Sabbath school; and even in meeting I must look after them, to keep them in order. They are naturally wild,

and being accustomed at home to live without any order, it takes time to bring them into subjection. Under my care I have six who have grown to womanhood, most of the others are under twelve years. Two of our large girls were seriously impressed nearly a year since; and Mr. Wilson thinks they give very satisfactory evidence of a change of heart. Of course they are but 'babes in Christ,' and need to be instructed in the doctrines and duties of religion. I commend them, and all of us to your prayers, for we all need them. In coming to this place we have not come out of the reach of temptation, or of our great adversary; we all bring the remains of our original depravity, and must maintain a constant warfare with our own sins, as much as at home; and we need great grace to enable us to discharge our duties aright. Yet I am glad

I came, and have much reason for gratitude that my health and strength have been continued, while most of the ladies have suffered a good deal from chills and fever, which is *the disease* of the climate, and from which few are exempted. The children frequently have chills, and then nursing is added to my other duties; still I enjoy my labors, and have been more uniformly contented here, than I have since the death of my dear mother. In vacation I read a good deal, and enjoyed the 'Gospel in Ezekiel' very much. Have little time now to read any thing but the Book of books, the Bible.

TO MRS. C. B., OF BOSTON.

“ *November 1st.*

“ On the last Sabbath we had the communion here. The meeting is often held in a rude bower: but on account of the dampness of the ground, it was held in our largest school-room. There were thirty or forty Indians present, besides our scholars, and two of our largest girls, and an elderly Indian woman, were baptized, and admitted to the church. Two infants also were baptized. An Indian, who is an elder in the church, assisted in the distribution of the elements. It was a season of much interest and solemnity. It was the first time I had attended a communion in this territory, and it is always delightful to recognize ‘the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.’

“ One pretty little girl came to us without a name, and I call her Jane Greenleaf for my mother. May her mantle fall upon the dear child. She understands my smile, and a pat on her head, as marks of approbation, and is very obedient, so far as she understands my directions. The children are generally silent in my presence, and seldom speak to me, except in a whisper. This afternoon they were playing out of doors, and as I sat writing, with the door open, a little smiling face peeped in, and when I inquired, ‘ What is it, Ann Eliza?’ she ran in and put a few berries in my hand, and then ran out smiling, though she spoke not a word. They are affectionate, and sometimes come and stroke my hair, or manifest affection in other ways, which is very pleasant.”

TO MRS. H. S., OF N. P.

“ *November 15th.*

“ Your very kind letter deserved an earlier acknowledgment, which would have been made, had I not waited for time to write a long letter, but as I see no prospect of this at present, I write at a late hour this evening, that I may send on Monday to the depot.

“ We have had sickness among our girls ever since they came. During the last week, several severe cases of dysentery have occurred ; not among the girls under my care however, owing perhaps to the prayers of friends in Newburyport. Their sickness has been slight. Jane Greenleaf has been ill, but soon got better. She is very quick of apprehension, and I make her comprehend my commands, though

she does not understand English. It is quite amusing to witness their attempts to do as they are told.

“The weather here is very changeable. Last week we had some very cold weather, and ice formed out of doors; yet this week has been most delightful, and we are glad of open doors and windows. The winters though short, are quite cold, and as this house is not tight, I have felt the cold more than I have for years; and all tell me they suffer more from cold here than at the north, owing to the want of Yankee habits and thrift.

“The post-office is at Boggy Depot, which is not a railroad depot, but was formerly a military one, being near Boggy river, from which it takes its name. It is twelve miles distant, and there are several creeks between us, and whenever it rains the mails are uncertain, as there are no

bridges, and generally no ferry-boats, and the mail is transported on horse-back, and the creeks are too much swollen to be forded. I fear I tell the same things twice, as I cannot remember what I wrote last time, but I wish my friends to understand that the mails are uncertain, that anxiety may be avoided."

TO MISS E. G., OF N. P.

“ December 14th.

“ Winter has commenced here, though the Indians say it is quite early. The girls seem very sensitive to cold, for although at home, they live in open houses, and go barefooted all winter; yet here with very warm clothing, they hover round the stove, and seem to suffer more than poor children at the north. Mine have

been sick the last week, and as they generally cry and moan a great deal when any thing is the matter, it is quite trying to know how much attention to give them.

“Our house is so poorly built, it has seemed impossible some days to get it warm; and in the evening when the girls sew, I have contrived to get them the warmest places in the room, and been ‘content to quake, so they be warm.’

“Jane Greenleaf is full of fun and frolic. She is always ready for a race; and to bring wood or any thing else to me up in the third story, seems to be her delight. Often does she meet me in the entry, as I am coming up, and putting her hands in my arms, begs to go for wood, and when I say ‘yes,’ bounds off perfectly delighted. She learns quite fast, and is quite pretty in the face. Though

at first I was almost sorry I had given her my mother's name, because she did many naughty things, I do not regret it now, as she has improved very much. She and the other children are now in the room, jabbering away in Chickasaw, and examining every nook and corner, and as all are pilferers, I have to watch them as I write. They are delighted with pictures, particularly Daguerreotypes, and I often hear little feet on the stairs, and a rap at my door, and three or four little girls smilingly ask if they may stay awhile; this is during play hours, when one would think the woods would have more charms for them than any room."

To Miss M. P. S., OF N. P.

“ December 28th.

“ One of my girls ran away in company with several others from another department, and has not returned. No reason can be assigned for their going, except the usual love of their homes, and their dislike to restraint, for mine had not been punished at all. It was a long way for her to go to her home on foot, but they do not mind that, if disposed to depart. Generally the children are wild and thoughtless, but I am deeply interested in them, and labor on cheerfully; and in faith that some seed will spring up, and bear fruit to life eternal, though it may not be until I am laid in the grave.”

TO MISS S. S., OF BOSTON.

“ *December 23d.*

“ * * * Your letter is too kind, that is, you entirely over-estimate me. I doubt not you love and serve Christ far better than I do, though in a different sphere. You have not the physical strength I have, and so are not called to the same labors; and you must only think of me as a very insignificant person, who may bustle about, and yet be far enough from what I ought to be; still I hope in the midst of all my short-comings, there is a little love to Christ, which constrains me; but you well know I did not put it there myself, and therefore to God be all the glory.”

“ *Christmas, 25th.*

“It is early morning. The royal King

of day has not made his appearance, though from my window I can see the preparation for it. As you celebrate the birth and death of our Divine Redeemer, may you indeed feed upon Him with thanksgiving."

TO MRS. J. B., OF N. P.

" January 1st, 1857.

"I have received five letters from you since I wrote, and I think it is time I should try to answer. Am grieved to hear you have been ill again. My dear mother used to say, 'it is harder to suffer than to do the will of God.' You recollect the lines:—

· God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
 But thou thyself would'st do, if thou could'st see
 The end of all events as well as He.'

“This New Year’s day is a holiday for the children, and I sent them all out to play. Very soon many of them came tagging back, and filling their arms with wood for my stove, came tapping at my door; after filling the wood-box, want to look at every thing in the room, but seeing me writing, they sit down on the floor, making and dressing rag dolls. A little new girl came with J. Greenleaf, and we have given her the name of Mary Margaret Wilson, for an aunt of Mrs. Wilson. She is quiet and still,—very slow, but a general favorite.

“This morning, as I was sitting with the girls, a tall Indian, dressed with turban and blanket, a peacock’s feather in the turban, and a tomahawk by his side, walked into the room. I arose, shook hands, and gave him a chair. He smiled pleasantly, looked round, and I got one

of the girls for an intrepeter, and on inquiry found Mary Margaret was his only child. She went to him, and he seemed very happy to see her. She is so stout and healthy, I think he was satisfied with her treatment. I stroked her hair, and told him she was a nice little girl, which seemed to please him much. When the dinner bell rang, I invited him to go down with us, which he did. He is a very noble looking man.

“Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and two ladies, have gone to the depot, to attend a wedding. The parents were never married, so we judge there is some improvement now they have their children lawfully married. The Chickasaws are a very gay, licentious people, having lived before their removal, among the whites in Mississippi; and many returned soldiers

from the Mexican war have settled here and taken Indian women. They have learned a great deal of evil of the whites—they have been cheated so by them, and so many money-loving men have come here, to fleece them out of their annuity, that Mr. W. thinks they imagine we all come for money, and it will take time to gain their full confidence.

“I wish you to pray for one of my oldest girls. I think the Spirit is striving with her, and fondly hope she is not far from the kingdom of God. She comes to my room to read her Bible, and be instructed in the way of salvation, and it is cheering to my heart to have one, whose ear is open, and whose tears show that she feels; yet you know how easily the Spirit is grieved, and how volatile young persons are, and I also fear for myself, lest I should say or do

any thing which may hinder her salvation. Heard that three who were scholars here last year, have joined the Methodist church. If they are true Christians it is a great thing.

.. In writing from this place. I always feel my friends will be disappointed that I have so little of interest to communicate. My daily routine of duties is not varied by any striking incidents. I thank you for the encouraging words you write respecting my coming here. I know not how I could have answered it to my conscience, to have declined coming, when the indications of Providence were so decisive, and as no one could be found to take my place, I am satisfied it was right for me to come.

“I trust Mrs. C. will be spared 'till my return, and we may yet have many a pleasant interview. When that time

will be I leave, for I know not what may be my duty, yet if such be the will of God, I would like to pass the closing years of my life in Newburyport, and lay me down for my last sleep beside my precious mother."

"23d. For nearly three weeks past, we have had snow on the ground, which though but a few inches in depth, has not entirely disappeared. The house is poorly built, and has large air holes, so that the air circulates freely. I think Miss C. Beecher would be satisfied with the ventilation of my sitting-room, and I really believe it is for my health. At any rate I am preserved, having only an occasional cold, and the girls have been much more healthy since the cooler weather. The creek near by, has been frozen, so that the girls slide on it."

