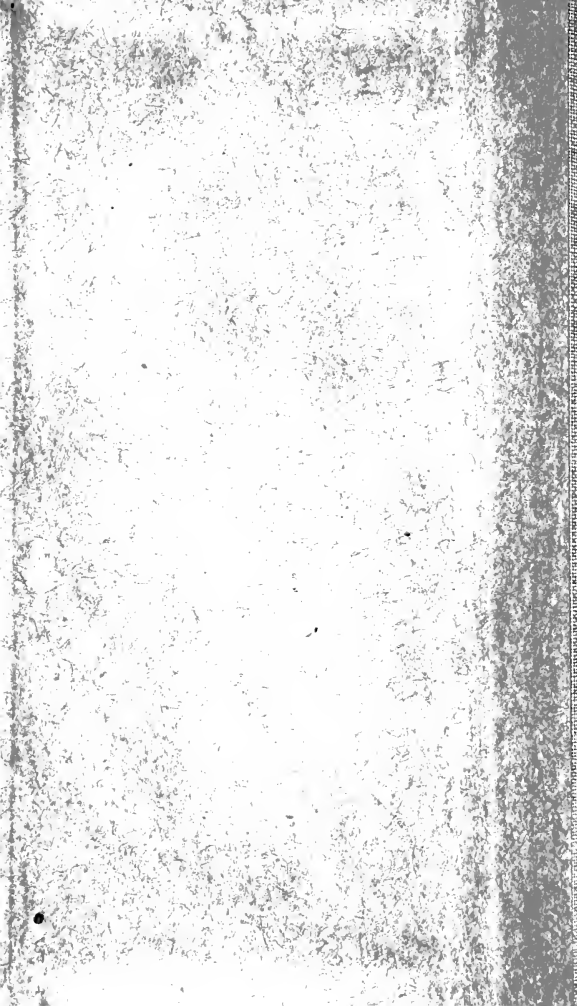


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OF

MARION LYLE HURD,

IN A LETTER TO

REV. WESTON B. ADAMS;

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. ASA CUMMINGS.



PORTLAND:

WILLIAM HYDE.

1841.

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TO

THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION,

Connected with the Church in Fryeburg,

THESE MEMORIALS

of a Little Child who was always present at their meetings, and often inquired,

“When are the Mothers coming to Pray?”

ARE DEDICATED,

In hope that they may prove useful to their Little Ones, and strengthen the assurance of

MOTHERS,

that they do not pray in vain for their Children,

By their affectionate

PASTOR.



INTRODUCTION.

IT may seem a needless obtrusion, to place one's self between the writer and the readers of the following narrative : and though, in this case, it is done in compliance with a fraternal request, preferred in circumstances too tenderly solemn to justify a negative, yet I can hardly expect the thanks of the latter for detaining them, even for a moment, from the instruction and good moral impression, which the simple story before them is fitted to impart. The parents of the child, whose traits of character are here delineated, are not ambitious to have her name known beyond the circle of her relatives and personal acquaintances. They would have preferred to keep the joys and sorrows, the anxie-

ties and hopes, of which she was the occasion, within the sanctuary of their own bosoms; or to have shared them only, in mournfully pleasing converse, with select and endeared friends, but for the conviction, that good might result to others and honor to the grace of God from the publication of the more prominent facts in the brief history of their lamented infant;—a conviction, not induced and confirmed without the reasonings of intelligent Christian friends, whose judgment is entitled to confidence.

That the Christian public will sanction this judgment, there is no reasonable doubt; all they wish is, the assurance that what they read is fact, and not fiction. Those to whom the narrator is known, will not ask even this; and if others should think that personal interest may have, unconsciously, given some exaggerated coloring to the inci-

dents, I am fully persuaded that such is not the case, and that no allowance needs to be made on this account. The facts, growing out of a precocious development, it should be remembered, are not affected by any speculations concerning its cause. I feel assured, beyond doubt, from what I had been told of the child before this narrative was written, that the statements, which task credulity the most heavily, are yet within the bounds of truth; of course, that a somewhat stronger exhibition would not transcend the strictest historical verity.—Indeed, the whole could not be told. Imagination can supply much without great danger of mistake. Associations, such as exist in the parental mind, will give to these mitigated statements a heart-moving import. There is not, perhaps, in the whole story, a more affecting sentence, than that which is made

up of these few simple words: "It was not a time to say any thing."

While this sketch can hardly fail to be useful and interesting to children; the account which it gives of intellectual phenomena, almost in the very dawn of life, must make it a very important chapter in the history of mind,—one which the mature student of mental philosophy will be the last to despise. As a help to parents in training their offspring, especially under intellectual and moral developements of a peculiar character, and where rough treatment might suddenly and forever blast a gentle and sensitive spirit,—its use will be obvious on perusal. It teaches much, and in the best manner, without professing to teach at all. The evidence which it contains of the susceptibility of the infant mind to religious impressions, will deepen the sense of parental respon-

sibility, and quicken parents in the work of instruction and intercession for their beloved offspring. Viewed in any aspect, this little history of a child, who, at the time of her death, February 21st, 1841, was only four years and twenty six days old,—is suited to leave on the mind a strong conviction of the importance of the infantile portion of human existence,—a matter too much, and too universally overlooked. 'The youngest child possess an immortal spirit, and likewise a moral constitution, with the developement of which are connected consequences more momentous than pen can describe.—This little book is sent out in the hope, and with the prayer, that a blessing may attend it.

A. CUMMINGS.

Portland, August, 1841.



LETTER.

DEAR BROTHER:—

WE received your letter of March the eighth, in due time.

Your visit was certainly “timely and comforting” to us, and we join you in saying, “to God be the praise.” You came at a time when we most needed the sympathy and prayers of christian friends, especially of one who, like yourself, had been taught of God, in the school of affliction. Marion had often reminded us of your dear little Harriet, with whom you were called to part some two or three years since, by bringing forward some childish things, saying, “These belonged to my dear cousin Har-

riet, who is dead and gone to heaven ; and my aunt Adams gave them to me.”*

We were passing through a similar scene ; drinking the same cup ; learning by experience the same lesson. Your arrival on that evening, when “ death was spreading his gloomy stillness ” over our household, to exhort us to confide in God, and to carry us and the dying to the throne of grace in such a time of need, was comforting.

There were other circumstances connected with your visit, that to us made it one of great interest. We had just returned from your house, whither we had been to weep and pray with you over the remains of your beloved wife, and to commit them in faith and hope to the grave. We had left you alone, still in the midst of sickness, watching over the last days of another of our

* See note A.

dear sisters, and *she*, too, had gone the way of all the earth. And when you came to us, you found death *here* also, just finishing his work upon the clay tabernacle of that dear child, of whose intellectual and moral qualities, you ask us to give you a simple and somewhat extended narrative. These events, common indeed in this dying world, were thrown as it were together upon us; occurring in rapid succession. But instead of murmuring, and saying "why hath God dealt thus with us," let us rather adore in silence, and gather up in our memories, for our own spiritual improvement, what was christian and heavenly in the character and lives of those dear friends, which both you and we have been called in so quick succession to lay in the grave. With pleasure we yield to your request;

"For she, we lost, was lovely, and we loved

"Her much. Fresh in our memory, as fresh

"As yesterday, is yet the day she died;"

and in fulfilling it, we have no records to go to excepting memory, which brings back to us reminiscences both sad and joyful—sad, that opportunity has ceased forever for prayer and religious discourse with a child whose mind was so familiar with the Bible, so susceptible of receiving its sacred impressions, apparently at least so delighted with its exhibitions of God and good men ; and that it was not more faithfully improved while enjoyed—joyful, that she lived long enough to show us that life's great end, the knowledge and love of divine things, may be secured even by a little child, and very satisfactory evidence of it afforded in the general spirit, conversation and conduct. It is not the piety of the full grown and mature christian, that we are to look for in a child. This would be expecting too much. But it is not our object to

convince you that Marion was a christian. Your views on this subject were very fully expressed both before and after her decease; and you would blame us, if, from the personal knowledge you had of her, we did not entertain the hope, refreshing indeed to our wounded spirits, that she has entered "the city of our God." This however we desire to leave calmly with God, who "knows all things," remembering "that we see through a glass darkly." You ask us "to begin from the first dawnings of her intellect, and follow her along to the time of her death; that you may know more of the mental qualities and moral dispositions and habits of a child, whose face was so intelligent and lovely even in death."

Marion Lyle was born on the morning of January 25th, 1837; and in her very infancy attracted the notice of per-

sons of discrimination, and was the subject of remark, not merely for being a lovely infant, but for her observing eye, expressive countenance, and the sweet smile which played around her mouth, and which, dear Brother, you saw death left there.

There was nothing old in her personal appearance; it was all infancy lighted up by the spirit working strongly within, and altogether too soon in life, rendering her an observer of what took place around her. Evidence of this is found in the fact, that at the age of six months, conversation in the room began to engage her attention. She fixed her eye upon each speaker, and followed round wherever the voice came from; so that strangers would sometimes ask, "Does that child notice what we say?" We suppose it was reading the scriptures in our family devotions, that gave Mari-

on her first impressions of books; at least it was in connection with this exercise, that she began at that early period to show an interest in the reading of others and an attachment to books.

