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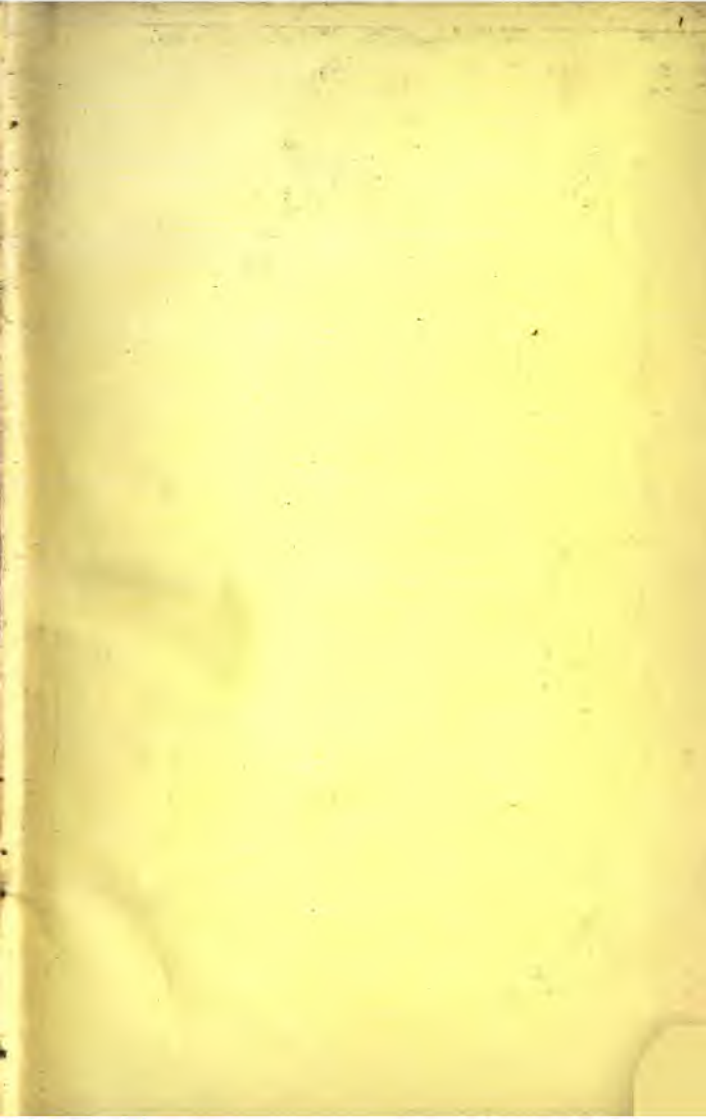
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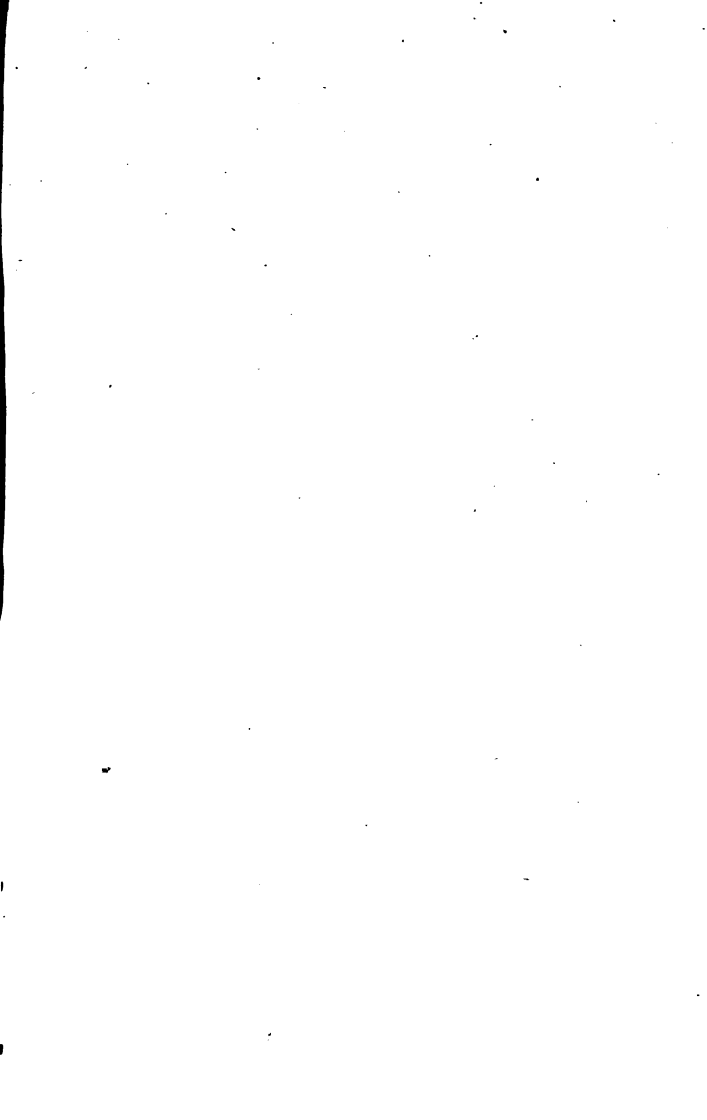
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# Triumph in Trial.

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A

MEMORIAL

OF

SARAH S. MUGFORD,

OF

SALEM, MASS.,

*Sarah S. Mugford*

BY S. M. WORCESTER, D. D.

“For an example of suffering affliction and of patience.”

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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Messrs. S. S. Folger,  
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NOTE.—Since the appearance of this Memorial in the "Boston Recorder," numerous requests have been made for its publication in a different form. Some persons also have desired its enlargement. A memoir was not intended, but simply a memorial. And the author believes, that, without any enlargement, the purpose of its preparation will be fully accomplished. Beside other reasons, a small volume, which can be easily held in the hand of an invalid or sufferer, will probably be more acceptable, and equally useful to the majority of purchasers and readers.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862,  
BY SAMUEL M. WORCESTER,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE inspired memorials of martyrdom are as graphic and suggestive, as they are brief and unimpassioned. Thousands of pages might have been written, and not the half have been told of "all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias." The monumental chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews has volumes in a verse.

The prophets, preëminently, were martyrs. And as "the Spirit of Christ was in the prophets, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow," no exhortation to the persecuted Christians, among "the twelve tribes," could have been more appropriate than that of the devoted James: "Take, my brethren, the prophets who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience." The exhortation has never ceased to be applicable.

Not indeed in our own country, nor in any other, where one may felicitate himself like Cowper—

“That Chatham's language was his mother's tongue,”

is there the least exposure to persecutions, like those suffered by some of the prophets and other holy witnesses of the ancient Church of God, or in the primitive ages of the GLAD TIDINGS. But if in the nineteenth century, there have been no kings like Ahab, or emperors like Nero, it is certain that the Jezebel of Samaria has had her rival in the Jezebel of Madagascar. Even where there is the greatest civil and religious freedom, it is true as ever,—“all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.” No one can now “take up the cross,” and reasonably expect to escape “the reproach of Christ,” if he is uniformly consistent and faithful to the end. And the example of those who steadfastly withstand “the course and fashion of the world” was never more needful, or to human view more worthy of

“a starry crown.”

But it is not from “persecution for the cross of Christ,” in any sense, that Christians of our land and time are so much in danger, as from

other modes of suffering, by which they may be none the less tempted to dishonor the Saviour's name. In common with all of our fallen race, they have grievous disappointments of natural desires, distressing privations, infirmities, sicknesses, and bereavements. Some of them have such protracted severity of disease, such complicated and excruciating bodily pain and anguish, that no stronger faith, or more enduring patience would seem to be demanded, if they were doomed to burn at the stake. The writer has often been a witness of sufferings, which have reminded him most vividly of what has been testified of the fires of Smithfield, and the fiendish tortures of the Inquisition. He has also seen a firmness, a resignation, and an endurance, which have made it impossible for him ever to doubt the entire verity of the literal record of the trials and the triumphs of "the noble army of the martyrs."

The bravest on the battle-field, it is well known, may be filled with terrors at the approach of death in their peaceful homes. It is not when a man feels himself to be "the observed of all observers," that he can show the firmest resolution and the most undaunted courage. The Christian martyrs of history are not to be excepted.



“The better fortitude  
Of patience and heroic *martyrdom*  
Unsung,”

may be found in the unfrequented chamber of hopeless sickness, where the world's celebrities have not been wont to win their laurels; and there too in

“No man of iron mould, \* \* \* \*  
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,  
Gentlest in mien and mind,  
Of gentle woman-kind.”

It has pleased “God only wise” to lay the heaviest burden of pain and sorrow upon the weaker sex, so called. With this burden there has also been imparted a compensation in the moral power of endurance. Wherever the children of Adam share “a great trial of affliction,” in as equal apportionment as would seem possible, woman has confessedly borne the palm of fortitude and patience. But it is not with all alike. As some *men* are far inferior to others in the capabilities of submissive suffering, so there are *daughters* of men, who have been sadly wanting in the days of tribulation. And in either sex the number is small, who have not been, or who may not be comforted and strengthened, by a new and truly reliable “example” of the man-

ner in which it becomes all to “suffer affliction,” and of the “patience” which has “endured as seeing Him who is invisible.”

One such example was under the personal eye of the writer, for nearly twenty-six years. In the opinion of those most competent to judge, it should not be permitted to “sleep in the dust of the earth” with the mortal remains, either of the released sufferer herself, or of her surviving relatives and friends, when they shall have been gathered to their burial,—numerous as they are, and sacredly as her memory is cherished in their hearts. The materials for an extended biography are abundant. But it is deemed advisable, for several reasons,—not least, the known wishes of the departed,—to attempt no more than may be accomplished by some compendious narrative or descriptive sketches and reminiscences, with selections from her own writings. These last are the more a treasure, because in no one of them is there a sentence, or a sentiment, which could have had any of its form or complexion from any probable or possible publicity.

