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AN



MEMOIR

OF

MRS. JERUSA D. MALLERY,

WIFE OF

REV. S. SAWYER MALLERY,

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH,

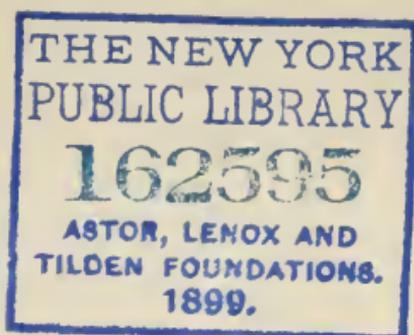
WILLINGTON, CT.

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HARTFORD:

P. CANFIELD, PRINTER.

1834.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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In the personal history of a female moving in a sphere so circumscribed as that of a country Pastor's wife, it cannot be expected that many events will be recorded, which will interest "a bustling out-of-door world;" nor does the writer of the following Memoir suppose, that in this book-making age, it will interest even the religious community, beyond the circle of personal friends, sufficiently to justify its publication. But at the urgent request of many of Mrs. M.'s friends, he has consented to have it published for their gratification, as well as for the sake of his children, who will regard it as a precious memorial of their departed mother. He hopes, too, that from the interest she took in the cause of Sabbath Schools while living, and from her affectionate and faithful counsels to mothers in relation to their children when she lay on her dying bed, it will be deemed worthy of a place in Sunday School libraries.

It may be proper to offer an apology for its appearing so much later than was expected by those who read an announcement concerning it in the Christian Secretary. The work was scarcely begun, when the revival that succeeded her demise, rendered it impracticable to pay any further attention to it till quite recently.

It is a gratifying circumstance, that the conversation of Mrs. M. in her last hours, in connexion with her death, was among the means employed by the Head of the Church, in his infinite wisdom, to revive his people and awaken the impenitent.

S. S. M.

*Willington, May 20, 1834.*



## MEMOIR.

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MRS. MALLERY was born in Delphi, New York, on the 21st of April, 1803. Her maiden name was Jerusha Dibble. Being deprived of her father while quite young, she and a younger sister removed with their mother to the town of Homer, and became the adopted children of their uncle, the Hon. John Keep, one of the earliest, most useful and highly esteemed members of the Baptist church in that place. To the pious counsels and prayers of her beloved uncle and aunt, and the judicious and faithful instructions of her excellent mother, may be attributed many of those amiable qualities that have since been so conspicuously developed in the character of an affectionate wife and faithful mother.

The most prominent traits of her character in early life were a pleasant, obliging, affectionate disposition, industry in the improvement of time, and docile submission to parental authority. In January, 1820, a powerful revival of religion pervaded all parts of the town, and many became obedient unto the faith of the gospel. The writer of this memoir was at that time employed as a teacher of youth in the neighborhood where Miss Dibble resided. Nearly twenty of those under his instruction became the hopeful subjects of renewing grace. Miss Dibble was one of the happy number. The following extract from her diary, commenced soon after her conversion, will show the manner in which she was brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

“ When I was but a child my mind was at times filled with terror at the thoughts of death. Frequently when I retired to rest, I durst not close my eyes in sleep, for fear I should awake in hell. I was unwilling to attend to the subject of religion till I had tasted more of the pleasures of the world. Yet fearing it would then be too late, I was at times almost resolved to be a Christian. I had an impression on my mind that my day of grace would be closed at the age of twelve years; and if my life were spared beyond that period, I should find no place for repentance, but should have the dreadful judgments of God follow me through life. At the age of fourteen I concluded that as what I greatly feared had not come upon me, I might yet live many years, and at some future and more convenient season make my peace with God. My great excuse was that I was no worse than others, and that they run the same risk of losing their souls. The alluring vanities of the world, the amusements of youth occupied my sleeping and waking thoughts. Perhaps no person’s mind was ever more intense in the pursuit of pleasure than mine.

‘ But as I followed, still she flew,  
Or else transform’d to pain.’

For about two years I pursued this phantom, always expecting at the next party, or in the possession of some anticipated object, I should be happy. But if I obtained it, what I expected was not realized. I found disappointed hope to be misery. At length I was satisfied that by pursuing this course I should never be happy, and that the longer I continued in it the more wretched I should become. Sometimes I wished myself in the situation of the aged, or of some recluse, shut out from all society. Agreeable society, the pursuit of an education, the privileges of the domestic circle, had no longer any *quietus* for my troubled mind.

My judgment told me that *religion* would make me happy. I was sensible that I had delayed too long already to seek this 'one thing needful.' The time had now come, in which I had promised to attend to the things that belonged to my peace. I saw that the longer I waited, the more difficult would be the work of repentance. The revival of religion which commenced in January, 1820, found me in this state of mind. Seeing some of my young companions concerned about their souls, I was more deeply impressed with the value of my own, and the danger of losing it, by living longer in sin. For others, I thought there was mercy; but with me, I feared it was too late. While reflecting on my past life, and the numberless privileges I had enjoyed, it seemed that they had only served to harden my heart. I desired conviction, not from a love of holiness, but because I was sure that this was my last call. Thus burdened and distressed on account of my sins, I tried to call upon God. My convictions were not so distressing, nor of so long continuance, as are frequently experienced; but at a time when hope had nearly expired, when I viewed death not far distant, and eternal misery my portion, it was then I cried unto the Lord, and I trust he heard my feeble cries. My burden of sin was removed, and my mind was at ease for a short time. But soon I viewed myself in a worse situation than before. I thought God had left me to hardness of heart and blindness of mind, and that I had grieved away the Holy Spirit, or else was about to take up with a false hope. I was fearful that the change in my *feelings* was not a change of *heart*. Yet not knowing but my sins had been forgiven, I was fearful that I should deny what Jesus had done for my soul. It appeared to be a dreadful sin, either to despise the day of small things, or to build on

a sandy foundation. I thought if I could but be a Christian, I should be thankful, though I were the least of all. My views of myself, of hell, of heaven, and of the character of God, had been so limited, and my sins so aggravated beyond those of many others, that it seemed hardly possible that I had experienced religion. After continuing in this distressing state of mind several days, I trust I was made to see light more clearly. My evidences of adoption into the family of Christ began to brighten. I felt to take Jesus as my Prophet, Priest and King. On the first of March, related my experience to the church under the pastoral care of Rev. Alfred Bennet. On the 4th, with fourteen others, some of whom were my most intimate friends, I followed the example of my Saviour in the delightful ordinance of Christian Baptism. Never will that solemn and interesting day be forgotten. The sermon in the afternoon was from Matt. xv. 25, "Lord help me." How earnestly did I desire that God would help us to keep the solemn vows we had taken upon us.

"*March 19.* For the first time commemorated the death and sufferings of a once crucified Saviour, but with many fears, lest I had deceived myself and others in going thus far, and lest by going forward in this ordinance I should add sin to sin. For several weeks subsequent to this I enjoyed my mind better than ever before. I now felt satisfied that I had done what the Lord required of me.

*April 21.* God has seen fit to spare my life to the close of my seventeenth year. He only knows whether I shall see the close of another year. If I should not, may my work be done and *well* done—may my soul be prepared to meet death with a smile—may the vanities and sins of my past life be forgiven, and may I spend my time henceforth in the service of my Saviour.

O thou Friend of sinners, cause me to be as much engaged in thy service, as I have been in the service of sin and Satan. May it be my only desire to please thee. Keep me from every evil and false way, and lead me in the way everlasting."

The happiness she had sought in vain in the gaieties of the fashionable world, she now realized in obedience to the commands of Christ. In the society and converse of the pious, in the exercise of private and public devotion, in benevolent exertions to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and in the cultivation of her mind, she enjoyed happiness in the true sense of the word. From numerous entries made in her diary about this time, she seems to have been led on the one hand, to see more distinctly the loveliness of the Saviour's character; and on the other, to feel and lament more deeply the sinfulness of her own heart. She felt to admire the surprising grace of God, that disclosed to her the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the perfect loveliness of holiness.

"June 7. In Church meeting to-day, sister D., who but a few days since was apparently almost in eternity, most earnestly entreated the members to live to the glory of God. This was loud preaching. It was almost as if one had arisen from the dead. I think I do feel more engagedness in the service of God.

A little boy, perhaps ten years old, who offered himself for baptism, was asked by the Pastor how he thought a professor of religion ought to live. "Like a Christian," was his reply. Well, how ought a Christian to live? He answered without hesitation, "Like Christ." May I ever remember, that as a professor of religion, I ought to *live like Christ*

"June 11. This has been a day long to be remembered. The truths of the gospel have been sweet to

my soul. Our pastor preached to the young people. Never did the character, perfections and government of God appear so lovely, and never did I so earnestly desire wisdom and grace, to guide my footsteps aright, while in the slippery paths of youth. This evening, have felt my mind peculiarly drawn out to God in prayer, for the prosperity of Zion, and for the salvation of sinners. O, my own dear sister, and my former companions in vanity, how will they stand before their Judge, 'and pass the solemn test.'

"*June 18.* I have much reason to bless God for sorrows as well as joys. My mind this day has been upon God more than usual, and I have lost sight of myself, amidst the charms of Jesus. My greatest desire is to be submissive to the authority of Christ, and willing to bear his cross. Being awakened last night by a severe thunder shower, I continued a long time meditating on the approaching day of judgment, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead arise. With pleasure I look forward to the day, when, through the abundant grace of God, I hope to be delivered from sin, and go to dwell with Jesus. But where will the sinner and ungodly appear? Oh, my heart is pained for them. This evening, the reading of God's word has been very refreshing to my soul; it is sweeter than honey or the honey-comb. How many poor souls have not the Bible and means of grace, and how many who do possess them, love them not. Why am I thus distinguishingly blessed of God? Life is desirable only that I may glorify God, and death pleasant because I hope to be delivered from sin.

"*Dec. 19.* I am now placed in circumstances where I ought to let my light shine. None of my class-mates profess to love Jesus; but I am a professed follower of the Lamb. How shall I convince them of the worth

and blessedness of religion, but by living soberly, righteously, and godly before them, so that they may take knowledge of me, that I have been with Jesus ?

“*March 1, 1821.* For some days past I have been awakened from a state of luke-warmness and stupidity. I find but little comfort in a review of the past winter. Whatever proficiency I may have made in science, I have made little or none in religion. I have brought forth little or no fruit to the glory of God. O, my leanness, my leanness ! But I have to-day enjoyed more of the presence of God than I have before for a long time.

“*March 8.* Have had a deeper and more abiding sense of eternal things on my mind than usual. In reading Fuller’s ‘Symptoms of a Backsliding Spirit,’ I find my own character delineated. I am among those whom he describes as having left their first love. O, that the unbelief and hardness of my heart may be removed. O God, call forth all the faculties of my soul into thy delightful service.

“*April 21.* Eighteen years of my life this day, are gone to join themselves to those beyond the flood. Still I am spared a living monument of God’s mercy. Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. But alas ! how few returns of love and obedience have I made ! O, for more holiness of heart. Having entered this new year of my life, let me dedicate myself anew to the service of God.

“*Aug. 16.* Death has been commissioned again to enter our circle of relatives. A beloved aunt is no more ; her soul has taken its flight to vast eternity ! May her bereaved husband be comforted by the smiles of Jesus. O may the children experience the sweets of pardoning mercy and redeeming love. May this providence lead me to think less of the world and its vani-

ties, and more of eternity and its realities. O, why do I not seek more earnestly the friendship of Jesus? He is able to supply all my wants. His blood can atone for all my sins, his grace can sanctify my heart, his power can subdue my enemies, his wisdom can direct my feet, and his spirit can conduct me to glory.

“*Oct. 9.* This morning experienced the trial of parting with a dear friend of whose society I must long be deprived. Perhaps our next meeting will be at the bar of God. While separated from each other, wilt thou, O Lord, kindly watch over us, and richly supply all our needs. Suffer us not to love ourselves, nor each other, nor the world more than the Saviour. Dear Redeemer, captivate our affections, that we may love thee supremely, and help us to pursue thy glory as the dearest object of our hearts. Cleanse us from all iniquity and make us thy devoted followers.

“*Oct. 30.* This evening have attended the wedding of an intimate friend. She is a professed friend and follower of Christ. I felt particularly unhappy to see her united to one who pretends to no religion, and is, as we have reason to suppose, an enemy to God and his people. What fellowship hath light with darkness, or what concord hath Christ with Belial?

“*Nov. 11.* Have been meditating upon these words, “Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Christ Jesus.” I can well remember a time when the thought of suffering for Jesus was sweet. I thought it would be delightful to bear the cross after him, though all the world were in opposition. Can it be that the present state of things is to

try the faith of God's children? While I am beset with such strong temptations without, and so much darkness reigns within, is there a need be that my faith should be tried? Is it needful for me to pass through such scenes that I may learn more of my own character, and learn to love God more ardently? O that trials and temptations may lead me to penitence and humble dependence upon God.

“*Feb. 7, 1822.* The annual meeting of our Juvenile Missionary Society, has been very interesting. Perhaps this is the last that I shall ever attend with my dear brethren and sisters, with whom I have taken so much delight. The happiness we have enjoyed together, in serving God and his cause, may never be repeated in this world; but if we are saints, we shall taste sweeter bliss in heaven, where there will be no sin to pain our hearts.

“*April 21.* Another birth-day reminds me that I am one year nearer to eternity. Nineteen years God has sustained me, and supplied me with all necessary blessings. Great, indeed, has been his loving kindness towards me. But perhaps unthought-of trials are before me. The morning of life, the season of study and improvement, is fast passing away. Shall I, at this important season of life, become careless and indifferent in relation to my duty? While subjects of importance demand my serious and prayerful attention, shall I suffer my mind to be engrossed with the cares and vanities of life? How will these prepare my mind for what is before me—to bid adieu to my friends, and occupy a station where new duties will devolve upon me, and new trials will await me?

“*Aug. 25.* Expecting soon to leave Homer, I feel much less interested in what relates to the place, than formerly. Attachment to a beloved friend, in a dis-

tant land, disengages my affections from scenes once delightful, and renders the parting scene not only less painful, but in some respects desirable. Am I as wise in a spiritual sense? Does the thought of shortly leaving this vain world disengage my affections from it? Is my soul captivated by the Saviour's loveliness, so that I am waiting for his salvation?

“*Sept. 7.* This evening my heart was gladdened by the safe arrival of my dear friend, Mr. S. S. Mallery, recently ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in Hillsdale, in the east part of this state. May we gratefully adore the goodness of God that has preserved us, when separated far from each other, and permitted us to meet again on earth.

“*Tuesday, Sept. 17.* This evening, listened with pleasure to an interesting sermon from Rev. J. Blain, from Solomon's Song v. 16. “This is my beloved and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.” At the close, Mr. M. and myself were united in matrimony, by Rev. A. Bennett. This is an important transaction to us both. It will increase our happiness, or misery, through life. O God! thou only knowest what is for us in time. Above all other evils, wilt thou save us from dishonoring thy name by an unholy walk or an ungodly example.

“*Harrison, Sept. 23.* Am spending a few days in this place, in visiting some of Mr. M.'s relations. Yesterday, heard him preach in the forenoon, from Matt. xvi. 14; and in the afternoon, heard Rev. E. D. Hubbel, of Egremont, Mass. a particular friend of Mr. M., from I John vi. 21.

“*Sept. 24.* Spent this forenoon in a pleasant walk with sister Hubbel. How valuable is the society of christians. In my dear companion, and Br. and sister Hubbel, I find friends whose hearts are united to God,

and devoted to his service. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

"*Homer, Oct. 5.* After attending the Cayuga Association, in Groton, and visiting some of my husband's relatives in Scipio, I have returned home, and have, for a few days past, been making farewell visits among my friends. The idea of soon leaving those friends, whose society has rendered the morning of life pleasant, and who have been to me as fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, in a spiritual relation, has occasioned many a heart-felt sigh, and many a falling tear.

"*Sunday, Oct. 6.* In the forenoon, heard Mr. M., from Col. iii. 3, and in the afternoon, heard my dear pastor, from Exod. xxxiii. 15. "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." This has been a solemn, trying day. Does duty call me to leave this beloved spot, no more to hear the joyous sound of the gospel from the mouth of our beloved pastor? Must I never more listen to his fervent prayers, his kind instructions, his melting expostulations, and faithful admonitions? Must I leave this happy choir of singers, no more to unite with them in the songs of Zion? Must I leave my dear brethren and sisters, no more to meet them in conference, prayer, and covenant meetings? Shall I no more sit down with them at the table of the Lord, where we have together mourned over our sins, rejoiced in the God of our salvation, and covenanted to spend our lives in his service? Merciful Father, is this the path, which thou, in thy providence hast marked out for me? O may thy presence go with me, and though separated from friends, and privileges most dear to my heart, may I not be separated from thy love, nor thy service.

"*Monday, 7.* To-morrow's setting sun will probably see me separated from all that is dear in Homer. Soon

I must bid farewell to my dear mother, uncle, aunt, and sister—farewell to my much loved chamber, and other places of retirement, where my soul has been so often comforted. I go from the bosom of my friends, to a land of strangers, not knowing the things that shall befall me there. I go from their protection, instruction and restraints, which I have so long enjoyed, and so greatly needed. O that, with a humble and contrite heart, I may, from this time, cry unto God, “My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.”

“*Saturday, Oct. 12.* On Tuesday morning we left Homer, and to-day were joyfully received by the parents, brothers and sisters of my companion, in Austerlitz, (formerly a part of Hillsdale.) I still have reason to record the goodness of God. Have had some solemn reflections on the journey of life. Considering all mankind as travellers, could not but be affected in view of the deplorable state of sinners, who are pursuing the broad road to destruction. Felt the importance of so running the christian race, as to obtain eternal life.”

Before any more extracts are made from her diary, I wish to remark, that from this first interview with my father’s family, to the close of her useful life, she was loved without the least interruption, by all the members, with increasing tenderness and strength of affection. So much did she endear herself to my parents, brothers and sisters, by her unaffected kindness, gentleness, and piety, that her loss would not have been more severely felt, nor deeply lamented, had she been an own child, or an own sister.

“*Nov. 17.* To-day have had the pleasure of hearing an excellent sermon, from Matt. xi. 29. Often, in the course of the day, have my thoughts returned to Homer, to visit, in imagination, my dear brethren and

sisters, who are probably enjoying a season of communion at the Lord's table. This is the first time I have been deprived of the privilege of uniting with them, in commemorating a Saviour's death, since I became a member of the church.