About this time, Marion had a short but severe attack upon the lungs, and for a season there was no hope of her recovery. In view of her death, we were pained by the thought of having neglected her dedication to God in the holy ordinance of baptism. It had been delayed on account of the unpleasantness of the Sabbaths. But God heard our prayer and spared her life, and she rapidly recovered her health; and we trust in faith and hope we then devoted her to God, to be his forever; and with unusual fervency prayed that she might at that time receive the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

Having referred to her early notice of

conversation and books, it would be in place to observe here, that from the time she was eight months old, reading to her from the broad sheets designed for Infant or Sabbath Schools, was found to produce almost uninterrupted tranquility and apparent pleasure. No matter who read, whether parents, children or domestics, she sat upon the knee a quiet and attentive listener. When Marion was nine months old, she was seized with the whooping-cough, to which we always attributed, perhaps improperly, the origin of that disease which terminated her life. It left her lungs apparently diseased, and was followed with laborious breathing and restlessness at night. And from the time she was one year old to the morning she died, Marion had no sweet refreshing sleep by day or night. Hence we were alarmed, and entertained secret fears about her, always keeping

with us during the night. The preservation of her health was one leading object; and, supposing the seat of the difficulty to be in the lungs, we carefully secluded her from all sudden changes of temperature; and, as her lungs were more oppressed in cold than in warm weather, the nursery was kept warm during the winter nights, fondly flattering ourselves that she would outgrow these difficulties, could she only be preserved from taking cold. In the mean time she grew well, a beautiful symmetry in her person; a quickness of apprehension and very engaging moral dispositions, early and rapidly developing themselves, were drawing our hearts very strongly towards Marion, and her company seemed essential to the happiness of ourselves and family. But God saw otherwise. "His ways are not as our ways," and we desire to bless his name,

repeating your prayers for us, "That our souls by this affliction may be detached from *earth* and strongly attracted to the skies."

Marion could talk plainly when she was one year old, and acquired with facility the use of language. She began at this age to repeat at night the "Lord's Prayer" and the little verse,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

a practice she uniformly kept up through life. It was also her practice to connect with her evening prayer the little Hymn ;

"Now I am young, a little one,
If I can speak and go alone,
Then I must learn to know the Lord,
And learn to read his holy word."

When Marion was one year and a half old, she began to show an interest in family prayer, and to take part in reading the scriptures by repeating after another a text whenever it came her

turn. Then would she kneel, generally by her father's chair, laying her head in his hands, and repeat audibly and distinctly the words of the prayer after him; a practice she long continued, and never entirely laid aside. We neither encouraged nor discouraged this habit.— Sometimes the elder children would say to her, “It is not proper, Marion, for you to say the prayer over after father.”— Then she appealed to her parents, and was greatly pleased on being told she had done nothing improper; and so long as she was permitted in the providence of God to engage in our family devotions, unless some stranger were present, she usually said at the close of prayer, “All for the Redeemer's sake. Amen.”

It was now that Marion began familiarly to call the Bible, “God's Book.” This title was one she gave without any

special instruction; and we took occasion from it to explain to her the origin and use of the Bible; why we constantly read it in the family, and prayed to God; repeating to her the words of the Apostle, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." There was nothing forgotten or unused that was once deposited in Marion's mind; and when two years old, it was her habit in the morning to bring the bible to her father at prayer time, saying, "The bible was given to teach us about God and the way to heaven." This practice of bringing the bible and receiving it again at her father's hand when the reading was over, was a privilege she ever after claimed. In the spring of the year that Marion was two years old, we supposed at the time, and have ever since been of the opinion, that her mind was seriously exercised with religious things.

There was a pleasing revival of religion with us, and a series of meetings in the evening. Concerning the object of these she made many inquiries of her mother, was attentive to religious conversation in the family, often asked her mother during the day to go away and pray with her, sometimes kneeled down and asked short sentences of prayer herself, and would say, "Mother I am going to pray. What shall I say to God?" Her mother would reply, ask God to make you good and give you a new heart. "What is a new heart mother?" This was familiarly explained; and at the same time she was particularly informed of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and the steps God had taken to save sinners.— We endeavored to impress upon her mind that she was a sinner and needed forgiveness; and God would forgive her sins, and give her a new heart through Je-

sus Christ. She often requested at this time to be told the story of Jesus Christ ; and as the principal facts in the history of the Saviour were in a course of relation, she would throw in the remarks, " God gave his son to save sinners.— Jesus Christ came down from heaven; did he not? How could he die for us? He was'nt, like other men, was he?" During this period, her mother often prayed with her alone ; and when she ceased, Marion would commence, " O God in heaven hear;" then turning to her mother, as though she might say something improper, in the sweetest tones would ask, 'Tell me what to say.'" Her mother at such times, would dictate a prayer, and Marion repeat it ; then throw her arms around her mother's neck and say, " O mother I do love God—with all my heart I love him." Her mother would express some doubt—fears that she did

not. Marion's eye would fill with tears, and with a plaintive voice she would repeat, "*I do love God.*" Such scenes are remembered with much interest by a mother;—a lovely child, at the age of two years, thus asking to be taught to pray, and endeavoring to give her heart to God—but now reposing with the dead. It is a consoling reflection, that she began early to think of God, to pray to him and enquire the way of salvation; and that she chiefly devoted her few remaining days, to the acquisition of religious knowledge; and that, after she learned to read, and reading much in a great variety of books; the bible, and other good books, designed to lead the heart to God, and the thoughts to another life; were her choicest ones; over whose lessons of piety and affecting stories, as she read towards the close of life, she sometimes prayed, and often

wept ; and that surprised suddenly as she was by death, it found her not altogether unacquainted with that spiritual world, amid whose scenes of everlasting interest her spirit now dwells. We express no judgement in regard to the result of this season of religious interest in Marion's mind, to which we have alluded. If she was truly converted, we cannot tell when the change took place. We repose confidently in God the hope, that she has entered the "celestial city," where

" Shout loudest, the redeemed, glory to God,
" And to the Lamb who bought us with his blood,
" From every kindred, nation, people, tongue ;
" And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls."

Marion lived not two years from the time above specified ; and during this period, there was nothing in her general spirit and conduct, against what she so confidently affirmed ; but much to encour-

age in us the hope, that it was even so; she did love God; and that He was preparing her from that time for that 'river' through which she has passed, and through which we ourselves must pass.

The third spring was now opening upon Marion Lyle; and we could no longer question that God had committed to our care a peculiar child, in comparison with our other children; not so much for any particular outward adornments, as for the susceptibilities of her mind. Like the strings of an instrument moved by the slightest breath of air, Marion's mind was moved by the slightest incident. There was a putting forth, too, of the faculties of the mind, like the swelling of the bud, or rather like the unfolding of the blossom with its first formed fruit—not of any one fac-

ulty by itself; but of them all, intellectual and moral; asking for knowledge of God, Christ, the visible and invisible heavens, the works of nature and art, the name of every thing she saw, and the end for which it was made.— With her unceasing bodily and mental exercise, there was combined an exceedingly kind and affectionate disposition of heart. There was also in Marion the principle of obedience, a constant desire to please, and the greatest flow of spirits; never dull, never still, always contriving ways to acquire knowledge, and make herself and others happy. What shall be the course of parental management, was to us at this time a serious question. Marion was all excitability; her mind already beyond her years—push it forward we durst not; keep it back we could not. The other children were engaged in study, and a por-

tion of their time out of school occupied with their books. Marion must have a seat with them at the table, look over, and have the lesson read and explained to her. She insisted upon this in a very affectionate, yet persevering manner; and was unwilling that any such opportunity should pass unimproved. How other parents would have managed under our charge, we know not. Had we known the precise point of danger, in some things we should have done differently.

Our rule was to lead Marion with the gentlest hand; to make her way as quiet and even as possible; to meet promptly all her reasonable requests; to gratify all her innocent inclinations; to allay excitement by soothing words and argument, and procuring as much sleep as possible. Excessive joy or grief were the two extremes, to which, in regard to the passions, we were aware she was ex-

posed ; and from each of which we desired her to be preserved. Employment she must have ; to be still or idle was out of the question. We endeavored to furnish a variety, that her mind might not dwell long on any one thing.

Marion had already made a little collection of books—some the gift of visitors, some presents from her brothers and sister, some from her father's study—which she called her library. They were generally small books, stories of good children, and strictly of a religious and moral character. Among them were Parley's Geography and Astronomy, Gallaudet's "Child's book on the soul," and "Daily food for Christians." These books are specified to illustrate some of her conversations, to show where she obtained her ideas, and the measures she adopted to acquire knowledge. They were always at hand,

and she suffered no day to pass without having some of them read to her. When either of her parents had a moment's leisure, she was sure to come running with her book ; " Read me this." Sometimes objections were made—it was not convenient. " Read to me just while you sit down ; come do." This request she was in the habit of making to some of the neighbors, when they came in. After a piece was read to her, she would take the book and go over the same by herself ; if it was a story, she would repeat it ; if something else, she would try to express the ideas in her own language, at the same time turning over the leaves of her book in imitation of reading. In this way she obtained a knowledge of what her books contained ; and by the constant action of her fingers they were used up in her third year.