To E. W., Esq., N. P.

“ *January 25th.*

“ * * * * * That I am in a sphere of great usefulness is apparent, but I know I come very far short of doing every thing in the best manner, and from the highest motives; but with all my deficiencies, I humbly hope it is my first desire to serve Christ, and in this humble way to promote His glory, by trying to do good to these children, since to feed His sheep and lambs was His direction to one of his Apostles.

“ My Sabbaths are very much devoted to my children, and when they are all together, you can imagine we are often very weary when the Sabbath closes. Though I miss the rich privileges I once enjoyed, I have been uniformly contented

and happy, and am satisfied it was best for me to come.

“I hope now that all are at home again in our church, that the members will ‘arise and shine.’ I trust that the young will be growing Christians and not so conformed to the world as not to be distinguished from the mass around. I trust many souls will receive the gospel in faith, and the Sabbath school be a nursery for the church. What a luxury it would be to join in the prayers of my pastor, and listen to the gospel from his lips; but if all staid at home, who would teach the heathen? I hope many more will yet go from our church to labor for Christ in destitute portions of the vineyard, and if we all meet at the close of our pilgrimage, in our Father’s house, to go no more out, how short will be the separation!”

TO MISS M. S., OF BOSTON.

“ January 30th.

“ My friends have been very kind in writing to me. Yours was one of the twelve letters which came by one mail. I think it is time it should be gratefully acknowledged. It has often been in my heart to do so when it was utterly impossible, so full have been my hands since the commencement of the session. I have but very little time for writing, but if there be no severe sickness among my children, shall probably have more leisure, for the winter clothing is all made and much for the spring is on hand.

“ Tomorrow is my birthday. Fifty-seven years have gone, and but few probably remain in which I can perform active service for **Him** to whom I owe my all.

Though my dear mother lived to be more than thirty years older than I am now, I do not expect to attain her age; nor does it seem desirable, yet this is not my concern, but rather to fill up time with duty, and in all things to serve Christ.

“The weather for the last week has been mild and pleasant—the snow has all gone, and the mornings seem quite like spring, especially when the snow birds are flying round and singing. They are very abundant and often fly into the house, but do not like to remain there. Last Sabbath, Mr. Wilson went to preach four miles off, and on his return said, the only travelers he saw on his way were wolves and eagles. I have not yet seen the king of birds, or any wild beasts, but we had yesterday a wild turkey for dinner, and often have wild ducks.”

TO MISS A. C., OF N. P.

“ *February 9th.*

“ Very often have I remembered my promise to write you ; and at the commencement of several weeks past, I hoped to find time to scribble a hasty letter to you, for that is all I can now do to any one while I have nearly thirty girls under my care. There is always something to do for them, and if I am a negligent correspondent it is not strange ; still I have never failed to write every week to some one of my numerous correspondents in Newburyport, and presume you have occasionally heard of my welfare through them.

“ For some reason the school has not quite the usual number of scholars (one hundred) this session. Most of them

have been here before, and can understand English, but a few have come for the first time, and seldom speak to me in English, but get another to speak for them. Some of the little ones are extremely winning in their ways, though all have faults, and show plainly that they belong to a fallen race. Will you not remember us in your prayers, for we need the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to convince them of sin and turn them to God.

“Boggy Depot, where all our letters arrive, has only two dwelling-houses, a small meeting-house, and a store kept by a Yankee, in which is the Post-office. The Indians build their rude log-cabins away from the road, and generally behind clumps of trees, which effectually conceal them from the view of travelers, and frequently have we rode half a day

without despoiling a single dwelling, though probably many habitations were quite near. Whether this attempt to hide themselves is the result of the treatment they have received from the 'white man,' I am not able to say, but as they have been driven from their lands, and sent off here, perhaps they are afraid of another removal.

“With respect to society, I certainly do miss the pleasant companions of Newburyport, and were it not for letters, I fear I should sometimes be quite low-spirited, but these are so cheering, that if I begin to be cast down, I am soon refreshed by epistles from absent friends, whom I have long known and loved. Trials we have, but should we not be ruined without them?

“This week has been mild as our May, and some tiny flowers are in blossom,

and multitudes are springing up which will bloom soon. I think the season of flowers must be very beautiful. I came so late in the summer, I was told the most elegant flowers had gone, still I found many which charmed the eye and spoke continually of His goodness, who 'clothes the grass of the field.'

"When Mr. Wilson is at home, he preaches twice on the Sabbath, morning and evening, and instructs the girls for a short time after dinner—the remainder of the day the teachers have the sole charge of them, and of course we can have but little time to ourselves, but it is good to lay our own advantage by for their benefit.

"Hitherto my health has been very good. I have some hope that I shall escape the disease of the climate, but trust I shall welcome whatever trial God

sends upon me, knowing that 'He doeth all things well.'"

TO MRS. J. B., OF N. P.

"February 18th.

"After being penetrated with cold in January, February came in as mild as May at the North. The girls brought me tiny flowers from the prairie; the thermometer stood at seventy-four for two or three days, and numerous flocks of birds are seen. Peas were planted two weeks since, and I presume they are up. We have had doors and windows open; but last night, a violent thunder shower produced a great change. We shall probably have more or less sickness until the weather is settled.

"I have been much interested in reading of Dr. Livingstone in the papers, and

I think one effect of my coming here will be to make me feel more for missionaries everywhere. They have many things to discourage them, yet on the whole, I think they are happier than the mass of Christians at home. God makes up the loss of their enjoyments by giving them a cheerful and contented spirit.

“You will not find Wapanucka, the name of our Institution, on any map. It is the name of the creek, about an eighth of a mile distant, and so was given to the mission.”

TO MISS E. G., OF N. P.

“*March 16th.*

“ * * * * I have a little sick girl in the other room,—she has lung fever, and I must often run to her and answer her cries for o-kah, (water), and

see if she needs any thing, so you see I have to nurse the children, and do a great deal for their bodies, but this gives me a strong hold on their affections, and increases my influence over them. Most of them, great and small, make a great ado when they are sick, and if I were easily frightened, should often think they were seriously ill, when in a few hours they seem quite well, and in a day or two are out at play. Some of the ladies fear we shall have sickness among them this spring; but as I am not disposed to borrow trouble, I do not distress myself with useless forebodings. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and the same kind hand, which has been so often stretched out for my support, will still uphold me under every trial.

“ We are to have the sacrament of the

Supper administered here next Sunday. One of my girls, and another of Mrs. Jones's have applied for admission to the church, together with Emily, one of the colored servants. The one under my care appears well now. Sometimes I feel encouraged about others, and then it seems as if they were entirely under the dominion of sin and Satan; but God is able to change the most stubborn heart.

“It is now a little more than a year since I began to think seriously of devoting myself to missionary labors, for a season. In reviewing the way in which the Lord led me, I cannot fail to see His hand, and gratefully notice His goodness in granting me the privilege of laboring here, though in a humble way, to benefit the children of this tribe of Indians. We must sow the seed in faith and hope, and not be discouraged if we

see no present results. It is often necessary for us *not* to know that we are doing good, for spiritual pride is often fostered when we think our labors are blessed; and as humility is a very important grace, God often disappoints our hopes when he sees that their gratification would puff us up, and do us harm."

To Miss P. H., OF N. P.

"April 2d.

"Your kind note was very gratefully received. Accept my thanks for your attention to my business, and for the expression of your opinions on other topics. I would like, my valued friend, to correct a wrong impression which I suppose I have unintentionally given with

regard to the children under my care. More than one-half, probably two-thirds, understand English enough to comprehend my instructions. It is the new scholars, of whom I have ten, who as yet understand but little; yet even these get some right impressions, and soon learn obedience to the regulations of the house. A little one, who has just recovered from a lung fever, I have had in my room for nearly two weeks. She is now well enough to attend school, and learns slowly;—but is a very docile child, and seems to wish to do every thing I tell her to do. After she was able to sit up, I gave her some playthings, and a little box in which to keep them, which pleased her much, and immediately after breakfast, she would open her little treasures and enjoy them. On Sunday morning she seemed doubtful whether she should have them,

so placing her hand on the corner of the box, and looking up to me inquiringly, she seemed to say, 'Can I play with them to-day?' I shook my head, and said, 'It is Sabbath,' and she never offered to touch them through the day. This gratified me, for though I do not know that she understands why we keep the Sabbath, I perceived she knew there is a difference between that and other days, and when she kneels by me, and her little voice repeats 'our Father,' and 'Now I lay me down to sleep, &c.' I hope God will yet mark her for his own. Sometimes I think I would like to adopt her, as she has no mother, but I presume her father would not give her up.

"Some of our eldest girls show the advantage of this Institution. Seven of them are now members of the church, and appear well, and though none mani-

fested any interest in religion until the Institution had been in operation four years, yet we feel this is enough to encourage us. I do not see that there are more discouragements here than in any other part of the heathen world; and if the Gospel is to be preached to every creature, somebody must come here, and as the Board find it very difficult to procure persons to go among the Indians, I cannot regret coming; nor, while there are three hundred and sixty-six members in the church at home, do I see any reason why one cannot be spared for a few years. Should my life be prolonged, I do not expect to stay here more than three or four years, as I shall be too old, then if God has any thing for me to do in Newburyport, I shall gladly return, and again unite with you in trying to do good there. But I have no definite

plan for the future ; I leave all with God and only wish to know and do His will. Life is so uncertain, that it is of little importance comparatively, where we live, so we but fill up life with duty, and all meet at last in heaven.

“The spring here, is very delightful. Flowers are in great profusion. The verbenas are very fragrant, and as they are so abundant, the air is very sweet. The trees are in foliage, and the dog-wood and others in blossom ; there is much to enjoy in a walk. The girls start off in every direction, and load me with flowers, so that I have to throw away sufficient to ornament several rooms.