"*Nov. 18.* Removed to Hillsdale, and commenced house-keeping. That we may glorify God in our family, in the church, and in the world, we shall need the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. How important that we act as the children of light, both in temporal and spiritual things. There are two Baptist Churches in this town, denominated East and West. Mr. M. preaches half of the time in each. Our residence is fixed in the bounds of the E. church.

"*Nov. 20.* In a land of strangers, oppressed by my spiritual foes, and troubled with unbelief and sin, I sit down to write. O could I enjoy communion with God and his people; then would I rejoice and count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. To-day we have been favored with a visit from Rev. A. Bennett, my late pastor, who was returning from a journey to Connecticut. How painful has it been to part with a friend, whose society has been so valuable and dear—under the sound of whose voice my feelings have so often been excited, my hope confirmed, and my soul animated to run with patience the christian race. Perhaps I shall see him no more while life shall last. Our next meeting may be at the judgment seat of Christ, where I must account for the improvement I have made of his ministrations.

"*Nov. 23.* Surely the Lord is God, and not man, therefore, I am not consumed, but live to enjoy the blessings of his providence and grace. Although I am so ungrateful and forgetful of God and his mercies, he is still the same kind God to me. He has conducted

me safely through dangers seen and unseen, and brought me to this distant land, where, far from friends and native home, I have reason to praise him for the comforts of life, valuable society, affectionate friends, and a contented mind. In all the trying scenes through which I have passed, my strength has been equal to my day. My sorrows have been fewer, and my comforts more numerous than I have merited or could have expected.

“*Jan. 1, 1823.* My life is spared to see the commencement of a new year. How different is my situation on this new-year’s day, from any that I have seen before. Surrounded by a different circle of friends, attached to different objects, exposed to different trials, and placed in a more responsible station, I feel that a few months have made a great change in my condition and prospects. Although I have experienced a change in these and many other things, I find that I have the same sinful heart. Though now freed from some things that have formerly been hindrances to me, in my christian course, I am not out of the reach of temptation. Alas! how prone are my affections to centre in an object less worthy than the Saviour!

“*Jan. 2.* Heard Mr. M. preach this evening, from “Enter ye in at the straight gate, &c.” What path have I been travelling the year past, and what way am I now resolved to pursue? If life should be spared, am I willing that more of my precious moments should be spent in as much stupidity and sin as the past have been? Shall I do nothing for His glory, who has done so much for me? Can I be willing to pass through this world of darkness and snares without the light of the Saviour’s countenance to cheer my path, and guide my feet in the way of life? It is not because I have insurmountable obstacles to encounter, more than other

christians, that I am less conformed to Christ, but because I am not sufficiently watchful and prayerful. Let me arm myself with the same mind that was in Christ, and put on the whole armour of God, and then I shall be able to stand with my loins girt about with truth, and my lamp trimmed and burning.

“*Jan. 11.* United to-day with the E. Church by letter. May I be useful among the members, and feel as much at home here as in the church to which I formerly belonged.

“*March 2.* This morning, just after Mr. M. commenced the services of public worship, we were most delightfully surprised to see my dear uncle and aunt Keep, and my dear sister, make their appearance in the congregation. This was a very unexpected favor from the Lord. O how kind are all his dealings toward me, an undeserving worm of the dust. It is three years to-day since I publicly put on Christ before the world. The apostle says, “As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him?” But self-examination and retrospection, show me that I have not walked with Jesus as I ought. It is my desire, in future, to live a more self-denying life, and to exercise myself more unto godliness.

“*June 5.* Have just returned from an interesting session of the Shaftsbury Association, in Nassau. On our way home, visited the New Lebanon mineral Spring. It is situated on the slope of a high hill, and is surrounded by scenery highly picturesque and beautiful. From this eminence we had a fine view of the village, with its white houses and handsome church, in the plain, at the foot of the hill. The proprietor of the spring and principal lodging-house, Mr. H., and his wife, are members of the Baptist Church, and appear to be intelligent and devoted christians. At this season of the year we see much to admire in the works of the great Creator.

Wherever we turn our eyes, the air, earth, and water, teem with life. Every tree, shrub, herb, and every leaf is peopled with animated beings. If the number of microscopic animalculæ that inhabit the small pool of stagnant water, in a summer's day, is greater than that of the whole human race; how inconceivably great must be the number of God's irrational creatures, including all that live in the water, all that walk or creep on the earth, and all that wing their flight in the atmosphere which surrounds us. And why, I am ready to inquire, were such myriads and myriads of creatures brought into existence? Probably many of them were formed for no other purpose than to display the wisdom, power, and goodness of God. And how wonderfully are these attributes displayed in sustaining the life of unnumbered beings, and in providing for all their daily food! For all his creatures wait upon him, and he giveth them their meat in due season. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches." In thy works of nature, providence, and grace, thou teachest us something of thy character, yet how faint must be our conceptions in our present imperfect state! How little do we know of what it will be to enjoy thy blissful presence in a world without sin! O may I love the Lord, for his benevolence, holiness, justice, and truth. May I behold and love supremely, the beauties of the Saviour's character. May I be conformed to his image.

"*August 12.* Early this morning, sister Sheldon bade adieu to sufferings, groans and tears, to which she has so long been accustomed, and sweetly resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. Is she this morning enjoying the presence of her dear Saviour, delivered from a body of weakness and pain, and from all the defilement of sin? How much happier is she than if she were on earth, enjoying all the comforts of this life!

O how much sweeter are the joys she now participates, in the society of heaven, than any she could possess in the society of her worthy companion and only child! To be with Jesus is far better than to possess the sum total of all earthly joys. By this instance of mortality which has occurred in a part of the same house which we occupy, may I be led to think more seriously on the things of eternity. May it make a lasting and salutary impression on my mind.

“*August 30.* How great a blessing is the Christian Sabbath, on which we may rest from worldly care and labor, and attend on the word and worship of God. Should my life be spared for many years to come, it is probable I shall never see a better time to possess and exemplify religion than the present. Old age, a sick bed, or a dying hour, affords not so favorable an opportunity to the Christian, to show his love to God by his works, as the season of youth and health, when he is engaged in the business of the world, and surrounded by the impenitent, who need to be enlightened and saved by the instrumentality of those who are lights in the world and the salt of the earth. O that I may, in this important season of life, feel more deeply interested in the cause of Christ.”

Many of her letters were written to relatives and friends at such a distance, they could not easily be obtained for insertion in this volume. Those that have been put into my hands, contain much that renders them interesting to her intimate friends; but they contain so many references to events, in which none but intimate friends would feel particularly interested, that only brief extracts from a few of them will be introduced.

“HILLSDALE, Oct. 14, 1823.

*My dear Mother,*—I am suspicious by your writing, that you still feel too much anxiety respecting the hap-

piness of your unworthy daughter. If this is the case, I would most cheerfully prevent or diminish it. I do not wish you to forget me. Painful indeed would be the thought, that my beloved mother did not think of me and pray for me. I wish you to think of us as safe, because we are in the hands of the Lord, and under the care and protection of our Heavenly Father. He is very merciful to his creatures, and does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men. May we, if mercies are bestowed upon us, remember from whom we receive them; or if afflictions be our portion, may we feel as willing to receive evil at the hand of the Lord, as to receive good. I often contrast my situation with that of many others, who are more deserving of favors than myself, and feel that I have great cause of gratitude to Him who maketh me to differ from them. I enjoy health and good society, can attend public worship every Sabbath, and often on other days. I have a pleasant, comfortable home, which is furnished with every necessary article of food, clothing and convenience; and a companion, who is worthy of my esteem and affection. As yet I have experienced little of those *dreadful evils* which some imagine must be the portion of a Baptist Minister's wife. I enjoy more happiness than I contemplated, and know no person with whom I should be willing to exchange situations. Perhaps you will think I am desirous to convince you that I am perfectly happy:—I do not expect *perfect* happiness in this world. Probably *every* heart knows its own bitterness. True, I have trials to which some are strangers, and others have those of which I am ignorant. The wisdom of God does not cause all the ills of life to be experienced by one of his creatures, and others to feel none of them. I am sensible that I have great reason to be grateful for the *many* mercies that I receive. The lateness of the hour prevents me

from writing all that I wish on this subject. Much love to my dear uncle, aunt and sister.

Your affectionate daughter,

J. D. MALLERY.

“*Dec. 26.* How mistaken am I, if for a moment I imagine that I have so many cares and domestic duties that I cannot enjoy religion. So far from this, it is the only source of consolation in the midst of responsibilities and trials. The smiles of the Saviour’s lovely countenance, render the pleasures of life more delightful, and its pains and sorrows more supportable.

“*Jan. 1, 1824.* The goodness of God toward me is manifested in not cutting me down as a barren tree. My life and many of its blessings are still continued to me; but my situation may not always be thus favored. To privations, hardships, trials, pain and death, I am as liable, and of them as deserving, as any of God’s creatures. Should Providence smile and give me all the blessings of the present life, they would be of short continuance, and could never make me happy without God for my portion. Soon, and perhaps sooner than I anticipate, I may be called to leave the world, with all its vanities and sorrows, its enjoyments and possessions; or from me may be taken away by death, my dearest friends and comforts, and I, a solitary mourner, may be left with none but God to comfort me. If I know the vanity and frailty of everything but the eternal God, and the blessedness of trusting in him, why should I feel anxious about worldly things, only that I may please God in the use of them?

“*Feb. 14.* Have just returned from Church meeting. These are precious opportunities to my soul. Nothing is more interesting to me than to meet with the dear people of God for prayer and praise. It is

four years now since my heart was filled with the love of God, and my eyes opened to behold the loveliness of the blessed Saviour. O how was my soul melted into tenderness, to think that Jesus could pardon such a wretch as I had ever been. How was I astonished, that his grace and loving-kindness should extend their influence so far as to conquer my will, which was opposed to his reign, and give me a disposition to seek his mercy, and that even then he did not cast me off forever. Experience teaches me more and more of the deep depravity of my heart, and the infinitude of God's mercies. His perfections are a deep in which all my thoughts are drowned. His faithfulness to fulfil his promises, and his willingness to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, encourage me to seek his face, notwithstanding all my unworthiness.

“*Feb. 15.* To what happiness are the saints approaching! When this poor transient life is past, they will dwell forever with Him whom their soul loveth. Jesus has kindly assured them that where he is, there shall also his servants be; and to those who continue with him in his temptations, he hath appointed a kingdom, that they should reign with him forever. Methinks it will be a heaven indeed, to awake from the slumbers of the grave in the likeness of the blessed Saviour. How wonderful to have our bodies made like unto his own glorious body, and our spirits purified from all sin, no more to wander from the place of their rest; but to dwell forever near his face, and learn more and more of his divine perfections!

*March 7.* Perhaps I have reason to bless God that my present circumstances are just as they are. For several months past I have felt less disposed to mirth and vanity, and have been more conversant with serious things. At times I think I should be thankful fo r

any dispensation that would increase conformity to God in my heart and life.

“*March 30.* On the 20th inst. became the mother of a healthy little son, to whom we have given the name of Josiah Keep, after a deceased brother of my husband and my venerable uncle of Homer. O how much gratitude have I promised God, should I be placed in as favorable circumstances as I now am. I deserved judgment, but behold mercy compasseth me about. I want to realize more that all I enjoy comes from God; and to love him with supreme affection.

“*August 8.* To-day have had the pleasure of hearing my uncle, Rev. P. P. Roots, preach for Mr. M.; and at the close we enjoyed a refreshing season at the Lord’s table. Some thirty years ago uncle R. preached several months in the same meeting-house, which was then occupied by the Congregationalists. Soon after the expiration of his engagement with the people in Hillsdale, he returned to Boston, was baptized by Dr. Baldwin, and connected himself with the Baptists.”

In September, we spent several weeks in Homer and vicinity, in visiting our relatives and friends. So many changes in the circle of her acquaintance had been occasioned in two years by deaths, removals and other causes, that she found her affections much more detached from the place than she had anticipated. She felt now that her heart and her *home* were in the place where God had stationed her to labor in his vineyard.

“*May 22, 1825.* To-day have heard two very excellent discourses in our meeting-house from Rev. Dr. Gano, of Providence, R. I., and Rev. H. Jackson, of Charlestown, Mass. How invaluable the privileges which the Christian inherits, in Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant;—they are not like the enjoyments of the world, perishable and unsatisfying. The more

we taste of their sweetness, the more ardently we desire them. The nearer we live to Jesus, the more we perceive the excellence of his character, and the value of his atonement and intercession, by which we are raised from the lowest state of moral defilement, and made the children of God and heirs with Jesus Christ."

In the following autumn she accompanied me on a tour eastward, of four or five weeks, to attend the Union, Warren, and Boston Associations. During this excursion she became acquainted with many valuable Christian friends in Providence, Boston, Charlestown, South Reading, and Woburn, for whom she cherished an ardent affection to the close of life. Respecting some part of this pleasant visit, she thus expresses her impressions :

"*Worcester, Mass. Sept. 26.* Yesterday Mr. M. preached three times to the Baptist Church in Woburn, ten miles north of Boston. They are destitute of a pastor, and praying the Lord of the harvest to send them one. In hearing the word of life dispensed, felt to plead earnestly with God, that if I am a child of his, I may enjoy the smiles of my Saviour. 'My soul thirsteth for God, even the living God.' O when shall I enjoy that communion with the beloved of my soul, which I desire. O for such a view of Jesus as shall humble my soul at his feet, and elevate my affections from earth to heaven. The opportunities that I have enjoyed, within the last few weeks, have been very pleasant and interesting. May they be rightly improved;—may the privileges I have had with the people of God in this journey, this recess from domestic cares and avocations, promote my comfort and usefulness as a Christian. We are now on our way homeward, which is pleasant, when I consider how long we have been absent from our dear little son. But I feel

not so much anxiety about getting home, as about the manner in which I shall live, should I arrive there.

“*Nov. 26.* Mr. M. having visited the Church in Woburn at their request, and spent a few weeks with them, has, since his return, received an invitation to settle with them as their pastor. To-day he has laid the subject before the Church in Hillsdale. They manifested much sorrow at the thought of his leaving them, and were very anxious to have him continue his labors among them. Should it be made obvious that it is the will of God for us to go to W., it will be very trying to leave these dear brethren and sisters. But if our Heavenly Father designs that we shall labor in another part of his vineyard, I hope he will provide for them another pastor, who shall feed them with knowledge and understanding. May our steps be directed by infinite wisdom.

“*Dec. 30.* Notwithstanding all our attachments here, and the anxiety of the people to have us stay, it is finally decided that we go to Woburn. We think that to be a more important and promising field of labor, and that our usefulness there will be more extensive, and our circumstances more comfortable. But after all, it is very painful to think of parting with the dear friends of Christ in this place; especially, the little band of faithful and affectionate brethren and sisters in the West Church. Our only consolation is, that they are under the care of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls; and though their prospects are now dark, he can bring light out of darkness; and will, I doubt not, provide for all their wants.

“*Woburn, Jan. 14, 1826.* Through the divine goodness we have safely arrived in this place to-day, and have been received among the people with unfeigned kindness and cordiality. To Him whose good hand

has saved us from accidents in journeying, and provided for us the comforts we now possess, be all the praise.

“*Feb. 5.* Of late have been greatly tempted and buffeted by Satan. I find I am living too far from God, with my heart too much upon the world. O! how dreadfully ungrateful is my heart, after having so many tokens of my Saviour’s love and tender mercy, thus to wander from him in my affections, thus to disbelieve his word, disobey his commands, and grieve his Spirit!

“*March 8.* My present circumstances are more favorable to religious enjoyment, than they have been for three years past. While boarding in the family of Capt. W. M., I have very little of domestic concern to trouble my mind. The health of our little Josiah is improved, so that I have much less care and anxiety on his account, than I have had for nearly two years. I can now constantly attend meeting on the Sabbath, be present in the female prayer meetings, and frequently meet with the church on other occasions. O, that I may improve these privileges, and spend my time to the glory of God. Many things in the congregation, at present, look much more favorable than usual; and encourage us to hope that God is about to visit his people with his salvation. Many of the saints have recently been refreshed and quickened, and a few persons are inquiring what they must do to be saved.

“*April 14.* Have received a letter from our dear friends in Homer, containing the joyful intelligence that some of our relatives, and many of our friends, have been hopefully converted to God, and added to the church. O, how would my heart rejoice, could I see and converse with them! But, since that is impracticable, I will quiet my desires with the belief, that

as many of us as are the children of God, shall meet, ere long, no more to part.

“*April 17.* A letter from our friends in Hillsdale, informs us of the death of our young friend, Miss P. Latting. I can hardly realize that she is no more, that she has gone to try the realities of eternity. When we saw her last, she was the very picture of health; her eyes sparkled with the vivacity of youth, and her cheeks glowed with the freshness and beauty of the virgin rose. She, who was the joy of her parents, brothers, and sisters, has been suddenly cut down like the flower of the field. O, that her early death may have a salutary influence upon all who knew her; but especially may it be sanctified to her dear father’s family.

“*April 21.* My birth day. The close of another year of my life leaves me yet in this world of changes, crosses, and trials; but surrounded with manifold and undeserved mercies, because the goodness of the Lord endureth forever. Unexpected have been the changes through which the Lord has led me and my dear companion, within the past year. What he has yet in reserve for us, we know not. We know, however, that one great and solemn change awaits us. By what we experience before our change comes, may we be prepared to meet it.

“*May 3.* Have attended the monthly meeting of our female missionary society. The meeting having been opened, as usual, by reading the Scriptures and prayer, the time was employed in making garments for the Indian children who are supported and instructed at the Mission stations. Although I do not consider the afternoon to have been very unprofitably spent, yet I regret that there was apparent, among the members present, a disposition to converse more about other characters

and things, than about the blessed Saviour. Surely, Christ is the Christian's *all, and in all*; and it is his privilege always so to esteem him. His heart should ever glow with such love to the Redeemer, that His name shall be first and most in his thoughts and words. O, Lord, may thy Spirit be poured out upon the hearts of thy children. May they be willing and obedient, that they may eat the good of the land."