It must have been noticed by many, that the religious press has of late years issued a large number of volumes, chiefly of moderate size, but comprehensive and rich, designed particularly

for the afflicted. Perhaps nothing more in a didactic form is at present needed by any class of sufferers. Experience has proved, however, that fresh examples of eminent Christian faith and hope, from whatever walks of life, are especially welcome and grateful to those who have read the most of what has been published in other forms, for their counsel and consolation. If this Memorial shall contribute to the comfort of any living sufferer, the labor of its preparation will be abundantly rewarded.

## CHAPTER I.

---

Nativity of the Sufferer—Personal Appearance—Education  
—General Characteristics—New Life.

Sarah Smith Mugford was born in Salem, Jan. 26, 1807. Her father and mother were each connected with families of good character and social position.

In form and comeliness, she was naturally favored. She had a well-proportioned cast of head and features. Her soft and shining auburn hair disposed of itself spontaneously in circlets and ringlets. Her dark hazel eyes easily kindled and sparkled. Hence, with a heart kindly-affectioned, and an understanding which delighted in knowledge, the common expression of her countenance was very pleasant, if not striking. Those who knew her as a little girl, speak of her as being then considered both beautiful and lovely.

In her maturer life, the lines of her face were much modified by her sufferings, but not at all

unfavorably. There was much less of the natural effect of disease and debility than would have been expected, during all the extraordinary scenes of her protracted trial. The controlling elements of her character had an outward witness in modes of moral beauty, variously significant, and not seldom radiant. There were times when a sensitive and sympathizing stranger, like the lamented Rev. William M. Rogers, of Boston, could not find words for his emotions. After a short interview, walking away with his attendant, he exclaimed,—“Is there not something *supernatural* in that face? There is a touch of the angelic in that eye. I never in my life saw such an expression. I shall never forget it.”

This may seem the language of enthusiasm. But it certainly is moderate to say of her who was the subject of remark, that when lying upon her raised pillow, and able to converse in her wonted manner, she was constantly revealing no common qualities and charms of mental and moral attractiveness. And this was particularly observable, when she was visited by the friends whom she always loved to see, or by persons of high repute for intelligence and Christian worth, whom she had never seen before. Her tones

of voice, also, harmonizing perfectly with her features and character, contributed a full share to the effect of her thoughtful and impressive utterances.

In her childhood she was habitually reflective, and somewhat retiring and reserved. Hour after hour she would employ herself contentedly with her book or her needle, by the side of a much older person, when others of her age would prefer to be at their plays or pastimes. In advancing years she was a great favorite of those younger, always making herself agreeable, and often displaying her ingenuity and taste in pretty devices for their pleasure and benefit. And from her very earliest youth, it now appears, she was unfolding the germs of that exquisite neatness and skill, in every variety of needle-work, which the refined and accomplished lady friends of her full age so much admired and patronized.

In the transition from childhood to youth, her thoughtfulness seems to have had a pensive tinge; owing, perhaps, to her being separated much of the time from her parents, whose pecuniary means were not always adequate to the wants of a large family. Their much loved Sarah was thus never favored with any but very

restricted privileges of instruction in the schools. But she had a watchful eye and ear, a discriminating perception and judgment, a retentive memory, and an ardent love for the beautiful in the objects of nature and art. From such sources of knowledge and culture, therefore, as she did enjoy, she gave proof of exemplary profiting.

Capable of deep feeling and strong attachments; conscientious and keenly sensitive to violations of rectitude and propriety; alive to the ludicrous, and both relishing and reciprocating the pleasantries of wit and humor; amiable, modest, and mild, though not a little unyielding and determined in her honest convictions and purposes; lovingly obedient to parents and reverencing the aged; carefully attentive to her person and manners, but without any offensiveness of vanity, or envy, or jealousy; imitative with rare tact, eager to learn from others, and ready, but not forward, to communicate,—she was good company for the younger or the older, as with one voice is now attested by her relatives and most intimate acquaintances. Some of these, however, were taken by surprise, when, at a late period, they saw such evidence of strength of mind, useful intelligence, sound judgment, and excellent good

sense. Far beyond their anticipations were the developments of her maturity; and particularly, after a few years of confinement to her sick-room and her sick-bed. She became one of the kindest and safest of advisers. There are those of superior native gifts and highly educated, who frequently visited her as their confidant and counsellor. In her death they mourned, as feeling that they had each sustained an irreparable loss.

Limited as were her opportunities of literary training, her style of conversation was not deficient in any notable point of correctness or agreeableness. And though in her writings to her friends, as in those for her own eye alone, there are obvious marks of imperfect culture; yet, as a whole, they will well compare with productions of the same order, from many who have had the most ample means of finished education.

During the last fifteen or twenty years of her life, she read much at intervals, in very select and elegantly illustrated works of taste. Her affluent friends knew that she was pleased to look these over, even when much too feeble for an effort of careful and consecutive reading. She was constantly remembered in the gift or loan of some book of literature, or of the fine arts, which, when taken up occasionally for a few



minutes, or longer, would effectually divert her thoughts from herself, and thus greatly alleviate her sufferings. The refining and elevating influence was also apparent, from year to year.

But her improvement from such sources, and her consequent attractiveness was of small account, compared with her progress and attainments as a humble learner of the Saviour's worth. Without the instruction and the discipline which she received from the Word, the Spirit, and the providential dealings of Him, in whom "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," she could never have begun to be what she was, even if her privileges of social and literary culture had been a hundred fold greater than they were.

Her Christian life commenced, as she believed, in her seventeenth year. Previously she was not aware of any decided conviction of personal sinfulness, or of any marked solicitude respecting her salvation. Her moral character had been unblemished. But however much she may have regarded her mother's pious instructions, or those of a very devout and exemplary sister; whatever good impressions she had received from any other instrumentality or means, public or private, she was no stranger to the exercises of the natural and unregenerate heart, in resistance to the sov-

ereignty of God, and in neglect of the essential conditions of forgiveness and eternal blessedness.

Some of her intimate young friends had been awakened from their dreams of worldliness and false security. If there was reason for them, why not for her, to "flee for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us in the Gospel?" Examining her heart and life, she saw as never before, that she was indeed a sinner, "without hope and without God in the world." Her amiableness and morality afforded her no relief; they were neither the fruits nor the germs of the "love," which "is the fulfilling of the law." It was a hard struggle between her selfish affections and the reproving power of the Spirit of holiness. Some weeks had passed, almost in utter despair, when she found in an hour never forgotten, that,

"In wonder, love, and praise,"

she could pour out her melted heart like water. Profoundly and most gratefully she adored the sovereignty and mercy of "a just God and a Saviour." With a peace and "joy unspeakable" she consecrated herself to the blessed Redeemer, as her all in all, in the bonds and "through the blood of the everlasting covenant."

The change to herself was sudden and decisive. To others, and those best acquainted, it was hardly less manifest and indubitable. As she began, so she continued, through more than twice the period which she had then lived, to exhibit the marks of an unfeigned Christian character. However fearful or self-abasing the warfare between "the flesh and the Spirit," she never for one moment could have regretted the vows of her consecration to the Lord, her Righteousness.

In 1824, she made a public profession of her faith and hope,—uniting with the Tabernacle Church, of which Rev. Elias Cornelius was then the pastor. Of her cherished remembrances of the day, a note to a much loved friend, seventeen years afterwards, may be cited as one of numerous illustrations.

"*Dec. 31, 1841.* I felt this morning, when reading our meditation for the day, that nothing could be more soothing to my feelings than Doddridge's beautiful hymn (151st Watts and Select). It was read by Mr. Cornelius, the day I made a profession of religion; and though I had read the hymn many times, I never felt the full force of every word, as I did on that day. He read it at the communion service. And as I sat and listened to the words as they fell like sweet music

upon my ear, from the lips of my beloved pastor,  
I felt that I could indeed say,—

‘O happy day that fixed my choice.’

Often, since that day, have I had reason to rejoice in God, my Saviour.

“I have thought much of the last verse of the hymn, and I have cause for deep sorrow, when I remember how often I have been unmindful of the vows I then made. Would that I could see that they had been renewed daily.”

That “last verse”! Has it not been too often forgotten?

“High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life’s latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.”

## CHAPTER II.

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Failing Health—Sore Bereavement—Severe Sickneses—  
Last Attendance at Public Worship--Auto-biographical  
Journal—Rapid Progress of Spinal Disease.

At the time of publicly confessing Christ, Miss Mugford's health was quite delicate. In the employment of dress-making, she had probably been too closely engaged, and perhaps was not sufficiently careful of her posture. She was often very weary at the close of her daily toil and confinement. There were tokens also of weakness or tenderness in the lower part of her spine. But it was six years later, before her inflammatory and incurable disease in that locality revealed a decided character.

About the middle of the year 1830, a fire broke out in the house in Boston where she was then living. For some time she stood in deep water, passing buckets from a lower to an upper room. A violent cold occasioned her return to Salem. And scarcely had she recovered from

the fever which followed, so as to be able to leave her room, before she was suddenly summoned to Boston, to witness "the last of earth" in the friend to whom she had been betrothed for nearly three years, and whom she then found to be, as she said, "the idol of her heart."

The afflictive death of Mr. N. K., was the more distressing, from being caused by a casualty which wholly deprived him of speech and apparently of consciousness, until he expired. The immediate effect was crushing to the chief mourner, although not a murmuring word was known to have escaped her lips. Except to a very few, she was not free to speak of this sorrow, even by the slightest allusion. But to the end of her life, the 23d day of November was a day of darkness and sadness.