When reading to her seemed to meet the state of her mind, it was done ; but never long at *one time*. Her attention was frequently diverted by giving her a ride, a walk, or conversation. It was the peculiar constitution of her mind that induced us, whenever it was convenient, to take Marion in our visits about the parish ; and she was in the habit of going almost every where her father went, and often playfully said to him, "I am just like Mary's lamb ;" refering to a little hymn her sister had taught her as soon as she could speak, beginning thus :

"Mary had a little lamb,
"Its fleece was white as snow ;
"And every where that Mary went,
"The lamb was sure to go."

Her inquiries and conversation during this summer, showed that her mind was not only very active, but dwelt much upon religious subjects. She would

say, “tell me about God; tell me all about him;” as though there was something which she desired to know respecting God, that had not been communicated in former conversations. We said to her, God is a very great and glorious being, and there is much about God that nobody can know in this world. Here we can know little; they know much more of God in heaven, than we do in this world. Then, in a plain way, what the Bible says about God, was repeated to her. God is a spirit. He made all things; he knows all things; is present at all times; and in all places; God made Marion, and all the little children, and every body else in the world; and God is very good; he gives us all good things; and gave his son to save our souls.— Upon this account of God, she had many questions to ask, which were answer-

ed. What she particularly dwelt upon one time was, that God was a spirit and every where present. She came to her father with her difficulties, and said, "God is a spirit and every where present, is'nt he?" Yes. "He has no head, and hands, and feet, such as I have?" No. "He has no eyes, and ears, and mouth, such as I have?" No. "When you pray, father, you say God sees us, h ears allwe say, and his hand gives us our daily bread." This language as applied to God was explained to her, and what was meant by God's being everywhere present. This scripture character of God was laid up in her mind, not to be unemployed, but brought out in her conversation almost daily to the close of life. The soul, as something different from the body, and its immortality, it was plain from her remarks, she understood. During this season also, Marion

began clearly to discriminate between the works of God and the works of man, of nature and art ; and what God had made seemed to lead her mind to Him. Of the flowers she gathered, the blossoms she plucked from the apple trees in the garden, and of the roses others gave her, she would say, "O how beautiful ; God made this ; God makes all these pretty things for us." Marion delighted to look out, of a summer's evening, from the window or piazza, upon the starry heavens, and then repeat the hymn,

"When the shining sun goes down,
"The gentle moon draws nigh ;
"And stars come twinkling one by one
"Upon the shady sky."

'The names of the principal heavenly bodies she had learned ; and thus it was evident, that reading to her out of her books, had given her many ideas of God and his works. Evenings, after being prepared for bed while in process of be-

ing rocked to sleep and saying her prayers, were seasons in which Marion took great delight in religious conversation. It was our custom, as a general thing, to rock her to sleep at night; not that she was afraid; for she knew not what fear was, day and night were both alike to her, in this respect. But Marion dreaded sleep—shrunk from the idea of going to bed. This we plainly saw, and knew there was something that caused it. She took no sleep during the day, but was in constant activity both of body and mind. We, therefore, allowed ourselves to do, what most parents do not—soothe to sleep our wakeful child. We understand better now, what the difficulty was, and why sleep was dreaded, and no “tired nature’s sweet restorer” to Marion; and do not regret, that with great kindness, we dealt with her at night; and that generally upon the

bosom of one or other of her parents, she laid her head to sleep. Her conversation and prayers on those occasions more than compensated us at the time, and are looked back upon, now she is gone, with peculiar pleasure. The cradle hymn, which she had learned, and wished sung to her at evening, furnished much matter for reflection and remark, not only on the history and character of our Saviour, but of the kindness and goodness of God to herself. Reciting some of its stanzas, she would contrast the circumstances of Jesus' infancy with her own; noting various things he was deprived of, which she enjoyed; not forgetting her little bed that stood beside her mother's, while the "Saviour in a manger lay;" saying "how good God is to me—how many good things I have." She was told, what a sweet, patient and good

child Jesus was: how he loved his parents, and obeyed them. "Yes," applying to him a line of one of her hymns,

"He was a sweet and kind and lovely child ;"

"and I mean to be good." It would be said to her, now can't you go to sleep? With an animated and smiling face, she would say, "Tell me some more; just one story more, can't you?" Such at this early period were Marion's thirst for knowledge, and power of conversation; and so readily did she apply to use, what she had acquired.

We began this season taking her to the house of God. She was very happy and joyful in the idea of going to meeting. But we did not take her regularly to the church this summer, for two reasons; Marion could not sit still; there was a physical impossibility in it; and if she fell asleep, her laborious breath-

ing disturbed the congregation. When she did not go, she asked what the sermon was about ; and being told, she would add, "I wish I had been there." Sabbath morning was always welcome to her ; and her hymn, "Tis the holy Sabbath day," was not forgotten. She generally asked the privilege of going to meeting, saying, "I must worship God." When she did not go, she would say, "may not such a one stay at home with me, and read the Sabbath School Books?" This arrangement was always satisfactory to her.

Such was Marion, when with your family you passed some summer days with us ; and your dear wife commenced a personal acquaintance with her ; walked, rode, and conversed with her ; and became so much interested in her personal appearance and mental qualities. This visit was never forgotten by Ma-

tion ; it was ever after, “my dear aunt Adams.”* The effect produced upon her mind, when your letter of the 18th of January reached us, announcing the death of that dear sister, shows how Marion’s memory retained past events, and how tender and strong were her affections towards her friends. We were sitting by the window, the sun just sinking behind our hills ; broken and irregular clouds hung over the mountains, shining with golden brightness in the sun’s setting rays, when your letter was put into our hands.—Its black seal was noticed, but nothing said. We durst not ask, who is dead ? We knew whose hand made the superscription. Marion perceiving the letter in her father’s hand, took her place by the window in her mother’s lap. The first sentence told the

• *Note B.

story. "I suppose," said her mother, "Mr. Adams is giving us some account of the death of brother Edwards." "No;" was the reply; "it is Harriet that is dead!" Marion looked in her mother's face and said, "Is my dear aunt Harriet dead?" She was told, she was. She struggled some minutes with her feelings; but overcome, she wept aloud on her mother's neck, with great difficulty uttering, "I did love her. I shall see her no more. She has gone over the river into the 'celestial city.'" You are aware of the origin of this language. Her mother kissed her and wiped away her tears; telling her it was a blessed thing to die in Christ; to be a good child, love Jesus, and pray to him, and she would go to heaven and see her dear aunt again, and live with her forever; not anticipating that this thoughtful, sympathiz-

ing child, now sorrowing in her arms at the death of another, would herself in so few days be gone over the "river," and faith and hope say, into the "celestial city," to weep no more.

Herein was fulfilled that saying of the Apostle, "the time is short—they that weep, as though they wept not." To all our dear friends, Marion was greatly affectionate; often requesting to go and see her grandmother and poor sick Louisa;* and to her uncle and aunt Clark, she was most fondly attached. They were absent a long time at the west; she kept them in lively remembrance, often inquiring after them, requesting to have their letters read to her; and, as she was generally alluded to in them, with her usual vivacity would say, "I shall be so glad when they come home." Her love was not confined to her family friends; it embraced all the

* Note C.

neighbors and little children; and it was a common remark with her, "I love every body, and every body loves me."

During the autumn and winter that Marion was reaching the age of three years, she became very familiar with Bible History. This history was not read to her from the Bible, but related in conversation, in compliance with her often repeated requests. Nothing was urged upon her; for it was our invariable rule never to press her to any mental effort; but, on the contrary, as far as practicable, divert her from that constant study and mental application to which she was so strongly inclined. "Now tell me a Bible story," would be her request. She gave fixed and thoughtful attention, letting nothing go unexplained that she did not understand. These requests were repeated daily, and sometimes addressed to the neighbors she was most familiar

with, when they came in. Late in the Autumn there came to reside in our family, for several weeks, a very intelligent and pious lady, who made it a point to meet all Marion's requests for Bible Stories. The knowledge which she thus obtained of many important facts and characters delineated in the Bible, afforded subjects for much thought and conversation; and was not without a moral influence upon her mind. She often referred to the early piety of Joseph, Samuel, David, and Timothy.

The prompt obedience which children should render to their parents, she was in the habit of illustrating by the story of Samuel, when God called him. She would tell and apply the story in this way:—"When Samuel was a little boy, his mother brought him to Eli, because she had promised him to the Lord. One night, after Samuel laid down to sleep,

the Lord called him ; he ran to Eli and said,—‘ Here am I, for thou calledst me.’ Eli told him he had not called, ‘ go lie down again.’ So he did. Again the Lord called Samuel ; and he went to Eli and said, ‘ Here am I, for thou didst call me.’ Eli said, ‘ I did not, my son ; lie down again.’ The Lord called Samuel a third time, and he went to Eli and said, ‘ Thou didst call me.’ So little children must hear and do quick what their parents say ; just as Samuel ran to Eli, when he thought he called him.”

The Sabbath School books too, brought home by the other children, she contrived ways to have read to her, to no inconsiderable extent. And while she was thus daily acquiring new ideas, chiefly by her own efforts, she also had her seasons of prayer ; and sometimes, evidently, her mind was much engaged in religious things, for she talked much and earnestly about them.

We now come to Marion's fourth and last year; the most important one to herself, as the last year of human life must be to all; and of all her years, the most interesting one to ourselves. Not so much for the developement of new traits of character and moral dispositions, as for the growth—the maturing, as it were, of those she already possessed. We shall as briefly as possible, touch upon some of the more important things, showing the progress of her mind, and the direction of her moral feelings—having even now extended this letter beyond all reasonable length.