Throughout her Christian course, Mrs. M. was the warm and decided friend of all the benevolent operations of Christian philanthropy. None, however, took deeper hold upon her affections, than the Missionary enterprise. Her prayers and her alms came up before God, as a memorial of her love to the perishing heathen. According to her ability, she cheerfully and liberally contributed to the support of Christian missions. By her admirable economy, and by retrenchment in unnecessary indulgences, she was able to do more for benevolent objects, than many who have more ample means. In all her domestic management, and in her dress and personal appearance, she conscientiously avoided vain display, and aimed at neatness and modesty. The apostolic injunction, "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array," she neither evaded nor disobeyed; but, in view of it, she endeavored, by her example and influence, to discountenance the follies of fashion, and the extravagance of dress. It was a matter of deep and painful regret to her feelings, to see, among the professed friends of the meek and self-denying Saviour, so much conformity to the world, and so little of that expansive benevolence which induced him to become poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich.

She was chiefly instrumental in the formation of several female missionary societies. In each place where she resided, she was placed at the head of such a society; and she presided in their meetings with ability and discretion, till Providence removed her to another sphere of labor. In the following letter, written a few days before she left Woburn, will be discovered something of the interest she felt in the cause of missions.

“TO THE WOBURN FEMALE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY:

*Beloved Sisters and Friends,*—It being inconvenient for me to attend your present anniversary, I take the liberty of communicating to you a few thoughts, in writing. May the God of missions be with you, and bless you. May he fill your hearts with gratitude for the distinguished and inestimable blessings his goodness has conferred upon you. May you be devoutly thankful for his Spirit, his word, his Sabbath, his preached gospel, and all their attendant blessings. May he inspire you with ardent love to his cause. O, may he impart to you that same love to perishing souls, that induced him to give his Son to die for them. When we reflect upon the darkness, degradation, and misery, in which the greater part of our race is involved, when we think what a wretched hope thousands and tens of thousands are building upon their own works, their sacrifices, pilgrimages, and most inhuman rites and tortures, how is it possible for us not to pity them? When we look at the example of Christian brethren and sisters who have forsaken all that was dear to them in this world, for the sake of teaching poor, deluded souls the knowledge of a crucified and exalted Saviour; and, above all, when we look at the example of Him “who,

for our sakes, became poor," can we withhold our aid in sending them the word of life? In view of his obligations to God and to his fellow-creatures, can the Christian feel himself at liberty to indulge in slothfulness, luxury, or superfluity, of whatever kind, when his pecuniary aid is so greatly needed to advance the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth? When all shall be assembled at the judgment seat of Christ, how much more important shall we consider it, to have been instrumental, by our prayers and alms, of bringing one poor heathen from the darkness of idolatry to the light of life, than to have possessed all that this world can afford! O, that each member of the society may participate in the unspeakable pleasure of doing good to others, and of being workers together with God, in evangelizing the nations.

I expect not the happiness of attending any more of your social meetings. Though I must now ask to be dismissed from your society, I shall ever remember you with affection, and desire the promotion of your best interests. Yours, in much love, J. D. MALLERY.

*Woburn, May 8, 1829."*

In the winter and spring of 1827, the Holy Spirit was copiously poured out on the church and congregation, in a revival of religion, which soon spread into all parts of the town. Large accessions were made both to the Baptist and Congregational church. Mrs. M.'s health did not admit of her attending many of the meetings, except the inquiry meetings at our house; yet her heart was deeply interested in the work, and she rejoiced greatly, from week to week, to see the number of inquirers and converts multiplying, and the work of the Lord extending.

On the 21st of March, 1827, she became the happy mother of another son, to whom was given the name of Samuel Tidd, my own, and that of our esteemed friend and brother, Dea. Samuel Tidd, a member of the church in Woburn, who died a few months previous to this event.

My health had been so much impaired by overaction in the labors of the revival, that my physician advised cessation from preaching, for a season, and travelling, as the only means of preserving life. In this journey for the recovery of my health, she was anxious to accompany me. In July we left home; and, after spending a little time at my father's in Austerlitz, and among our friends in Hillsdale, we continued our journey to Homer, and spent some weeks very pleasantly with our relatives and friends. When we returned, we were accompanied by her sister, Miss Luna Dibble, whose society it was our happiness to enjoy in our family, nearly two years.

In the spring of 1829, learning that her beloved aunt Keep was in a declining state of health, and would probably continue but a few months, she felt much anxiety to see her once more in the flesh. Arrangements were accordingly made for her to revisit once more the place where had been spent the bright and happy morning of her short but useful life. Such, however, were my engagements, that I could only accompany her, and her sister, and our little boys, in the stage, as far as Albany. From thence, in company with my brother, Mr. J. U. Mallery, they proceeded to Homer. She found her aunt very sick, and much distressed in body; but patient, and submissive to the will of God. In attending upon the ministry of her former pastor, in reviewing the scenes of her childhood, and in visiting her relatives and friends, she

sought, as usual, to make every thing subservient to the promotion of her piety and usefulness. In a letter to me at that time, she says, "O that this visit may be productive of some lasting benefit to me, and in some way better fit me for future usefulness. I hope the time is not far distant, when our little family may be again united and happy in each other's society. Till then, my dear Samuel, may we each be the care of a kind Providence, be prepared to do or suffer the will of God on earth, and to enjoy the felicities of heaven." This proved to be, not only her last interview with her aunt, who died soon after her return, but the last with her mother and sister, and the whole circle of her relatives.

Having resigned the pastoral office in the church in Woburn, while she was absent, I accepted an urgent call from the Baptist church in Willington, Ct. This church had been constituted but a few months: and having had no settled pastor, their future prosperity depended much on their obtaining one with as little delay as possible. It consisted of forty-six members, who had been gathered and organized under the direction of Rev. H. Loomis, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in the same place.

In the latter part of July, guided and protected by a merciful Providence, Mrs. M. met me at my father's, in Austerlitz, on her return from the west, and accompanied me to Willington, where she met a welcome reception from the members of the church and congregation, with whom she was now to be associated in the fellowship of the gospel, and in works of piety and benevolence.

A revival of religion commenced in the congregation a few weeks subsequent to this, which continued with unabated interest through the winter and follow-

ing spring. As the fruits of this work of grace, one hundred and sixteen were added to the church, fifty-three of whom were youth and children in the Sabbath school. Of this number, ten were members of a class of young ladies under the instruction of Mrs. M. In the joys of this spiritual harvest she participated largely, nor less so in active and untiring exertions for its promotion. The influence of her exhortations and prayers was salutary, especially among the females, and conducive to their spiritual improvement. This revival occurring so soon after the establishment of her residence in the place, gave ample scope for the exhibition of her piety, and the developement of her christian graces. It introduced to her acquaintance, under circumstances the most auspicious, many to whom she was before unknown, and laid the foundation of attachments that continued till death, and which will be renewed after a short interruption in the holy society of the New Jerusalem.

Having known by early and happy experience the advantages of Sabbath school instruction, she was a decided friend and zealous advocate of this institution, in each place where called, in Divine Providence, to exert her influence in favor of its objects. In Woburn, so far as the superintendance of her domestic concerns would admit, she labored assiduously and efficiently to promote the interests of the Sabbath school connected with the church of which she was a member.

In Willington, also, an interesting class of young ladies was committed to her care. In their religious improvement and happiness, she was deeply concerned. The fidelity and affection with which her instructions were imparted, will be cherished in grateful remembrance by those who listened to her counsels, as

long as her health would allow her to meet them. This class, with one composed of young men, under my care, was a kind of preparatory department, from which teachers for the other classes were taken from time to time, as the necessities of the school demanded. She was particularly attentive to her own children. She aided them in acquiring a knowledge of their lessons, endeavored to inspire them with love and veneration for the Bible, and taught them to respect and love their teacher.

The Sunday school concert of prayer was to her always a solemn and delightful meeting. "I am surprised," she would sometimes say, "that parents, and especially *Christian* parents, are not more generally interested in these meetings. It seems to me, that if they felt as solicitous for the salvation of their children as the voice of reason, and revelation, and parental love requires, more of them would be seen among those who assemble once a month to invoke the blessing of God on the Sunday school." It was owing, in no small degree, to her influence and instruction, that our children anticipated in no other meeting, so much pleasure as in the concert, where they expected the addresses and prayers would have special reference to themselves, and be particularly adapted to their capacities.

In the next letter to her sister, she alluded to the death of the excellent Mrs. Loomis, without being able to foresee, that in the same "room" she would close her own "pious and useful life" in so short a period. How inscrutable are the ways of Divine Providence.

WILLINGTON, Dec. 14, 1829.

*My dear Sister*,—I have felt extremely anxious since I received your last letter to hear from you

again. With mingled emotions of sorrow and joy have I thought of you all since the death of our beloved aunt. I cannot describe my feelings when I think of my friends at Homer, and of *her* who has now gone to her rest above. May we all be sustained and comforted under this affliction, with the possession of a good hope through grace, and a constant preparation for the same blessedness. In April last, Mrs. Loomis, wife of Rev. H. Loomis, terminated her pious and useful life in the room where I now sleep. She is now, I doubt not, associated with our dear aunt, and others of our dear departed friends, in the enjoyments of heaven. I think of them often, and desire to possess that same holiness which rendered them useful in life and happy in death. Since the establishment of our residence in this place, I have felt more engaged in spiritual things than for a long time before. Our situation is quite pleasant.

We visited Boston, Charlestown and Woburn friends in September. Your little friend H. N. H. died a few days after we returned from W. Her dear parents are greatly afflicted in the loss of this lovely child. Soon after we arrived at home, we enjoyed a delightful visit from brother and sister Sprague, Mr. M.'s second sister. They have recently found the Saviour precious to their souls, and are rejoicing in the manifestations of his love. The revival of which Mr. M. has so particularly informed you, commenced soon after we removed to this place. Meetings are solemn and interesting. Things in the church and congregation are in a prosperous state. Our Sunday school is continued through the winter with increasing interest. My class consists of ten young ladies, some of whom are interesting converts in this revival. My own religious enjoyments has been greater than usual. I

know not when I have been more contented than since I have lived in Willington. It would be a great privilege could our friends at the west be with us here. But we know that infinite wisdom orders all things for the best, and therefore submit.

Affectionately yours,  
J. D. MALLERY.”

Although she was able to visit her numerous and esteemed friends in Woburn only once after her removal to Willington, yet she cherished in delightful remembrance the pleasure she had enjoyed in their society, and the various demonstrations she had received of their warm and sincere attachment. She had designed to visit them, had her life been prolonged till another summer. She spoke of them in her last sickness, as she was approaching the confines of the invisible world, and rejoiced in the confident expectation of meeting them again, not amidst the trials, and sorrows, and bereavements of earth, but amidst the songs, and triumphs, and hallelujahs of heaven.

The following letter, the date of which is lost, was probably written in the latter part of 1830, when her honored uncle was declining in health, and drawing near the grave.

“*My dear Sister Luna,*—With peculiar emotions I sit down to address my far distant friends. I have thought of you much since I was informed of the declining health of our beloved uncle. It would afford us great pleasure were we so situated that we could often be with you in the hour of loneliness, sickness and distress. This, however, cannot be, and doubtless infinite Wisdom has ordered all things in the best manner. I am often ready to enquire who sympa-

thises with and consoles you? What sustains the heart of my dear uncle under the infirmities of declining years, and the afflictions of his present feeble state of health? What cheers him now when more prosperous days and brighter prospects have departed? How does he pass those wearisome days which are appointed him? How can he bear the lonely hours that have fallen to his lot? When I think of the consolations of religion which he has so long enjoyed, and of that Saviour who is a present help in the time of trouble, and of that God who has said "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee," I feel less anxiety on his account. O, how much encouragement does the Bible present him to seek in the Saviour of our ruined race all needful consolation and support in the midst of sorrow and pain. How desirable that we should all be the happy partakers of that inexhaustible fountain of blessedness, that with us it may be as it has been with our dear departed friends; and as it doubtless will be with him if health returns no more. In tasting the last dregs of human suffering, he will be experiencing the last trial through which the soul must pass to prepare it for its final rest. In the agonies of expiring nature, he will only be overcoming the last enemy that shall be destroyed, and entering into the kingdom prepared before the foundation of the world. In my opinion, all trials lose half their weight when we consider from whence they come, and the purpose for which they are sent. May we be of that happy number whose afflictions are sanctified. I think much about you and our dear affectionate mother, and pray that light may be scattered in your path, and your feet guided in the way of peace. I rejoice that you enjoy more of the evidence and comfort of adoption than in years past. May this

be increased till you shall be willing humbly to go forward in the path of christian duty. Remember, dear sister, that the way to increase your religious strength is to obey God. In relation to myself, I have some religious enjoyment. Most of the time, if not deceived, I possess some spirituality of mind, and hope I make a *little* progress toward heaven. Thanks to the Lord for all his mercies to one so undeserving. Write to us often respecting yourself and dear mother. If I can in any way be serviceable to her, please to mention it. Children cannot imagine how much they owe their parents until they have long been parents themselves.

Your affectionate Sister,  
J. D. MALLERY.

As her diary had been written solely for her own satisfaction, she committed a part of it to the flames, under the impression that it contained nothing that would interest or profit others. It was her wish to dispose of the two volumes from which the foregoing extracts have been copied, in the same way, but she was persuaded to let them be preserved for her children to read when they should be old enough to feel an interest in them. This may be regarded as the reason why no similar extracts are inserted in this memoir from May 3, 1826, till the date of the one which follows.

“Oct. 14, 1831. Have attended meeting this evening. The brethren and sisters appear to be much revived. I feel that a great responsibility rests on the children of God in this place, at the present time. In view of the special means of grace which the unconverted have enjoyed this week, and the fearful account they must give at the bar of God if they misimprove

them, I am resolved to pray earnestly and labour diligently for the salvation of their souls.

“*Oct. 15.* After a season of prayer and reading the word of God, I feel that I would begin this very hour to live anew. Yes, this moment I would give my heart to God. O Lord, bestow pardon, and strength to do thy will. Have attended meeting this evening. The number of the anxious increases. O that we may see a thorough turning to God. I cannot feel willing that the Lord should withhold from us the gracious influences of his spirit. Oh that the Saviour who by his own precious blood purchased gifts for men, even for the rebellious, may bestow them abundantly upon this undeserving yet needy people. Obedience to God seems exceedingly desirable. Oh, I long to feel the blessedness of doing his will perfectly with all my heart.

“*Nov. 13.* Surely, as a church and people, we have reason to acknowledge the goodness of God. Twelve persons have this day been added to the church by baptism, ten of whom are young men in the bloom of life. Within a few weeks the Lord has given me more light and strength. Every thing in the word and works of God encourages me to obey him.

“*Nov. 20.* Twelve more have this day been added to the church by baptism. While many were flocking to the river to witness the obedience of the saints to the commands of Christ, I felt a strong desire that every one might feel the necessity of being reconciled to God. Oh may thy word and spirit enlighten, and cause them to repent of their sins and turn to the Lord who will have mercy. Especially, Oh Lord, wilt thou have compassion on ungodly parents among us, and pluck them as brands from the burning.

“*Nov. 27.* Have this day felt divine influence drawing my thoughts and affections upward, and fixing

them on God and things above. I am no less dependant on the Lord for the support of spiritual than of natural life. If I use the same untiring diligence in seeking the bread and water of life, which I do in preparing food and raiment for myself and family, my soul will not go starving from day to day.

“*Dec. 7.* Heard Mr. M. deliver a solemn discourse from these words—“Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.” Shall we not wish above all things, when our Lord cometh, to be found watching and not wasting his goods? Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. If we continually remember our accountability to God, it will prevent us from sleeping as do others, and excite us to a provident use of all divine favours, whether temporal or spiritual.

“*Jan. 15, 1832.* This is my first date in the new year. In what state will the next new year find me? My health much of the time is very poor. As to my mind, I feel most of the time much solemnity, and some freedom in prayer. But Oh how deficient am I in love to Christ, and in Christian and parental faithfulness. Oh that I may seek aright for wisdom and grace to help in the time of need.

“*Jan. 25.* Experienced much tenderness of feeling in our female prayer meeting this evening. My wicked heart, and my great need of the gifts Christ has purchased, induced me to plead with fervency for the blessings of salvation. I think I do possess some spirituality of mind, and have some thoughts which, as the Psalmist says, are precious unto me. But what is my character, and the state of my heart, in the sight of a holy God? Oh how great is my need of purifying and sanctifying grace. To be brought nigh by

the blood of Christ, to live in obedience to his commands, to enjoy his favor, and to rely upon him at all times, looks unspeakably desirable.

“*Feb. 25.* For the last three or four weeks my mind has been considerably exercised on the subject of prayer, and particularly in reference to our female prayer meetings. But last Sabbath, while hearing the condition of the impenitent sinner described, my mind was so impressed with the importance of possessing such devotedness to God, such obedience to his requirements, and such reliance upon his promises, as would enable us to pray in faith for their salvation, that the subject has seldom been out of my thoughts since. May the meeting of a few sisters once a week for prayer, not become a cold, formal, unprofitable service. Oh may we possess a wrestling, prevailing spirit of supplication, in behalf of our own souls, of our dear children, of the dear Church of God, and of unconverted sinners.

“*March 15.* Felt a deep sense of the importance of being able when we come together for prayer, to call on the Lord out of a pure heart fervently, and to ask of God in faith, nothing doubting, for the favors we need. In my own heart I saw so much darkness, so much weakness, and so much sin, that I could not forbear weeping while pleading that the great Physician of souls would heal all my spiritual maladies.

“*March 25.* The Scripture saith, “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.” I think I have this week enjoyed some peace of mind, in relation to approaching events concerning myself, some freedom from the thousand worldly anxieties that sometimes fill my mind, and strong hope concerning the welfare of my immortal spirit. Thanks to the Lord for his

mercy and for his goodness. Of late I have received some new strength and courage in trying to keep the commands of God, and in living not as I have lived formerly, nor as many professors of religion do, but in trying to live as the *Bible* requires. If I am a Christian, I feel that it becomes me to be one of those who are followers of God, as dear children, and to walk worthy of God who hath called me to his kingdom and glory. If I am what I profess to be, I am *now* a child of God. But it doth not yet appear what I *shall* be, for when he who is my life shall appear, then shall I appear with him in glory. If this is my portion, Oh may I possess daily preparation for so great, so glorious, and so joyful an event. O that I may have so much hatred to sin, and so much love to the Saviour, and holiness, as shall cause me to desire the rest that remaineth for the people of God, from the purest motives.