The lines which follow, entitled "The Mourner," were found among her papers, written in pencil, and dated Nov. 24, 1830. From whatever unknown authorship, they may be safely interpreted as a true expression of the feelings of her heart in her overwhelming affliction:—

"I saw thee when death hovered nigh,  
And set his seal upon thy brow;  
I heard thy struggling groan and sigh,  
Which e'en in mem'ry haunts me now.

“ I saw the lips, all pale and chill,  
 Where words of love were wont to dwell,  
 And felt a pang my bosom thrill,  
 That words can never, never tell.

“ And when the fearful strife was o'er,  
 When life was fled and hope was gone,  
 I gazed on thy dear face once more,  
 That face which still I gaze upon.

“ I thought how soon the cold, dark grave,  
 Would hide thee from my tearful eye,  
 And frightened, shrank from life to crave  
 In that chill tomb with thee to lie.

“ I called thee by fond names of love,  
 Names that were wont to charm thine ear,  
 But naught that ear of death could move,  
 And heedless fell each burning tear.

“ Tears fell in streams upon thy brow,  
 As my pale lips to thine were pressed;  
 But ah! those lava showers had now  
 No power to break thy marble rest.

“ Within the coffin's narrow bound  
 Thy cold remains too soon were laid,  
 Ah! worse than death, was the harsh sound  
 The closing of that coffin made.

“ Why did I live beyond that hour  
 When ' all the life of life is fled ' ?  
 Existence, fearful is thy power,  
 Who lingerest still when hope is dead !”

In a very short time after the bereavement, which in these lines have a portrayal so apposite and touching, the heart-struck mourner was again prostrated by a fever, which confined her to the house for three or four months. Never afterwards did she know what it was to feel herself to be really well.

In April, 1831, reviewing the scenes of the few previous months, she wrote to one, whom she loved as if an own sister:—

“I have been very sick. But the Lord, in mercy to my friends, has in some degree restored me to health; but as yet I am very feeble, and too weak to walk or ride but a very short distance. \* \* \* \* I viewed myself near the grave, and soon to enter upon an eternal state. I felt weaned from all earthly enjoyments, and, I think, entirely resigned to the sovereign will of God. I even felt reluctant to the idea of staying longer in this vain world. My desire was to be holy like God, and forever to dwell with him.

“But God has determined otherwise. I am spared awhile, and O that the remainder of my life may be spent in communing and walking with God. In my affliction I can see the hand of God. In justice he has afflicted me. My heart had wandered far from God. I had too much given my affections to the world, and with shame do I confess it, I expected to find happiness from the world.



“The Lord in kindness gave me my dear friend, that I might love him, and endeavor to make him happy. But O, how entirely did I give my affection to him! Yes, I robbed God, and he took my friend from me. And shall I murmur at his will? No. I deserved it all. I loved the world too much, and expected too much from its objects. I built up a fabric of mortal hope, that was sinking and crumbling before my eyes. And ought a Christian to seek his portion here below? Yes, I deserve everything I have suffered, and every whisper of complaint shall be hushed to everlasting repose. \* \* \* When I think that the universal Conqueror has snatched from me my best-loved and nearest earthly friend, heart-rending as it is, I will say,— ‘Not my will, but thy will, O God, be done; and the cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink?’ ”

Early in 1832, she was able to walk out in good weather. She occasionally attended public worship and the Sabbath-school. After much physical exertion, particularly after riding, she was subject to chills and tremulousness, somewhat as of fever and ague. But instead of yielding to the symptoms, which so plainly foretokened the entire failure of power to walk, she persisted resolutely in unaided efforts to regain, if possible, what she had lost, or at least to preserve what she was fast losing.

Such was her enjoyment of the services of the sanctuary and of the Sabbath-school, that she made the utmost exertion to be "in the good old Tabernacle" on the Lord's Day. This she did, when other persons, much less enfeebled, would not have considered it their duty to appear in the house of God. Her last attendance was on communion Sabbath, July 1, 1832. And before the day closed, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself, that it *was* indeed her last.

"*July 1, 1832.* I have been permitted to attend church all day. But I feel that I cannot with safety attempt to walk so far again, while I remain so feeble. My limbs are getting to be more and more helpless, and the effort I am obliged to make in walking is very painful. I must give up! I will no longer shrink from the truth! I shall go no more to the house of God! My sick-room must be my sanctuary! Here I must learn to be content! O Father in heaven, help me to submit. In the school of affliction I must learn to do thy will. I feel that I need divine strength. I know not what disease is taking down this earthly house of clay, but I will fear no evil. I can cheerfully say farewell to all that has hitherto made life sweet. I feel willing to submit. I feel that God will be with me to comfort and strengthen me. I have suffered much, very much, for more than three years past; I have been enabled to endure all

with patience. God doth not afflict willingly. My trust shall be in him. He will give me strength sufficient for all my trials. God has ever dealt kindly with me. In time of deep affliction, I have been enabled to rest on his promises. 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.'

"My heavenly Father has seen fit to deprive me of health, but I can trust in him. I can feel willing to suffer his will, whatever it may be. He has taken from me my dearest earthly friend, and made me to weep the bitter tears of disappointment. My heart was made to feel in early life the uncertainty of earthly things; but even in that dark hour, when weeping over the cold clay of my departed friend, I was enabled to say,—'Thy will, O God, be done.' 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I will drink of the cup thy hand has prepared, though it be filled with the bitter dregs of disappointment. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him.' The bitterness of grief has passed, and memory can recall the sad and painful event with a calm resignation. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' I will not distrust God's goodness. He will not forsake me when I most need divine strength. I will calmly submit to privations, and cheerfully suffer pain and sickness. I shall not be alone. 'God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge is in God.' I will trust in him at all times. He shall direct my ways."

This affecting record was the beginning of a journal, strictly private, and intended for no eye but the sufferer's own. It was written at intervals, generally of weeks or months, from July, 1832, to November, 1836. Other journals or notes were kept in years following; but none so full and so valuable, or rather, so invaluable, for its auto-biographical descriptions and observations. In an endorsement upon the manuscript, under date, November 1, 1836, she says:—

“These pages were written at times of great suffering. My object in writing them was, that I might be able to compare past with present feelings. My wish is that they may be destroyed, with other papers belonging to me, when I shall have passed away. And as the requests of departed friends are always considered sacred, I shall feel safe in leaving my papers.”

In the journal itself, she wrote:—

“*March* 6, 1835. This morning I was looking over this manuscript, and could I have got to the fire, it would very soon have been demolished. But after a moment's reflection, I said to myself, Why should I destroy it? No one will ever see it. No one knows I have written it; and when I am gone, no one will take the trouble to read it. And as it is an amusement for me to write, I will add more to its pages.

But like all I have written, they will be a repetition of sickness and pain.”

In 1837 she confided this journal, with some other papers, to the hands and discretion of the writer of this Memorial; in compliance with an earnest request for some statements from her own lips, relative to those first years of her affliction, in which he had not been an eye-witness of her suffering and her example. As she was expected to live but a short time longer, he desired, as her pastor, to be prepared to take some appropriate notice of her life and character, whenever her days should be finished. This desire he carefully concealed, well knowing that a private funeral would be her choice, and as brief an obituary as was ever printed.

Being unable to converse much, she deferred an answer to his request. Some days afterwards, she handed him the papers saying,—“As to what you asked me about, perhaps if you will read these, you may find that they will answer your questions better than I now am able to do.” Much more was found than he had anticipated. A new request was then made, viz., that she would permit him to retain the papers; and in case of her decease, allow him

to make such use of them as, according to his best judgment, might, in some humble manner, be promotive of the cause and glory of the Redeemer, whose transcendent love and faithfulness she had so signally experienced. The result was her consent that he should retain the whole, until she should call for them. "You can do what you think best."

Little did he imagine, that twenty-three years more of her "example of suffering affliction and of patience," were yet to be numbered. During all this time, no one else ever saw what was committed to his trust; nor until the entire scene had closed, was the existence of any such manuscripts known to but a very few persons. They are not extended or detailed, and such selections as will be offered to the reader will need very little or no editorial interpretation or comment.

"*August 3, 1832.* I have not' been able to use my pen until to-day for more than a month. I was taken severely sick of a fever, the second day of July. I had felt for some time that I should be obliged to give up, on account of my extreme feebleness. I think I must have exerted myself more than I ought to have done, the last time I was out. But I do feel glad when I think the last effort I made to walk out

was in going to the house of God. My dear pastor, [Rev. Dr. J. P. Cleaveland,] kindly invited me to spend the intermission at noon, at his house, that I might rest me, and be able to attend the afternoon service as I often had done. I do feel grateful to him and his wife for their kind attention to me.

“*August 27.* To-day I have sat up ten minutes, the first time for eight weeks. I am very feeble, and the pain in my back is almost insufferable. What dreadful disease can it be? The fever has left me, and my physician had strong hopes if I lived through it, I should get rid of many complaints that have for a long time troubled me. But now his looks and words are doubtful. I am unable to use my limbs. They are entirely helpless, and feel more like dead weights attached to my body, than any thing I can think of. There is not the least appearance of life in them, and I think the flesh could be cut or burnt, without my feeling the least sensation of pain. Can it be that I am never to walk? Am I to be a helpless invalid through life? Will the warm blood that once circulated through these veins, and imparted warmth and vigor, ever return to them again?