In the beginning of Marion's fourth year we were much encouraged in regard to her health. She had passed through the cold weather with less severe sufferings by night than the previous winter—breathed more freely—her countenance wearing a healthy and lively expression;

and you could scarcely conceive of a more active, playful, and happy child than the flowers of summer found her. Indeed, this was always true of Marion. She was playful and happy; and it used to be said of her by others who saw her the oftenest,—“We know of no one who seems to enjoy life like Marion.”

From the great variety and amount of reading she had heard for two years, and her knowledge of Scripture history, she had acquired many ideas, and was able to express them in her own language, with great propriety and facility; so that now she was not only a kind and affectionate child, but a very agreeable companion.

She had not at this time, to our knowledge, learned any of the letters of the alphabet; nor was it our wish that she should. Her excessive fondness for books made us fear the consequences of learn-

ing to read at this age ; and our plan was, to lead her through the summer with as little mental effort and excitement as possible. It was far from our design that she should attend school this season ; and for some weeks after the District School commenced, she said nothing about attending. But observing the little children as they were going to school and returning, Marion began to ask, if she might not go ; saying, “ Miss Evans keeps it—I love her—I’ll be a good girl—I wont disturb the school.” At the same time the little girls were often in for water, as the school house is just across the street ; and they also plead for her going. Her mind, too, was strongly set upon it ; and her mother consented, hoping half a day would satisfy her,—at the same time giving the teacher to understand she need give Marion no instruction. She was pleased with her school ; and instruction

she would have, reminding her teacher that her lesson had not been heard. Led by the hand of some half a dozen little girls, who called for her in the morning, Marion went to school a portion of three months. Towards these little girls, she always expressed and manifested strong love. The last time Marion ever went out, as she passed the houses in which they lived, she called over their names, saying, "I do love them—let me stop and see them—it has been so long." When she could be prevailed upon to stay out of school, and go out or ride with her father, efforts were not wanting on his part to induce her to do it; and often, in the afternoon, she was especially sent for into the school, to take her from books. Sometimes, when we were endeavoring to dissuade her from going, she would say, "I must go; for Miss E. can't keep school without me. I shall be sent for if I don't go."

Marion rapidly acquired the art of reading; and when she left school could read very well in common books; and read her portion in the Scriptures in the morning with ease and propriety. A few weeks after she commenced attending the day school, Marion asked the privilege of going to the Sabbath School; and being led in, she took her seat among a class of little girls, under the charge of her teacher, to whom she was fondly attached. She attended the Sabbath School and meeting very regularly through the season, and was very much engaged on Saturday evening in getting her Sabbath School lesson. The time that elapsed between the close of her school and her death, a period of about five months, was very busily filled up in acquiring knowledge; and sometimes, such were her mental efforts and excitement, that we were at a loss how to divert her attention. Marion continued attending the

Sabbath School till November; always bringing home a book to read during the week, and reading those also which were taken by the other children.

About the time her day school closed,* she began to collect a new library in two small boxes; in which she kept her books, her doll, and other play-things. Some of the books which Marion at this time selected, deposited in her boxes, and daily read the few months she lived, may be mentioned on account of their character; they seemed moreover to be her own choice, about which she had no particular direction; and they show in some measure the state of her moral feelings, the channel of her thoughts, and the subjects which occupied at least a portion of her time. They were a Bible and Testament, Child's Book on Repentance, Life of Moses, Family Hymns,

* See Note D.

Union Hymns, Daily Food, Lessons for Sabbath Schools, Henry Milnor, Watts' Divine Songs, Nathan W. Dickerman, Todd's Lectures to Children, and Pilgrim's Progress. These, with her various other books, were kept during the day in one part of the room in which she slept, and in the midst of them she passed hours daily; and at night she would carefully gather them up in her boxes and place them beside her bed.

She began to compare ideas in her mind, obtained from her reading—to exercise the reasoning faculties, and to make inferences; and often did her countenance indicate a reflecting, thoughtful state of mind. Sometimes it was said to her—Tell me of what you are thinking. Once, observing her in this state of mind, the question was put—“Marion, what are you thinking about?”

“I am thinking,” she said, “whether the angels have wings.”

Well, what do you think of it?

“I think they have; for Apollyon, who fought with Christian, had wings; and if wicked angels have wings to do hurt with, good ones must have, to do good with.”

Marion read her Bible, but not in course. Her habit was, to ask for those places which contained the stories so often repeated to her. Among her first requests for particular passages, was—“Find me the commandments.” These had been committed to memory before she could read. It was not often that she was more than once directed to a place she wished to read. She could then readily find it; and with deep interest Marion read all those important and practical sketches of good men, from Enoch down-

ward, with which the Bible abounds. Those parts read most for the last few weeks prior to her fatal sickness, were what she called "The history of the creation of the world, and the fall of man; the birth and crucifixion of Jesus Christ; and what is after death." Repeatedly she said,—“What does the Bible say shall be after death?” The existence of the soul when the body shall be dead, and the resurrection of the body to life again at the end of the world; the happiness of the good, and the misery of the wicked; subjects she had gathered out of the Scriptures, were topics of frequent and delightful conversation with her parents. Often, the last month of her life, did she climb upon her father's knee, and after an affectionate embrace, say,—“Now ask me questions on the Bible. Begin it and let us go all through.” Of such exercises she never seemed weary.

When conversing on the Bible, she would affirm something relative to God, Christ, sin and holiness, life and death. Being inquired of, why she thought so, her reply was,—“The Bible says so. We must believe what the Bible says.” Marion’s reading, like her conversation and movements, was without order. She read not long at a time in any one book. Whatever books the other children owned or borrowed, she would generally contrive ways to procure to read herself or have them read to her. Todd’s Lectures to Children was borrowed by her little brother, of his aunt Clark. This circumstance inclined him to keep it out of Marion’s hand; and it was his purpose, after reading it himself, to return it. In the evening, when he brought it forward to read, Marion discovered it, and asked for the book. He told her it was borrowed, and he was charged not to let her have

“ Well, this is very accommodating,” was all she said at the time. The next morning, in a very affectionate manner, Marion asked him to let her have the book while he was gone to school; enforcing her request with—“ Now do be accommodating; I would do it for you.”

Such was generally the spirit of this dear child towards her brothers and sister; and when they would get together around the table, reading and studying, the winter evenings, Marion would say in reference to books and lights,—“ Come now, let us all be accommodating.” The “ Lectures ” she obtained, and soon got permission from her aunt to read them as much as she pleased. It was added to her library; its stories and illustrations giving her much pleasure and instruction.

Marion was particularly fond of read-

ing the biography of good little children. The Memoir of John Mooney Mead, she read with great interest—said he had gone to heaven,—and her interest in that book was increased by her parents telling her they had seen that lovely and good boy, when he was about her age; had often seen his parents; his father had been at our house; now he was dead, his dear little boy too was dead; and they were gone to heaven. Then, with a sigh she asked “Does his mother live?” Yes. “O, how must she feel! How should you feel, mother, if I should die?” Nathan W. Dickerman she literally wore out; often mentioning him as a “good and patient boy.” The parts of hymns in that book she committed to memory. The hymn books were read much, and many hymns learned—and some of them daily repeated. She had

one favorite hymn ; and, as it was the last divine song her tongue uttered on earth, and then only one stanza of it, the time and manner of her doing it, will not soon be forgotten. It was on the day she fell sick ; but not so sick as to be in bed. She was dressed. She rose from the bed on which she had been reclining, kneeled, folded her hands, her countenance expressing inward grief and submission, in a sweet and low tone of voice she said—

“ There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love ;
And all good children, when they die,
Go to that world above.”

Her father went to her and raised her up. It was not a time to say any thing.

Pilgrim's Progress, of all her books, was the one Marion read with the most interest and constancy. She began the reading of this work early in the Au-

tumn, in a small abridgment, "The Child's Pilgrim's Progress," belonging to the Sabbath School Library; and became so much attached to it for some cause, that at night she was accustomed to lay it under her pillow. This book was returned. She then selected one out of several copies, standing on a shelf in the closet, published in full by the American Tract Society. When this book was first discovered in her Library, it was several times taken up and put back in its place. Marion as regularly went and took it again, and was very grateful when told she might call it her own. The questions she was in the habit of asking, the explanations she frequently sought of her parents, the impressions made upon her mind, and which from time to time came out in her conversation till the close of life; plainly show she did not love and read

that book in vain, nor merely for its story, but for its heavenly truth. It was her custom to come to her mother with this book, and in her arms read, and be read to; and nothing was suffered to pass unless she understood it. In her father's study too, did Marion seek explanations on its various parts, sentences, and even particular words; and it was not at all times an easy matter to meet her inquiries. The following is one instance. She came into the study with her book, and said, "What are hobgoblins? What are fiends? Now, what are satyrs?" Engaged in writing, her father, without even looking at her, hastily replied, "They are nothing." "They certainly are something," she said, "for Christian saw them in the valley of the shadow of death." Looking upon her, there was a serious air, and a spirit of inquiry in her countenance; and an at-

tempt was made to answer her inquiries, so as not on the one hand to impair the principle of faith; nor on the other, to impress upon her young mind a wrong belief in supernatural agents. On Sabbath evening a few days prior to her last sickness, as Marion was sitting with her mother and reading Pilgrim's Progress with her, that part particularly which describes the passage of Christian and Hopeful through the river, she asked, "Why did Christian go through the river with his head under water?" This was explained by telling her that Bunyan meant himself by Christian in that book; that he was for a time much distressed with the fear of death, and that Christian's going through the river with his head under water, represents the doubts, fears, darkness and sorrow, in which death sometimes overtakes even the disciples of Christ.