“A few weeks since, a little girl, about twelve years old, came in, to whom Mr. Wilson wished me to give a name. I called her for your sister, H. S. She

seems to be a quiet child, and more cleanly than some of them."

TO MRS. J. N. C., OF N. P.

"April 8th.

"Whenever I take up my pen here, I feel that I write pretty much the same things to every one, therefore my letters must be very tedious. Yet if I do not write, you all suppose I am sick, and so, dull as they are, I keep on with my barren scrawls. I am very glad to hear that you think of me, particularly on the Sabbath. In some respects it is the hardest day in the week for me. The children are restless, and long to go out to play, and some of them do not understand why they may not; and what with trying to interest them in something profitable, and at the

same time not over-task them, I cannot get much opportunity to rest, though I always feel refreshed in a degree. I tell them stories of Daniel in the lion's den, the three children in the fiery furnace, &c., and show them pictures to illustrate the Scriptures. At present they understand little of what they are taught; yet I love to hear their young voices repeating 'Our Father,' and 'Suffer little children,' &c., and 'Tis the holy Sabbath day,' for I think they will understand them by-and-bye, if they live, and the Holy Spirit may yet make the truths of the gospel effectual to salvation. Sometimes when they cluster around me, to hear me read some part of the life of our Lord and Saviour, I feel quite encouraged by their attention; at others, like all children, they are so full of play it seems next to impossible to gain it.

TO MISS E. D., OF N. P.

“ *April 21st.*

“ * * * I know it is always expected when a letter is received from any Missionary station, that it will contain something different from a common friendly letter. In this I presume, I have disappointed all my friends, for in our daily routine of duties, away from society, though there is much for us to do, great cares and responsibilities, yet there are no startling events to narrate. It is much as it is at home in a large boarding school for children, much to interest ourselves, many pleasing tokens of affection, as well as many trying exhibitions of their innate depravity, and the darkness of their minds with regard to spiritual things. These last lead us often to cry to ‘ the strong

One' for strength and grace to labor on, believing that 'our labor will not be in vain in the Lord.' That we do see some improvement in them is certain; but you know with all children much patience is required, and here especially must we give them 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.'

"Not a week passes without some of our girls having chills and fever, but they are not all sick at once, which is a great mercy. There is less running away this session than ever before; and those who do go home, are most of them soon returned by the parents. Many of them sing sweetly. Jane Greenleaf has quite an ear for music. H— S—, is a very good girl, quick and obedient, sews pretty well. and is now marking the alphabet on canvass. Several of the girls now milk in the morning, there being forty-

five milch cows. We wish to have them learn all kinds of work, that they may know how to keep house properly, and thus there be a gradual improvement among the people.

“ My own health is still preserved. My labors are less than in the winter. Cold chilly winds prevail; the Indians say the spring is very backward.”

TO MRS. S. W. T., OF N. P.

“ *May 9th.*

“ Although I have nothing very interesting to communicate, I am unwilling that your two letters should remain unanswered any longer. There is little variety in our life. Indians it is true visit here almost every day, but they do not often enter our rooms. They send for their children

to go to them in the Chickasaw room, as it is called, at the farther end of the house, and when we see them we can only smile and shake hands, and speak through an interpreter.

“Mr. Wilson has gone to-day to preach a funeral sermon for one of our little girls, who died at home a month since. We have lost two children this session, though both died at home. They have a custom here, when any one dies, to bury without any prayer, or any ceremony at all. Sometime after, perhaps three months, even a whole year, they have a funeral, get a Missionary to preach, sometimes have a two days' meeting and a feast. We hope ere long they will abandon the practice, which is not, however, peculiar to the Indians. It prevails to some extent in the south and west. I have more time to write now, not having much sewing

for the girls; but am teaching some of them to mark on canvass. Several of them are employed in the dining-hall after every meal, washing dishes; and with patchwork, and the weekly mending, I contrive to keep them employed in the working hours."

TO MRS. W. M., OF N. P.

" May 29th.

" Think not I have forgotten you, though I have not written you since I arrived at this place. I supposed you would hear of my welfare through others; and as there is not much to communicate, my letters are very dry and barren, nevertheless I am going to trouble you. I write in the midst of a severe thunder shower, the rain pouring down in torrents.

These showers commenced the first of February, and we have had them very frequently ever since. Sometimes they are accompanied by hail, and in one instance the hail-stones were as large as bullets, and for a little time the ground was as white as if snow had fallen. With these Miss Lee made the children a small ice cream, the first ever made in the place.

“ My hands have been very full ever since the commencement of the session. You may well suppose that to clothe thirty-six Indian girls, and to teach them almost every thing, can not be done without much care and labor; but I manage all these much more easily than I did a less number at first, having learned by experience. I have, however, no time to waste.

“ How you would delight in the abundance of wild flowers which bloom all around us. Verbenas are so common as

sometimes to be quite unnoticed. Their fragrance is like our pinks. Could you look into my room, you would see four tumblers, and a tin can that serves for a vase, crowded with a rich variety of flowers, among which are white bee-larkspur, yellow wall flower, red, white, and pink mallows, a kind of moss with pink flowers, yellow and white primroses, besides many others. I often think if I could transport them to Newburyport, you would realize something of the beauty with which God clothes our prairies.”

TO MISS M. S., OF BOSTON.

“ *May 11th.*

“ Yours of March 27th came in four weeks, and was very welcome. If you could look in upon me, you would not

wonder that I do not write more, for a family of thirty is no small charge; nor can their clothing be cut, fitted, made, and mended, unless I am constantly employed. When I had them all rigged out in the winter with one dress each, I felt as if my labors would be lightened; but no sooner had I got through with thirty Sunday aprons, than I had to begin upon a second winter dress for each. In January I had used up nearly six pieces of Kentucky jean, of thirty-one yards each; three pieces of chambray, nearly two of calico, two of cotton flannel, one and a half of unbleached cotton, &c.,—then some of the children are constantly tearing their clothes; and stockings wear out *very* fast; but it is my time for working while on Missionary ground, and I would not be a drone here. I am quite satisfied with every thing, except my own short-comings,

and I never expect or wish to be satisfied with myself, until I awake in the likeness of Christ.

“At all Missionary stations where the scholars board, we must attend to their bodily wants, as well as to their mental and spiritual ones; and no one is fit for a Missionary in this place, who is not willing and able to do almost every thing. Had I not been accustomed to labor with my hands, I see not how I could have been of much use here.

“Last week there was much sickness among my girls, one had convulsions for hours. Towards night the spasms left her, I had her removed into my room, and gave up my bed to her, while I watched all night. She was removed to her home by her parents, and we expect her back tomorrow. I have one now in bed, who is a slender child, and I sit with my door

opening into the girls' sleeping-room, so that I can see and hear her at any moment. My own health is continued, and I have great reason for gratitude that strength equal to my day has been granted me. It is a year this week since I left Newburyport. It seems a very short year, though an eventful one,—indeed, the shortest year of my life. I have not been taken off my labors for an hour since I came, or even obliged to lie down in the day, or feel that I was really sick. Have never had chills, and all seem to think me very strong and healthy. My appetite is good, and I sleep sweetly; so have I not reason to serve God cheerfully?

“ My Sabbaths though necessarily much interrupted, are not without enjoyment. In the morning, after breakfast, I have to see that the younger girls, about twenty, have their Sunday dresses and aprons,—

that they are put on properly, and their hair combed, their faces, hands, and nails clean, and this occupies most of the time until Sabbath school. Then I trim the lamps, which I cannot trust them to do, they do them so sadly. Dress for the day, and have a little time to myself before meeting. After meeting I must see that the girls take off these aprons before dinner, and put on others, else they would soon be spoiled. Then I go down and wait upon them at dinner; after which the teachers dine, (breakfast is the only meal taken with the children). We then go to the sitting-room, and try to interest them until half-past two, when they have a school for an hour. From that time until eight o'clock, I ransack my memory for something to interest them, telling them Scripture stories of David and Goliath, Daniel in the lion's den, &c.,

and tell them something of the heathen who worship idols, and endeavor to do them good in various ways. I am glad to go to bed, but sleep soundly all night, and generally wake before the bell rings at half-past five in the morning, and feel so fresh and vigorous that I *know* the Sabbath is a blessing, even if I cannot read and meditate much by myself, but 'teaching we learn, and giving we receive,' and so I hope the sacred hours are not wasted.

“ The Choctaws are in advance of this tribe, in regard to both education and religion, having had more Missionary labor bestowed upon them. At the recent meeting of the Presbytery in their country, one of their elders subscribed twenty dollars for Foreign Missions. He subscribed the same amount last year, and to pay it, took a pony to the Missionary,

Mr. Stark, saying, 'he thought it might bring twenty-five dollars, and in that case he wanted five for himself.' Mr. S. sold it for thirty-five, and offered the fifteen to him. Said he, 'Oh, no, I only want five,' and so the whole thirty dollars were paid over to the Missionary Board. Would not these Indians be a rebuke to many in our churches at home, who only give a trifle to send the Gospel abroad?

"Mr. Wilson is going to let the children have a party in the open air on the first of May. The girls dress a May pole with flowers, and all walk in procession about a quarter of a mile, and have their dinner on the rocks, near some curious caves. The pole is planted outside the caves, then table cloths spread on the rocks, and the repast, consisting of cold ham, bread and butter, buns and gingerbread, with cold water, is eaten. The teachers are present,

as it is well we should sometimes be with them in their recreations to see that they behave properly.”

TO MRS. J. B., OF N. P.

“ *May 15th.*

“ The date of this may remind you that it is six years since my beloved mother was released from her sufferings, and entered on the ‘rest that remaineth for the people of God,’ and just one year since I left Newburyport for this Mission. A thousand recollections render it a remarkable day to me; yet I have no idea of dwelling upon them as I write you. I ponder them in my heart, when my hands are busily engaged about other things.