“*April 7.* At the communion table last Sabbath, felt to pray sincerely for a deep sense of the love Christ manifested in his sufferings for sinners; and felt a desire that I might henceforth live not unto myself, not unto the world, but to him who spilt his precious blood for the redemption of my soul. Thanks to the Lord for that influence, which has in some good degree kept me in the fear of the Lord all the day long. Oh, I want to possess that faith that works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. I want a religion that will extend its holy influence over all my thoughts and actions. I want an evidence in my soul that I do love Christ above every thing else, and that I delight to do his will.

“*April 8.* In the afternoon heard from Mr. M. an important and interesting discourse from these words, “Seeing then that all these things must be dissolved,

what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godlines." May it not be as water spilt on the ground, but by Christians may it be treasured up in good and honest hearts. Oh, may it be made, by the spirit of God, the means of much good to all who heard it. For myself I desire to live not conformed to this world, but in view of that which is to come. I desire to make it my great business in this life, to glorify God and prepare for eternity.

"April 10. I know that I am now placed in very comfortable circumstances, in relation either to temporal or spiritual things. I know also that at any time when the Lord pleases, he has an undoubted right to take away the husband and the father, as he has done from other families. If such an event should occur, by what means should we then be provided for? I know too that it is possible I may not survive expected illness, and if I should not, Oh, who in sickness or health would take the *Mother's* care of my dear children? While pondering upon these things, these words of Scripture came forcibly to my mind: "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." These words describe a state of mind I would fain possess. But alas, how distrustful and wicked is my heart! The greatness, the goodness, the compassion and the promises of God, seemingly would lead his creatures, especially his children, to put their whole trust and confidence in him. When we look at our own frailty and impotency, and see that we are not able by taking thought, to add one cubit to our stature, or make one hair white or black, a view of the goodness and compassion of the Saviour is sufficient to drive us from our anxieties about the things of the present life, and lead us to commit all our ways unto

the Lord, and to seek the supply of all our wants from Him who hears the ravens cry, and before whom not even the sparrow is forgotten. I bless the Lord that though I ask for mercies which I do not deserve, I feel no wish to dictate, knowing that the Lord's will concerning me and my family cannot fail to be right. At present I desire to enjoy and glorify my Saviour in all the future of life. The thought of backsliding from God, and living in neglect of Christian duty, is appalling to me, and may it never be less so. May I learn more and more of God, and know more and more of the blessedness of living to him.

“*April 10.* This day has been observed as a day of fasting and prayer. The religious services have been both pleasant and profitable, and I have found increased spirituality by engaging in them. When I consider how little of spiritual life I possessed for a season prior to the birth of our Samuel, and when I think how much with both of our children I have suffered the care of helpless infancy, with my other domestic concerns, to draw my mind off from God, and when I look at what is now before me, my mind is full of fear that if my cares should increase, and I be much deprived of the public means of grace, my wretched heart will again backslide, and settle down in a cold indifferent state.

“*April 20.* Have been reading the religious experience of Mrs H. A. Rogers, who was the wife of a Methodist clergyman in England. From the time of her conversion till the close of life, a period of more than twenty years, she enjoyed in a remarkable degree the love of God in her soul. While she took a low place in the dust at her Saviour's feet, she was almost continually rejoicing in the light of his countenance, looking up to him with the greatest confidence

through varied scenes of difficulty, affliction and care. She was enabled to serve God with great faithfulness when violently persecuted for her religion ; and subsequently when placed in prosperous and easy circumstances, or when passing through deep waters of affliction, still her delight was in the Lord. Contrasting her glowing love with my coldness, and her confidence with my fears, her flourishing condition as a Christian with my barrenness, and her faithfulness in duty with my imperfect obedience, I was deeply affected. These words of Scripture were forcibly impressed upon my mind, "The Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor his ear heavy that it cannot hear." This, and various other passages of kindred import, so fully assured me of God's willingness to give even to me all needful grace, that my aching heart seemed ready to burst with strong emotion, and I felt as if this book had providentially fallen into my hands just at this time, to reprove and dispel my fears, and to encourage my hope and confidence in the Lord. May I profit much by the perusal of it.

"*April 26.* My soul rejoices in the way which the Lord has provided for his people to walk in, and I feel in my heart, if there were no obligation to do it, I would choose to follow on to know the Lord. In the use of all the means of grace, it is God himself that we want to enjoy, and his ordinances are blessings only as they serve to fix our minds upon the Saviour's excellence, and help us to remember our obligations to love and serve him. Yes, it is the privilege, as well as the duty of the saints, to visit the sanctuary, that they may behold the beauty of the Lord, and inquire in his temple ; but has he made no provision for those whom sickness detains at home ? Yes, thanks to his name, his presence is every where, and he dwells in

every place with him that is of a broken heart, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at his word. Thanks be given to him for the ample provision he has made for the destitute, the sick, the afflicted, and even the dying, to rejoice in his goodness. So precious are his promises, and so great his faithfulness, that the afflicted may say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and the dying may say, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will not fear, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

"*May 5.* Heard Mr. M. preach last Sabbath from these words, "By faith ye stand." Have been thinking much upon this subject through the week, and have mourned to see the work of grace in me so feeble and languid. My heart has been sad, when thinking that I who have experienced so much of the undeserved goodness of God; I who have received so much kindness and compassion from the Saviour, should still possess so much of odious distrust and unbelief. While looking to-day at my spiritual poverty, these words of Jesus occurred to my mind, "I will, be thou clean," and I felt a strong desire to be cleansed from sin, so that I may love the Lord supremely, believe him firmly, serve him faithfully, and awake to righteousness fully. And if I, and indeed all his children are not cleansed from sin, what is the reason? Do not the Scriptures place it beyond a doubt, that it is his good pleasure that we should be holy?

"*May 8.* In my present situation I find room for the exercise of faith. But when I look at the tender mercies of the Lord toward me, I am conscious that I have not even the shadow of a reason for impatience or complaint. How great has been the kindness of the Lord in giving to me as the companion of my life, one who is a devoted servant of Christ; one who is

ever desirous in every practicable way, to increase my comfort either in temporal or spiritual things; and one who with tenderness, affection, and fervency, is often commending my case, and that of our dear children, to the Father of mercies. May we never be the cause of undue anxiety to his mind, nor in any way be the means of hindering him in the all-important work to which the Lord has called him.

✧ *May 9.* More than twice the usual number attended our female prayer meeting this afternoon, and the spirit of the Lord seemed in some measure to be given us. Some felt happy and strong in the Lord, and others mourned deeply over their backslidings, and expressed a desire to return to their Father's house. My own mind was filled with the blessedness of being able to say, "Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me." O may none of us rest satisfied with our state, until we feel a full and blessed assurance of our relation to Christ, and that we delight to follow him with cheerfulness and zeal in all his appointed ways.

*May 13.* Being too much indisposed to sleep the last night, I arose from my bed and employed the hours in meditation and prayer. The moon shone pleasantly, the night was one of the most beautiful, and I felt my mind much interested in praising the name of the Lord. Though under the necessity of spending this Sabbath at home, I enjoy a cheering sense of the goodness and love of God towards his rebellious and unworthy creatures.

*June 17.* This is indeed a pleasant Sabbath to me. I am again able for a few moments to resume my pen, for the purpose of recording the goodness and loving kindness of the Lord which I have experienced. On Monday, 28th of May, I became the moth-

er of an infant son which is yet spared to us, and a little daughter which never saw the light. Though some of our friends express sorrow for the loss of the infant, and regret that the only daughter we have had should be taken, and the son be left, I feel that it never was more truly easy for me to acquiesce in all the dealings of the Lord with me, than at present. I know of nothing that I wish to have altered, and I am sensible that I have renewed occasion to love and confide in my blessed Saviour.

“*June 26.* Have this day felt more of a spirit of prayer, and have invited the Saviour to be with me more earnestly than I have before since my confinement. I want to feel in my heart a stronger desire for holiness than I do for health, or ease, or exemption from suffering of whatever kind. I desire to be led in that way that shall most effectually subdue my sinful propensities, and make me most obedient to the Lord.

“*June 30.* Four days past my health has been declining, and last evening I believe Dr. S. thought I had many symptoms of a long and dangerous sickness. I never felt in the time of sickness to look to God as the physician of body as well as soul, with so much earnestness and confidence as I have this day. I trust that notwithstanding my weak and diseased state, the Lord will, in his own time and way, perfect that which concerneth me as to health and strength. I have felt this day that the Lord was near, and many portions of his holy word have encouraged me to trust in him still. My tears I could not suppress, as these words seemed, by the Holy Spirit, directly applied to my mind, “I am thy God, I will help thee.” I could say, “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him.” And if all this sick-

ness and pain are the necessary means of bringing me to such a state of feeling, most willingly I will bear it.

“*July 2.* Instead of being in the eternal world, I have this afternoon been to the house of God with his people to unite in a prayer meeting on account of the *cholera*, which, like a desolating scourge, is spreading over our guilty land. Although to be with Christ would be best, yet I consider it a great mercy to me and my family that my life is spared. I have a strong desire that my passions may not “mix with earth, and thus debase my heavenly birth,” as they have in times past; but that in the remainder of my days I may honor God by keeping all his commandments. Oh that I, for whom the Saviour has done such great things, may possess an eye single to his glory, and be ever pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

“*July 8.* To-day have heard my dear husband preach from these words: “Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in my affliction.” It was interesting and gratifying to hear such an exhibition of the excellence of God’s word, and the love of his people to divine truth. To me the Bible is, indeed, a precious treasure. Its stores for consolation, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in the way of righteousness, are inexhaustible. Blessed be God for his word and for his Holy Spirit, which so often accompanies and brings to our remembrance its interesting truths. Surely he is the comforter of God’s people.

“*Sept. 1.* Few are my opportunities of writing while my dear family need so much of my labor and attention. I feel, however, much of the time, solemn, in view of the responsibilities and obligations resting

upon me. Knowing that without Christ I can do nothing, I have felt of late much disposed to seek aid from him who giveth liberally to all and upbraideth not. And blessed be his name for what he has granted of the Holy Spirit's assistance.

"*Sept. 3.* Had an interesting season of social prayer in our family, with three of our neighbors, and brother D. and brother C. of N. Y., who are expecting, after a few more months of preparatory study, to spend their lives in making known the way of salvation to the perishing heathen. I felt in my soul that we all belonged to one Master, even Christ; and that it is an unspeakable consolation to abide in his service, and share in his love and supporting presence amid all the changes, toils and trials of the present life, and to possess a hope of being finally brought to sit down with him in his kingdom, and go no more out forever.

"*Sept. 13.* Our female prayer meeting has been very interesting. Tenderness of spirit and a nearness to God was manifest in almost every prayer.

"*Oct. 7.* Yesterday had a delightful season in our preparatory meeting, and to-day have commemorated the death and sufferings of the crucified Saviour. My mind has been kept in a praying frame most of the day.

"*Oct. 10.* In family prayer, during the absence of my husband; enjoyed much satisfaction in asking the Lord to bless my dear children, and the young man boarding with us; and to give them all new hearts, and make them all his dear children.

"*Oct. 18.* For several days past have had many serious desires for more holiness. Realizing how needful it is that I should grow in grace, and have more love to Christ, I have been striving to avoid all

those pursuits, and all kinds of employment, and conversation, that would have a tendency to divert my mind from this subject. So many are my domestic cares and duties, and so great is my liability to fall in with temptation, that unless my eyes look right on and turn not to the right hand or to the left, I accomplish little or nothing in religion : but after all what would become of me were it not for the compassion, the faithfulness and the unmerited grace of the Lord Jesus, who, for his own sake, blotteth out my iniquity, and forgiveth my sin ? Forever praised be his name that I am not left to suffer what I justly deserve of his displeasure.

“ *Oct. 28.* My heart is pained exceedingly when I see how imperfectly I have answered the end of my being, especially the end for which I was created anew in Christ Jesus. Surely I have reason to lie very low in the dust on account of my sins. May the Lord give me grace to be faithful in future. The path of duty is indeed strait and narrow, and I am prone to err continually on the one hand or the other. My example is closely viewed by many, and it is very desirable that I and my dear husband should acknowledge the Lord in all our ways, and in every thing seek to glorify him rather than to please ourselves. An evidence that we do this affords consolation, whether our doings please our fellow mortals or not.

“ *Oct. 31.* In endeavouring to prepare my mind this day for our female prayer meeting, my thoughts reverted back to the season when I publicly put on Christ by being buried with him by baptism, and united with his people. What humble and fervent desires I then felt, that I might glorify Him who had called me out of darkness into light ! And at other

times, when at the water side, beholding fellow mortals pursuing the same blessed path of duty, I have felt my soul united renewedly to Christ, and the thought of forsaking or ever dishonoring him appeared more dreadful than any other thing in the world. At that period, how exquisitely painful would have been the knowledge that I should ever, through the influence of temptation, neglect my blessed Saviour's voice and spirit, and become so forgetful of his goodness, so unmindful of his charms, and so indifferent to the honor of his name as I have at various times! Humiliating, indeed, it is to review the wandering steps which I have taken. O the barrenness and wretchedness of the path of disobedience! May I never again taste what I have of its bitterness. Oh, that in future I may possess that same humility of soul, that same love to Christ and zeal for his glory that I felt when I first received him.

“Nov. 2. Have attended our church meeting. Have had some sweet meditation on these words of our Saviour, “My yoke is easy and my burden is light.” Experience teaches the truth of these words. We toil hard, and are wretched only when we disobey God. When the heart is willing and obedient, it is blessed work to watch and pray, to keep the heart with all diligence, to fight the good fight of faith, and to be in the fear of the Lord all the day long. God has blessed and prospered our church very much. Within the last three years he has favored us with two revivals, and has increased the number of members from *forty-six* to *two hundred and twelve*. Considering what he has done for this people, who would have thought that the love of many could have waxed cold so soon. Coldness and indifference are too prevalent among us. In our meetings for prayer and conference we too

commonly hear the complaint of leanness and want of spirituality. But I praise the Lord who leaves me not in the wretched condition which has sometimes been my well deserved portion in such seasons of general declension. Awfully wicked as is such a state of mind, I dare not say that within one day I shall not possess it. If left to myself, I shall immediately fall into temptation and sin. Near to Him who is able and willing to keep me from falling, and present me faultless before the throne of his glory, Oh may I ever abide.

“*Nov. 29.* Although this has been Thanksgiving day, I have been mostly alone with my children. Have been reflecting upon the value of the soul, and felt a deep sense of the danger, and extremely wretched state of those who love not God and obey not his gospel. Oh, my dear Josiah, Samuel and Henry, shall it ever be that you will despise all the counsels of the Lord, and will have none of his reproofs? Shall it ever be that you will harden your heart against the Lord, and be finally shut out of his presence? Oh Lord, may it please thee to adopt them early into thy family; and if their life is prolonged, may the fondest desire of their parents’ hearts be gratified in seeing them walk in the truth, and become thy devoted and useful servants. In view of parental duties, I am sensible that if I would assist in training up our children in the way they should go, I must go in the right way myself. I know not how I can enforce the commandments of the Lord upon my children if I disobey them myself. I know not how I can direct, instruct, and govern them, unless I am guided, taught, and assisted by the great Parent of all. What encourages the mother’s heart amid all the pains, and toils, and care of rearing up their offspring, but the hope of

their being good and happy? Whether they become so or not, depends in no small degree upon the conduct of parents. In view of this may I sincerely and fervently seek for needed and proffered assistance.

“*Dec. 2.* Attended communion season at the Lord’s table, and found it in some measure profitable to my soul.

“*Dec. 15.* At the close of another week I would thank the Lord for the various gifts of providence and grace with which he has blessed me. I would examine the state of my heart, confess and forsake my sins, and endeavor in future to live more to his glory.

Surely the happiest beings on earth are those who come nearest to perfect obedience to all the commandments of God.

“*Dec. 30.* Throughout the day have felt much tenderness and fervency of spirit, in praying that the Lord would pour out his spirit, and revive his work in the midst of his people in this place. Have thought much of these words, “If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.”

“*Jan. 1, 1833.* Much indisposed as to health all day, but think I desire in this new year to enjoy the happiness of uninterrupted intercourse with the Saviour. Oh that I may so follow Christ as to possess that light of life which is promised to those who do follow him.

“*Jan. 13.* Have been for a few days confined to a bed of sickness, but have felt no anxiety or trouble on that account, because if health were best for me I know that I should have it. My illness has been attended by many merciful circumstances, not the least of which is, that we have had an excellent nurse; and sister C., a boarder in our family, has been so very

kind and attentive to me and the children, that even our dear infant has scarcely missed a mother's care. I feel very thankful that my health, which seems to be so greatly needed in my family, is already so far restored. One morning, after an almost sleepless night, these words seemed very precious to my soul; "I will help thee." I thought if my Saviour would indeed help me in every time of need, I had nothing to fear. These words I know contain nothing new, nothing but the simple fact which is apparent in all parts of the Bible, that the Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, and that he is found of every one that seeks for him. In some measure I realize the feelings of one who said "I have esteemed the words of thy mouth more than my necessary food." If I could see that the strongest desire of my heart is to glorify God, it would be wholly immaterial to me in what path he should cause me to pass through this world.

"*Jan. 7.* Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Within a few days past I have realized more than ever before that it is my duty, amidst all my domestic employments, in all my intercourse with my fellow mortals, and in all that I do, to glorify God. A just sense of this, will deter me from wasting my time in unprofitable or sinful pursuits.

"*Jan. 20.* Have felt much tenderness of mind this day in meditating upon the great things the Lord has done for me. Especially have I felt thankful for that grace which revived me when in a state of darkness and declension, and restored unto me the joys of salvation. Oh, I want to enjoy more, far more, of the fellowship of the Spirit, and of communion with the Saviour. Oh that others might enjoy it too. Have felt seriously concerned of late for those that are out

of Christ, and very desirous that they may profit by the means of grace which they enjoy.

“*Jan. 25.* Have been thinking much of these words of our Saviour, “My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.”

“Be this my one great business here:  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.”

If I am a child of God, and an heir with Jesus Christ, I want to possess feelings more becoming a subject of such privileges. I want to be more like those who follow God as dear children.