“Well,” she added, “there was a Ferry-man there with a boat; why did not Christian take that?” Some questions were put to her, to ascertain how far she understood what she was reading.

What is meant by the river, Marion?

“Death.”

Is there any way to heaven, but by dying?

“No; we must die to go to heaven.”

What was it for Christian to go through the river?

“It was, to die.”

Can you tell then why he did not take the boat?

In her smiling and very lively way of speaking, she said, “Yes; it was Vain-hope’s boat; he ferried over Ignorance, who went the wrong way to

heaven, and they wouldn't let him in, but put him into the dark hole in the side of the hill. The wicked take the boat; the good go through the river." We cannot doubt, Marion understood much of what was intended to be taught in that book, which Phillip says, in his life of John Bunyan, contains the essence of all theology. Certainly, she was familiar with every step of the pathway of holiness trod by Christian, from the city of Destruction through the river of death into the "Celestial City."

The second part of this dream was read with equal interest by Marion; and she often said, with her arms around her mother's neck, "You are leading us children to heaven, as Christianna did, an't you?" About this period Marion was in the habit of saying much upon death, the uncertainty of life; and of qualifying her expressions with,

“If I should live.” Death, however, wore no frightful or gloomy aspect to her mind. When conversing with her on this subject, she would say, “Could you spare me?” Then, repeating over the names of some good children, of whom she had read, said, “Christ wanted them in heaven, and they died. If he comes for me, I will go. Don’t Christ love such little children as I am?” He loves all good children.—“Yes” she said, “children that love God, and pray, and honor their father and mother, Christ loves.”

Why do you suppose, Marion, Christ loves little children?

“Because he said, ‘suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom, of heaven.’”

Such conversations were repeatedly

held with her the last months of her life, sought and brought about by her own agency.

That Marion had something like an abiding sense of God on her mind, seems evident from the remarks she often made during this period. Engaged among her books or playthings, she would look round upon those in the room, and say, "God is every where present, is'nt he? He sees us always, does'nt he? He knows all that we do, don't he?" In the early part of the winter, Marion began to say, "I shall die and go to heaven," in a very sober, thoughtful manner. Then, coming to her father, she would say, "Give me a certificate to enter the Celestial City; Christian had one, and I must have one."

She was asked,

"Who gave Christian his certificate?"

“One of the shining ones.”

Who was that shining one?

“Christ.”

The request for a certificate was repeated at intervals up to the time of her sickness; and when asked, Who must give her one?

“Christ;” was the ready answer.

The last time she requested a certificate to go to heaven, it was made in such affecting circumstances, in so tender and solemn manner, and with such a sweet and wishful face, that we cannot forbear a distinct reference to it. It was on the Friday evening, previous to her sickness, which commenced on the following Tuesday. Her mother being absent, Marion spent the afternoon and evening of that day in the study; bringing in her books and all else that her boxes contained. Her spirit never seemed more

sweet and gentle, nor her mind more active, or thoughts more original.

Some of her language, while looking at the pictures in what she always called 'Aunt Sally's Bible,'* will be related in another part of this letter.

A portion of the time was filled up in arranging her pieces of money, and giving to them the names of the various travellers in Pilgrim's Progress, and putting into the mouth of each, with great accuracy the ideas and much of the very language, which the dialogues in that book contain.

Having seen Christian and Hopeful safely enter the gate of what she represented the City of God, she came to the desk and said,

“Father are not you going to heaven?”

*A set of Dodridge's Family Expositor, presented to her father by the late Mrs. Sally Osgood.

I am." She was told, Heaven is a very holy place, and to go there, we must be very good; and you know we are great sinners. "Yes," she said, "Heaven is holy; God is holy; and all that go to heaven are holy; and I mean to be good and go there; and why don't you say?"

After tea, Marion followed her father to the study, and asked the privilege of reading by his light. Something was said to dissuade her from reading any more. "Just let me sit by your table; I will not disturb you." A chair was placed; she took it with her Pilgrim; read select passages, and turned down the leaves. As she was doing this, she was asked, What place have you there, Marion? "Slough of Despond." What does that mean? "Christian's fears, when he first began going the way to

heaven; and he fell in by reason of the burden on his back." How did Christian get out? "Help took him out; and that was the Lord." You told me this afternoon, that you were going to heaven; who must help you? "Jesus Christ will help us to heaven, won't he?"

Marion proceeded; and turned down another leaf; and the question was again asked, What place have you there? "The cross, where Christian lost his burden." Do you know what was meant by that burden? and why Christian lost it when he came to the cross? "That burden was Christian's sins; and the cross, Jesus Christ.—When we come to Christ we lose our sins."

Thus intelligent and satisfactory were Marion's answers from the Slough of

Despond, to the Gate of Heaven; evincing a familiar acquaintance with all parts of that allegory and its doctrine, which it was not before supposed she possessed. Then she asked, and for the last time—“Now father, give me a certificate to go to heaven.” O Marion! you do not need it now. “Yes, I do need it now, for I am going.” Well, my dear daughter, you know I cannot give you such a certificate. “You write me one; come, do; and I will get Jesus Christ to put his name to it;” with a look and tone of voice, peculiar even to herself. The pen dropped from her father’s hand; he folded her in his arms; prayed and talked a long time with her on the heavenly world, its holiness, peace and joy; the death of the body and its resurrection; who is seen in heaven, and what is done there; into all which Marion entered with more

than her usual earnestness; saying at the close, “when I go to heaven, I shall not have these hands and these eyes, nor shall I speak with this tongue. My body will be dead, and all buried up in the ground; and I shall be a spirit, just like the angels.”

Having prepared her for bed, she said, “Now sing,—

‘When I can read my title clear,’
rock me to sleep, and lay me in your
bed till mother comes home.”

You will not think it strange, Dear Brother, that the heart of a parent lingers on the memory of this evening, when we tell you that, aside from the spirit and language of our loved one, it was the last private interview her father had with her; the last time, that with prayer and song, he composed her to sleep.

Among the fond recollections of our

dear daughter, are her filial spirit and conduct. Marion had so often looked out and read those passages in the Bible, which speak of the duties of children to their parents, that she could repeat most of them, together with those severe threatenings which are made against wicked and disobedient children. Many times a day she would say to her mother "The fifth commandment says, 'honor thy father and thy mother.' " When asked, what is it to honor thy father and mother? Her reply was, "To love them and do just as they say."

Don't you sometimes do things you ought not?

"What things?"

Something was specified that had been out of the way.

"I am sorry: I am sorry: I mean to be good, and do just as you tell me."

She would then say, "Now mother, let me kiss you on that cheek;" and hanging on her neck, add, "O mother, how I do love you! I love God too, and Jesus Christ, and the Holy Angels. God loves good children, who do as their mother tells them. I will not be like those wicked children, who said to the Prophet Elisha, go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head; and the bears killed them;" and then close with saying, "How could you keep house without me? If I should die, you would have no little daughter to help you." Such scenes often occurred in months that are past, between mother and daughter; but they come not again. Often too did Marion come into the study, saying, "Is there not something you want me to do? some little chore?" To meet her feelings, something was proposed. Having done it, and received

her kiss, she said smiling, "You could not do without me, could you?" Such were Marion's filial spirit and conduct generally; and if fretfulness and discontent were manifested, it was in the morning after one of her more than usually sleepless and disturbed nights; when her face, which at all other times was highly colored and cheerful, would be pale, assuming an anxious and sorrowful expression. We were not insensible how little repose the night gave Marion; and often did the midnight hour find us holding her in our arms, or else hanging over her bed, vainly trying to compose her to sleep. She generally awoke at the breaking of the day, and coming to her mother, said, "Please take me into your bed;" sometimes adding with tears of grief,

"I can find no rest for the sole of my foot."

May we not hope, Dear Brother, she has

found rest; that "rest that remaineth for the people of God?" And, though fancy it may be, yet may we not indulge it? was not that sweet and heavenly smile, that lay for days upon her lovely face in death, left there by the spirit on its departure, to tell us what her tongue was not permitted to utter? "I am at rest."

In connection with her filial disposition and conduct, we might mention Marion's love of truth; and that she never to our knowledge, told a lie, or hesitated to disclose at once, whatever she knew about any thing, or had herself been doing. Lying was one of her marks of a wicked child; and often did she speak of its sinfulness, adding, "Liars shall have their part in the burning lake."

She would reprove the other children for using what she called improper

words ; repeat them to her parents, and ask,

“Are not such words improper ? God does not approve of them, does he ?”

Marion’s thoughts and language on these subjects, were obviously taken from Watt’s Divine Songs for children, the greater part of which she had committed to memory ; and the good influence of those sacred songs was seen in her conduct.

Her interest in family prayer was increasing the last months of her life. Soon as breakfast was over, she would say,

“Now let us read and pray.”