“ My two girls who are communicants,

are I hope real Christians ; they certainly are very different from the others, and are comforts to me. They seem to love the Sabbath, and the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and other good books ; and I see no reason to think that our labor is lost upon the others, though the seed may not spring up immediately.

“The children had their promised party on the first of May. Many of them had wreaths on their heads, and looked very pretty. They behaved very well indeed. Though slow in their motions about work, they are quick enough at play, and are real romps. I keep a rod as a scare-crow, but it is not often necessary to use it.

“Three of my girls had to go to bed with chills, and when sick they cry and moan until you come to them, so that you have to attend to them in self-defence, if you have no higher motive. Their cry

‘a-la, a-la,’ (oh dear), is very mournful. A physician at Boggy Depot, thinks the chills are produced by miasma from the creeks. I think our house stands in as healthy a situation as could probably be found in this country. I supposed I should be a subject for chills, but have escaped as yet; whether the second year will be as healthy for me, remains to be seen. I leave it quietly in my Father’s hands. Diseases are his servants.

“The failure of payment of interest on my railroad bonds, though unexpected, does not trouble me. The God who has fed me all my life long, will provide for me until the end of my short pilgrimage, and why should I distrust his care? I do not expect any body to leave me a dollar, and am glad it is so. I had rather draw on the bank of faith, and have no anxiety respecting my temporal support.

Please say to Miss H., with my love, that though the interest on my bonds was not paid, I wish her to pay out all I directed, and I shall send her a draft in July to repay her all she may advance. We have only specie here, or I would send it now.

“The want of cleanliness among the children has been a great trial to me. Some of the ladies thought I could never teach them the use of the pocket handkerchief; but I have succeeded; and they are trying the same experiment. Certainly they do improve, although we do not see in them all we wish. Yet when they were all dressed clean, in their new calico dresses, and aprons, their hair combed smoothly, and all in order at meeting, listening to the preacher, it was a pleasant sight.

“On Saturday afternoon Mr. Wilson accompanied the ladies, and about thirty

girls, in a walk to see some of the sublimities of this region. There are three of the caves I mentioned before on the edge of the creek. I had been to them, and looked down into them from the top, but had not descended the precipitous bank to enter them from below, which we all did on Saturday. We scrambled down among the rocks as best we could, tearing our dresses sadly, and walked into the cave. Turning to the left, in a kind of closet, we found a bird's nest with four eggs, and looking up over head, we saw brake and violets growing out of small fissures in the rocks. After this we crossed the creek; Mr. W. chopping down limbs of trees to lay across, on which we walked, taking a large stick in our hands to preserve our balance, and keep us from falling into the water, which though shallow, would have given us a good wetting, had

we made a mis-step. After we were all over, we climbed up the bank through the rocks, and walked on to see other wonders. Here we found an opening between huge rocks, through which we walked a considerable distance, and were constantly discovering grand things. This had probably been one immense rock of limestone, but the action of the creek beneath, gradually undermined it, causing it to separate, and parts to fall, so that there is a vast amphitheatre between, and we look up perhaps fifty feet on each side to the top of the rock. Trees grow in the spaces, and some of the girls climbed them, and got on the top of the rocks, though it was fearful to see them on such giddy heights, but they climb like goats. After walking several hundred yards, we found our way out, crossed the creek at a much worse place than the other, and came

safely back with a good appetite for supper, and I trust with thankful hearts for our preservation, as well as for the enjoyment we had in viewing the wonderful works of God.

“In walking, the greatest dread I have is the ticks; they are so insidious in their movements, you know nothing of them until they are embedded in the skin. Last August, I walked out with a little girl who was visiting here, and I think a hundred seed ticks, not as big as a pin’s head, occasioned me a good deal of suffering for two months, the bites not healing until October; but I know now I must just walk in the road, and not go off among the bushes.

“Should I occupy the same department another year, as I hope to do, my labors will not be so heavy, because I have all the clothing mended weekly, and shall have

so much more order in arrangement, I can get along more easily. In hot weather the children enjoy swimming in the creek, and perform their ablutions there, and this lightens my labor somewhat.

“Jane Greenleaf is full of life and spirits. She is an interesting child, and has none of the stubborn, intractable ways which some have ; but I fear she does not understand any thing of the Gospel, though I try to explain it to her by pictures, of which all are very fond.”

TO THE MISSES T., OF N. P.

“Although ten unanswered letters lie on my table, I leave them there, that I may fulfill my promise to you made before I left home. Had I written as soon as I wished, you would have received a letter

long since ; but though writing is a recreation, I am obliged to deny myself while more than thirty girls require my attention : for when they are in school, or at play, I am cutting and fitting work, and doing many other things for them. We, who have the care of the children out of school, have many secular duties to perform, the same that a mother has, still we have plenty of opportunities to impart moral and religious instruction, and woe be unto us if we neglect them. To gain their affections is very important, and in this I trust we have succeeded, if we may judge from the frequency of their visits to our private rooms in play hours. They sometimes flock to them so as to be an annoyance, but we do not like to forbid or repel them, lest we should lose one important means of usefulness. The Sabbath is the day that requires more grace

than any other, for we never have a meeting in the afternoon, and there are so many hours I must be with them, and try to interest and instruct them, and at the same time not increase their natural aversion to the day.

“I was surprised to hear of the death of Mrs. Codman. For her we cannot mourn; she has been a very great sufferer for years, and we have no reason to doubt that she has joined the innumerable multitude, who ‘have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ She was a very dear cousin to me, always kind, liberal, and sympathetic, and encouraged me much respecting coming here.

“No Missionary has ever died at this place,—all leave in a few years, many losing their health from over-working.

The truth is, we are so scantily provided with laborers, that almost all do too much. The Board would send more if they could get them. The low state of religion in our churches must be the cause, most 'seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's.' I shall probably leave in a few years, as I shall be too old to do all the work required here. Then I hope to return to Newburyport, and do something there, if the Lord will. If not, 'His will be done.' I do not regret coming here. I think I shall at least learn something myself, if I do no good to others; and the experience of the goodness of God to me on the journey, and since I came, is invaluable."

TO MASTER T. V., OF N. P.

Eight years of age.

“ *May 18th.*

“ I heard last week through a friend, that you wanted to come and see me ; and I am glad you still remember aunt Mary ; but you cannot come, I am so far from you. On the very day I received that letter, as I was rambling on the prairies with some of my little girls, I thought of you, and how much you would enjoy such a walk. There were forty-five calves there, and whenever we came near them they would race off, frolicking as they went. They were of different sizes,—some quite large, others so little, it was quite amusing to witness their gambols.

“ Whenever the girls go out with me, they pluck flowers in great abundance, so

I have my hands entirely full when I return, and every day when they go out alone, they gather so many, and bring to me, I frequently throw away an armfull at once. This may seem a large story to you, but it is strictly true; and as you always liked flowers, I know you would enjoy seeing so many.

“ We have three nice dogs here; the largest has a very bad name, Scamp, but he is a very good dog notwithstanding. Rover and Tyler are the names of the others. They often accompany us in our walks. We have also, ducks, hens, and pretty little chickens. We have several horses, but they have to work so much, that we seldom ride on them. There is the body of a broken wagon, which Mr. Wilson allows the girls to play with. It has four good wheels, so some of the girls get on it, and the others race with

them as rapidly as the fleetest horses. Yet most of them love to go to school, and are quite still and attentive there. A little one not larger than your sister, is quite a singer, and a very great talker. I am often amused with her conversation in Chickasaw, though I do not understand a word of it ; but I smile and say ‘yes,’ once in a while, and that is quite satisfactory to her.

“During my journey to this place, on board the steamboat from Louisville to Cairo, we had a great number of passengers, nearly four hundred, and among them many children. There were four or five black mothers, in whose children I was much interested. There was little Dick, about five years old, who enjoyed playing bo-peep with me very much ; but little Johnny and Andrew were my special favorites. Johnny was only two and a

half years old, yet he was dressed in jacket and pants, and being very short, and turning out his toes very gracefully, he attracted much attention.

“But I am writing a very long letter, and as you cannot read a word of it, I will not weary your dear mother to read any more, so hoping you will be one of the very best boys in the world, I will bid you good-bye, after saying that my first desire for you is, that you may love Christ, now, while you are young, that so you may rejoice and be glad all your days, and live to do good to others. Can you not write me a little letter? I presume you write at school, and if it were only one line, I should like to have it.”

TO MISS A. P., OF N. P.

“ *May 22d.*

“ The school will close the first day of July. Two ladies are expected here in the autumn, whom we shall gladly welcome. We need a third school, for the two are too full, making it too laborious for the teachers. I am not hurried with work now. During the session, the girls have made eighty-five dresses, fifty-seven skirts, one hundred and one aprons, nine sacks, four pillow cases, five suits of clothes for the negro men and boys, three table cloths, twelve towels, more than a hundred pocket handkerchiefs, besides sacks for bacon, curtains for the wagon, and some other things; also, patch-work enough for a bed quilt. All these garments I cut, and the majority of them

basted ; and during the first part of the session, made most of the button-holes, and occasionally finished off a garment when it was wanted immediately. But of late all this, and also the mending, have been done by the girls. They also do their ironing, sweep and wash the part of the house we occupy, so that on a review of what has been accomplished, it seems as much as could reasonably be expected of any school girls. Jane Greenleaf, who could scarcely use a needle when she came, can hem a skirt, and make an apron sleeve so well, that I see she has much improved. I think she has the brightest intellect of any one here; a most amiable temper, and is very attractive with all her faults. With proper training, she will make a fine woman.