“Heavenly Father, hear my prayer, and if it be consistent with thy holy will, restore these dead limbs to life again. I would not murmur. I desire to be resigned to the will of my heavenly Father, whatever it may be. Thou, Lord, dost encourage thy children to call upon thee in time of trouble. No earthly friend can give re-

lief; my hope is in thee. Into thy hands I commit body and soul. And if it is best that I should never recover the use of my limbs; if my sufferings are to be continued for a long time; or if they are soon to terminate in death, I will not fear. My trust is in God, my Redeemer. I will rejoice in the midst of affliction. 'The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him.' 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' Let thy mercy, O God, be always over me, and thy grace always attend me. Let thy hand always protect me, and wilt thou lead me to that blessed land where 'the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.'"

'Not sick! shall throbbing brows no more,  
 With nameless anguish start!  
 No more the ebbing life-blood pour  
 Cold currents through the heart?  
 No tortured nerve with racking pain  
 To sudden madness thrill,  
 Nor strive the powerless limbs in vain  
 Their office to fulfil!

'Oh, glorious world! from ills of time,  
 From fear and changes free,  
 Why should we shrink to see that clime,  
 Though death our passport be.'

"*September 20.* The extreme pain I continually suffer in my back, and the dreadful sinking, dying feeling I have in my stomach, is beyond description. My physician thinks my spine is diseased. He has applied leeches, and blisters, but I have received no benefit from them. My



limbs remain useless, and I see no reason to think they will ever be otherwise. I think the disease is gaining ground every day.

“Is there no remedy? Can nothing be thought of to alleviate this dreadful suffering? The strongest opiates have ceased to lull the pain. I have willingly applied everything my physician has recommended. I can do no more. Vain is the help of man. Father of mercy, be thou my physician. Pity and relieve thy suffering child. ‘Speak but the word and thy servant shall be healed.’

“But God is just; I will be silent. He knows best what trials I need. He knows just how long it will be for my soul’s good to continue them. He knows that this sinful heart is prone to wander, and give too much of its affections to earthly objects, and forget that its treasures should be in heaven. God will not forsake me, though I forsake him. He kindly withdraws my affections from earth, by taking from me those things I was most attached to, and I can now say, ‘Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.’

‘Let worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.’

“*February* 1, 1833. Once more I resume my pen, after an interval of four months. What intense suffering I have been called to pass through,

since I last wrote. O, my heavenly Father, thou alone canst know, and no hand but thine can give relief. Make me willing to suffer all thy righteous will. I ask no other blessing to help me through this vale of tears, but the presence of my God. 'For he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.'

"*February 4.* My physician has been in to see me this morning, and he thinks he can do no more for me. It is now eight months since I walked. Dr. C—— spoke kindly to me, and regretted that it was not in his power to alleviate my sufferings. He knows not what treatment to prescribe, as he never had a case of the kind before mine. He thinks if I can go to the hospital, possibly I may get some help. Can I go to the hospital? I shrink from the thought. I have no fear about the treatment I shall be obliged to submit to. I can suffer pain, and feel it my duty to use all the means in my power to alleviate the disease; but the thought of being exposed to the gaze of twenty or thirty students is dreadful. I am confident if I go to the hospital, the physicians there will think it necessary to operate on my back. If it could be done at home, how gladly would I consent to any remedy. I hope I do not indulge a wrong spirit. I will try to think calmly about it. I shall be with strangers, but my heavenly Father will be with me. I know I shall miss many home comforts. But I will try to think that this trial

is sent, as an opportunity for me to practise self-denial. My prayer is, that I may be directed in the right way. I will be submissive. Strengthen me, O Lord! I can do nothing. I am a frail, sinful worm of the dust. 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.'

"*February 5.* Dr. C—— thinks I am too feeble to be carried to the hospital, and he will consult with Dr. J. G. Treadwell, and see what can be done. I must wait patiently until they decide. I feel willing to leave all to the direction of Infinite Wisdom. I do not feel anxious to know how or when this disease is to terminate.

"*February 6.* After a painful and sleepless night, I am once more permitted to behold the light of another day. Thanks to the Giver of all my blessings that he has enabled me to trust in him. Though I am called to suffer long and severely, I can cheerfully acquiesce. I will know no other will but the will of my heavenly Father.

"*Afternoon, February 6.* Dr. Treadwell has been in this morning to see me. He questioned me very closely, and I know by his looks he thinks my case to be a very bad one. He thinks the hospital will be no place for me; and thinks it is fit only for those who have no home or friends to take care of them. I could not speak my thanks; but I think I looked grateful. He has relieved my heart of a heavy burden.

Dr. Treadwell recommended my taking a new medicine, and in a week he will call again with Dr. C.

“*February* 12. I think, since I began to take my new medicine, I have felt less of the faintness and distress at my stomach. My appetite is better than it has been since my confinement. I feel thankful that the medicine has had so good an effect. The pain in my back is beyond description. The least exertion causes the most violent spasms. I have cold chills, and have had them more or less for more than two years. They often continue an hour or two, and convulse my whole frame. My friends are often obliged to leave me, it is so painful to their feelings to witness the dreadful suffering I am in, while the chills continue.

“I sit in my chair an hour or two in the day, but suffer continually, and all the sleep I get is created by very strong opiates. But there will be rest for this weary body. It will not always suffer. I feel that soon, very soon, I shall be called to resign it to the cold and silent grave. There it will quietly rest, free from all disease. It will decay, and return to dust, and it may lie for ages to come; but it will not be forgotten. God will take care of this clay.

“But the soul, the never dying soul, shall that find rest? Shall my immortal spirit be admitted to the mansions of eternal peace? Shall it be made fit to dwell with the spirits of the just, and be employed in praising God, its Redeemer? Lord, purify me from all sin. Make

me humble and prayerful. Let thy Holy Spirit comfort and support me through this life. 'Make me to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein do I delight.' 'Lord, be merciful unto me; heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.'

"*March* 20, 1833. Dr. Treadwell and his father have examined my back. They found the spine very much diseased. It is so very sore that the least pressure causes the most excruciating pain. After the examination of my back, he said to me, 'Sarah, you will think me very cruel in what I shall recommend. But it has been tried in similar cases, and sometimes given relief. Your case is rather a bad one. However, I think it best to try the remedy. It will be to burn the back with a hot iron. I shall be obliged to burn into the flesh, very near the back bone. It will take but a moment to perform the operation. It will be very painful. If the first operation gives any reason for hope, I may think it necessary to repeat it the second time. I will give you a day or two to think about it; and if you are willing to try, you may possibly get relief. But you will not get well in a minute. You must persevere. The burn will not heal for several months. My object will be to keep it open to carry off the matter that would be likely to collect into an abscess, that would give you much trouble, and in your present feeble state would very soon destroy life. I have told you plainly

what I think, and will do the best I can for you.'

"I do feel grateful to Dr. Treadwell for his telling me plainly about my disease. I view it as a mark of kindness. He has raised my hopes, just enough to stimulate me to try the remedy, without being liable to be disappointed, if it should fail to give the desired relief."

## CHAPTER III.

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Heroic Resolution—Cauterizing—Hope--Disappointment—  
Submission—Change of Pastors—Divers Experiences—  
Review of Sufferings—Sources of Effectual Comfort.

“*March* 24, 1833. Where can the afflicted find comfort, and where can the weary find rest? How wretched would be my lot, if I had no other refuge than this world can give, no comfort but the fleeting things of time! God is my refuge. ‘Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.’ My mind is decided. I will try the remedy and leave the event. ‘All my friends have tried to dissuade me from trying the painful remedy. I know they feel for me, but they cannot help me. They know not what it is to be brought to the last remedy, after having tried almost every other.

“*March* 26. To-morrow, if I live, I shall have my back cauterized. How strange it is, that I have not the least feeling of fear or dread, in the anticipation of the event! It cannot be my own strength that enables me to submit calmly and cheerfully to what I know will be extremely painful. Nor do I look upon it with

the feelings of the Stoic. I am not insensible. I feel my situation. None but my heavenly Father can ever know the struggle I have made, to subdue the rising of my own will. 'The Lord is my strength and song, and he has become my salvation.' 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.'

"*April 10.* I was enabled to endure the application of the cauter-iron on my back, without a struggle or a groan. I could even look upon the red-hot instrument without fear. The pain I suffered during the operation can better be conceived than described. It is a fortnight since it was done, and the pain I suffer from the disease, and the soreness of the burn, obliges me to keep in the same position, day and night. I do not regret what has been done, whether it help me or not. I feel a satisfaction in knowing all has been done that could be, to relieve the dreadful disease. How comforting to feel that God will do all things well.

' Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end,  
Sweet on his covenant of grace,  
For all things to depend.

' Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.'

A few weeks after the burning, she described her sensations to a friend,—with a composure and cheerfulness, truly astonishing to the list-



ener. “*And a cloud of smoke,*” she smilingly said, “rose up from my back, and filled all the room!” She was doubtless greatly supported by the presence of her equally firm and heroic mother, who sat at her side and held her hand, while she looked upon all the preparations of the medical gentlemen, and then endured the terrible application of the cauter-iron. With streaming eyes the senior Dr. T——, never known to be “given to the melting mood,”—turned away from a sight, the very thought of which is quite sufficient for the fortitude of most persons.

“*April 24.* I have felt to-day a pain in my foot. It is the first feeling I have had in my lower extremities, for more than ten months. Can it be that life is once more to return to these dead limbs? My physician thinks it a favorable symptom; and if the pain should continue, he shall be encouraged to try the cauter-iron again.”