In the evening, she desired to sit up till after prayer. After dinner too, she repeatedly requested there might be reading and praying ; enforcing her request with,

“Why not pray after dinner as well

as after breakfast? we ought to pray more."

For a few weeks prior to her sickness, Marion's place during prayer was sitting in the chair at which her mother kneeled, with her arms about her neck. When prayer was over, she often said something relative to the subject. One of the last times she was permitted to unite in our family devotions, she said at the close,

"We have been talking with God. God is a spirit. We can't see him, but he can see us. They see him in heaven."

Marion's first reading in the morning was usually the commandments; and last at night, the birth of Jesus Christ.

The past winter, she was in the habit, when some stranger had called and retired, or when the name of some person

with whom she was not acquainted was introduced, of asking,

“Is he a good man? Is he a christian? Does he pray?”

If our answer expressed any doubt, she would add,

“Does he drink rum?”

If so, he could not, in her view, be a good man.

The celebration of the Lord's Supper, which she several times witnessed, led Marion to make many particular inquiries relative to its design. On one of these occasions during the last summer, when her father took his place at the table, she turned to her mother and said,

“What is father going to do?”

She was told, this is the communion season.

“What is it mother, to commune?”

Her mother said, Jesus Christ, before he died, took bread and wine, called them his body and blood, gave them to his disciples, and told them to do it in remembrance of him; and this is what we are going to do now.

She was very attentive and observing during the consecration of the elements, and listened earnestly to the remarks that followed. While the bread was passing, she said to her mother,

“That bread is the body of Jesus Christ, and I want some of it.”

Her mother said, it is not proper that you should have it; it is meant for the members of the church only—for those who love Christ. Marion thought a moment and said,

“I love Christ, and I am a member of the church; and why can't I have some of it?”

Her mother broke from the bread she had taken for herself, and gave her. She expected the cup, and when it went from her mother's hand, her eyes filled with tears, and she wept during the remainder of the service, and on the way home in her father's arms, saying,

“Jesus Christ loves little children. He came down from the skies; I do love him; and why couldn't I commune?”

Marion loved to read poetry; looked over the newspapers, old and new, and the Youth's Companion particularly, for the sake of the little hymns they contained; and the pieces cut out by her sister, were put among her books. The Thunder Storm, and Cassabianca, in the Middle Class Reader, a book she was familiar with, her aunt Clark sometimes asked her to repeat; “because,” she said, “Marion does it so rhetorically.”

Her reading and love of poetry, probably, led Marion to attempt clothing her own thoughts in a kind of poetic dress. This she began to do. Sometimes, at the table, she would utter one or two lines, and then, covering her face, would say,

“John is laughing at me.”

This she could not endure. Very frequently the other children would say to us,

“Hark! hark! hear Marion’s rhymes.”

Some of these are still remembered; and, to show the operations of her mind, and the mental efforts she was putting forth during the last month of her life, we give you an example or two.

Marion, at times, anticipated the return of summer, when she could go out and gather flowers, and wished that the winter was over, asking how long before the

Spring and the birds would come. On one of these occasions, she said,

“By and by the Spring will come,
And flowers again will bloom,—
To the woods and fields I'll run,
And gather flowers till noon.”

The following was addressed to her doll :

“My darling little Miss,
How good you've been to-day ;
I'll give you a sweet good kiss,
And lay you snug away.”

Reference has been made to the strong attachment Marion felt towards those little girls who were her companions at school ; and to be separated so much from their society as she necessarily was in winter, was a painful sacrifice to her feelings. Often, the last winter, would she amuse herself by weaving their names into rhythm, and in her way sing them over as she was engaged among

her books and play-things. The following are productions of this kind :

“ Annah, Sarah, Abba,
And dear Louisa too,
Who has been in to day,
To ask me how I do.

I send my love to you
This cold and wintry day ;
’Tis faithful love, and true,
’Twill never die away.

For you I make this song,
With me to school you went ;
And fast we ran along,
On learning we were bent.

I’ve pretty things to see,
And many things to say ;
So come and visit me,
When Mothers come to pray.”

“ When mothers come to pray,” is an allusion to the Maternal Association, whose meetings are held at our house, and which Marion always attended.—

Sometimes these little girls came with their mothers to the meeting.

Generally, her efforts of this kind were upon more important subjects, such as a prayer or praise to God.

The following words have been alluded to, and the time in which they were spoken. Closely occupied in examining the pictures in Doddridge, which represent the scenes of taking down the body of Christ from the cross, and laying it in the tomb; looking and reading, as no one would suppose so young a child could look and read, who had not seen her when sometimes engaged with a book, Marion, referring to these two different pictures, said,

“Jesus came down from the skies,
Sinners to seek and to save;
Upon the Cross *there* he dies,
And *here* he's laid in the grave.”

“Jesus arose from the dead”—

Looking up, she asked,

“What day did Jesus rise?”

She was told, on the Sabbath.

“No, he didn't; he rose on the first day, and we shall rise the last.”

Evidently, recollecting the Scripture language, that Jesus rose on the first day of the week, and that the general resurrection will be on the great and last day.

The last month prior to her sickness, Marion's susceptibility of impression was increasing to such a degree, as often alarmed us for her health. Her rapid reading, conversation, actions, original thoughts and expressions, all indicated a violent, and what we plainly saw afterwards, and must now call, an unnatural, if not morbid action of the brain, which in so few weeks terminated her life.

Sometimes her book so engrossed her mind, that we had to repeat a question, before she seemed to hear; and then, occasionally, she said, "Don't disturb me now; let me read through." At such times we proposed a ride, if the weather would permit, and setting off, her mother would say to her, now Marion, we are going to such a place; and I wish you not to ask for a book, as soon as you get there. Instead of promising she would not, her reply was "Hav'nt they got any books?"

At other times she was much affected in reading the account of our Saviour's crucifixion, and the murder of the children of Bethlehem by the order of Herod, whom she always called "Cruel Herod." The representation of these events in Doddridge's Family Expositor, Marion often examined and wept over;

repeating, as she looked and read, stanzas of hymns she had learned ;

“His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,—
With nails they fasten to the wood ;
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,—
Or only covered with his blood.”

Another :

“His thorns and nails pierce thro’ my heart,
In every groan I bear a part ;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see—he bows his head and dies !”

One time, when reading the sufferings of Christ, her feelings considerably moved, she was asked,

For whom did Jesus die ?

“For sinners such as we, that we might be saved.”

What must we do, to have Jesus save us ?

“We must love him and keep his commandments.” Then, referring to the

resurrection of Christ, her feelings changed from sorrow to joy; and she said, "Jesus Christ is gone up to heaven now, and the wicked Jews can hurt him no more. I shall see him when I go there. Good children go to heaven;" repeating one of her sweet hymns, beginning with,

"The Lord is merciful and kind
To children such as we;
He bids us all to come to him,
And his disciples be."

One other instance of the effect produced upon Marion's feelings by representation of suffering, we notice, because it occurred on the day preceding her sickness, and on account of the reflection that quieted her mind. Returning from a ride with Marion, we called at her aunt Clarke's. Immediately on going in, she took from the bookshelf a number of Parley's Magazine,

and sat down upon the carpet, reading. She was much interested ; for her aunt, coming into the room, spoke to her twice, before securing any attention ; and then only a look. In a little time, Louisa said, "Marion is weeping." Her father asked, what is the matter, Marion ? She extended the book towards him. He said, bring it to me. He took Marion upon his knee. She laid her finger upon the picture. It was a shipwreck, representing an infant, washed on shore, in its dead mother's arms, still alive, and the only survivor of the wreck. Soon as she could control her feelings sufficiently to speak, she asked,

"What destroyed that vessel?"

She was told, The winds and the waves. With many tears she said,

"I wish there was no wind."

It was said to her, It is wrong to

wish so ; we could not live without the wind. Then she asked,

“Why did not the woman go by land? then she had not been drowned, and the little babe would have a mother.”

It was said to her,

Perhaps she could go no other way. Her feelings still increasing, her father kissed her and said, Marion, God sent that wind, and that vessel was destroyed just as he saw best.

Considering a moment, she became calm, and said,

“If God did it, it is right.”

This all occurred in the presence of the family ; and Marion having retired again to her reading, Louisa said in a low voice, “I am glad to see such a disposition in Marion ; why don't you cherish, instead of trying to suppress

it?" referring to the effect produced by the picture on Marion's feelings. To which, answer was made,

I fear the consequences of such mental excitement.

How soon, Dear Brother, that fear, in the language of the Prophet, "came upon us!"—That very night, she sickened unto death.

At other times, she was as highly animated and joyful in speaking of the heavenly world, and of her own departure to it; expressing herself in the following way:

"There are many mansions in heaven, and seats for little children; and I shall sit in an angel's lap."

A few evenings after the above remarks, the family and some of the neighbors all sitting around the cheerful fire, Marion brought the Bible to her father, saying,

“Please find me where Elijah was translated.” The passage was turned to ; she took the book, retired to the table, and read it carefully ; came back, and standing up in a chair close by her father, lifting up her eyes and hands, said, with an unusual animation of manner and voice,

“I shall go to heaven as Elijah did.— I shall go to heaven, as Elijah did.”

Her father, putting his arms around her, said, My daughter, you cannot go to heaven, as Elijah did. He went without dying as other men die ; you must die, to go to heaven. She said,

“Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven, and so shall I.”