“*Jan. 30.* Have enjoyed an interesting season in our female prayer meeting. The duty of glorifying God in all that I do, still occupies my mind; and I feel a disposition, through Christ strengthening me, to do it more than I ever have done. The way in which I ought to walk, becomes plainer and plainer in my view, and more and more pleasant to my heart.

“*Feb. 1.* Heard Mr. M. preach in the forenoon, from this text: “Then they remembered his words.” In the afternoon, attended the communion; and in the evening, prayer meeting. To love the Lord with all the soul, might, mind, and strength, and to serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind, is a delightful duty, when we have had a view of what the Saviour is, and what he has done for us.

“*March 3.* Meditated with pleasure on the goodness of God, who makes of such unworthy worms of the dust, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. Oh! how blessed to be thus united to God and the Lamb! How much is to be enjoyed even in this life, in consequence of this relation, if we but open our

eyes to see, and our hearts to receive the blessings he has provided.

“*March 10.* Various have been the temptations and trials of the past week ; yet, this Sabbath has passed away quite pleasantly. Doubtless a desirable object with the adversary, is to make me forgetful of God, and neglectful of his commands. If left to myself, I know that the least temptation will overcome me. My only security is, that if I forsake not the Lord, he will be my keeper. May he assist me to watch and pray always. He alone can remove our burdens ; or, if not, can enable us to bear them with patience and resignation. The word of God and my own experience lead me to believe, that neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil, can gain any ascendancy over the soul that lives near to Christ.

“*April 16.* At times, my heart is burthened, and my spirits depressed with various trials ; but I hope a gracious God has, in some degree, enabled me to look to him for relief ; and, blessed be his name ! I have not looked in vain. My greatest burden and affliction is, that I know so little of my blessed Saviour. Oh ! the time is approaching when I hope to see the Lord face to face, and be made like unto him.

“*April 21.* Am this day thirty years old. How responsible is the station I now occupy ! Why was one so unworthy ever placed in a sphere where so much good ought to be accomplished ? O thou, who alone hast been my refuge and strength in times past, wilt thou assist me to perform all my conjugal, parental, and Christian duties.

“*May 12.* During the past week, while Mr. M. has been absent to attend the anniversaries in New-York, I have been much alone, and the time has passed away very pleasantly. Amidst the various occurrences of

the week, I have enjoyed communion with God. Experience teaches me more and more of my entire unworthiness and sinfulness, and more and more of the blessedness of doing the will of God. O, for more fervency in seeking this blessedness, that I may enjoy it in all its fulness. To-day have spent much time in prayer for myself and others.

“*May 27.* In view of the burdens and trials of my life, my mind, some part of this day, has been unusually despondent. But I have found great relief from these words of my Saviour, “I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man taketh from you,” and, “He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.” These and other portions of the Scriptures, of a similar import, conveyed more to my heart than tongue can express. Oh! I wept most heartily to think of the kindness of the blessed Saviour, and of what he has prepared for his people. Have experienced much pleasure and encouragement in meditating upon God, and the promises of his holy word, this evening.

“*May 28.* This is our little Henry Jackson’s birth day. With a new song would I praise the Lord, who has been to me so much better than my fears through this year, especially in spiritual things. Thanks to his name for what he has permitted me to enjoy among his people, and for the comforts he has bestowed upon me, in sickness and in health. In the family and in the closet, and at times, too, when my hands have been employed in the care of my infant, or other necessary avocations, the blessed Saviour has condescended to commune with my unworthy soul. The Holy Spirit has taken of the things of Christ and showed them unto me, for my reproof, instruction, and encouragement. Although I have attained to no wisdom or strength of

my own, I hope that past experience may be profitable to me in future ; and that nothing I have learned of the faithfulness of God, or of my own unworthiness, may be forgotten or misimproved.

“ *May 29.* What emotions must have been awakened in the hearts of the trembling disciples, by the well-known voice of their Saviour, saying, “ It is I, be not afraid.” And with what holy calmness, what meek submission, may his disciples now meet the changes, the difficulties, and the trials of the present life, if they can hear this blessed voice saying, “ It is I, be not afraid ;” it is I, your faithful, covenant-keeping God ; it is I, your infinitely wise and infinitely good God, who cause you to pass through many a thorny path and rugged way ; it is I, who see the end from the beginning, who, for your good, bring you into scenes of trial and danger. But when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee. I am thy God : I will help thee ; yea, I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness.

“ *June 1.* Attended preparatory meeting. The state of religion is alarmingly low among us. If not deceived, I have enjoyed, for several days past, much of the peace of God that passeth understanding. Much of this peace is needful to keep me from unholy anxieties and feelings. I see that I am altogether polluted with sin ; and I want to feel deeper abhorrence of so great an evil. Think that I feel as much or more than I ever did, that Christ is all and in all.

“ *June 8.* Various portions of the Scriptures have been precious to my mind, amid the pains and pleasures of this week. Experience enables me to understand what the apostle means when he says, “ Now we see through a glass darkly.” Blessed be God for

a hope that I shall yet know what it is to see face to face. With renewed courage I look forward to the time when I shall not, through a glass, darkly look on the character and perfections of God, and on the love and beauties of a Saviour; when I shall not, through a glass, darkly discern the path of duty, and the reality of my own state and character. Doubtless, much of the bliss of heaven consists in the love, praise, and knowledge of God, in being completely conformed to his image, and in being forever stationed in his holy and glorious presence.

“*June 16.* In view of the various trials and burdens that I must necessarily endure in this life, I have derived some encouragement from reflecting upon these words: “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” Oh! that this may be verified in my case. The hope of passing from such a state as this to heaven, becomes more and more tenderly endeared to my heart.

“*June 22.* Have felt much fervency of spirit in prayer, some part of this day. Have felt encouraged by the many examples recorded in the Bible, where pious females obtained the blessings which they sought, especially, during the period of our Lord’s incarnation on earth. My prayer I leave with the Lord, hoping he will bestow on us such blessings as he sees we need.

“*July 6.* Have enjoyed a comfortable state of religious feeling, through the week. This afternoon, in our church-meeting, we were favored with the company of Rev. Alfred Bennett, of Homer, N. Y. the dear man of God under whose ministry I sat, from early childhood, till after my marriage. He and Mrs. B. are in our family this evening.

“*July 8.* Yesterday heard three sermons from Rev. Mr. B. The subject of Foreign Missions was brought

before us, and a collection taken ; as he is now employed as an agent for the Board. O, Lord, ensure to thyself the obedience of my heart, and let me walk in the light of thy countenance.

“ *July 21.* Have felt much tenderness of spirit of late, when thinking of the Saviour, or of heaven. That salvation which looked so near when I first believed, is now still nearer than it was then. Yes, more than thirteen years, with their sins and sorrows, their labors and cares, have passed away ; and the hope that they have borne me on so far towards a state of holiness, where I shall see my Saviour as he is, and be forever conformed to his blessed image, has been indeed as an anchor of the soul.

“ *August 4.* At the communion table these words were very precious to me : “ This do, in remembrance of me.” I feel that, so far as I am able, I would remember the blessed Saviour as he deserves to be remembered by the objects of his undeserved, yet everlasting love. I would remember him in all his sufferings, in all his glorious offices and examples, and in all his requirements and promises. O, I would remember him in all the pilgrimage of life, as my best friend and portion ; and rejoice, in hope of the time when my soul shall be fully and forever united to him.

“ *August 7.* To-day have enjoyed one of our best seasons in the female prayer meeting. A sweet solemnity has taken possession of my soul, in view of the time when I shall come and appear before God. Most of us who associate in these meetings, are daily engaged in the labors and perplexing cares of a family, and have young children who demand unwearied attention. May the Lord enable us, in the midst of all these duties, to render unto Him that love and service which he requires of us.

“*August 14.* Have enjoyed another season of prayer in our weekly meeting. Felt to bless God, that he has marked so plainly the way in which we should go. And since thou, O Lord, hast said, “Blessed is that servant whom, when his Lord cometh, he shall find watching,” may we all be of that happy number. Though our hands are much employed, and our time much occupied, in attention to worldly things, yet, may we possess such a sense of their inferior value, compared with the concerns of the soul and of another world, as shall prevent us from bestowing our best energies and affections upon them. May we labor, not for the meat that perisheth, but for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life.

“*Sept. 17.* Yesterday attended a large and pleasant wedding. Eleven years this day have passed away since I was married. Various and undeserved have been the gifts of God which we have enjoyed. Various also have been the changes through which we have passed. A share of pleasurable and painful experience has fallen to my lot. True, I know not how much of life is yet before me, or what may be its events; yet, if I mistake not, I am now passing the heat and burden of the day of life. O, to be sustained, and made faithful in the discharge of multiplied duties. In view of all my unworthiness and wants, I feel much less than I should, of that confidence which the Psalmist expresses in these words: “Thou wilt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.” Yet, I cannot cease to bless God that the darkness which has sometimes overspread my mind, is, in a good degree, dispelled; and the weakness which oppressed my soul, is measurably overcome. Far more than in former years, do I recognize the goodness of God in every enjoyment.

Far more than I formerly did, do I, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let my requests be made known to God. But O, blessed Saviour, how far short do I come of loving thee as I ought! Oh! be thou gracious to me, and help me, till I shall have done with sin, with ignorance, with unbelief, and with fiery trials. O leave me not, till the last enemy shall be destroyed.

“*Oct. 6.* Yesterday attended our preparatory meeting, which was more than usually interesting and encouraging. To-day have heard the afternoon sermon, and attended the communion season. I feel that the Saviour is precious to my soul; yet, how much more ought I to love Him who has shown so much love to perishing sinners. With how much gratitude ought I to remember Him who has made an ample atonement for the vilest sinner! With how much more constancy and tenderness ought I to regard Him, on whom I am at all times dependant for salvation from sin, for intercession before the throne; and to whom I am indebted for wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification! Oh! I want more love to my Saviour, and more communion with God, that I may resist every temptation, surmount every obstacle, and get the victory over every enemy that would impede my progress in the divine life.

“*Oct. 22.* Two weeks past we have been absent, on a visit among our relatives in New-York. Thanks be to God for his abundant mercy toward us, in preserving our lives and health. Thanks to his name, that, in the midst of friends and pleasures, he has granted me the enjoyment of his presence, and assisted me to set Him always before my face. During this visit, have enjoyed some seasons of social wor-

ship, and some refreshing, delightful intercourse with dear Christian friends.

“*Nov. 2.* Have attended the monthly church-meeting. Some of the brethren who have lived less in the enjoyment of religion than is becoming, are now determined to amend their ways and their doings. Others are rejoicing in the possession of more love to Christ than they have had for months past. For a few days I have been thinking much of the Apostle’s exhortation to Christians, not to sleep as do others; and I now feel solicitous to be awake myself, and to have a just apprehension of the value of the soul, the brevity of life, and the great end of my existence. I would be diligently engaged in the great business of life while the day lasts. I would live in view of approaching death, the coming of Christ, and the final judgment, when the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. This I would do, not only because it is my duty, and will be for my interest, but because it is my privilege. Full well do I know that there is no peace, no pleasure, in living at a distance from God, with a forgetful, distrustful heart.

“*Sunday, Nov. 3.* Heard Mr. M. deliver an interesting sermon from this text, “I will take heed to myself that I sin not with my tongue.” The subject is one of great importance, and there is much need that it should prove beneficial to myself and to others. The habit observed by the excellent Mrs. Malcolm, ‘to say nothing which she was not willing should be repeated,’ must be admirable in *any* Christian, but especially proper and prudent in the *wife of a Minister.*”

This was the last of her writing that has been discovered, except the following letter. In her conver-

sation about others, she was remarkably prudent. She never allowed herself to speak with harshness or in haste. If she had inadvertently made an unkind remark that would wound the feelings of another, she could not feel satisfied till she had acknowledged it and asked forgiveness.

“WILLINGTON, Nov. 27, 1833.

*My dear sister Kalloch*,—This evening, after the toils and cares of the day have passed by, a little time shall with pleasure be employed in writing to you. The winter you spent with us cannot for several reasons be forgotten. Not the least of these is the pleasure we enjoyed in the society of yourself and my sister Luna, of which we have since been entirely deprived. Since that time we have felt deeply interested in your welfare, although we have seldom seen or heard from you. The letter received from you in August was very gratifying to me; and while perusing its contents, I could not suppress tears of sympathy for your bereavements, and of gratitude to our Heavenly Father who had given you to feel, that although the nearest earthly ties had been sundered, this you could bear; and even a greater amount of trouble, if it might be the means of fixing your affections more upon the ever adorable Saviour. Well may we, my sister, cheerfully part with other enjoyments for the possession of his favor, in which is life, and whose loving-kindness is better than life. My soul in some measure feels it to be so, and I bless the Lord that although the precious gifts, of which you have been deprived, are still lent to me, some love to God and some of the influence of his Spirit are not withheld. So long as life shall last, may we seek after communion with God, as for hid treasure; then shall we

feel the peace of God which passeth understanding, keeping our hearts and minds from a thousand useless anxieties and perplexities, and rendering the pleasures of this world unenviable, and its sorrows supportable. I often think of you, and imagine that your situation is less retired than mine; but presume that with your charge you are not more *constantly* occupied than I am with my family, and other duties which are incumbent upon me. I feel that it matters not much *where* our work is, or *what* it is, if it be acceptably performed. For any information you may wish respecting ourselves, our little folks, or our situation, I refer you to sister C——, and Miss R——, two of our worthy and esteemed young friends, whom I would introduce to your acquaintance. Accept, sister K., my thanks for the present received from you, by the hand of my husband. I was pleased with the token of affectionate remembrance, and have been interested in perusing the contents of the book. When we resided in Woburn, we were far removed from all relatives and former acquaintances. For this and other reasons, I suppose that the few acquaintances I had in Charlestown are much dearer to me than I am to them. Still I love to think of some of them, who have already gone to a better world, and others who are still pursuing the straight and narrow way. I rejoice in the hope that with them I shall finally attain to a state of holiness and rest with God. Please present my affectionate regards to the families of Rev. Mr. Jackson, Dea. F——, and Mr. F——. It will give us much pleasure to receive a visit from you, if ever an opportunity presents. Whether you can come or not, let us hear from you by writing. Through life may you enjoy the satisfaction of being usefully employed, and at its close

joyfully receive the crown of life that is laid up for all who love the Lord, and wait for his appearing.

Yours affectionately,

J. D. MALLERY."

I have copied much more frequently from her diary during the last two years of her life than in any previous period, that the reader may perceive how evidently in that time her "whole spirit, and soul, and body," were approximating to that degree of holiness, which prepared her to meet the hour of sickness with resignation, and the approach of death with a smile. While visiting her friends in Austerlitz and Hillsdale in October, she possessed much more than ordinary devotion of spirit. In no former visit had she manifested so much solicitude for their spiritual welfare. In returning home, she observed that she "had been unusually impressed with the necessity of conversing with them affectionately and faithfully on the subject of religion," and that she "had enjoyed uncommon freedom and peace of mind in doing it." "If this should be my last opportunity with them, I feel much satisfaction in having conversed so freely on the most important of all topics."

The same spirit of conscientious faithfulness characterized every visit among our people after our return from New York. All her subsequent intercourse with the members of the Church and Congregation, was marked by more than ordinary concern for the impenitent, solicitude for the Church, and anxiety to do good to all by a godly walk and holy conversation.

On the 18th of December she was attacked with a lung fever. For nearly two weeks no serious fears were entertained about her recovery. It then became evident that her case was dangerous; and from an

apprehension that it might terminate in death, I began to commit to paper some of her last impressions and observations. Much more, equally interesting, might have been recorded, had I heard every conversation with friends; or if, when hearing, I had in each instance been able to command my feelings, sufficiently to note down what she was saying. As her mind was more than usually serene, so her views of divine things were more than usually vivid.

In the early part of her sickness she was particularly desirous that she might have strength given her to converse freely with her friends about their spiritual interests. If her sickness was to be unto death, she ardently wished to employ what little time she had, in humble and prayerful efforts for their happiness. In this her request was granted, and she rejoiced in the verity of the sacred promise, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Whenever her distress of body would admit of it, she conversed with her family and other friends affectionately and faithfully upon those subjects that involved their well-being, both in this and the coming world.

*Jan. 1, 1834.* After our morning devotions had been concluded, she said to me, as I sat by her bedside, "I have enjoyed a great deal of my Saviour's presence during this illness. These fiery trials are painful to the flesh, but I know from past experience that it is good for me to be afflicted. All things will work together for good to them that love God. I feel no particular impression at present, either that I shall die now or recover my health. I may possibly get well, but that is uncertain. There is great reason to fear, however, that I shall not. I hope that you will pray much and importunately, that this affliction may

be sanctified to us both. O it is good to cast ourselves on the Lord, for he careth for us and will sustain us.

“Long as our fiery trials last,  
 Long as the cross we bear,  
 Oh, let our souls on him be cast,  
 In never-ceasing prayer.”

Yes, let us trust in the Lord at all times. Then come life, or come death, we shall be prepared to meet it.”

On the following morning, I proposed to have family worship conducted, at least a part of the time, in another room, lest the noise should fatigue her too much. But she replied, “Oh, no; I had rather it should be here—it will do me good. My *soul* must have something to sustain it as well as my body. We have prayed together so long, that I cannot now be deprived of the privilege of hearing you, when I so much need it. Let Josiah and Samuel set on the side of the bed, so that I can hear more distinctly while you read God’s holy word.” After we had read the 34th Psalm, she said, “Oh what a precious psalm! How sweet and refreshing to my soul!”

Jan. 4. She remarked, “I have been thinking of the surpassing loveliness of the Saviour, and how delightful it will be to dwell in his glorious presence forever.

“Oh, if my Lord would come and meet  
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste;  
 Fly, fearless through death’s iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.”

If the Lord takes me away, I am sensible it will be a great loss to you and our children. But that Saviour, who is so precious to me, will be a friend to you and raise up friends for them. I know it will be trying to

be left with three motherless children to look after and educate, but the Lord will support you. I hope it will do you a great deal of good, and prepare you to preach and labor more successfully than ever for Christ. It seems to me that ministers of the gospel in the present day need much to urge them on to work, *work*, WORK, while the harvest is so plenteous and laborers so few. They have so many cares and public duties, connected with various institutions and societies, that they are liable to be hindered from enjoying the sweet refreshings of the Saviour's love."