“*May 1.* The pain in my lower limbs continues, and at times they are more painful than any suffering I have ever experienced. How strange that these limbs, which have so long been cold and apparently dead, are now convulsed with pain! And still more strange, that this feeble body can be made to endure so much suffering. But what are my sufferings, when compared with those of my Saviour? When

this body is almost weary with pain, I turn my thoughts from self, and fix them on the cross. There I behold agony even to the sweating of blood, and I am silent. When wearied nature seeks in vain for sleep, and the spirit is sorrowful, I look to the garden of Gethsemane, and there behold sorrow even unto death; and I, even I, a sinful worm of the dust, am permitted to say: "Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me, nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt." I do rejoice, that 'we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but in all points was tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' I can go to God, my Saviour, with all my sorrows, and find comfort. He will lead me through all trials, and I trust purify me from all sin.

'Gently, Lord, O gently lead me,  
Through this gloomy vale of tears,  
Through the changes thou'st decreed me,  
Till my last great change appears.

'In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not my heart to languish,  
Suffer not my soul to fear.'

"*Sept. 23.* This feeble, trembling hand is once more permitted to guide my pen. Could it recount the sufferings I have passed through, since I last wrote, it would be a sad picture of the frailty of this earthly tenement. Month after month, has this frail body been prostrated upon

a bed of sickness and pain. Often have I felt, when my kind friends have watched over me, day and night, that I should need their kind attentions but a few hours longer. But I was calm. I felt no terrors at the approach of death. This body had become to me a minor object. I could view in imagination the cold clay, after the spirit had departed from it. I could think of the last offices to be performed, and follow it to its dark and silent abode. But it did not distress me. My Saviour had passed through the grave and blessed it, and he is the Resurrection.

“Heavenly Father, sanctify this sickness, and make it the means of much good. Enable me to endure all with Christian submission. Let not a wish arise in my heart, contrary to thy holy will. Make me faithful unto death; and then, O Lord, wilt thou give me a crown of life.

‘Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope, in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.’

“In looking back upon the time that has elapsed since I wrote in my journal, I can recall to mind many painful events. The first of last June, my back was cauterized the second time. But I was enabled to submit to the operation with as good courage as I did the first time, though I was much more feeble. My physicians evidently felt much for me. Their expressions

of sympathy, and their endeavors to make everything as pleasant as possible, will ever be remembered by me with feelings of sincere gratitude. My dear mother sat by me at the time of the operation; and painful as it must have been to her feelings, was very calm. How much cause I have for gratitude. I feel that it would be sinful in me to complain. There is not an hour passes, but I am called to acknowledge some act of kindness, some blessing bestowed.

“ My physicians have been unwearied in their endeavors to alleviate my sufferings; but alas, one of them has paid the last debt of nature before me. The hand that has for many years administered remedies to alleviate the diseases of his fellow-mortals, needed none to administer to his. He was called from this to the eternal world, without a moment's warning. It has been a sad trial to me. Little did I think, the day he assisted his son in burning my back, that in six days from that time his body would be a lifeless lump of clay. Little did I think, when he came in to see me, the day but one before his death, and kindly encouraged me to persevere, that it would be his last visit to me. How shortsighted we are. We know not how soon we may be called. Every day we are admonished, but how little we regard the admonitions. Many that are expecting, from day to day, to hear of my death, may themselves be called to resign their tenements of clay; and I may remain a sufferer for many years, or I may be restored to health, and they may be laid on a bed of sickness.

God's ways are not as our ways. How important that we should at all times be prepared for death. 'Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.'

"I have of late suffered very much from pain in my lower extremities, and in one of the limbs the cords have become so contracted, that I have been obliged to bandage and splinter it in order to get it straight. I find the remedy very uncomfortable, and when the bandage is tightened, the pain it causes is as severe as the extracting of a tooth. Though it gives me much pain, I feel encouraged to persevere. The limb is more pliable than it was a month since; and I think that, in a few weeks, it will be as straight as the other.

"1834. *Thursday, May 1.* This has been a sad day to me. My dear minister made me his farewell visit, this morning. It is very trying to part with a kind minister. I shall miss him. It has always been a source of comfort to me, to feel that I had a kind minister to sympathize with me in many trials. But I have none now. God has placed him over another people. His place among us will be for another to occupy, and perhaps by one who will take no interest in me. But why do I anticipate? God will do all things right. Ere another takes his place, this weary body may be at rest, and this spirit will need no spiritual guide to comfort and encourage it through its weary pilgrimage.

"I am daily admonished not to set my affections on earthly objects. I tremble when I think

how prone I am to give my affection to the perishing things of earth. But I do feel that my love toward my dear minister has been of that kind, which unites the heart in Christian bonds, and though it causes much sorrow to part, yet the bond that binds us cannot be broken. Even death has not the power to sever the tie which binds hearts united in true Christian love. It is a comfort to feel that our spirits can meet at the same throne and hold sweet communion with the same Almighty Father. And at his throne, if we are faithful unto death, we shall all meet, to part no more. This is the Christian's joy, the Christian's hope. 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.'

"*May 27.* Three months ago, I had good reason to hope that I should recover the use of my limbs. I had got so much better, that the doctor used to stand me on my feet, and by his holding me up, I was able to move them, though not without much pain. Had I continued to gain strength, I have no doubt that I should ere this have been able to walk. But Infinite Wisdom saw fit to disappoint me, and I was again prostrated on a bed of suffering.

"The latter part of March, I was taken sick of a rheumatic fever. From the very feeble state I was in at the time, and the extreme pain attending the fever, I was brought very low; and

it was thought for many weeks I could not survive. But my sufferings were not then to end. The fever left me, but more feeble and helpless than I ever have been. I am so very weak, that I faint whenever my head is lifted from the pillow. I have no appetite, and my pulse is seldom less than a hundred a minute. I have some chronic complaints that have become very painful. My only relief is by the constant use of anodynes.

“But amidst all my severe and protracted sufferings, I have much, very much, to be thankful for. God has bestowed unnumbered blessings upon me. He has permitted me to enjoy much of his presence; and, though to others my sufferings have been thought to be beyond endurance, I have ever felt that they might have been worse. Heavenly Father, I plead no merits of my own. Thy grace alone has sustained me. And wilt thou ever give me faith to believe that all things, however dark they may be to me, are ordered by thee in wisdom and in love.

“*Sept. 7.* Four months past, I have been able to sit up in my chair an hour or two every day. I do not know that I am essentially better. The same complaints remain, though the pain at times is less acute. It is Sabbath day. How I long to go to the house of God. The bells are now ringing, to assemble the people together. At such times, I feel how sad it is to be a helpless invalid. But I will not repine. It is best that I should be deprived of the privileges I once enjoyed, or this affliction would not be; and

though confined by sickness and suffering, I am not forsaken. I can hold sweet communion with my God. I have the blessed Bible to teach the things he would have me to do. There I find sweet promises, a soothing balm for every pain and privation.

‘Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love,  
But there’s a nobler rest above;  
O that we might that rest attain,  
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.’

“*Nov. 26.* We are once more to have a minister. One week from to-day his installation will take place. I never heard him preach; and I think he would be amused, could he know how earnest I am in my inquiries to find out who he is like. But none can find a comparison. I ask, is he like his father? No. Is he like Mr. Cornelius? No. Is he like Mr. Cleaveland? No. And so I am left to draw a picture in my own mind of what I shall like my minister to be. I hope he is kind and affable, and I shall soon learn to love him. Give him, O Lord, a double portion of thy Spirit. Make him a faithful minister to the people over whom thou art about to place him.

“*Dec. 6.* I have seen Mr. Worcester. He came in to see me, last evening. I was sitting up in my chair when he came. I was much pleased with his visit. But I fear he thought me rather impudent, I fixed my eyes so earnestly upon him. I said to myself, is this my minister? Will he love to visit the sick and afflicted? Or



will he feel it to be a painful duty? I felt sad to think I might never hear him preach, and tears came to my eyes, when I thought of my helplessness. How little we know how to value blessings, until we are deprived of them.

“Mr. Worcester, after conversing with me, offered a short prayer. It was the first visit I had received from a minister, for eight months. I shall long remember Mr. W——’s first visit to me, he is so different from what I had pictured him in my imagination. \* \* \* I soon forgot that he was a stranger to me.

“*March 6, 1835.* I have again been sick of a rheumatic fever, and as before, my life was despaired of for many weeks. During my severe suffering, I received much comfort from the kind and affectionate sympathy which my minister bestowed upon me. I was taken sick of the fever, about a week after his first visit to me. I have reason to thank my heavenly Father, for giving me so kind a friend. I do not deserve so many blessings. I often fear that my blessings will be so numerous, I shall be unmindful of them.

“*June 28.* I am now able to sit up in my chair, several hours every day; and my physician thought it would be for my benefit to ride out. I have been out to ride twice. But the lifting me out and in, and the motion of the carriage, caused the most violent pain, and I was obliged to give up all thoughts of trying it again.

“*Sept. 16.* I have been entirely confined to my bed, since last July. Amidst all my other trials, I suffer much from soreness of the lungs,

and a very troublesome cough, which weakens me very much. For more than two years, I have almost continually suffered from one of the most painful diseases I ever knew. [It was strangury.] At times I am in agony. Many days and nights I have passed, without one moment's ease. None but those that have suffered from the disease, can imagine anything about it.

“But I have ever found it easy to submit to the most severe pain. I know, if I trust to my own strength, I should faint under so many trials. But God has strengthened me, and by his grace I feel that I can do all things. I have faith to believe that God will bless the means used, just so far as will be for my good and his glory; and though some things are dark to me now, I have not the least doubt, that hereafter I shall see why I was made to suffer. I often feel ashamed, when I am asked by my friends how I feel, that I should so often tell them, I suffer very much; without telling them how many comforts I have, to cheer and help me on my way. Teach me, O Lord, to be grateful.