She was told how good and holy Elijah was, and that we were very sinful ; and heaven, so holy a place, that we must be very humble, and willing to take a low seat, to be received into it.

She replied,

“ I shall sit where I can see Jesus, and hear them praise his name.”

She was told, Jesus can be seen on the lowest seat in heaven. She said, smiling,

“ If Jesus can be seen, it is enough.”

This conversation was often remembered during her sickness. It occurred in the same room, in which she was taken away, violently and suddenly, as by a whirlwind.

But Marion was not always thus strongly moved with sorrow or joyfulness, during these few weeks of health.

She was much of the time alone with us, and her manner, and some of her last conversations, were exceedingly sweet and tender.

Those, to which we shall now allude, took place after our return from

the funeral of your dear wife, whose death Marion often referred to, and brought her name into her remarks on another world. She was very particular in her inquiries about the funeral of her aunt, and where she was buried. She was told the order and exercises of the occasion, and that her aunt was buried close beside her little cousin Harriet, who had been dead three years; and now her dear mother, who loved her and mourned for her, was laid there too; that they had done with the world, and would weep and mourn no more; that we all should soon be dead and buried too.

Said Marion, "Yes; so we shall; but we shall rise from the dead. Jesus Christ rose from the dead the third day, and we shall rise, but not so soon; at the end of the world.

Jesus Christ went up to heaven after

he rose from the dead, and we shall, if we are good. The good go to heaven when they die.

There will be two resurrections; one of the good, and one of the bad; and the good shall rise first." Then she said,

"Father, what kind of bodies shall we have in the resurrection?"

She was told, simply what the Bible says,—Spiritual bodies.

"Spiritual bodies! What are they?" she inquired; "Bodies that will not die?"

These ideas she obtained from the Scriptures, having often examined the pictures in Doddridge's Expositor, and carefully read the sacred text, which, she used to say, "Explains the picture to me."

Marion, after very closely inspecting the countenances given in those pictures, both to the just and unjust, in the resurrection, would say,

“ Oh! How the wicked look, when they rise from the dead!” adding in a serious and solemn manner ;

“There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.”

On Tuesday evening following our return from your house, Marion referred to her aunt, and the first resurrection, in the following manner :

A young lady, spending a little time in our family, and taken sick that day, was in Marion's sleeping room. In the evening, Marion went into her bed awake, as there were persons in the room in attendance on the sick. A lady, an entire stranger to her, struck with the remarks Marion was making to herself, sat down by her bed, and began conversing with her. Marion expressed

her solicitude about the sick ; called up the names of some persons who had recently died among us ; related the sickness and death of her aunt Adams, and how she was buried ; but, she added, “ She will rise in the first resurrection, when Christ comes at the end of the world ; and we shall all go to heaven together then—all the good. The good will rise first.”

The Sabbath following was a very pleasant day. Marion went to meeting for the last time. After meeting she read in her Pilgrim, in her mother’s arms, Christian’s pathway in the valley of the shadow of death, through the river into heaven ; and conversed a long time with her mother on the invisible world.

When the sun was going down, her mother, sitting by the window, looking

out upon the bright and calm scene, having been meditating upon the uncertainty of human life, and her dear sister who, two weeks before, about the same hour of the day, fell asleep in Jesus; said to Marion, who was reading in another part of the room in Todd's Lectures, come here, and see this beautiful sun-set.

Marion hastened to her arms, looked out upon the golden clouds and sky—the sun just sinking behind Pine Hill—and said,

“O mother, that looks just like the Celestial City—the streets all paved with gold.

My dear aunt Adams is now there; and I shall go.”

Then looking earnestly in her mother's face, she asked,

“Which do you think will die first? you, or I?”

She was told, We cannot tell who will die first; but it may be, Marion, that you will die before mother. With a gentle sigh and sweet voice, she said, "Perhaps I shall."

Her mother continued,

"Should you be willing to die, and leave father and mother?"

Reflecting a moment, she replied,

"I think I should, if Christ calls me."

An embrace was her mother's only answer.

Marion, raising herself up, and putting her arms around her neck, and her face in her bosom, said,

"There is one thing, mother, I wish; and that is, that you will die with me."

Her mother said,

God will order all things right.

Looking up with a smile, she replied,

“So he will; so he will;” and went again to her book.

Marion’s feelings and conduct, at times, seemed to be much influenced by what she understood to be the will of God.

“God knows best; and He will do right;” were frequent expressions with her.

That she felt too something like obligation to God, might be inferred from her often saying,

“God is great and good, and we ought to love and serve him. The angels serve him in heaven and we must in this world.”

Marion also at this period spoke very confidently of her own salvation; said she should be saved; and, of the way of salvation, she certainly had obtained some correct views. It is no bad definition of faith, that she once gave,

“That it was Christian’s keeping his roll.”

During one of her last visits to her grandmother, she performed many little acts for her aunt Louisa;* and being alone with her, went to her bed. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and laying her head in her hand, she said,

“Louisa, do you remember the story of Ignorance?”

Yes, I do, she replied, and began relating it.

“Stop,” said Marion, “let me tell it.”

“Ignorance came out of the country of conceit, and never began right. Sometimes Christian found him on the way; said some things to him, but they did’nt go together. There was no valley of humiliation or shadow of death in the way Ignorance went; nor had he any fight with Apollyan.—

*Note C.

When he came to the river, there was a Ferryman there, who carried him over in his boat; but no shining ones met him on the other side. He went alone up the hill to the gate; knocked; they looked over the top of the gate, and said, Who are you? He told them he had come to heaven. They asked him for his certificate. He felt in his bosom, but he had none; and they came out, and put him into the door in the side of the hill; and that is hell."

"But, dear Louisa," she said with an earnest cheerfulness, "it will not be so with me. I shall be led up to the gate by the shining ones, and go straight into the city."

Louisa, somewhat surprised by the thoughts and language of Marion, said to her, How do you expect to be saved?

“By Christ. He came into the world to save sinners.”

She further inquired, What must we do to be saved by Christ?

Marion replied,

“Love him, and keep his commandments. He calls little children, such as I am, to come to him.”

Marion was taken sick on Tuesday morning, the 9th of February. She called to her mother before it was light, who went and lay down with her; asked Marion if she was sick. She said she was not; and laying her face upon her mother's neck, had a quiet sleep. She arose and was dressed, and kept about most of the day; reading at times in her New England Primer, which had been presented to her the day before, by Mr. B——, at whose shop she called. She took part with us

in family prayer this morning, for the last time, reading her Bible.

In the evening, the Physician* was called. She had no rest for the night. She made no complaint on Wednesday, but her fever was high.

On the evening of this day, in her mother's arms, Marion held her last conversation on religious subjects.

Her mother said to her,

Marion, you are very sick, and may not live. Marion replied,

“If I die, mother, I shall go to heaven.”

Should you die, and go to heaven, whom will you see there? asked her mother.

“I shall see Jesus Christ; He is in heaven.”

Besides Jesus Christ, Marion, whom will you see in heaven.?

*Note E.

“I shall see Christian and Hopeful ; and Faithful too, whom the wicked killed.”

Again asked her mother ;

Is there no one else you think of, you will see in heaven? Reflecting a moment, a smile gathering on her face, she said,

“O yes, mother ; I shall see my dear aunt Adams, who has just gone there.”

But, Marion, said her mother, are you not afraid to die ?

It is a serious thing to die, and appear before God.

“No, Mother ; I am not afraid to die ; and I am willing to die.”

In hope and fear, prayer and watching, her mother passed the night alone with Marion.

When morning came, her mother introduced the subject of death again.—

But Marion was too sick to converse. She replied very briefly, and with great difficulty, to her mother's questions; and the last words Marion was heard distinctly to utter, were,

“I am not afraid to die.”

During this day and the night following, which was Thursday, the question was settled in our own minds, that Marion must die. But how could we come to such a conclusion? How could we give her up to death? God, we hope, began then to teach us how, and will complete the lesson.

On Friday morning we took our leave of her, all hope of her recovery having departed.

Marion could no longer speak with her tongue; but her eyes spoke. She had her reason, was perfectly calm, and never looked more sweet and beautiful.

We gathered around her bed, parents and children; bending over her, with kind words and kisses, bidding her adieu; commending her to that merciful Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Marion continued till Sabbath morning, 21st; when, just before the rising of the sun, the same hour of the day she came into the world, she departed out of it; sweetly sinking to rest.

A few minutes before death, she opened her eyes, and could both see and hear. Her father, raising her head in his arms, said, Marion, you are dying; going through the river as Christian did; the shining ones will come to you; you will soon be at the gate of the Celestial City. And our last prayer for this dear

child was, "Lord Jesus receive her spirit."

Thus, Brother, we have tried to answer your kind letter, and give you some of the information you asked for.

We have gathered up a few fragments of Marion's thoughts and remarks, chiefly on religious subjects; and said but little on the merely intellectual movements of her mind; because, to you and ourselves, the moral dispositions of a child are of more consequence than all things else.

Marion, however, read other books, than those strictly religious; and she talked on other subjects, than the journey of Christian through this world to heaven. But, that she had learned something of the character of God and the work of Christ, of heaven and the way of salvation, during her own short

journey, was very comforting to us, when we went down with her into the "river," and, for the long journey of eternity, commended her to that kind Shepherd, who will take care of the Lambs of his flock.