“ The grasses on the prairies look beautifully. The variety of their colors in some cases, is very surprising,—in some parts

they have the appearance of a variegated carpet. Among the flowers are the red and yellow coreopsis, purple phlox, a white flower resembling candy-tuft, and one which grows on a stalk like Canterbury bells, but of a greenish white color, and shaped much like a tulip, another looks like a blue lupin, and we have the finest rural prospects all around here, and much to lead the mind 'through nature, up to nature's God.'

"The fifteenth of this month was the anniversary of my departure from home for this place, and also of the death of my dear mother. The year has passed rapidly. I have enjoyed much, and had but few trials. What awaits me another year, I do not know, whether I shall be as well as in the last; but I do not wish to know:

'Tis enough that God will care,
Why should I the burden bear?'"

TO MRS. J. B., OF N. P.

“*June 3d.*

“I am going to write you a short letter, to let you know that, Providence permitting, I shall go to Stockbridge, Choctaw nation, the second week in July, to pass a few weeks in that region, and I wish your next letter directed there. It is more than a hundred miles from this place; and I should not have decided to go, had not Mr. Byington written for me to come. He is an old friend, and was not at home when I was at his house last year; and cannot leave his preaching to come here. When I arrived at Wapanucka last July, I was so tired of traveling, I thought nothing would induce me to leave this spot, until I started for home, but as I have seen very little of the Missionaries, and Mr. Byington

writes very urgently for me to go, I think I shall, hoping to gain much information from those old Missionaries who have toiled so faithfully in the vineyard of the Lord.”

To Miss M. P. S.

“*June 11th.*

“When Mr. Wilson returned from the depot, there were five letters for me. Some of the boxes from New York have arrived, and my package from Newburyport taken out. I have just finished opening it this morning, and looking at the articles, and reading the kind notes in them; and I cannot express half I wish. Your kindness is indeed felt; your birthday presents, and those of my other friends were most unexpected, and they awaken so many

emotions as to take away the power of utterance. I am truly gratified by such tokens of love, and may God reward you for all your continued kindness, and stimulate me to greater efforts in his service.

“One of my friends wishes to know if I am studying Chickasaw. I am not. It is a difficult matter to learn that language, and of very little use, as the teaching is all in English. For a preacher it is very important, and Mr. Wilson studies it in the hope of being able to preach without an interpreter, but it will probably be several years before he can do this. I was talking with him the other day about this territory, and he thinks in twenty years it will be a part of the United States, the majority of the inhabitants be white, or half breeds, as so many white men are settling here, and intermarrying with Indians, or bringing wives with them; so

that it is very important, we *now* do all we can for their education and Christianization. The few phrases of their language which I pick up, are of some use, such as Ul-pa-sah (that is right), Ik-sho (none), Minta (come), Oke-she-tah (shut the door), which last I have to say many times a day in winter. If I were twenty years younger, and expected to remain here as long as I live, perhaps I should try to learn it; but at present have no time, but to add a little to my stock.

“*Saturday, 13th.* One of my oldest and best girls, Cornelia, is quite sick. Mr. Wilson understands a good deal about medicine, and I go to him always for advice in every severe case. I do not wonder the children have chills, for they will go out in the morning after a heavy rain, and sit down on the ground to play.

They have not the smallest degree of prudence, and were it not for the kindest Providence, they would be sick half the time. I believe every one of mine, but two, has had some sickness during the session, which required attention and medicine, but God has carried me through very comfortably."

TO E. WHEELWRIGHT, ESQ., OF N. P.

June 16th.

"Yours of the 16th ult. came yesterday, and was very welcome. Though you are so considerate as not to exact an answer, I have nothing to prevent my returning one to-day. It is a recreation to write my friends, though I sometimes think my letters are almost impositions. But having confidence in their kindness, I shall keep

up the communication which is so interesting to me, if not to them.

“I know you feel the death of your beloved sister, (Mrs. Codman), most sensibly, however willing you are to resign her to the will of God. These bereavements have a wise, as well as kind design ; they teach us lessons, which we learn no where else ; and happy will it be for us, if they are suitably improved. To me, her death was a very affecting event, having written to her just before I received the news of her release from her sufferings, and when she had been dead a month.

“It was communion here last Sabbath, as it was with you. It was very pleasant to me, to have it on the same day. Our services, which commenced on Saturday morning, were held in a bower, not very far off. It is the custom in this territory, whenever the Lord’s Supper is admin-

istered, to have a two days' meeting, and notice of it is circulated for some weeks previous, so that there is quite a gathering of Indians, some of whom come twelve and twenty miles to attend. As we can accommodate but a small number in the house, they encamp out of doors, building a fire, &c. Our place of meeting was a very pleasant one. It was on the side of the road, and woods all around it, the birds singing sweetly in them. Though a very warm day, the sun was often behind clouds, and a fresh breeze through the bower made it comfortable. Four of our girls, from fourteen to seventeen years old, were baptized, and received into the church on the Sabbath. Mr. Wilson told me they had a very rigid examination, and the session were satisfied with the evidence they gave of being born again. It was very affecting to see them kneeling on

the bare ground, while the waters of baptism were applied. Many of the Indians sing beautifully. Both the officiating deacons were Indians, very fine looking men, and behaved with the utmost propriety. Three small girls, under the care of Mrs. Jones, applied for admission, but the session thought it best to put them off for the present, and three of my girls presented themselves as inquirers; but I fear they do not feel deeply.

“One of my largest girls is sick, and has not been able to sit up for four days. She has dysentery. The weather is very warm, but I seldom walk out until nearly sunset, and thus escape the intense heat. It is a favor to us, in this warm climate, that we do not have as much labor now as in the winter, although sickness occasions more steps, and increases our cares very much. My own health remains un-

impaired, and were it not for sickness among the girls, I should have a comparatively easy time.

“I shall probably return to Newburyport at the expiration of three years, as I shall not be equal to the labor required here; and do not wish to run the risk of being a burden to the Mission. This, however, I must leave in the hands of God, trusting he will make the path of duty plain, and where He appoints, there would I go. I have a very low opinion of my fitness for the work here, but have hoped, if no other good resulted from my coming, that some, better qualified, might be induced to go from New England, to some part of the heathen world.

“I hope you were able to attend the communion at our church in Newburyport, and that it was a good season for all. My thoughts were frequently with you.

My dear mother used to say, ‘ Now as we come down from the mount of ordinances, we must be more watchful, lest we be overcome by temptation.’

TO MISS P. H., OF N. P.

“ *June 20th.*

“ While I look after three sick girls, I will write a few lines. The older missionaries say they have never known any severe cases of sickness in this institution at this season of the year ; but just as we were flattering ourselves with the hope of a little comparative rest from labor, the dysentery made its appearance among us, and the cases hitherto have been very obstinate. It is a week to-day since it commenced among my girls, and Cornelia only sits up a short time. Poor things,

I know they suffer a great deal, and so I try to do all that can be done for them.

“The boxes from New York came last week, and in them my packages so carefully done up by you. You have not left off your kindness to me, and I sincerely thank you for whatever was your gift. Some things from other friends I have acknowledged to them. There was one article, however, which is especially valuable, and though with characteristic modesty, no name was found at the close, I recognized at once the hand-writing of your sister S. I beg you to say to her, how very acceptable the communication was, and thank her for writing it. I have already read it more than once, and when I am more at leisure, expect to read it often. All the other articles were perfectly satisfactory.

“The weather here now is very delight-

ful, not excessively warm. We have frequent showers, and have vegetables from the garden. School closes in ten days, and then we can rest, and prepare for future labors. There is a good deal of excitement among the children in preparing for examination; but the teachers in school feel it more than I do. My health is still good, and I have a multitude of mercies. If I go away from here in vacation, shall miss letters very much, but hope to find many on my return.

“With love to all friends, I remain
yours affectionately and gratefully,

“M. C. G.”

(The postmark on this letter was June 26th, the day the writer died.)

TO THE REV. DR. DANA, OF NEWBURYPORT.

From Rev. C. H. Wilson, Superintendent of the
Wapanucka Mission.

“ *Wapanucka Institute,* }
 July 3d, 1857. }

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I begin this letter with sadness in my own heart, and it will carry sadness to yours also. Your relative and my friend has been called away from this earth. I know not with what words to accompany this intelligence. Our first thoughts were certainly about our own loss, and it was not until afterwards it came to our minds that there were others more interested than ourselves. Doubtless the course that will give you the most satisfaction, will be to tell you of her sickness and death.

“Quite a number of the Indian girls

under her immediate charge, had dysentery, and for more than ten days she had been unremitting in her attentions to them. I thought she did not seem quite well herself; and from time to time cautioned her to intrust the more active attentions to some of the older girls. She did so only in part. On Sabbath, June 21st, she acknowledged she had had the same disease for a few days, but very slightly. I insisted that she would then leave all the nursing of the sick to the older girls under my direction, and lie down quietly herself. She consented, and at once took the medicine which I advised. She did not get better, but rather worse, until Monday evening. Then she began to be better, and continued so until Thursday morning, when she became worse, and continued to grow worse all day. I saw that she seemed to be worse, but when

I frequently inquired as to her symptoms, she gave me such statements as to make me think I was mistaken. She was not aware herself of some of the worst features of her disease. Towards evening I felt so sure of her being worse, I immediately resumed the medicines, and during the night thought she was a little better. Soon after daylight the disease returned with more violence than ever; in an hour she was unconscious, in half an hour more, speechless, and sunk rapidly. The last two hours she seemed to be in distress, until only a few minutes, before she died, when her breathing became easy, and she sank quietly to rest. She died about twelve o'clock Friday, June twenty-sixth, and was laid in her grave on Saturday, twenty-seventh, about six o'clock in the afternoon. This much in regard to her bodily state.