“*Nov. 23, 1836.* It is now sixteen months, since I sat up only long enough to have my bed made. The same chronic complaints continue to trouble me. The disease has been mostly in the bowels. For a year or two, I have been obliged, almost every week, to take the most powerful cathartics. My appetite is very poor, and I think I have very little prospect, if any, of ever being any better. I have thought, could any read the pages I have written, they would think it impos-

sible that I could have lived through so many diseases. But I could tell them, that the one half cannot be told. *I cannot imagine how a person feels in good health.* I can truly say I have not known what it is to feel well, for the last six years. But I have no reason to complain. I have never suffered one pain too many. God ever has done, and ever will do right.

‘It is the Lord, shall I resist  
Or contradict his will,  
Who cannot do but what is just  
And must be righteous still.’

“Yes, the Lord is righteous. My faith is strong in his promises. ‘The Lord is my strength.’ Therefore, O my soul, ‘despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction; for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.’

“*Jan. 1, 1837.* Another year has closed, and a new one commenced, and this poor feeble body has still a living spirit within it! How wonderful the power of God, that I am so long an inhabitant of so frail a dwelling! The past year has been to me one of more than common suffering. Often has the spirit been ready to bid farewell to earth and all its trials, and to welcome death as a kind messenger. Again and again has the spirit been permitted to rejoice, that its trials from sin and suffering were very soon to end. No earthly tie could allure me back to earth. All was joy and peace. Yes, when every nerve has been

tortured with pain, when every remedy my kind physician could apply, or the kind hand of friendship bestow, has failed to relieve, I was calm, and could say amidst it all, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

"The blessed assurance that God did not afflict willingly, and a strong faith in his promise, that he would never leave nor forsake me, and that he would give me strength sufficient for all trials, enabled me to endure all my sufferings with patience, knowing that they were all sent for my soul's good, by a kind and merciful Father. My never-failing confidence that God will do all things right, has made the spirit willing, when so near home, to come back to its prison of clay, and to suffer patiently and cheerfully to wait God's own time to take me to himself. How comforting the thought that this is not our home. That there is a rest for weary souls, when this short state of earthly discipline shall end.

"I do feel thankful, that when this spirit shall be called upon to resign its house of clay, there will be no regret in the separation. I have been made to value and honor this body as the habitation of my never-dying soul to dwell in while on earth. I can now look upon the decay of this feeble body with pleasure, when I think that death is to free it from all suffering and corruption; and when this immortal spirit shall again inhabit it, it will be free from all sin. And O, my heavenly Father, in the reunion of the spirit with the body, when both shall become immortal, may it be found among that 'great multitude

which no man could number, before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands!' To be one among the number of those, in that great and final consummation of all things; to hear the voice of my Redeemer and my Judge, saying, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' will be worth a life of pain and trials, even could it be without one moment's mitigation. I tremble, when I think my portion may be among the lost. This sinful heart is so prone to wander. Save me, O God of my salvation.

'I plead the merits of thy Son,  
Who died for sinners on the tree:  
I plead his righteousness alone,  
O put the spotless robe on me.'

"Though the past year has been one of continued sickness and pain, I have many, very many blessings to acknowledge. And may the same Almighty Power, that has made me willing to suffer, give me a grateful heart; grateful that I have kind friends to watch over me, and by acts of kindness that none but the sick can value, have made my sick-bed easy and pleasant: grateful that I have a kind and faithful pastor to sympathize with me, and by his counsel and prayers direct my thoughts from earth to heaven. \* \* \* I have a perfect confidence in telling him my joys and my sorrows, and feel that he kindly cares for them. Teach me, O Lord, to love him

as thy servant, sent by thee to comfort and soothe my afflictions, and relieve the tedious hours of a sick-bed.

“I desire to be thankful, that I have had through this long and painful disease a kind and attentive physician, anxious to alleviate my sufferings, and never weary with hearing my complaints.

“Surely God is good. How many are called to suffer without one friend to comfort them, while I am surrounded with every blessing. I have kind parents, and affectionate brothers and sisters; brothers always willing to get every thing for my comfort, a kind mother ever watchful, and never weary in attending to the wants of her suffering child. And everlasting thanks to thee, my heavenly Father, that thou hast enabled me to endure all my trials with patience; that I have been enabled to submit to this severe and protracted disease without once repining in word or thought. Help me, O Lord, ever to trust all to thee. Give me strength to endure to the end. ‘Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;’ and ‘Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.’ ‘The Lord God will help’ me; therefore shall I not be confounded.’”

## CHAPTER IV.

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The Cheerful Room of the Sufferer—Her Life the Joy of Many—Views of Sickness and Health—Correspondence—A Remarkable Prayer.

When the writer first saw Miss Mugford, she was "sitting up in her chair," as stated in her journal of Dec. 6, 1834. He never saw her again in that position. The attack of rheumatic fever which occurred a few days afterwards, was fatal to all reasonable hope of her ever recovering the use of her lower limbs. Six months later, she suffered extremely, every time she was taken out of her bed. The operation was deferred, at first for weeks, and then for months. It became so painful, exciting, and exhausting, that in one instance even ten months passed, without its being attempted. But in all this time, as well as after a contrivance, a few years later, to lift her from her bed, as in a sack or hammock, had been invented, everything about

her was kept in perfect cleanliness, neatness, and order.

At one time, when reduced by fever, and wandering in mind, she thought herself in a stranger's house. Recognizing her pastor at her bed-side, she extended her hands towards him with a piteous entreaty that she might be carried home. He succeeded in soothing her, and, as he supposed, had convinced her that she was really at home and in her own room. But in a few moments his risibilities were convulsed almost beyond control, as she responded, "Well, I'll try to be contented; but I hope the people here will be kind and neat, *and will keep my face clean.*" Never was there a truer expression of a ruling passion in any human being, consciously or unconsciously.

From first to last, the style and management of Sarah's room would have satisfied the fullest demands of Florence Nightingale; while the expense was very small, and the principal labor was performed by her revered mother, long after she had reached the age of three-score years and ten. The furniture, so fitting and tasteful, the unfailing supply of the most beautiful flowers from the gardens or the green-houses, the pictorial and other enlivening embellishments upon



the walls, the air of comfort, cheerfulness, and happiness,—in a word, the whole aspect of the sufferer and the scene generally excluded every sign or suggestion of gloominess or sadness. “Why, how cheerful you look here,” was a very common exclamation, both of strangers and acquaintances. “This does not look at all like a sick-room.” A sweet smile of the happy invalid would be sure to accompany some such reply as “Well, I always love to see things pleasant about me. I do not know why they should not be.”

For nearly a quarter of a century, there was another sufferer in Salem, Miss Sally Purbeck, who was also an extraordinary “example” of Christian trust and fortitude. But in her case, the frequent spasms, contortions, and apparent agonies were so appalling, that some clergymen, as well as numerous gentle-hearted ladies, have fallen upon the floor, or have vanished from her presence as quickly as possible. It is not supposed, however, that her actual suffering was greater than that of Miss Mugford, who, when able to see company, as most of the time she was, could always be visited without the slightest painfulness or disquietude. Many were the visitors of the latter; some from distant parts of the

country. Thus was the beneficent influence of her "example of suffering affliction and of patience," diffused far and wide.

In her journal, she has spoken of the contracting cords of her right lower limb. It was eventually drawn up, as far as it could have been by an act of her own will. It became as fixed as if it had been cast-iron. At a later time, (1842,) when she was more emaciated, her left limb was also drawn up under her, even more than the other. Her posture, as will easily be conceived, was now extremely uncomfortable. Her physician, ever assiduous and prompt to meet any new exigency in the case of his patient, labored to force down the foot, as far as possible, by a wedge-like fixture, which he enlarged a very little, at intervals of weeks or more; he moved the foot down two or three inches only, in six or seven months of a very painful experiment; which, at last, was abandoned from his own unwillingness to continue it, and not from any reluctance on her part to suffer all that would be necessary, so long as there was any hope of benefit. The fixture was ever afterwards worn. Those who knew of it could not often sit long at her bed-side, without being re-

minded of it by the creaking response to some convulsive or spasmodic twinge.

The contraction of both of her lower limbs, added to the weakness and soreness of the lower part of the back, rendered it impossible for her to move herself from the place in which she was laid by her attendants. Her head and the upper part of the body were supported by pillows, making an angle of inclination of thirty-five or forty degrees. At times she could bear to be raised, and even raise herself, for a few minutes, so as to appear almost like one sitting in bed. But if the house had been on fire, and she could have saved herself by getting to the floor of the room, she would probably have been burned to death, unless some arm of rescue had reached her. This was her own belief, and hence she was repeatedly in the greater apprehension from fires in her neighborhood.

Her physician, who was no alarmist, had repeatedly predicted that her final hour would soon come. But in the summer of 1837, he felt certain. It was in the beginning of the sixth year, as she computed the period of her sickness,—always reckoning the years from July 1, 1832. Her pastor, being prostrated on account of illness, was compelled to leave home for a journey

of a month. He never expected to see her again in this world. She rallied, however, as perhaps, ten or twelve times before; but in this instance so wonderfully, that she seemed almost to have risen from the dead.

Whether she should die or live appeared to be a subject of no solicitude or preference. Her simple desire was, that God's will should be done. And although if she had then fallen asleep, there would have been not a few, who would have congratulated her on her deliverance from the furnace of her affliction; yet so much more had her consolation abounded, the more she endured, that the symptoms of her resuscitation were hailed with an exhilarating gladness and gratitude.