*Lord's Day, Jan. 5.* Before the hour of public worship arrived, she wished me to sit down and write, while she dictated the following note for prayers: "Mrs. M. being dangerously sick, and thinking it probable that she is about to leave this mortal state, solicits an interest in the prayers of the church and congregation, that if it be the will of God, he would spare her life and continue her usefulness in her family and the church; and if not, that He would grant her a joyful and triumphant entrance into his everlasting kingdom, and give grace to her husband and children to support them under their affliction, and sanctify it to them for their spiritual good." The whole congregation were deeply interested in her case, and many and fervent were the prayers offered in her behalf while life continued.

In the evening Br. S. after praying with the family, expressed an anxious wish that she might be restored to health. She replied—"Perhaps I shall have many more days to live and suffer and labor among you, before I go the way of all the earth. But I feel no *anxiety* about the manner in which my sickness terminates. If it please the Lord to remove me now, I am willing to go to his blissful presence, where there is

fulness of joy. If it be his will to spare me, I shall be glad to do something more for his cause and the happiness of my family."

*Monday, 6.* In conversing upon the state of her mind, she said, "At some periods in my life, I have enjoyed as much, and perhaps more of the sweet manifestations of the Saviour's love to my soul, than I have in this sickness. But never before did I feel such perfect resignation to the purposes of infinite wisdom. Never did I feel so fully as I do now, that the *will of the Lord is the law of my heart*. Never did his holy law seem so precious to my soul. And the very *strictest part of it*, that which imperiously requires the entire consecration of every thought, and every power of my soul, is now the sweetest. I would not have the *least thing* different from what my Heavenly Father has ordered. The language of my soul is, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' Perhaps he has thus increased my faith in his promises, and strengthened my confidence in his faithfulness, to prepare me for a separation from all that is dear to me on earth. You probably recollect how dark and stormy the evening was four weeks ago last night, when you preached in Coventry. Well, that was one of the happiest evenings of my whole life. There was no one in the house but myself and the children. I spent most of the evening in conversation with them, about the love of the Saviour, and the glories of the heavenly world; I encouraged them to tell me their thoughts and feelings. Samuel was rather timid, and loth to tell how he felt, but Josiah talked freely, and seemed to love dearly to have me converse with him on religious subjects. It did my soul good to see how attentively he listened to all that I said. O, he is a tender lamb, and needs to be nursed with religious truth, by a gentle

hand. He needs to be encouraged to read the Bible and to pray in secret. O, I hope he will be kept from the snares of sin, and be early brought to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Having prayed with them and put them in bed, I sat down and read 'The Mother at Home,' and was so happy in my mind, that it seemed to me that one such evening was worth a thousand spent in the most pleasing gratifications of this vain and transitory world. If I do not recover, I am thankful that I have instructed and prayed with our children so much. It gives me unspeakable consolation to think that, through grace, I have been aided to labor so much for their spiritual as well as temporal happiness. If I now leave you, I am thankful that we have enjoyed each other's society so long. It will be painful to part, but if the Lord is pleased to take me, I am willing and ready to go. I have been thinking to-day of those precious assurances of revelation, that this frail tenement of clay will be raised up from the grave, in the likeness of Christ's glorious body. "This mortal must put on immortality, and this corruptible must put on incorruption." "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The Lord says to me as he did to his servant Jacob, about going down to Egypt, "Be not afraid to go down, I will go down with thee, and I will bring thee up again."

"When I lie buried deep in dust,  
My flesh shall be his care;  
These withering limbs with him I trust,  
To raise them strong and fair."

*Tuesday, 7.* A few christian friends being present

the following stanzas, from Dr. Watts, were sung at her request.

“What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show,  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there ?

O glorious hour, O blest abode,  
I shall be near and like my God ;  
And flesh, and sin, no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.”

After her husband and one or two others had commended her case to God with fervent prayer and many tears, she said to sister S——, “I want you and all my dear sisters to lay hold on the precious promises of Christ, and see how happily and usefully you may live, and how well prepared you may be to die, if you will only submit to his will and keep his commandments. O, you will discover such excellence in his character, and such beauties in his word, if you will only study it earnestly and prayerfully, as have never even entered your imagination. O I want you to love the Saviour more, and serve him with the utmost cheerfulness. O it is sweet living when we can be in the fear of the Lord all the day long.”—Some time afterwards, addressing herself to Mrs. S——, another of her neighbors; she said, “I hope, my dear friend, you will make religion your great concern in life. O may you live devoted to the Saviour, while you remain here, and have him for your friend and support in an hour like this. I have thought much about you in reference to your responsibility as a mother. Your dear children are looking up to you for example and instruction.

O, live before them like a christian, give them much religious instruction. Pray for their precious souls. Lead them to the Saviour, and may you and they be prepared for a blessed meeting beyond the grave."

*Wednesday, 8.* In the morning she appeared a little more comfortable, and was able to converse with more ease. After family prayers she called her two eldest sons, and had them sit by her, on the side of her bed, as she had frequently done before. She kissed them and talked with them a long time, with all the tenderness and love of a christian mother, and then offered a short, fervent and appropriate prayer to God for their early conversion.

In the course of the day Mrs. H called in to see her, to whom she expressed herself in the following language. "I once thought, when you lived in this neighborhood, that you enjoyed religion beyond many of the professed followers of Jesus. But I have since been afraid that it was otherwise. For two years past I have been concerned for you. In that time the Lord has quickened me in the divine life, and enabled me to rise above that love of the world that has in too many instances drawn my heart away from himself. I hope you will in future be more careful about your soul, and be wiser in reference to those things which are unseen and eternal. You need religion constantly in exercise. Be faithful to your children; O live before them as you will wish you had when you come to part with them." Mrs. H., who was very much affected, replied "You have always been very kind to me, and I shall not find another so good a friend very soon, if ever." She answered, "I have nothing to say about that. But O, the Saviour is infinitely superior to all earthly friends. Secure his friendship and

all will be well in time and in eternity. 'Take him for your friend, and all your wants will be richly supplied.

“ Though distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny road;  
 His right hand shall still defend thee,  
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God.  
 Therefore praise him,  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.”

In the evening she said to sister D——, and sister C——, who had not seen her since she had been sick, “I had a very comfortable morning, but a very distressed afternoon. You see I am *very* sick. The mud-walls of this cottage are greatly shaken. It will take but a little more to level them with the dust. I feel that I am drawing near the confines of eternity. If he please, the Lord can raise me up to health. But in all probability he is about to take me to that better rest, that is the heavenly. Be faithful my dear sisters. Live near to God. Enjoy much of his spirit, and walk in the footsteps of the Saviour. Have your lamps trimmed and burning, and be prepared to meet your Lord. You know not at what hour of the night he may come. O be faithful to the dear children God has given you. Care for their souls. Teach them to love the Saviour, that when you come to a scene like this, you may be able to give them up into the hands of Jesus, and leave them in the blessed hope of meeting them at the right hand of God. O *my sisters*, I have long delighted in the hope, that when your toils and sufferings, and sorrows on earth are over, I shall meet you on the other side of Jordan, to unite with you in the glorious society and blissful employments of heaven.”

Thursday, 9. Br. and sister W., in whose family our little Henry was kept during her sickness, called

to see her. After conversing with them awhile on those topics in which her heart was most interested, she thanked them for their kindness to her dear child, and prayed that her Heavenly Father would not suffer them to lose their reward. As Br. W. gave her his hand to bid her a last adieu, she said, "If I go now, the conflict will soon be over. Pray for me if you can. I hope to meet you with many of our friends in heaven." He observed "There will be no sickness nor distress there." "Nor *sin*," she added with an emphasis which intimated that she was more desirous to be freed from that, than any other evil. To another friend she said, "If it be the Lord's will that I should suffer a few days longer before he takes me home, I hope I shall be assisted to wait with patience all the days of my appointed time."—In the course of the day she had her little boys sit by her on the bed, and with many tears prayed for them, and talked to them a long time in the most affecting manner. "Dear Josiah," said she, "you see how sick your 'Ma is, and how pale and deathly her countenance looks. Probably in a few days more the Lord will take her to his own happy home in heaven, to dwell with the Saviour and holy angels. She hopes, when she is dead and gone, you and little brother will love your dear father more than ever, and always obey him and love each other, and be good children. Above all, I want you to love the Saviour and serve the Lord, that when you come to die, you may come to that blessed home where your mother will be, and where with her and the shining angels, you can sing sweeter hymns than those you have so often sung with me when I was well. *Dear* little Samuel, you *will* love the Saviour, will you not? Mother likes you dearly to kiss her so sweet on her pale cheek, but

she would like you still better to love the Saviour, and be always a good boy. O may you both, and dear little Henry, meet me in heaven." To sister E. C. she said, "My dear sister, be faithful in all your duties as a Christian, a wife, and a mother. Live near to God. O love him with all your heart, and serve him all the days of your life, and then you will reign with him in glory. Yes, be faithful, for you know not how soon you will be called in the providence of God, to part with your dear husband and child. Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

She inquired of our physician, Dr. Skinner, what he candidly thought of her case, assuring him that so far from producing any alarm, it would be a satisfaction to know the worst of it. He replied, "Mrs. Mallery, I think you are very sick, *very sick indeed*. I am aware, as well as yourself, that you cannot be much worse and live. I have felt a deep interest in your case, and have tried every means in my power to alleviate your sufferings, and to restore you to health. But they have thus far proved ineffectual. Your symptoms are still very bad, and there is but little hope that you will be any better." With perfect composure, and as if thinking more about his welfare than her own, she replied, "Well, Dr. S., whether I recover or not, I shall cherish a grateful remembrance of your faithful and unwearied efforts. I hope you will have your reward for so much kindness. When you come to a scene like this, may you have the consolations of religion, and the presence of the Saviour to comfort and support you. I have thought much of your situation, and opportunities of usefulness. I have often prayed that you might enjoy religion, and thereby be prepared to do much good to the souls of

your fellow men, when called to attend them in the season of sickness, or the hour of death. You possess to a very great extent the confidence and affections of the people. Your influence over their minds is very great. Oh may you enjoy the consolations of religion in your own soul, and be able to impart them to others."

*Friday, 10.* Among many other things, she said to sister G., "As you value your own soul, and the souls of your children, and of your neighbors, live near to God. Honor him more and serve him better. I should be glad to see our praying sisters together again, and talk to them. But that is hardly to be expected. O, we have had many blessed seasons, and much sweet enjoyment together. What consolation there is in submitting to the will of God! Nothing can give such consolation as the consciousness of having been about our Master's business. I hope you will not think, if I am taken away, and your number is less, that you cannot sustain your meeting. Oh no, keep it up, and try to get others to unite with you. The Lord is able to increase your number. I hope to enjoy a little more intercourse with you if I should live, but if not, we will bless God for all that is past, and trust him for all that is to come."

The voice of prayer and praise was now more delightful to her than ever. So refreshing to her spirit was the exercise of social prayer, that whenever her paroxysms of distress did not prevent, she invited all the brethren who called to see her, to pray with her. In conversation with Rev. Mr. Wood, Pastor of the Congregational Church, she said, "Nothing gives me so much comfort in reviewing the past, as the consciousness that for the last two or three years, I have been enabled, through grace, to be about my Mas-

ter's business. There is nothing like living to Christ. O, what sweet comfort to have done something for his cause! I want you to pray for my husband and children, that they may be supported and comforted. God is able if he see fit, to raise me up to health. If not, when the hour comes, I feel that I can joyfully leave all, and go to be with Christ, which is far better.

*Saturday, 11.* Her breathing had now become so laborious, and her symptoms so alarming, that it was thought she would live but a very few days. Little Henry was brought home, that she might take her leave of him, as she had done of her other children. Enfolding him in her arms, she kissed him again and again, saying "*Dear child—dear little darling, how I love you—but I give you up to the Lord.*" As she gave him back to his weeping and disconsolate father, she said, "I am thankful that I have lived so long, and done so much for our children. *Dear children, how I love them. How my soul longs for their salvation. I feel a most intense desire to meet them in heaven. How delightful it will be for parents and children to meet there, where parting scenes will be unknown. O be faithful to them. Watch over them. Pray for them and with them. Give them much instruction, and above all other books, teach them to love the Bible. Be kind and tender towards them, and when they have no longer a mother to pray with them, and guide them, act the part of a mother toward them as far as you can. Much as I love you, and as happily as we have always lived together, when the time comes, I can leave you and them in the hands of Christ, and joyfully go to meet him in his kingdom. I once wondered how mothers could give up their children so willingly. I thought if they loved them as I did mine, they could not. But I now think different-*

ly. I feel now that I can cheerfully give mine up, though unspeakably dear to my heart."

She had several times requested me to hold a looking-glass, so that she might see the ravages of disease in her countenance. One day, after surveying herself very attentively for a long time, she said, "O how changed! How much like death! But I love to gaze upon these death-like features." I asked her why? "Because they remind me of the sweet rest there is in the grave. The grave looks pleasant, for Jesus has been there, and softened that bed for all his saints." Her countenance was lighted up with unwonted animation, and her soul seemed to be in an ecstasy, as she continued to pour forth her thoughts on this delightful theme. "O, I love to think of laying down this body of sin and death in the grave.

'Cheerful in death I close my eyes,  
To part with every lust;  
And charge my flesh when'er it rise,  
To leave them in the dust.

My spirit holds perpetual war,  
And wrestles and complains;  
And views the happy moment near,  
That shall dissolve its chains.'

*Sunday, 12.* She revived so much, that I was able to leave her long enough to preach in the morning and afternoon. For several days subsequent to this, her symptoms appeared more favorable, and she was apparently better. These encouraging indications led us to hope that she might yet recover. We therefore dissuaded her from conversation as much as possible, and admitted none for a few days to see her, except those whose presence was necessary.

*Friday, 17.* Hectical symptoms made their appearance, and the disease assumed such an aspect as

to leave no reasonable ground of hope. When she saw that we had no hope of her recovery, she renewed her request to have the privilege of conversing with the friends who called, as much as her strength would allow, that she might employ what little time she had to stay with us, in doing good. But she was now so very low, that it was only at intervals between her paroxysms of distress, that she could talk at all, and then but a little.

*Saturday, 18.* Several of the sisters of the church, who had been associated with her in the female prayer meeting, came in to see her. She observed that it would be very pleasant to have one more season of prayer before she left them. They hesitated at first, for fear that it would weary her too much. But she assured them that it would not—that it would refresh and strengthen her soul. She requested them to come around her bed, that she might hear with greater ease. They individually offered short and fervent prayer to God, and commended their dying sister to the word of his grace, that was able to build her up, and to give her an inheritance among the sanctified in glory. She felt greatly refreshed in her spirit, and spoke of it with satisfaction after they had retired.

*Monday, 19.* In conversation with sister R. she said, “Remember your minister, *do remember* your minister. He will need your prayers now, more than ever. Pray for my children also, and teach them, when you have opportunity, to love the Saviour.”

After one of her distressing paroxysms, she repeated the words,

“ Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The med'cine is food ;

Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song."

*Tuesday, 21.* In conversation about various relatives and friends, as I sat by her side, she said, "Tell my dear mother and sister, that this season of trial and affliction has come upon me like a thief in the night, in an hour when I looked not for it. But I trust it has not found me unprepared. I should love to see them once more in the flesh; but since that cannot be, tell them that the hope that I now have of meeting them in heaven, is unspeakably sweet and consoling to my heart. O, I hope God will support them, and bless them, and that they will roll all their burdens on the Saviour's arm, for he careth for them.

*Wednesday, 22.* She was now so far gone, that she could seldom raise her voice above a whisper. Holding my hand in hers, she observed, "For several years after our marriage, I had an impression that you would be taken away first. I spent hours and hours in weeping, from the expectation that I should be deprived of your society and aid, in training up our children in the good and right way. But it appears now that I am to go first, and you be left. I know that this will be worse for you, but it will be better for the children, and better for me. To abide in the flesh is more needful for you, but to depart and be with Christ is far better for me. If the Lord calls me, I hope you will not feel unwilling to have me go. You said yesterday you knew not how to give me up, nor how to think of living without me. But my dear, you must not feel so. The Lord knows best. He will do all things well. I hope you will not murmur, nor complain of his dealings. Despise not the chastening of

the Lord, nor faint when you are rebuked of him. When we review the eleven years we have lived together, we have much to be thankful for. Making suitable allowance for the frailty of human nature, which has probably occasioned some failures of duty, and some causes of trial, on the part of both of us; I believe there are but few cases, where the marriage union is productive of more happiness than ours has been. We have lived in love and harmony, and we shall now part in peace. We shall part with the expectation of being re-united ere long, in that happy world where separation will be unknown. O, may our dear children, as well as yourself, be prepared to meet me in the blessed rest of heaven."

*Thursday, 23.* In the forenoon, after prayers, she observed to me, "I wish to say a few things more before I leave you. It appears to me, that in the present day, the public interests of the Missionary enterprise, the Education Society, the Temperance reformation, Conventions, Associations, &c. are making such frequent and heavy drafts upon the time, attention, and strength of ministers, that they are in great danger of letting the life and power of godliness in their *own* souls decay. I know that the general interests of Zion demand their attention, and a portion of their time. But there is danger that their labors in the public field may be so abundant, as to leave their own gardens uncultivated—their own hearts languid and unfruitful. When this is the case, their preaching will be powerless, and their pastoral labors of but little use. I hope you will guard against this evil. While on the one hand, you give due attention to those responsibilities and duties, that arise from the relation you sustain to various public Institutions and Societies; on the other, I hope you will give the most scru-

pulous attention to the state of your own soul, and see that the love of God constantly reigns in your heart. For several years, while I have seen how rapidly these demands upon your time have increased, I have trembled for you—I have prayed for you, and I still pray for you, and all the ministers of Christ who have these obstacles to encounter.” After resting an hour or two, she added, in a low soft voice, “There is another temptation to which ministers are liable, of which I have thought much. There are so many periodicals, moral, religious, and charitable, (not to mention those that are political or literary,) which they wish to read, that they are in danger of neglecting their Bibles. They are in danger of being satisfied to drink from the *streams*, instead of quenching their thirst at the *fountain head* of the pure water of life. O, I hope you will never be so much interested in reading the periodicals of the day, or any other publications, however valuable and useful, as not to have sufficient time to search the Scriptures daily. I hope you will always continue in the practice of reading and praying over them every day. O, how delightfully have I spent whole hours in retirement, reading the Scriptures, with Matthew Henry’s comments upon them, and in prayer. In this manner, you will in your private as well as public devotions, draw water with joy from the wells of salvation.”