“So many of our scholars were sick, I had but little opportunity to converse with her, in regard to spiritual matters. On Tuesday morning, when I thought she was decidedly better, I asked her if she was as cheerful when sick, and as ready to go if God should call her, as she had always been to labor for His glory, and the good of her scholars? Her reply was, ‘I feel quite willing to go if God see fit to call me, but I have a strong faith that he will spare me for the sake of these dear girls. I know He will if he thinks best.’ To Mrs. Jones, (one of our ladies, with whom she was perhaps most intimate), she frequently made the same remark, without being asked. This lady spoke to her, and requested her to give some sign of consciousness about two hours before she died. She gave none.

“She refused to have any one of the

ladies attend her at night, until Thursday night. Two of them remained with her all that night. She told me she preferred to have Amy, (this was one of her oldest Chickasaw girls). She, and one other, Cornelia, were her constant attendants. I saw her myself every few hours, and the ladies of the house were often with her. To one of them who asked her what she could do for her, she said, 'Give me more air.'

"To all her girls she had endeared herself very much, but Amy and Cornelia seemed to feel her death very much. They are both, we hope, pious girls. One doubtless owes her first real, earnest seriousness, under God, to Miss G. The other was seriously impressed, and I think truly pious, long before she came; but even she owes much of her present advancement in Christian life to her also.

“These last named are but two of a large number of facts, which show that her short stay with us was far from useless. She came among us a stranger, but we soon learned to love her. Her humility, and child-like simplicity, made us feel that she was our sister. Her age, Christian experience, and ripe judgment, made us feel that she was almost our mother. So it was often hard to define the nature of our affection for her. And then her cheerful, joyful energy, diffused itself through our whole household.

“To me the loss is great. But a youthful Christian yet, I am here by virtue of office, the head of all this household, and to me all are inclined to look up. I had no one to whom I could look up, until she came. Now she is taken, and again God only is left, to whom I can look up. To many of our people she had become

attached, and they to her. Her sympathy and interest went beyond the school, and took in all the members of our little church, and indeed of this whole people. Quite a number of them attended her funeral. The remarks I made from the words, 'I am ready to be offered, &c.,' were interpreted to them, and I thought they seemed more than usually impressed with the truth, that only the believers in Christ have ground for cheerful hope in view of death. Though dead, she still speaks to us, who were her companions in labor, and to those who were under her charge.

"It may perhaps occur to some that she was a sacrifice to the climate, or unhealthfulness of the country. I feel sure that such was not the case. Fever and ague is the prevailing climate disease. She had none of that. Many of us escape

it entirely. Dysentery was to some extent, epidemic in our school. It was not hard to manage in the case of young persons; and all the girls who were permitted to remain under our care, have recovered. She had done too much for the sick, taking more care than was absolutely needful of those who are accustomed to recover with so little care at home.

“ I have now given you all that occurs to my mind, with regard to her sickness and death. We have heard her speak of you as her uncle, and somewhat as her friendly guardian. You will write me in regard to her things left here.

“ With most heartfelt sympathy, and yet a blessed assurance of her unspeakable happiness, I am, dear sir, yours in Christ.

C. H. WILSON.”

CHAPTER VI.

“ Go fearless then, my soul, with God,
 Into another room;
 Thou hast walked with him here,—
 Go, see thy God at home.”

Rev. Andrew Fuller.

WE feel constrained to give copious extracts from the letter just received from Miss Lee, in reply to one written by the friend who has taken such pleasure in arranging those of Miss Greenleaf. We have no time left in which to ascertain the consent of either Miss Barber, or herself, and must rely upon their candor, to excuse the liberty thus taken. To the personal friends of Miss Greenleaf, and we trust to others, these extracts will be deeply interesting. A few of the details introduced here and elsewhere, may appear to some readers

unworthy a place in her annals. But it may be well to consider that the *manner of performing*, or the *evading* the humbler duties of life, goes far to making up the character, and also best exhibits it.* Who can count the touches of the true artist, or the small love-deeds of the true disciple? Jesus, the master, says, ‘He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.’

TO MRS. J. B.

“ *Wapanucka, Nov. 16th, 1857.*

“ * * * * * Miss Greenleaf’s friends seem to have loved her so dearly, that now, every word spoken in her praise must be grateful. And how else could we speak of one so superior? Long will the

* Appendix, F.

example she set us here, of ardent devoted piety, of unceasing faithfulness in her work, of uniform cheerfulness, of forgetfulness of self; ever putting in practice the Scripture rule, 'in honor preferring one another,' of politeness and courtesy to all; long will they live in our memories, prompting us, I trust, to do likewise, to follow her as she followed Christ. My acquaintance with her was limited, as we were engaged in different duties; and so faithful was she, that few moments were unemployed, so that I could see but little of her. But her room was over mine, her sitting-room close by, and never did I meet her without receiving a kind smile, and pleasant cheerful words from her. No matter how great the press of work, or many the vexations of duty, she was always the same. Leaving her cares in her own room, she was polite to all. I can

but recall the many times I have seen her going with her arms full of old clothes, with her usual quick step to her room, to spend the day in mending, looking as bright as though some pleasant occupation were in store for her. For all this industry, she was fully repaid by seeing her girls neat and clean. During the summer, I was unable to do any sewing. She frequently offered her girls to assist me. For six weeks, she sent me Cornelia, her best sewer, and her favorite too, to help me every morning for two hours. This to me at that time, under the circumstances, was the kindest act which could have been done, for which I shall ever feel grateful.

“ The effect of her lady-like delicacy and refinement of manner, was seen in the conduct of her girls. In her presence, rudeness and irreligion were rebuked, even in the mind of an untutored Indian.

Would that many more like her would come and teach this people. And for myself, I would express the same wish, for I deemed it an honor, a privilege, to live with *her*.'

“ In the beginning of a new term we all miss her, and mourn afresh. But if we, who knew her only one year, grieve, how deep must be the grief of those at home. Ah, well I know, none ever love, as do friends and kindred at home. ‘ Earthly affection is deepened and intensified by increased familiarity with its object. The friendship of yesterday, is not the sacred, hallowed thing which years of growing intercourse have matured.’ Deeply do I sympathize with you all, and though *you* loved her more, yet may I not say, in doing good she is as much missed *here*. I was much struck this autumn, in traveling the same route which Miss Greenleaf did, to hear so

many inquiries made for her. She seemed to have left the impress of her goodness everywhere. One old lady, out in Arkansas, said to me, 'I was sorry to hear of her death, she was so good. She seemed the image of the Father.' Miss Greenleaf had spent some days with her.

"You have heard from others of her sickness. For one so strong, so energetic, she 'went down' rapidly. Her voice grew feeble some days before she died, and she seemed indisposed to converse. Still she would insist upon helping herself to the last. She always said she was better. She would insist upon being left alone, saying she preferred it. She spoke of going to Mr. Byington's the next week, (a friend she seemed to love much,) with great pleasure, but said, 'If it is God's will I should not go, I am willing to stay.' That night she grew so much worse, Mr.

Wilson thought best some one should sit up with her. I did so, and cannot tell you how glad I am that it was my privilege to add in any way to her comfort. She spent a quiet, comfortable night, did not seem to suffer any pain. She often asked what time it was? Should she take her medicine? Even in death, how strong the ruling passion, politeness, forgetfulness of self, and deference to the opinion of others! As often as I handed her medicine, she would thank me. Many times during the night, she would say, 'Do lie down, Miss Lee, you have to teach all day, you will get sick, I can attend to myself.' She seemed so worried about it, that I said, 'I cannot, Miss Greenleaf, for *Mr. Wilson* told me to stay with you. He thinks you need me.' She smiled, and said not another word of it, when she heard it was his wish.

“Through her whole course here, her respect for him as the superintendent, her deference to his opinions, and wishes, were firm and constant, there again showing that the Bible was her guide, which enjoins to be ‘in subjection to the higher powers.’ In the morning when she heard the rising bell: ‘*Now*, Miss Lee, you *will* go and get a little sleep. If I want any thing I can call one of the girls.’ She repeatedly thanked me, saying she did not know how she could repay me. I left about six, and returned in two hours, but she seemed unconscious. She was then, I think, dying.”

“Miss Barber says, ‘I think no one entered her sick-room, without hearing some devout expression of thankfulness for her comfortable state, and her calm acquiescence in the will of the Lord. Some of the girls going in one day to see her, she

said to them, 'Do not wait till you are sick before preparing for death,' and in the course of her remarks, told them she was prepared when young; she had given her heart to God early, and exhorted them to do the same. The girls were much attached to her, and especially the older ones, who had assisted her most in caring for the others. These, on her death and funeral, gave tokens of true sorrow. Cornelia Cavender said to me not long ago, 'Oh, how I did love Miss Greenleaf!'

Miss Lee continues, "So she lay till twelve, when calmly she fell asleep in Jesus! How bright her awakening! in the arms of that Redeemer she had so loved in life, so honored in death.

"You inquire of her grave. She lies in a quiet, retired spot. Even there not alone, for an Indian girl by her side, and

an infant of but few days, keep her company. All the respect that kindness and delicacy of feeling could show, was shown to her by Mr. Wilson. He sent twelve miles for two men to make her coffin. It was covered with black, neatly and well. He, with one of the missionaries, and the Indians, bore her to her last home, and with his own hands helped to cover her and make her grave nicely. I heard him say, he intended to improve the spot.

“To some, this account of her character may seem highly wrought, but those who knew her will say, the half has not been told.”

From Rev. Dr. Wilson, Secretary of the
Presbyterian Board of Missions.

“ *Mission House, 23 Centre street, }
New York, December 23d, 1857. }* ”

“ Yours of the 21st inst., has been received. I regret very much that I was not here in time to furnish the correspondence between Miss Greenleaf and this office, and to bear my humble testimony to her great worth, both as a Christian and a missionary teacher. Very few have gone forth to engage in this holy work, of whom higher hopes were entertained, or in relation to whom those hopes have been more fully realized than in her. In all of her intercourse with us here, she left the very pleasant impression, that she was impelled by no other motive, than the simple and

earnest desire to honor her Saviour, and do good to the souls of her benighted fellow-men ; and this impression was fully sustained, as I have learned from her associates in the missionary work, through the whole term of her missionary labor.