None would marvel at this, if they could know how greatly she was esteemed and beloved, and how instructive and comforting she was to other sufferers in far lighter afflictions. As "the power of Christ rested upon" her, and the all-sufficiency of his grace was so signally illustrated, there was scarcely a person that could be named in the active usefulness of private, and but few in a public life, who would have been more lamented in death. Most unexpectedly she revived, and seemingly regained what she had lost of strength

by the severe attack which had brought her so low. But if any one had suggested, that she might yet live even for a tenth part of her remaining twenty-three years, it could hardly have been thought a possibility.

At the close of the last chapter, an extract was given from her manuscripts, under date of Jan. 1, 1837. It may be regarded as a continuation of the private journal, commenced July 1, 1832. The next entry was the following:—

“1837. The wish has often been expressed by my friends, that they could have an entire history of my sufferings, from the beginning until the present moment. Most gladly would I comply with their request; but I feel it would be impossible. Four years and nine months of continual suffering, is what very few can have the most remote idea of. Could I tell them all, how every nerve has been tortured with pain, day after day, month after month, and year after year, they would get but a faint idea of sufferings like mine.

“We can describe pain, and we can sympathize with those that suffer, but the anguish is known only to the sufferer. I can tell of wearisome days and sleepless nights, of painful limbs and burning fevers. But those that can lie down upon their pillows, and after a night of sweet and quiet sleep, rise in the morning refreshed, and able to engage, body and mind, in

active business,—what can they know of suffering? They can only imagine, faintly imagine, what it is to spend wearisome days and sleepless nights, confined to one spot, dependent upon those around them to supply their most trifling wants. Human nature would shrink from the thought of only the confinement. I know health is a blessing to be desired, and it is natural for us to dread sickness. But I could tell those that are in the enjoyment of health, that I enjoy many, very many, comforts on my sick-bed.

“It is here I have learned many a salutary lesson. I have learned to know myself. Until I was tried, I knew not that God had made me capable of enduring suffering and privation. I never should have known that I could have courage to apply remedy after remedy, to bear them all without fear, and when they have failed to give the desired relief, to have no feelings of discouragement. I never should have known that I could have endured patiently and cheerfully all my trials, had they not been protracted. I should never have known how to be grateful for past and present mercies, had my cup been unmixed with sorrow. Many of the precious promises our heavenly Father has given to cheer and comfort his afflicted children, would not have been mine. Now when almost weary with suffering, how sweet the promises, ‘As thy days, so shall thy strength be.’ ‘He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved;’ and ‘My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.’

“These and many other promises have enabled me to view my trials, not as marks of God’s displeasure, but as blessings to teach me the vanity and uncertainty of all earthly hopes. Had I never known affliction, had my path been cheered with all the warm and summer lig’ t of earthly joys, how poor would have been my felicity ; and how soon would it have sunk below the narrow horizon of the tomb ! Even when life glows upon us with all its radiance, we cannot be happy, unless our hopes are fixed on heaven !

“The will of our heavenly Father must be submitted to cheerfully. Be it to do, or suffer, we must have no choice of our own, but ever feel that the path he marks out for us is always the best, and if we trust in him, he will lead us safely through, however dark our path may be.

‘It is the Lord who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load,  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

‘It is the Lord whose matchless skill,  
Can from affliction raise  
Matter, eternity to fill  
With ever growing praise.’

“May all my dear friends be led to glorify God, that amidst all my trials I have been enabled to trust in him. And may my example ever be consistent with the spirit of my divine Master ! May all that come in to see me be made to feel that true happiness can be found

even on a bed of sickness and pain ; and that I can be as grateful to my heavenly Father, as though I was enjoying health and freedom of limbs.

“Grant, merciful Father, that my sufferings may be for thy glory! May they not only be blessed to me, but to those around me! May they feel that life and health are uncertain; that they may lie on a bed of sickness; that their active limbs may be as useless as mine; and their bodies, now full of health and vigor, may lie as prostrate as mine! When they look upon this frail, helpless body, may they think of their own frailty, and be constrained to give their hearts to God!”

Of a few letters, written in this same year, 1837, copies were preserved, chiefly, perhaps, because of their containing so much which answered the same purpose, as that of her autobiographic journal. One of these was written to a suffering sister in the bonds of Christ, but with whom personally she had no acquaintance. It is a beautiful effusion of Christian love, with a short postscript, which may “stir up” some “pure minds by way of remembrance.” “P. S. You may ask what my motive can be in addressing you. I can only say, that to me the least remembrance from any one, be it a kind visit, or the gift of a book, or a flower, or a little note,



has contributed much to my happiness. And many a painful hour has been alleviated by the kind sympathy of friends."

Writing to one who had recently buried an endeared and venerated father, she says respecting herself:—

"You will want to know how this poor 'house I live in' has been, since you saw me,—O Mary, I don't want to be tired of it, but when I read your account of your father's peaceful departure to the 'spirit-land' I longed to say farewell to earth.

'Fain would I leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest in God.'

"I continue to suffer from the same chronic complaints, though for the last three days the pain has been less acute. I have done without watchers, a number of nights. You say in your letter, we may never meet. Our heavenly Father knows best, and in all things I can say, 'Thy will, O God, be done.' Will you write to me very soon again. \* \* \* My dear friend, will you pray for your sick friend. Pray that she may glorify God. And may 'the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you.'"

The letter which follows was addressed to a friend, who had proved herself a friend indeed.

*“Dear Mehitable:—*I have made several attempts to write to you, since you left Salem, but thus far I have not been able to succeed. \* \* \* I have heard from you by the way of your Salem friends, and it would have given me much pleasure to have received a letter from you. I heard a little about your wedding. How did the Chester folks like your taking them so by surprise? I am with you often in imagination, and see you surrounded by your family of children. You certainly must feel your situation to be a very responsible one. But you have a heavenly Friend to ask counsel of, and he will give you strength to discharge your duty towards the children whom you have taken under your maternal care.

“I need not tell you how much I miss you. Among my many friends you are not the least. Your kind attentions to me I shall never forget. You have sympathized with me in my sufferings, and watched over my sick bed, and I trust, I am still remembered by you in your prayers. I am lying on my sick bed, though not in the same spot that I was, when you saw me. Some folks think me stationary, but I and my bed, (you know that is a part of myself, for the bed and I have long been inseparable,) get a move sometimes. Last November I was moved into our front room, and I have found it much more

comfortable than my little room I used to be in, when you were here. We had a grate set, and have burnt coal, so that I could have a fire all night, without being obliged to have watchers. I am now very feeble, more so, I think, than I ever have been. My appetite is very poor. I have not been able to take any solid food into my stomach for more than a fortnight. Last week I suffered very much from pain. The same chronic complaints continue to trouble me, and the bowels continue to swell, so that every week I am obliged to take some very powerful cathartic. Last week the pain was so very severe, I was obliged to blister the bowels. It relieved the pain for which it was applied ; but I have suffered more than ever from that disease, that you used to think was worse than all the rest. Even while writing this, I am in agony.

“You don’t know how much I dread the poisonous effects of a blister. My physician avoids using them as much as possible, but I have been obliged to have three blisters within two months. One of them was on the chest, and after it was drawn, the skin was stripped from it, and it was dressed with the savin salve to keep it open ; and for three weeks, I was unable to turn or move myself one inch. I can assure you it was anything but comfortable. The Doctor thought it would help a troublesome cough, attended with a good deal of pain ; but like many other remedies it failed to give the desired relief. But I have no reason or disposition to complain. I know God will bless

the means used, just so far as will be for my good, and his glory, and what more can I ask? I am not able to sit up only to have my bed made. Last week I was unable to have it made from Monday morning until the next Sabbath, and I can tell you I began to feel a little wearied and uncomfortable.

“I have told you a great deal more about myself than my own inclination would have prompted me to; but I promised you, whenever I wrote you, to be very particular, and tell you just how I was, and as far as I am able, I have given you a history of myself.

“I suppose you often think about Salem and Salem folks. I know you must miss your religious privileges, but when we know that God is not confined to time or place, we should not complain, but cheerfully submit to all privations. Often when I have felt sad to think that, year after year, I have been shut out from those privileges I once enjoyed, the thought that in a short time, if I should be faithful unto the end, I shall be permitted to worship God in those mansions of eternal rest, where sin, nor sickness, nor change can ever be known, has dispelled all sadness. \* \* \* \* \*

“You must give my love to your mother and sister. I often think of their kind attentions to me, while I was in Chester. Remember me to your brother’s family. Tell your brother, I could not climb up Rattlesnake Hill with him now. Remember me to your good old uncle C——. Tell him, I still suffer from pain and

sickness, but I can rejoice amidst it all, and can cheerfully say 'Thy will, O God, be done.' \* \* \* \* \*

"I wish to be remembered to your husband. You of course thanked him for his kind remembrance of me. I intended to have kept that part of his letter to me, but you was so selfish, you claimed the whole. I hope he will write again. I cannot mention all my Chester friends individually, but I have not forgotten one of them; and you must tell them so for me. You must write me very soon. Your friend, SARAH."

To these extracts from correspondence may here be added a remarkable prayer.

"Sabbath, 5 o'clock, Aug. 13, 1837.—Sister Abigail's dying hour.

"O thou righteous Judge and Disposer of all events, help me to look to thee at this time. I am as clay in thy hands, and thou art the potter. Thou that gavest life, hast a right to take it away. Thou that gavest health, and friends, hast a right to recall them when thou pleasest. Thou didst bestow them upon us, thou hast a right to take them away. Be silent, O my soul! Hush every thought, and cheerfully submit to thy Father's will.

"Great indeed is this affliction. Help, O help me to believe that this trial is thy appointment. While our hearts are overwhelmed by this sudden and distressing event, we would feel thank-

ful and rejoice that my dear sister has put her trust in thee her Saviour; that she is permitted to rejoice in the hope of a blessed immortality; that with her last breath she can praise her Redeemer. Be with her, O thou Saviour of sinners. Strengthen her faith in this her last and dying hour. Go with her through the dark valley and safely land her in the haven of eternal rest.