*February, 24.* We were apprehensive that she would not live the day out. Perceiving that she was drawing near the close of life, she wished once more to see her infant before she closed her eyes forever on all earthly scenes. He was accordingly brought home. But the dear child no longer knew his own fond mother. As I held him in my arms, she, by a feeble effort with her hands, elicited one of those

smiles that had so often gladdened her heart, which she faintly returned. At her request, he was placed by her side on the bed. With her emaciated, trembling arms, she clasped her darling boy to her bosom; and, imprinting on his ruddy cheek the last sweet kiss of a mother's love, strong in death, she gave him up to the Lord. In the evening, she inquired of Dr. S. how much longer he thought she would live. "Are there no indications of the near approach of death? It seems to me, if it is the Lord's will, I shall be glad to have the hour of my departure come soon." Dr. S. replied, "I have seen, in the course of my practice, but few instances where a patient would derive consolation from my assurance that death was near. It is impossible, however, Mrs. M., for me to tell how long your sufferings may be prolonged. It may be two or three days; but I should not think it strange if they should terminate to-night." In the course of the day, she had requested me to pray for her, and plead earnestly with God, that, if it pleased him, she might not be deprived of her reason. "I am afraid," said she, "that the severity of my distress will so far debilitate or derange my mind, that I shall become impatient, or be left to say things inconsistent with what I have experienced and professed during this sickness." Her fears, however, were not realized. She retained her reason till the last moment.

*Saturday, 25.* In the forenoon, she was unable to converse, even in a whisper. In the afternoon, as I sat on the side of her bed, supporting her exhausted body, she said, in faltering accents, "So far as I can and not be sinful, I long to go—Death has no terrors—My hope is sure—Christ is precious—The evidence of my accession to the society of heaven is clear—I feel now that I am nearly through my sufferings—I

want you to kneel down and pray with me once more, and pray that, if it please the Lord, he will grant me a speedy and gentle release."

With what feelings such a request was complied with, those only can imagine who have passed through the same trying scene. Her desire was granted; for her exit was as easy as it was triumphant. After languishing in great distress through the evening, till half-past 12 o'clock, with her hand clasped in mine, the silver cord was loosened, and, without the movement of a limb, or the distortion of a feature, she quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

My brother, Mr. J. E. Mallery, and his wife, of Collinsville, arrived on Saturday evening, a few hours previous to her dissolution. She knew them, and inquired kindly after their welfare. She expressed her pleasure in seeing them, but regretted that nature was so far exhausted that she could not converse with them upon those subjects which involved their eternal interests. Two or three weeks prior to her decease, she gave particular directions respecting her children, and designated various presents for them and many other relations and friends, to be kept as tokens of her affectionate regard.

Every proper means within the compass of medical science was employed to prolong life, by our skilful and faithful physician; but so peculiarly obstinate was her disease from its very commencement, that no medicine prescribed by himself, or suggested by consultation with other physicians, was able to control it. She experienced no *fixed* pain in the region of the chest, until about the eleventh day of her sickness. Till then, the ordinary symptoms had not been developed. Febrile symptoms then came on, accompanied by acute pain in the right side, which kept up, not-

withstanding the usual remedies were employed to their full extent. After the twenty-first day there were obvious indications of an abscess forming in the lungs, which increased daily, till expectoration decided it to have taken place. Her disorder was attended, through every stage, with great difficulty of breathing. In the last stages, hectic symptoms came on, which continued to the end. During the last two weeks, her respiration was so extremely laborious that she could not lie down at all, but was obliged to sit in a recumbent posture, day and night. Her sufferings were very severe ; but she bore them with the greatest patience, fortitude, and cheerfulness. She endured as seeing Him who is invisible. She breathed not an impatient thought. Not a murmuring word escaped her lips. Her mind was not darkened by a single cloud, nor her heart distressed with a solitary doubt of her interest in Christ. Though her body was racked with pain, and scorched with fever, her soul rested sweetly in the embraces of a Saviour's love.

The funeral services were performed on the following Monday. They were commenced at one o'clock P. M., in her late residence, with prayer by Rev. J. M. Hunt, of Mansfield. The corpse was then removed to the meeting-house, where the throne of grace was again addressed, by Rev. L. Walker, Jr., of Tolland. An appropriate and impressive sermon was delivered by Rev. G. F. Davis of Hartford, from Rev. xiv. 13. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them." At the conclusion of the discourse, Mr. Davis made the following address :

“This subject is teemful of strong consolation to this little circle of mourners, and especially to him who is prepared to adopt the plaintive language of the bereaved singer of Israel, ‘ Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.’

“ My dear afflicted brother, we have for several years been accustomed to sympathise with each other ; but our sympathies have until now been, generally speaking, of a pleasant character, sympathies in labors for the promotion of the general objects of Christian philanthropy, in efforts for the spiritual welfare of those committed to our charge at seasons of religious revival, in joys arising from the success of our ministry in winning precious souls to Christ, and thus bringing an accession of numbers and strength to the churches of our care. We have gone forth together, in some instances *weeping*, bearing precious seed, but in more instances we have come together *rejoicing*, bringing our sheaves with us. We now meet under very different circumstances. God has laid upon you the heavy hand of affliction, and it becomes my duty and privilege, as a Christian and ministering brother, to address to you the appropriate words of consolation in your sorrows. I would do this, not by speaking lightly of your affliction. ‘ The desire of your eyes is removed by a stroke,’ and it is a heavy stroke under which you groan to-day. Your beloved companion, whose face you sorrow most of all you shall see no more, was deserving of the high estimation in which you held her. She is cut down in the midst of her days, at a time when, so far as human wisdom can determine, her maternal care was greatly needed in assisting to bring up these dear children ‘ in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.’ Yes, my dear

brother, you have cause to mourn. You have a right to weep, and, like the devout friend of Stephen, to make 'great lamentation,' over the corse of her who, in this duty, and in every other, was 'an help meet' for you. 'The hand of the Lord hath touched' you, and you are entitled to the pity of those who have hearts 'to feel another's woe.' Besides, Jesus wept at the death of a friend, bound to him by ties, by no means so tender as those which are severed by the death of your bosom companion. But, notwithstanding the *severity* of this affliction, it is my privilege to direct your troubled mind and sorrowful heart to a source of rich and unfailing consolation. In addition to those important considerations arising from the unerring wisdom, the perfect rectitude, and gracious ultimate designs of the divine administration, considerations which alone should be adequate to hush every murmur, to quiet every anxiety, and to produce entire submission to the divine will thus unequivocally expressed, you have undoubted evidence that your beloved companion died in the Lord; and a voice from heaven, penetrating the thick gloom which enshrouds your mind, announces, in cheering accents, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

Mr. Davis then read her religious experience, various extracts from her diary, and many of the last expressions which fell from her lips in her last sickness, showing the joyful anticipations which she cherished with regard to her final rest in heaven, and then resumed his address as follows:

"You 'sorrow not as those that have no hope.' O, would you then, if you could, call her from her sweet repose in heaven, to the cares, perplexities, toils, afflictions, and pains of this life? O, can you contemplate her happy state on the banks of everlasting de-

liverance, freed from every sorrow and every pain, clad in robes made white in the blood of the Lamb, with the full glories of the Redeemer in unclouded vision, surrounded by patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and the spirits of just men made perfect, with the harp of celestial music in her hand, and the song of finished redemption on her tongue, and yet desire that she had been debarred this unutterable bliss for a few years longer, to administer to your comfort, and the welfare of her rising family, in this vale of tears? No, my brother, such a consideration, however desirable, is 'not worthy to be compared with the glory' which is, at this blessed moment, revealed in her. I trust that, by more intimate access to the throne of grace, and by drinking more deeply into the fountain of truth, 'the best relief that mourners have,' you will be comforted; and, as a minister of the gospel, be more fully prepared in the discharge of your official duties, to comfort others in like circumstances, with the same comfort wherewith you yourself shall be comforted of God. Soon, my dear brother, your own warfare will be accomplished, and your labors in the ministry of reconciliation cease. 'To you it shall be said, 'The days of thy mourning are ended,' and then shall you unite with her with whom you have so often bowed before the family altar, in bowing before the throne, and ascribing salvation to Him who shall have brought you, by his rich grace, to the blessedness of the 'dead that die in the Lord.'"

The address, as well as the sermon, was heard with deep interest. The meeting-house was thronged; and the fixed attention and copious tears of the assembly, showed how sensibly they felt the loss they had sustained in the death of so amiable and excellent a woman, and how deeply they sympathised with their

pastor and his little motherless children. The services were concluded with prayer by Rev. F. Wood, pastor of the Congregational church.

Her remains were deposited by the side of those of the late Mrs. Jerusha Loomis, wife of Rev. H. Loomis, who died in the same room, April 9th, 1829.

After seeing the grave enclose in its cold embrace the dearest earthly object of my heart, with a strange inexpressible feeling, as if a part of myself were left behind, I retired from the grave-yard to our desolate habitation, with "my little smitten flock." Deprived of a precious mother's tender care and affectionate embraces, they now clung to me with unwonted tenderness and love, as we bowed before God in the consecrated hour of prayer, to seek his presence and supporting grace.

"You're weary, — precious ones, — your eyes  
 Are wandering far and wide, —  
 Think ye of her who knew so well  
 Your tender thought to guide, —  
 Who could to Wisdom's sacred love  
 Your fixed attention claim, —  
 Ah! — never from your hearts erase  
 That blessed Mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn, —  
 My youngest infant dove;  
 Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,  
 And learn thy lay of love;  
 My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
 My poor deserted throng, —  
 Cling as you us'd to cling to her,  
 Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustom'd strain,  
 Come, warble loud and clear, —  
 Alas! — alas! you're weeping all,  
 You're sobbing in my ear; —  
 Good night — go say the prayer she taught,  
 Beside your little bed,  
 The lips that us'd to bless you there  
 Are silent with the dead.

A Father's hand your course may guide  
 Amid the thorns of life,—  
 His care protect these shrinking plants  
 That dread the storms of strife,—  
 But who upon your infant hearts  
 Shall like that mother write?  
 Who touch the springs that rule the soul?  
 Dear mourning babes, good night."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

In the death of Mrs. M., her husband has been deprived of an affectionate and agreeable companion, her children of a faithful and tender mother, her acquaintance of a kind and obliging friend, and the church of a devoted and useful member. But what was, humanly speaking, their loss, was her infinite, unspeakable and everlasting gain. To her, "to live was Christ and to die was gain." While indulging on a sick bed the most delightful anticipations in relation to her approaching separation from earth, she distinguished between the *act* of dying and the *consequences* that would result. She desired not death, in itself considered, but for the sake of what would follow. She wished to die that she might be completely delivered from sin, be made perfectly holy, and dwell with God and Christ, and the blessed society of heaven forever. To that exalted state of society, and holy and incessant employment, she has undoubtedly attained. She has dropped the incumbrance of the flesh, escaped "the thousand ills life is heir to," and joined the blood-washed throng before the throne of the Eternal. There she has singled out from "that multitude which no man can number," many that were dear to her on earth as saints, and renewed with them that friendship and delightful intercourse which had been interrupted by death. She no longer sees through a glass darkly, but beholds her Saviour face to face.

From those amazing heights of knowledge and felicity to which she has arrived, she looks back on all the way through which she was led, and discovers that the Lord her God "led her forth by the *right* way, that she might go to a city of habitation." All that was obscure is now made plain. All that was mysterious in the dispensations of Divine Providence, is now fully elucidated; and all that appeared like needless severity, is seen to be only the result of rich grace and everlasting love. All her trials are past; death is conquered; the crown of righteousness is gained; every wish is satisfied, and her enraptured spirit exults in that blessedness that will continue without diminution and without termination.

Although it is the property of friendship to delight in the society of those whom we ardently love, yet our affection would no longer be worthy of the name, if, in the selfishness of our hearts, we should wish to recall the departed from such indescribable felicities in heaven, to a participation in the transitory pleasures, the toils and sorrows of this sinful world.

In the conjugal relation Mrs. M. proved herself to be one of the best of wives. The responsible duties of that endearing relation she discharged in the most exemplary manner. She uniformly studied to promote the happiness and usefulness of her husband. By her constant attention and unremitting affection, she endeavored to alleviate his sorrows, dispel his despondency, and smooth the asperities of life. By her prayers and sympathies she cheered him onward in the arduous duties of his sacred calling. The care and instruction of her children, and the management of domestic affairs, she took chiefly upon herself, that his mind might be less embarrassed with worldly anxieties, and more fully consecrated to the work of the gospel ministry.

And such was her industry, frugality and economy, that he felt perfectly safe in leaving them so much to her direction. He usually consulted her opinion on all matters of importance, in which he wished to decide with safety; and frequently he derived essential aid from her prudent suggestions and judicious counsels. She not only conducted family worship in his absence, but frequently when he was present. When much fatigued with his public labors, or indisposed in body, she would address the throne of grace with so much freedom and fervor, that his soul was comforted and edified.

As a mother, the excellency of her character was still more conspicuous. Her efforts to render her children happy, and to train them up for heaven, were constant and unwearied. She felt deeply the solemn responsibility that rests upon every mother, especially the *Christian* mother, in relation to her children. As her husband's time was so much occupied with parochial and other duties, she considered herself in a peculiar manner entrusted with the care of their precious souls. It was for this reason, that for the last few years of her life, she so seldom accompanied her husband abroad in his attendance on public religious meetings. She considered the cultivation of their minds, and the formation of their characters, paramount to her own personal gratification. For their sake she was willing to forego her own pleasure, and retire from many scenes of enjoyment in which she once delighted. She was sensibly impressed with the fact, that "on parents it depends in a great measure what their children are to be,—miserable or happy in themselves; a comfort or a curse to their connexions; an ornament or a deformity to society; a fiend or a seraph in eternity." The ultimate object of all her maternal

solicitude and faithful attention, was *religion*. So far from being actuated by a grovelling ambition to prepare her sons to excel others in the fashionable accomplishments of polished life, her great and governing desire was to have them fitted to glorify God on earth, and enjoy his presence in heaven. Her manner of inculcating religious instruction was peculiarly affectionate and persuasive. By making her conversation and company pleasant to her children, she secured their implicit confidence, and exerted over them the influence of love. By this means they were led to desire rather than to dread the hour of instruction. In the prosecution of this arduous and delightful work, the Bible was her text book. She taught them to love it as the word of God, and to regard it as the rule by which they must finally be judged. She was accustomed frequently to select interesting portions of the historical part of the Bible, and by the aid of facts to illustrate the character of God, the sinfulness of the human heart, the happiness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked. It was her practice often to take them apart from the rest of the family to pray with them, and invoke the blessing of God upon them. The two eldest can never forget with what fervency, and how many tears, she used to wrestle with God for the salvation of their souls. To all other means she uniformly added the influence of a consistent religious example. Without this, she was aware that all her instructions, however important and pleasing, would have but little effect upon them. The lessons she impressed upon their minds she exemplified before their eyes in her life.

In the exercise of parental authority she did not sway the sceptre of a tyrant. She treated her children as rational beings. Her government was char-

acterized by firmness and mildness. It was equally removed on the one hand, from that false tenderness which suffers evil habits to strengthen, and intended faults to go unpunished; and on the other, from that tyrannical severity that withholds commendation where it is due, and inflicts punishment when it is not merited. She scrupulously avoided the pernicious practice of some parents, who issue their commands in sport, and allow them to be disregarded with impunity. It was her intention to deliver no command which was not *reasonable, necessary* and *practicable*. Though in some instances she found it necessary to punish, yet she commonly secured a cheerful obedience to her injunctions by encouragement and commendation. She was particularly careful whenever they had done well, to express her approbation, and let them know that she loved them for their good conduct. I cannot better illustrate the course she pursued in this important part of parental duty, than by the following description which Basil Hall has given of the different effects produced on board ship by the different modes of government which were adopted by different officers:

“Whenever one of these commanding officers came on board the ship, after an absence of a day or two, and likewise when he made his periodical round of the decks after breakfast, his constant habit was to cast his eye about him, in order to discover what was wrong; to detect the smallest thing that was out of place; in a word, to find as many grounds of censure as possible. This constituted, in his opinion, the best preventive of neglect, on the part of those under his command; and he acted in this crusty way on principle. The attention of the other officer, on the contrary, appeared to be chiefly directed to those

points which he could approve of. For instance, he would stop as he went along, from time to time, and say to the first lieutenant, 'Now these ropes are very nicely arranged; this mode of stowing the men's bags and mess kids, is just as I wish to see it.' While the officer first described would not only pass by these well-arranged things, which had cost hours of labor to put in order, quite unnoticed, but would not be easy till his eye had caught hold of some casual omission, which afforded an opening for disapprobation. One of these captains would remark to the first lieutenant, as he walked along, 'How white and clean you have got the decks to-day! I think you must have been at them all the morning, to have got them into such order.' The other in similar circumstances, but eager to find fault, would say, even if the decks were as white and clean as the drifted snow, "I wish to heaven, sir, you would teach these sweepers to clear away that bundle of shakings," pointing to a bit of rope-yarn, not half an inch long, left under the trunk of a gun. It seemed, in short, as if nothing was more vexatious to one of these officers, than to discover things so correct as to afford him no good opportunity for finding fault; while to the other, the necessity of censuring really appeared a punishment to himself. Under the one, accordingly, we all worked with cheerfulness, from the conviction that nothing we did in a proper way would miss approbation. But our duty under the other, being performed in fear, seldom went on with much spirit. We had no personal satisfaction in doing things correctly, from the certainty of getting no commendation. The great chance, also, of being censured, even in those cases where we had labored most industriously to merit approbation, broke the spring of all generous exertion, and, by teaching us to anticipate blame, as

a matter of course, defeated the very purpose of punishment when it fell upon us. The case being quite hopeless, the chastisement seldom conduced to the amendment of an offender, or to the prevention of offences. But what seemed the oddest thing of all was, that these men were both as kind-hearted as could be, or if there were any difference, the fault-finder was the better natured, and, in matters not professional, the more indulgent of the two. Yet, as it then appeared, and still appears to me, nothing could be more completely erroneous than the snarling method of the one, or more decidedly calculated to do good, than the approving style of the other."