“ The term of her labor was short, it is true. But who can tell the full extent of her influence, already felt, and still to be continued, long after her mortal remains have crumbled to dust ?

“ Miss Greenleaf combined in her views and character two of the most important elements of the missionary spirit. She was ready to accommodate herself to the new circumstances of her calling, and to engage in any department of labor that the general interest of the missionary cause might demand ; and she engaged in it with the view of making it the work of her life. That she acted up to these principles,

might easily be shown, if we had time to refer, either to her own correspondence, or to the honorable testimony that has been spontaneously borne by almost every one of her missionary associates. The full impression made upon the minds of the girls by her instructions and example, and by those assiduous attentions bestowed upon them in sickness, and by which, her own fatal illness was no doubt brought on, can be fully known, only when we come to read the pages of this world's history in the clear light of eternity. We shall always think of your dear departed relative, as a model of missionary excellence, and we trust, that many more such, in answer to hers, and the prayers of other Christians, will be raised up to take her place, and extend the knowledge of the Gospel among all the nations of the earth.

“ I am sorry that my engagements do

not allow me to express all that I would like to say on this subject.

“Yours in Christian bonds,

“J. LEIGHTON WILSON.”

Thus, after patience had had its perfect work, did her heavenly Father permit her to fulfill her vow, and then call her to come up higher, before her eye had become dim, or her natural force abated. Thus did he cover her eyes, that she saw not the face of the angel from whose presence nature shrinks.

We had almost forgotten that Miss Greenleaf was mortal. While she, upon her bed of death, was saying to a sister missionary, “You cannot do better than to commend me to the Great Physician,” we had begun to watch for her returning foot-

steps. Some among us thought that they would not be here to greet her, but never doubted her return. One of these, a cotemporary and kindred spirit with her mother, says, "I often wonder why she was taken and I spared, when ten such as I am, would not be missed so much. I think, with reference to her, of that promise: 'Them that honor me, I will honor.' She honored God, and now, of the many who speak to me of her, hardly one can do so without tears!" She left no sister in Newburyport, yet there is one who wept for her, who still weeps as for a sister. One, too, who at the news of her death, felt crushed as by a literal blow. He whom she besought to learn by sweet experience the happiness of religion, writes in August, "I have thought of her death ever since, and still continue to do so. Many, many tears I know have been

shed by those who loved her so well, and who took sweet counsel with her in the years which are past."

We turn to those dear Indian youth, for whose sake she made her home and grave far from her beautiful native place, and say to them, as said a young Cherokee girl to her companions, over the grave of that sweet native missionary, Catherine Brown,—

"Ye daughters who dwell in the pleasant green shade,
Whom" Mary so "tenderly loved,—
She bade you repent, for your pardon she prayed,
And wept when she saw you unmoved,—"
"Come chant your sad dirges in sorrowful strains,
As you stand around" Mary's low "grave."

You weep. Your tears and accents of love and sorrow, have been borne to us across the wilderness, mingled with those

of your teachers, and of other loved missionaries long in the field.

Do you not wish to rejoin her? By-and-bye, each of you will be laid in the grave as was she, by loving hands. Would you not then love to wander with her beneath the trees, and along the banks of the river of the water of life? With her to raise your voices in a sweeter song than was ever sung by English or Indian tongue? Then heed her latest words, her dying counsels. The Saviour who loved her, who by his Spirit made her so good, so happy in life, and who took her to himself in death, is ready to make you as good, as happy, and much more so, if you will but seek him earnestly. Weep; but no longer for her. She is re-united to loved ancestors and kindred.

“She hath gone to list
Isaiah’s harp,² and David’s, and to walk

With Enoch and Elijah, and the host
Of the just men made perfect. She shall bow
At Gabriel's Hallelujah,——

And talk of Christ with Mary, and go back
To the last supper, and the garden hour
With the beloved disciple."

And more than all, she shall be with
Him whom her soul loveth, in whose foot-
steps she has humbly trod. She is with
Him, and she is *like* Him.

The attempt to preserve by written words, the resemblance of those whom we have loved and lost, is often but partially successful. As in the act of pressing flowers, part of their fragrance, their grace, their bright coloring escape us, as we can at best retain but a faint shadow of what seemed too precious to be suffered to die out, so in the memorial, we often vainly seek to restore, what it grieved us so much to lose. Yet many a faded,

dead eluster, is treasured carefully for its associations. In the present instance, there has been an utter hopelessness of reproducing the image of our sleeping sister. But no matter—she is daguerreotyped upon loving hearts. If the higher object may be gained, if the cause of Christ, so dear to her in life, may be advanced; if this little sketch, like its subject, may go forth animating, impelling and quickening, then indeed, will we rejoice.

The *name* of Mary Greenleaf, with those who knew her from the first, was a synonym for truth, simplicity and piety. Some characters are an interesting study, hers was pleasant reading. We think we understand the *smile* of the secretary at New York. He saw at once, her fright at the *lion* he had roused in her path to Wapanucka; but he knew that she would

no more turn back for it, than did Christian for those that were chained near the entrance to the house Beautiful.

The personal attractions of Miss Greenleaf, were obscured by an utter neglect of the appliances of dress and arrangement. Her fine brown hair, instead of gracefully shading the forehead and cheek, was combed smoothly behind the ear, and confined back. She probably never did, nor said, nor wore a thing of her own accord, for the sake of effect. Neatness and propriety in person and manners, were her only aim. Yet that enduring charm, the beauty of expression, could not be concealed. The soul looked out through the clear blue eye, and the lineaments of the face. A lady of highly cultivated taste, speaking of the elevated, spiritual expression of her countenance, applied to it the line of Byron :

“Music breathing through the face.”

A little boy while looking at her ambrotype said, “That lady looks as if she would go to heaven, does not she, aunt Alice?”

In company, she sustained her part with great modesty and simplicity, enjoying with high zest, intellectual and improving conversation, preferring to listen, catching instantly the point of a story, and aiding by the play of her features, and her ready smile or laugh, quite as much as by her words. It was rich to hear her parry or retort a good-natured joke. Her wit was ready, and her hits always effective. Her mirth was of that genial, contagious sort, that might possibly annoy, but never stung. It never exceeded the proper limit. She seemed always in a frame in which one would be willing to die.

The extent of her unconscious influence, may be estimated by comparing the testimony of her Sabbath pupil in her own city, with that of her fellow-teacher at Wapanucka.

Her sweet, obliging disposition, her buoyant temperament, her freedom from envy, jealousy and suspicion, her liberality of sentiment, and of feeling, which forbade her censuring those who had not her own high standard of duty and action, these were some of the qualities which made her a desirable friend and companion. They enabled her friends to confide in her ;—to feel that when apparently negligent of her, they were still trusted and understood ; and caused them to rely upon her, when she, in her turn, gave no token. Her introverted eye scanned not critically their short comings.

In the article of giving, her intellect

was guided by her heart. Under no circumstances of pressure, did she feel authorized to withhold her hand from the benevolent enterprises of the day, or from private charity. When the incubus of debt was removed, she gave freely, nobly. Her will, and her latest pecuniary arrangements prove, that while mindful of the claims of kindred, she "preferred Jerusalem above her chief joy."

Her Christian virtues doubtless increased year by year; but her outward walk was uniform and consistent. Surely the pulsations of her hidden life would not have been so strong and steady, had she not drunk freely at the Fountain, and gathered abundantly of the manna. Says her pastor,—"This woman, whose labors were so abundant, whose whole time so occupied, communed more than the most of Christians with God in private, settled every

question of duty on her knees ; refreshed her energies and drew her supplies of all kinds, immediately from the Fountain. In trouble or perplexity, when her religious affections were languid, no less than when they were ardent, her unfailing resort was God. And thus not only did she become a steadfast, and a very intelligent Christian herself, well read and experienced in the things of the kingdom, but she was able to guide and instruct others who leaned affectionately upon her counsel, and walked by her light."

Let us, for the quickening of our own, glance at some of her more prominent Christian graces. And first at her cheerfulness. Was it not a Christian grace? Is it not, like the whole sisterhood, attainable by all? Not by direct efforts, but by frequent looking at the character of God,

and our relations to him in and through Christ.

Her hope was lighted at the sure promises of God in Christ. At first, faint, flickering, uncertain, it became clear, strong, and assured. She walked firmly in its light, and it shone upon the path of her companions.

Her trust in God was unwavering. She received all temporal allotments as from his hand; and when, after perplexity or distress, unexpected relief came, she stood astonished at his (to her view), visible interposition. An entry in her private journal is an instance of this. She writes :

“ Well do I remember the day, perhaps twenty years before, when I was so burdened with our embarrassed affairs, as to make it a special request before God, that he would permit me to enjoy so much

temporal prosperity at *some time* as to be *free of debt*,—and when the answer came, at the end of that period, how good was it to remember the loving kindness of the Lord.”

She relied upon Providence for her daily support, using vigorously the means appropriate to that object, and taking no anxious thought for the morrow. She could not sympathize with a friend who feared coming to want; because she *never had such a thought*. *The Lord would provide*. She watched and followed the leadings of Providence, even when her wishes were strongest.

Her love was ardent. She knew as only a child can, who and what God is; that he is Love. Her heart went out to him;—and that unspeakable love of his in redemption, claimed the warmest, tenderest

love of her soul; and received it. Her love to the Father flowed out to the children, her brethren and sisters; her love to the Saviour flowed out in her humble measure, as his did to sinners. It was this love which made her life so joyful,—made all sacrifices easy, all duties, privileges; made the Sabbath and the Sanctuary her delight; enabled her at all times to say with the Shunammite of old, “It is well.”