We can truly say, "With many tears we have written unto you;" while memory has brought before us the words and acts of one we shall see no more; measuring back these four years, from the first dawn of life, to that Sabbath day, when with us,

"You looked upon her face, that neither wept,
Nor knew who gazed upon't; and yet it smiled."

Should the perusal of this letter sweeten one drop in the full cup of bitterness which God has, in the meantime, measured out to you; or should it relieve one hour's loneliness amid the desolation that reigns in your house;

or should it make your communion with heaven more frequent, by reminding you of the loved ones that are there; we shall be more than paid for all our own tears in writing.

We have experienced, in large measure, the kindness and sympathy of our christian friends and neighbors; to all whom Marion had endeared herself, and who mourn with us, her early and sudden departure.



WORDS.

E. Howe, Jr.



Who has been in to-day, To ask me how I do.



'Tis faithful love, and true ; 'Twill never die away.



And fast we ran along—On learning we were bent.



So come and visit me, When Mothers come to pray?



N O T E S .



NOTES.

NOTE A.

This was Harriet Weston Adams, a very lovely and interesting child, who died in faith and hope, Jan. 1838, at the age of 12 years, having given early evidence of piety.

NOTE B.

Marion's aunt Adams, repeatedly mentioned in this letter, was Harriet, daughter of Rev. Abijah Wines, many years Pastor of the Congregational Church in Newport, N. H. She died suddenly of Typhus Fever, Sabbath eve. Jan. 17, 1831, just five weeks before Marion's death. The visit here alluded to, was the only opportunity of forming an ac-

quaintance with Marion on earth ; but we trust, it is consummated in heaven. Marion's ardent attachment to her aunt upon so short acquaintance, will be readily accounted for by all who knew Mrs. Adams. Ardent, frank, of remarkable conversational powers, extensive reading, retentive memory and discriminating judgement, devotedly pious, fondly attached to children, with an uncommon faculty of interesting them and communicating instruction, she readily got access to Marion's heart, and made upon it an indelible impression. It hardly need be added that she was greatly delighted with her little niece.

NOTE C.

Her father's sister, who has been confined to her bed for the last nine years. During this long period of sickness, she

has preserved great cheerfulness and christian submission. Marion often visited her sick-room; conversed much with her, and heartily sympathised in her affliction.

NOTE D.

Furnished by Marion's Teacher.

It was in June 1840, that Marion commenced attending my day-school. Her sweet disposition and good behaviour, desire and faculty to learn, soon secured my affection. As she was not of age sufficient to be considered a scholar, I paid little attention to instructing her at first, supposing it would not be observed by Marion. But of this neglect, she began soon to remind me, bringing her book and saying, "I have not read." She acquired immediately, and retained a knowledge of the alpha-

bet ; and improved so rapidly, that I instructed her regularly, as I did the other children, when she was in school.— She was not inclined to take the common course from the alphabet to “ab,” &c. but wanted to read long words ; and in a little time went into reading. Before she could read well enough to keep her place, she asked to stand by me, when the class were reading in the Young Reader, that I might assist her in keeping her place.

I endeavored to discourage her ; told her she had no book ; but Marion was not to be discouraged. She soon procured a book, going to the shop for it herself. Bringing it to me, her face full of smiles of joy, she said—

“I have got a book of my own ; may I not read with the class.?”

My usual course was, after the class

had read, to inquire of each member, the substance of the chapter. Marion would frequently relate the whole story. She was anxious to study Geography with the larger scholars; and, to gratify her one day, I gave her a book, pointing out the lesson next to be recited. When the class was called, Marion took her place with them, and answered most of the questions very readily. She afterwards regularly recited with the class, and acquired considerable knowledge of Geography. When I was putting questions to the other scholars, she would frequently say,

“ They don't know ; may not I answer ” ?

She went before one half the school in the art of spelling, and preferred to remain and spell with the large scholars, to being dismissed with the small

ones. She lost no opportunity of gaining knowledge in school.

Soon after she commenced attending my Day School, I said to her,

Marion, Don't you wish to go to the Sabbath School?

"I do; if my mother is willing," she said.

The next Sabbath morning, she came and joined my class. Her usual seat was by my side in front of the class, that she might hear every word that was uttered; showing the greatest interest in the lesson, and often surprising me with her questions and answers.

Christ's birth and work of salvation, were pleasing subjects to Marion. Her thoughts seemed to dwell upon and be more delighted with the history of the Saviour's birth, than any other topic;

and when I was conversing with my class, she often recurred to the second chapter of Matthew, and repeated the stanza,

“ On the long expected morn,
He was in a stable born ;
In a manger he was laid,
Where the horned oxen fed.”

Marion was so familiar with Bible stories, that I could seldom refer to one, of which she would not repeat every important circumstance.

Her memory was so tenacious, that she would repeat several verses, by simply hearing the older scholars of the class read them.

Marion was always ready to answer questions that were put to the class ; and her answers showed that she thought, reflected and understood.

As an example of her manner, I put the question once to the class,

How should we improve every Sabbath?

Marion immediately answered by repeating,

“And every Sabbath should be passed,
As if we knew it were our last;
For what would dying people give,
To have one Sabbath more to live.”

Reflecting a moment, she added,

“That is not right. It ought to be,
What would dying *sinner*s give,
To have one Sabbath more to live.”

I said to her, Marion, don't christians wish to live?

“Why,” she replied, “good people are prepared, and not afraid to die.”

I met my little class once in two weeks, on Saturday in some private room. These meetings were of great interest to Marion. She hardly knew how to express her joy at their return; and often said to me,

“I wish you would meet the class every day, to pray, and talk with us about God and heaven.” The last time Marion went to the Sabbath School, I led her home by the hand. She talked by the way on the subject of the lesson; expressing her love to attend and learn about God; and very affectionately requested me to meet the class at her house. I told her we should not be able to meet again, the weather had become so cold. She said,

“Well, I dont know that I shall attend the Sabbath School any more this winter; I can't be out in the cold, nor walk on the snow.”

NOTE E.

From the Physicians, who attended Marion during the time of her sickness, and who had been occasionally consulted in regard to the means that could be used to prolong her life, under those pe-

cular developements of mind which were observed.

Israel Bailey Bradley, M. D. to Reuel Barrows, M. D.

Dear Sir :—

I send you, as I promised, the measurements of the head of little Marion, as I took them a day or two after the funeral,—when I went to the tomb for the purpose.

1. Largest circumference around the frontal and parietal protuberances, $19\frac{5}{8}$ in.
2. Peripheral distance between Meatus Auditorii Externi, - - - $13\frac{1}{2}$
3. Peripheral distance from root of nose to occipital protuberance, - $12\frac{3}{4}$
4. Diameter from chin to vertex, measured with calipers, - - - $8\frac{1}{4}$
5. Antero Posterior diameter, - 7
6. Between Temples, - - - $4\frac{1}{8}$

7. Between Parietal Protuberances, $5\frac{1}{4}$
 8. Between Meatus Auditorii Exter-
 ni, - - - - - $4\frac{1}{4}$

I presume the above would have been larger had they been taken before the body was shrunk by cold, and as I did not observe any difference in the size of her head during her illness from what it had appeared to me in health, it only occurred to me, when after her decease, upon reviewing the history of her case, and her wonderful maturity of intellect, that the cranium was larger than is usual at her period of life. You will recollect that the hair had been mostly removed from the head.

I have not been able to satisfy myself as to the condition of her brain prior to her last illness.—

Was the brain preternaturally large and in healthy condition, and the maturity of intellect the consequence of

such physical developement? and if so, was the disease of which she died the result of constant mental excitement?

Or was the brain preternaturally large and in a morbid state, and was this condition the cause of her precocious intelligence?

The last supposition I presume would be considered her condition by most recent pathological writers; but though we were of that opinion, it seems to me a difficult matter to reconcile the history of her case, especially her unwearied and unceasing activity of body and mind, her vivacity and playfulness, the absence of all symptoms of disease, (even pain in the head) and the beautiful and symmetrical form of her head to any other than the first supposed condition.

I merely throw out these suggestions for your consideration and of such oth-

ers of our profession as may come to a knowledge of her case.

Very respectfully and

Truly your friend,

I. B. BRADLEY.

Dr. R. BARROWS.

Fryeburg, Sept. 13th, 1841.

Dear Sir :—

I send you a very imperfect note relating to your beloved daughter Marion, and also, Dr. Bradley's note to myself containing his measurements of her head, and queries.

The uncommon intellect, which Marion possessed may, I think, be accounted for satisfactorily on Physiological principles.

The brain is the seat of intellectual operation, and it is an established principle, that its energy bears a relation to the quantity of Arterial blood which

it receives, and that the stimulus of the mind, in its effects, is precisely like any other stimulus, Chemical or Mechanical. In illustration of this, instances are on record of literary men, who, in the ardour of composition, exhibited all the symptoms of brain fever, showing clearly that the blood is carried to the brain with an impetus, and in a quantity proportioned to its degree of excitement. During this excited condition of the Cerebral organ, ideas flow without effort, and a fruitful imagination, traces at pleasure, the most beautiful descriptions. This was Marion's case for nearly three years, and her ever active mind, operating on the above principle, produced *Hydrocephalus internus, or dropsy of the Brain*, the disease of which she died.

With great respect, yours truly,

R. BARROWS.

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