She not only approbated their conduct whenever she could, but when obliged to censure, it was her main object to impress their minds with the idea, that their fault was displeasing to God as well as to her, and that they ought to be more concerned to obtain his forgiveness than her own.

As a Christian, she exhibited the clearest evidence of genuine piety in the consistency of her deportment, the purity of her example, and the ardor of her attachment to the cause of Christ and the people of God. Her great dependance for justification before God rested on the infinite atonement of Jesus Christ. On that immutable basis she had built her hope. There it remained firm and unshaken in life, and in death, "when the flood arose, and the stream beat vehemently upon that house, it could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock." Such was the natural temperament of her mind, and such the constancy of her secret devotions, that she was not subject either to remarkable elevation or depression of religious feeling. Whatever were the fluctuations of others around her, she remained "steadfast, unmoveable,

always abounding in the work of the Lord." She realized that she had joined herself to the Lord in a *perpetual* covenant not to be forgotten, and therefore ought never to be weary in well doing. There was a consistency between her profession and her deportment. She did not say one thing by her lips and another by her life. She acted not from the mere impulse of momentary feeling, but from principle. The evidence of her interest in Christ she estimated not so much by what she *felt* as by what she *did*. She considered it desirable to have always a joyful frame of mind, but more important to have a holy life. She was never absent from her place in the church on the sabbath, nor in any other meeting, except when compelled by sickness or other unavoidable hindrances. In the word and ordinances of God she experienced great delight, and manifested at all times a lively interest in every thing that pertained to the prosperity, purity and enlargement of the Church of Christ.

Though particularly and conscientiously attached to her own denomination, she possessed nothing of a contracted, bigoted spirit. She loved all who gave evidence of being the true friends of Christ. In her intercourse with society she was governed by a desire to live in peace, and to do good to all, so far as it was in her power. Naturally of a retiring disposition, she never officiously obtruded her opinions or presence upon others. She was meek, unassuming, affectionate and intelligent. Her irreproachable character and gentle manners called forth universal respect and attachment among those who knew her worth by personal acquaintance.

These lovely traits of character are mentioned, not to eulogize the dead, but to exalt that rich grace to which she was so deeply indebted for them. She

has not been described as being perfect, for she had her foibles and imperfections. These she saw, sincerely deplored, and studiously corrected. But lest some things that have been said of her should be attributed to the partiality of one who admired her virtues while she lived, and who cherishes them in fond remembrance when she is no more, a few extracts will be made from letters of condolence which I have received from numerous sympathizing friends, to show the estimation in which she was held by others.

C——, Feb. 3, 1834.

*Rev. and dear Sir,*—The perusal of your letter has filled me with mingled emotions of joy and grief. On our dear sister's account I can truly rejoice. Her warfare is accomplished; her soul, forever freed from sin and unnumbered evils, has already commenced its eternal anthem of praise.

Awakened in its Saviour's likeness, its boundless desires are now completely satisfied, and all the tumultuous scenes of earth, have, in her estimation, dwindled into their original nothingness. Yes, I doubt not she is now in the presence of that Saviour, whom having not seen, she loved, and rejoices with joy unspeakable in that very providence, which fills her friends with so much grief.

But these tender cords cannot be sundered without pain. I think our Creator never meant they should. He never would have implanted these tender affections within us, if he meant them to be blunted by stoicism. I think he no where requires us to have *no* will of our own, but simply to bow *that will to his*—“Not my will, but thine be done.” Yes, my dear brother, I feel for you and your dear motherless babes. You are indeed afflicted, but it is the chasten-

ing of a father's hand ; and I doubt not he will pour into your heart the balm of consolation. He will take care of you and yours ; and you doubtless feel that he who has wounded, is alone able to heal. Though the loss to you and your dear family is great, is irreparable, yet it may still, with the blessing of God, be the means of promoting his glory and your good. Your late partner was deservedly dear to me ; and I rejoice that I had the privilege of enjoying her friendship. Her last letter to me, I value highly ; and may the pious sentiments it breathes, be a support to her bereaved companion, and help to fit him to meet her above. May you have the presence of your Saviour to cheer you when your loneliness rolls over you like a flood. And may God grant that we may both meet our dear friends in that world, where parting is known no more. Remember me to Josiah and Samuel. I hope they will never forget their sainted mother.

Yours, &c.

R. B. K.

The following is inserted to introduce the beautiful lines which are enclosed.

HARTFORD, Feb. 24, 1834.

*My dear Sir,*—I had perused an interesting obituary notice of your departed wife, previous to the reception of your letter, and felt that you, and your family, and people, had cause to mourn. Yet, doubtless, there are moments when gratitude for the superiority of the blessing once enjoyed, bears some proportion to the sorrow for its loss. May you, and your motherless children be sustained by Him, to whose service you are devoted.

In compliance with your request, I have written

something poetical; and have selected, as a subject, your affecting description of her parting with her youngest child. I enclose the lines, which, had I been in less haste, would probably have been better worthy of the theme,—and with sincere sympathy, remain yours.

With respect,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

*Parting of a Mother with her Child.\**

*He knew her not,—that fair young boy,—  
 Tho' cradled on her breast,  
 He caught his waking infant smile,  
 And nightly sunk to rest,—  
 For stern disease had chang'd the brow,  
 Once to his eyes so dear,  
 And to a whisper sunk the voice  
 That best he lov'd to hear.*

*So stranger-like, he wondering gaz'd,  
 While wild emotions swell,  
 As with a death-like, cold embrace,  
 She breathed a last farewell.  
 And to the Almighty's hand gave back  
 The idols of her trust,  
 And with a joyful hope lay down,  
 To slumber in the dust.*

*Go, blooming child, and early seek  
 The path she trod below,  
 And arm'd with christian meekness, learn  
 To pluck the sting from woe.  
 That so, to that all-glorious clime,  
 Unstain'd by pain or care,  
 Thou, in thy Saviour's strength may'st come,  
 And know thy Mother there.*

L. H. S.

\* See page 86.

HALFMOON, N. Y., March 1, 1834.

*My dear Brother,*—For some time before I received your letter, my mind had been peculiarly occupied with thoughts of you and yours. I wandered in remembrance back to the time of our first acquaintance, your early convictions, your rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, and your impressions in regard to the ministry; and your solemn ordination by laying on of the hands of the presbytery. When I thought of your union with Miss Dibble, little did I think that I should so soon be called to weep with you. I mourn *with* you and *for* you, but not *for* your *departed* spouse. She I trust has departed from sorrow, and now rests in perfect light and joy, and has left all her mourning, because she is now made free from sin. The loss of her company by you, must be sensibly felt, for *you only* knew its worth. She will pray with you no more, for now every wish is gratified. She sings no more with you in trembling notes, but pours forth in melodious strains the full tribute of a grateful heart. Now from the lofty hills (if she looks down on our earth) she looks not with longing to revisit it, but with exultation and delight, that she has bidden it farewell. Natural affection is forgotten, and holy love now fills every consecrated thought and employs every expanded power.

“In holiness complete, and in the robes  
Of saving righteousness array’d for heaven,  
How fair this day, among the fair she stands,  
How lovely on th’ eternal hills her steps.”

I am well aware, my brother, that common arguments will not console the mind throbbing with uncommon anguish. I would not say that all your sorrow is unavailing, and will not bring back your companion. I will not tell you that the great Disposer of events is

absolute, and therefore it is folly to mourn. I do not wish you to think that he is breaking upon you with breach upon breach, and running upon you like a giant; that when you cry and shout, he shutteth out your prayer. But reflect that God is wise and cannot mistake in *any* case, and has not mistaken in *this*. Though you cannot see the wisdom of God in this dispensation, remember that he holds back the face of his throne, and spreads his cloud upon it. There is a needs-be for all your trials, and though you see it not now, you shall see it hereafter, and be abundantly satisfied. Remember, too, that God works in goodness, and this trying event is the result of kindness, infinite kindness. You have no doubt that to *her*, it was the kindest manifestation Jehovah ever made of himself—that it was the result of everlasting love and electing grace. To *you* also the goodness of God commends itself even in this trying event. Unnumbered cords bind us to the world, and this sore affliction has severed one strong one that closely twined around your soul. Perhaps the beloved Jerusha held too large a share in your affections. She is now removed, that your mind in all its affections may return to God alone, its proper centre.

“Ah, she was his, and not your own,  
 He has not done you wrong;  
 Then thank him for the precious loan  
 Afforded you so long.”

The Lord has set you not only as a watchman, but has commanded you to comfort his people. He who comforts you with exceeding great consolation, was himself made perfect through sufferings. You have often prayed that you might be qualified to honor him in your ministerial course, and be rendered useful to his saints. You can now comfort a mourning hus-

band, a sorrowing father, with the same comfort where-with you are now comforted of God. Their sorrows before, you could only imagine, and I believe you will now admit, that imagination is a bad painter, because it has never come up to the reality. You can now speak from reality, your heart will feel truly, and your words will be like apples of gold in pictures of silver. If your severe affliction leads you to live near the throne, and to feel for, and comfort others, it will prove to be done in infinite goodness, even to *you*. I know full well the difficulty of bringing the mind to complete resignation, but constant endeavor with the divine blessing will do much. It is my earnest prayer that the blessings of heaven may rest on you and your dear little boys, that your wounded heart may find in the dear Redeemer's love, a solace for all its cares. My soul ardently desires an interview with you, but I know not as such an opportunity will soon present. Farewell.

E. D. HUBBEL.

“HALFMOON, March 1, 1834.

*My dear afflicted Brother,*—I mingle with you the sympathetic tear, and you are present in remembrance when I approach the Friend who doeth all things well. But though friends may and do feel for you; by this severe trial you are placed where their condolence is not all that you need. I too well know the strength of those bands, which unite two kindred souls to trifle with your tears or imagine that worlds can be of any avail. The throne of grace is your only source of sure relief, and there the child of God may leave all his care, and in exchange, divine consolation will heal the deepest wound. O here repair, for one smile of Him who sits on the mercy-seat will ease a heart

though pained like yours. She who used to mingle her petitions with yours, has only gone within the veil, and the glory that now bursts upon her beatific vision, shuts her from you. But though in solitude compelled to roam, that religion that made her triumphant in death, is yours to console. Yes, brother, the promises of the gospel are yours, to support and prepare you for greater usefulness in your Master's cause. We have cords which bind us to the earth, and you have indeed had a very tender one severed. There is not a fibre of the heart but must feel the stroke. A shade is undoubtedly cast over earth's brightest pleasures. In this afflictive dispensation you have a specimen of earthly enjoyment. There is nothing here deserving the affections of an immortal mind. \* \* \* \* \*

“Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart.” There is nothing here that can be firmly grasped, for all things are fleeting and vain. Not so with the christian's inheritance. That is eternal in the heavens, and fadeth not away. O my brother, in order to enhance your pleasure, would you even wish the dear departed back? I know your love was of a nobler kind. The event which deprives you of so lovely a friend, has given her possession of that glorious mansion prepared by her Lord, and a blessed freedom not only from all her groans, and griefs, and fears, but from sin, her worst enemy. With open face she beholds the glory of her Lord, and is changed to the same image, from glory to glory. Afflictions, how light when put in competition with such a weight of glory! It is our unsanctified natures which prevent our seeing the necessity of dispensations so dark and mysterious. Blind mortals cannot scan the ways of Providence. I have often asked why a sister Malcom, and a sister Mallery were removed from the sphere of their use-

fulness, while I, who am a cumberer of the ground, am spared. \* \* \* \* \* I want to see you, and those dear little boys. May a mother's dying prayers be answered, and may you be enabled to be faithful to the important trust, is the prayer of  
L. B. H——.

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CHARLESTOWN, May 20, 1834.

*My dear Brother,*—It has been my intention to follow the letter I sent to you, shortly after the decease of your much lamented companion, my respected friend, by another communication more particularly expressive of the feelings of my heart, occasioned by that event. To me, it remains a solemn, and deeply interesting event, and to you, my brother, it is indescribably so. The several years of our acquaintance have tended to deepen and strengthen the genuine affection and high respect that I at *first felt towards you*; and never have I visited your dwelling, or met with Mrs. Mallery at other places, when my opinion of her many excellences was not increased. In her, you have lost a prudent, and conciliating counsellor, and your children, a kind and discreet mother. But the loss is not confined to your own family. The large circle of her personal friends has been deprived of a member, who ever contributed to the cheerfulness, wisdom, and piety of its social and religious relations. God grant that we may be followers of her, as far as she was an imitator of Christ.

If the loss of many children, and the oft-gathered shadows of a death-bed scene, *without the decease of our dearest friend*, qualified one to enter into your feelings, I might claim the privilege. This, I do not, however, think sufficient. As an afflicted correspondent, like yourself, lately wrote me, so I believe. “But

my brother, no one who has not passed *through* the trial, can tell how bitter it is. You have seen the furnace heated; you have felt how warm it was as you drew nigh to it, but this is nothing, to *passing through it*. May the Lord sanctify to you this passage, that you may, like the fire proof men in ancient times, remain unburned. The endurance of such a trial, my brother, is but a small part of that to which we are called. It is a most costly means of grace," saith the same friend, "but only a means, and liable to be a curse as well as a blessing, like any other means, unless the Holy Spirit be shed abroad upon us abundantly. I entreat that I may not be permitted, when one comfort is removed, to fly to another, but to rest my whole heart, bruised and broken though it is, upon Him who is alone the comforter of the cast down. I feel, my dear brother, that in a world where *death reigns*, the only suitable state of mind we can have, is that of the apostle, 'having a *desire* to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.' For this I wish to labor and pray, and God grant that I may never cease laboring and praying for it, until I, through grace, attain to it." I copy these brief extracts not only because they express the state of mind that I want you to possess, but also in the hope they may be considered valuable by you.

To be made *better* by affliction, is affliction's great end. Our great duty is to tread in the pious steps of departed saints. This duty the providence itself enjoins, and this privilege God permits us to enjoy. And to me, it is a blessed privilege. I love to contemplate the pious dead, and to dwell on their works that follow them. They have, indeed, as the devoted Dickson remarked concerning himself, "left their good deeds and their bad deeds, and fled from them both to

Christ, and in him found peace ;” but still, there is comfort to be taken in meditating upon whatever portion of the image of the heavenly they bore, and there is comfort to be derived from their departure, in reference to our own. In them we see that God is true and kind. It is evident He did not wish for them to become perfect before He gave them his paternal hand, or conferred upon them his grace. No! “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.” And God will be equally good to us, if we, like our departed friends, exercise towards him a filial confidence. *He will also be with us in the dark valley.* And though the shadows of departing day may then thicken around till the night of death encompass our spirits, still the darkness will soon flee away, and the brightening twilight of heaven will usher upon us the glorious, and unclouded, and never to be obscured splendor of that eternal city, where “the Lord God giveth light.” There the sun of righteousness is forever ascending ; and never to us will he pass his meridian glory. What a suggestion ! what a prospect ! O, ’tis indeed encouraging, when we see our companions in toil, when they cease to look on us, meet with such grace and receive such a reception. Amid so many deaths like that of Mrs. M., that have transpired around me within a few years past, I sometimes feel that I will never spend time to distrust or perplex my mind, by suspicions concerning my own final hour. Depend upon it, my dear brother, we shall not feel about death as we have often thought we might, when we come to feel his touch. If our life be devoted, as it ought to be, dying will be going home. “The streams of that Jordan which is between us and the Canaan, may run furiously, but” as said Bishop Cowper,

“they stand still when the ark comes.” Yes! God will then roll up the waves on either side, and we shall pass to the land of perpetual quietness and peace.

’Twill not be long before you meet your bosom friend. She is not dead.

Tho’ cold in dust, the perished heart may lie,  
The spark that warmed it once, can never die;  
That shall resist the triumphs of decay,  
When time is o’er, and worlds have passed away.”

What, though the heavens be overcast, and the sun, moon, and stars appear not, for many days, the day will shine again. Thus the spirit of her, that now sleepeth, will appear again, quickened, never more to sleep or to die. In the great resurrection morning, we shall awake, and we shall in our Father’s home, meet together. Sin will no more distress us, nor tears interrupt our joy. Fashioned alike, clothed alike, holy alike, and happy in each other, we shall dwell with the millions of the redeemed, and in one song we shall unite in praise to Him who hath loved us, and to Him who hath redeemed us, and to Him who hath sanctified us, the “God in all,” to eternity. With thoughts like these, let your spirit be consoled. For days you stood pleading, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.” And since the cup was not withdrawn, arise my brother, and drink it. Go with Christ to the cross. Let others see that you can sustain a cross, and upon that cross be crucified with him. But recollect that when Jesus was called to the death, he was tender, humane, sympathetic, and christian still. You then may mourn, you are not forbidden to feel. You cherish, I doubt not, the higher feelings of our nature, while as a christian, you submissively acquiesce. May the grace of God be sufficient for you. May you be made wiser, and holier, and more useful by all that you endure.

May you have wisdom given you to train up children, *now left with you*. And whenever you come into that state of feeling, better described by the single word "*lonely*," O my brother, think not you are alone. Jesus is with you. The prayers of her who is gone, are before his throne. Your friends still pray for you. You will be sustained.

I remain, *through grace*, your brother in Christ, and your sincere friend,

To Rev. S. S. MALLERY.

HENRY JACKSON.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. J. D. MALLERY.

[These lines were written by the Superintendent of the Sunday School, in the Baptist Church, Woburn, Mass.]

She dies, but O the heavenly calm,  
The sweet composure of that breast;  
The prayer is heard, the spirit's flown  
To the bright mansion of the blest.

We sorrow not as those whose tears  
To infidel despair are given;  
Faith looks beyond the rolling spheres,  
And there beholds a happier heaven.

Then sleep, Jerusha, sweetly sleep,  
The turf shall lightly on thee press,  
For angels have their charge to keep  
Thy sleeping dust, where'er it rest.

When the last trump, with solemn sound,  
Shall penetrate death's dark abode,  
Thy slumbering dust shall there be found,  
And fashion'd like thy glorious Lord.

And when the congregated saints  
Shall stand on Zion's holy brow,  
Then find thy babes and husband there,  
With all thy lov'd ones left below.

Then by the pure mellifluent fount,  
Where streams of life perennial spring,  
With harp attun'd to Jesus' love,  
His praise in sweetest numbers sing.





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JUL 6 - 1934