Shall we not echo the words? “It is well.” No more, oh! nevermore on earth, dear friend, shall we see thee, yet with him who was so lately thy loved pastor, we will say, “Thou art resting from thy labors; thou art with Christ forever. And for thy body, we are content with its grave,—there beside the limestone dwelling, the scene of its latest toils,—there by the prairie’s verge, with Indian

girls to strew prairie flowers upon it, and to water it with their tears,—there where the martins have their home and the oriole sings,—there where the golden coreopses bloom, and passion flowers, fit emblems of devotion like thine. There shall it lie undisturbed,—where thy companions and pupils laid it—to ‘sleep the years away,’ till the Saviour shall come and gather it, and fashion it ‘like unto his glorious body.’ We leave thine honored dust in hope ; while for ourselves, we will ponder and remember thy Christian life, and tranquil death ; we will speak often in memorial of thee,—and pray that to all, thy prayers, thy life and death, may be sanctified ; that we may learn to follow thy faith up to the land of vision and of bliss.”

The life of each single-minded believer is a new treasure added to the church ; the memory of each is fragrant. God’s

providential guidance of each, prayerfully studied, strengthens our faith in Him who "hides himself so wondrously;" helps us to "know that all things work together for good to them that love God." What though in the track of light they leave behind, we see glittering tear drops, and stains of blood. Their tears are now forever wiped away. They are no longer like us, footsore and weary. They have got safe home to the Father's house; and the thought of this, seems to shorten for us the intervening distance.

In the glorious future which we approach, looking back, we shall survey this whole valley, not as now overhung with "clouds and darkness," but glowing beneath the warm radiance of eternal wisdom and goodness. Then, with our "strong, immortal eyes," we shall see that not one rough stone or rugged brier, not one rest-

ing-place, or sweet or bitter cup could have been withheld from us, without our loss.

If from that land whither we assuredly believe our friend has gone, the saints are permitted to look down upon us, who still move slowly onward in gloom and shadow, who rejoice over our snares, who mourn over the germs of our richest blessings, who oftentimes account our highest privileges self-denials ; does she not watch us with earnest eyes ? does she not beckon to us ? does she not, to use her own words, “ want us to quicken our steps heavenward, realizing how soon, through infinite grace, we shall be re-united ? ”

There, if we are so happy as to obtain entrance, we shall look down upon our present embryo state, as we now look down upon the busy emmets that build their houses at our feet. There we shall no

longer doubt, dispute, arrive, after long and painful study, at opposite conclusions. There we shall *see* and *know*;—and in all our knowledge there will be delight, at perceiving the perfect adaptation of all arrangements, the beautiful symmetry, and the transcendent glory of all truths.

And oh, the atmosphere of *love*! Love beaming down from the Divine source and centre; love reflected from the face of every saint and angel; love welling up eternally from our own enfranchised souls. Oh, the music of that new song! Perfect love and gratitude inspiring every note which swells from the harps and voices of the innumerable host of the redeemed.

Then let us hasten forward; earth each day receding; heaven nearing; our eyes intently fixed upon Him who is the world's hope, the world's only refuge, the world's salvation.

THE SEPARATED.

“They live,—they live a heavenly life,
And I shall see them yet again,
Above this world of care and strife,
Beyond the reach of mortal pain.

They stand before the throne of God,
They breathe his pure, immortal air ;
They dwell in his own blest abode,
And *Faith* can look and see them there.

How bright, how glorious, now they shine !
How high their tuneful voices rise ;
In praises to their Lord divine,
Re-echoing through the lofty skies.

And shall *I* join their rapturous song,
And meet them at the Saviour's feet ?
Hope whispers in my heart, ere long
My *friends*, *my kindred* I shall greet.”

A P P E N D I X .

A.

Mrs. Greenleaf was no respecter of persons. In other words she was as ready to benefit by her counsels the rich as the poor. We recollect her endeavoring to persuade the wife of one of the Boston millionaires who called to see her, to come out more decidedly upon the side of evangelical religion, upon the ground that her position gave her a wider influence, and enabled her to do more good than was in the power of many. The lady, however, had no idea of assuming any responsibility beyond that which rests upon each individually, and she replied, "Surely, Mrs. Greenleaf, you would not advocate the idea that the mere circumstance of *wealth or social position* should have any thing to do with *religion*, which is far above such secular considerations." Mrs. G, with her usual urbanity, was firm to her point, and the lady not less so to hers. They are both now, we believe, in a world where the only contention is, which "owes highest praise to sovereign grace." It is quite likely that the admonition, resisted at the time, made, nevertheless, an enduring impression.

B.

Yet early associations impressed Mrs. Greenleaf powerfully at times. When Mr. Cole requested her to sit for her likeness, adding that hers was just the face he would like to portray, she finally consented. But remaining for hours in the large room, which had in her youthful days served as her father's oratory, her countenance became so solemn, that the artist was disheartened, and returned the picture unfinished. Mr. Lawson afterwards completed it. A lady still living in a neighboring town, a frequent guest at Captain Coombs', recollects rising early in the cold winter mornings, to listen outside the door, of that same room, to the audible outpourings of his soul. The corner of the sofa where he knelt in prayer was literally saturated with his tears. He had always a book of holy meditation or devotion at hand; and Charles Wesley's Hymn for an aged Christian, commencing,—

“ And let this feeble body fail,”

he kept in his vest pocket, till by frequent perusal it was worn out. That hymn, sung to a very sweet obsolete tune called “ Watchman,” by a lovely saint, a grand-daughter of his, who in her upward flight, preceded her cousin Miss Greenleaf but three short months, has cheered the dying-bed of many a Christian in Dorchester.

C.

Miss Greenleaf treated her books as severely as she did herself, wearing them out in the service, and for the good of others. This work, both volumes of which were given her by a friend, was so defaced by constant circulation, that she was obliged to get it rebound.

D.

This manner was peculiarly graceful in Mrs. Greenleaf. A young lady, soon after the death of Miss Greenleaf in her far away home, imagined her first meeting with her mother in the upper kingdom. She seemed to see the ecstatic smile of the latter, and to hear her voice, saying, "Mary, I'm glad you went."

E.

In a letter which she wrote two years later from Napoleon, en route for Wapanucka, she remarks upon her fellow passengers in the steamer to that point. She found them quite as curious as the Yankees are said to be. She was repeatedly asked, "Whence she came? Whither she was going? If she were married? If she were a slave owner?" She adds naively, "I never thought I should be taken for a slaveholder." She found them quite

incredulous upon the subject of her going so far merely upon an errand of benevolence. She was quite amused and interested by the young slaves she saw on board. We regret that the letter has been mislaid.

F.

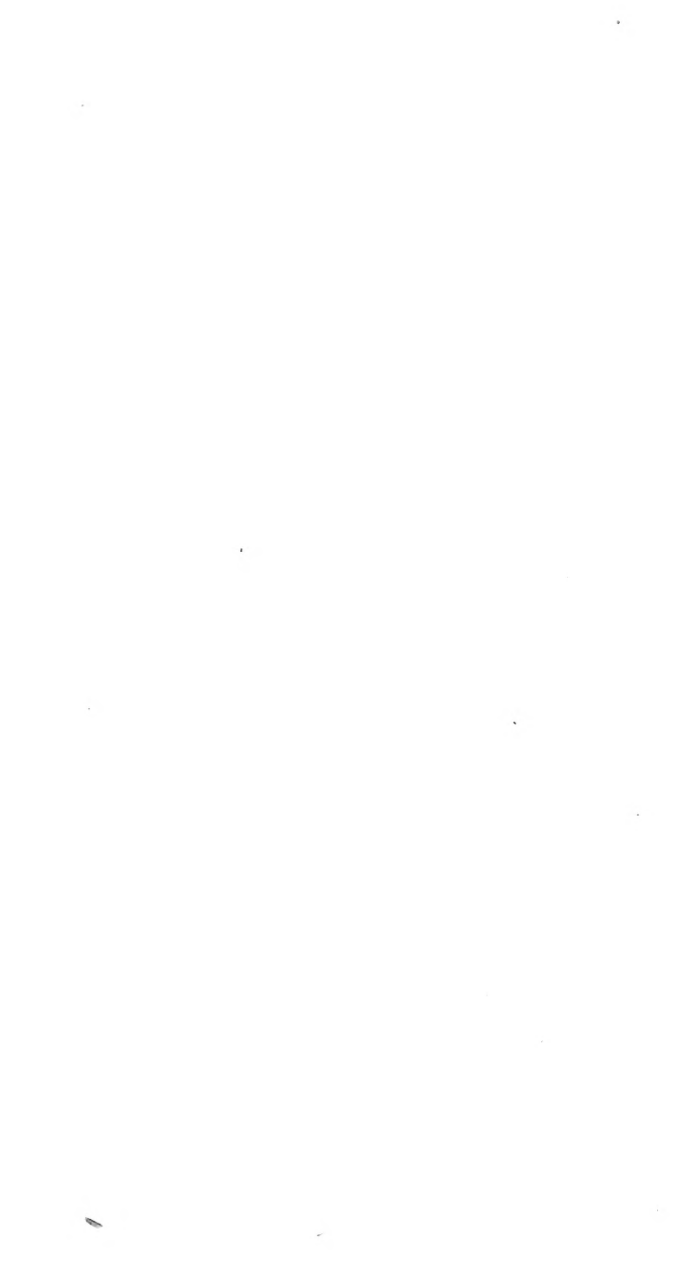
“If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find;
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.”

“Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.”

“The trivial round, the common task,
Will “furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.”—KEBLE.

We are sorely tempted to transcribe the whole beautiful Morning Hymn, but it is too well known.







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