“And while we pray for thee to strengthen her, may we not bring before thee our own wants? We know thy ways are mysterious, but right. Thou art pleased to remove my dear sister in the midst of life and health, while I am left to linger, year after year, on a bed of sickness and suffering. O thou blessed Redeemer, thou by whose atoning blood I hope to be saved, wilt thou give me strength to endure to the end.

“Wilt thou bless this family. May this affliction be blessed to the souls of all. Bless the absent ones, and those that are with us; and when they see and hear of the sustaining power of religion in the hour of sickness and pain; when they see that death has no terrors to those who trust in a Saviour, may they be constrained to give their hearts to thee. Sanctify this affliction to our aged father. While he sees his children, one after another, removed to the land of spirits, trusting in their Saviour, may he seek and find peace in believing. O God, hear in mercy the prayers of his sick and dying children for the salvation of his soul. O may he be saved

by the atoning blood of the Saviour, the only way by which he can be saved. Save him, O save him, before he goes down to death.

“Pardon our importunity, O Father, and strengthen our faith. Much we would ask of thee for our dear mother. Strengthen her hope in thee, and though she is called often to drink the bitter cup of bereavement, and sorrow of various kinds, O Father, may she see the hand of kindness in all the dispensations of thy wise and holy will.

“O Lord, in this dark and trying event, thou art about to rend asunder the dear and sacred ties of wife, and mother. Bless, O bless the husband of my dear sister. Give him the light of thy countenance. May he now, if he never has before, give his heart to God. May he be sanctified through the blood of Christ. We know that at the foot of the cross, he will find the fountain of life and peace. Bless the dear motherless babes. Spare their lives, and enable those that shall have the care of them, to be faithful to their spiritual as well as their temporal wants. Hear, O Father, the dying wife and mother’s prayer for her husband and her dear little ones.

And now, O Father hear us, and as far as is consistent with thy holy will and purpose, answer us. We thank thee, that we are permitted to come to thee, and that our wants are known to thee. Pardon our sins, and accept this our humble petition, and all glory and praise shall be given to him who died for us, that we through

his sufferings and death might be made partakers of eternal rest. Amen.”

The sister, whose “dying hour” was thus commemorated, had given birth to twin daughters, who slept in death, and were buried with her, reposing in her arms.



## CHAPTER V.

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Habitual Gratitude—Employments—Sabbath-School Membership—Correspondence—Testimony to her Pastor—The Last Night of the Year.

“In everything give thanks,” said Paul to the Thessalonians. The meaning is more clearly expressed in the words:—“continue to give thanks, whatever be your lot.” This to many “is a hard saying.” But it was otherwise to her, whose character this Memorial is designed to portray.

When her prospects of relief or respite from the acutest suffering were the darkest in the view of her attendants, she often said, as her friends took leave of her after a visit,—“I hope I shall be better tomorrow.” This remark has been repeated many days in succession, the eye beaming brightly with hope, while the tones of her voice indicated no impatience or anxiety. Expressed or implied there was always the peace

of unfaltering trust, and the unspeakable joy of a heart that was never at a loss for new occasions of thanksgiving.

She often adverted to her cause for gratitude that she could employ her hands, both for writing and working. She wrote but little at a time, yet the aggregate in some years was quite large. A part of her writing was first done with pencil,—the pen following carefully after, in every line, word, and point. But in her later years she wrote less and less, and chiefly with the pencil alone.

Much of the time she could use her needle, and any kind of needle which was known to her. Her various domestic and ornamental handicraft afforded her very pleasant occupation, until the very last months and weeks of her suffering. Much valued specimens are cherished as tokens of her affectionate regard, or proofs of her artistic accomplishments. Among them are some beautiful collections of "Ocean Flowers," in arranging and preserving which in albums she took great delight.

When not wholly disabled for exertion, she had no lack of employment. Much time, chiefly of the night hours, she spent in meditation and devotion. Her choice books were always within

her reach ; and one or more of the best journals of passing events came to her daily. Her memory was seldom at fault, and her knowledge of facts was truly wonderful. The writer once said to her,—“ Why, Sarah, you are a stationary chronicle.” Her response plainly intimated that she did not consider the remark much of a compliment, and that she desired to think of herself as living for some higher purpose, than merely to repeat what she had heard or read, whether or not requested.

She was always pleased to aid her friends by giving information which would be useful or agreeable, especially in settling questions of fact ; while tattling, or tale-bearing, or even talkativeness, or any semblance of either, was regarded with great dislike, or disgust. And her general intelligence, so varied and so accurate, beside contributing much to her own enjoyment, was so often appealed to, that her obliging services in this respect were somewhat of an item in the ordinary course of her occupations. To this let it be added, that, from a very early period of her life, as a sufferer, she had the virtual care and oversight of all the affairs of the household ; and for a few years previous to her death, was the real head of the family, superintending all its concerns with admirable propriety.

One employment on the Sabbath would not be suspected by any reader of these sketches. Retaining her connection with the Sabbath-school, she regularly prepared herself when able so to do, as if expecting to meet with the members of the class in which she was enrolled, when she last attended public worship. Long after the class had ceased to exist,—even until near the close of her life,—she procured every new text-book, and kept herself informed of all the operations of the school. In 1838, writing to her last teacher, Mrs. F. W. A., then residing in Illinois, she said :—

“The remembrance of those happy seasons I once enjoyed in the Sabbath-school is still exceedingly precious ; and though I may never be permitted personally to mingle with those who still enjoy the blessed privilege, I can here on my sick-bed enjoy the presence of God, my Saviour. You can well understand my feelings when I say, what a comfort it is to know that God is omnipresent.”

The thought of being disconnected with the Sabbath-school was evidently most painful to her. Her love for it was like that of the venerable Dea. John Punchard, who attended the Tabernacle Sabbath-school until he was upwards of ninety-

three years old,—and as long as he was able to walk to the house of God.

In many ways she gave proof of an earnest desire, that her personal influence might always be that of a true and consistent friend of Christ. Some of those who sought her acquaintance were not only from the highest walks of life, but also held very different views of religious doctrine, from those which she had found her life and joy. Among them were several young ladies, who never forgot her Christian loveliness and faithfulness. To Miss E. S. P., she thus wrote :—

“You are very kind in wishing that I ‘too were able to enjoy with you the sweet songs of the birds.’ I can assure you, my dear Lizzie, it would be a very great gratification to me, to be with you, and to be able to participate in those pleasures which nature has so bountifully furnished for our comfort. And did I not constantly remember that my heavenly Father wisely permits the continuance of these infirmities, which have so long confined me to the monotonous scenes of a sick-room, I fear I might sometimes be apt to repine. But dear E., you have often heard me say, that I constantly receive more blessings than I can ever be thankful enough for.”

“I was amused with your plan about the

cottage, house-keeping, and getting rid of dinner-parties. I think your opinion of such things is very correct. I think with you, that we should live very comfortably. You are very judicious too in the division of our employment. But these plans, dear Lizzie, are all imaginary, for they can never happen to us. Let us then look forward to those things which are real; and let each of us be anxious to secure that happiness which shall be sure and eternal,—a home in those mansions of rest, where sin or suffering can never enter, and our employment will be to praise Him who redeemed us.”

To the same.

“‘A happy New Year’ to you, my dear Elizabeth. \* \* \* I thank you for your kind wish that this may be a happy year to me. I know it will be my own fault, if it is not. I have so much to be thankful for, that I cannot find time to be unhappy. I was pleased with the little hand-glass, which you sent me, and I will try to make a good use of it. You say that you thought you would ‘venture to send it, as I am *vanity-proof*.’ I thought when I looked in it, that though I did not now deserve the compliment, your glass would soon teach me the folly of vanity having any place in my heart, as it is a very true reflector. I hope soon, very soon to see you.

Yours truly,

SARAH.”

The following was to a lady, who, although “rich in this world,” had found herself entirely destitute of support and comfort in her bereavements and other trials :—

“*My Dear Mrs. R.*:—Permit one who knows by experience what it is to drink of the bitter cup of affliction, to mingle her sympathy with you. Since I heard of the death of your son, you and your family have been almost constantly on my mind. Most earnestly do I pray, that the severe trials you have been called to endure, may be sanctified to you. May you be enabled to look to that Saviour, who alone can speak peace to the troubled soul ; for ‘vain is the help of man.’

“‘The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.’ Yes, God has done it. And the cup of affliction which he now presents, though it contains the waters of bitterness, is filled from the fountain of life and love. To that fountain, my dear afflicted friend, I trust you will go. Look not to this world for comfort, but remember that the hand which has wounded alone can heal. Cast your burden on the Lord, and he will sustain you, and communicate strength adequate to your day,—causing you to sing of mercy, as well as of judgment.

“I beg of you to trust to no other refuge, save Christ. He is just such a Saviour as your soul needs. Yes, he can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and he afflicts but for our good.

May you be able to adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

"Forgive me, my dear friend, if I urge you more strongly to accept of the offers of consolation, which the Bible presents, than may seem to be proper for me to do. I know of no other comfort, and that is why I urge it. To those that believe, Christ is unspeakably precious. Come then to him, and at the foot of the cross, find a tranquil refuge for your weary soul. Bow to his sceptre, welcome him to your heart, and you will find in him all you need; a Redeemer, mighty to save,—a Physician, able to make you whole,—a Friend, infinitely powerful and compassionate,—a glorious Resting-place through all the changes of time,—through all the ages of eternity.

\* \* \* "With this I send you a little book,—Jay's 'Happy Mourner;' and ask you to accept of it. I find many things in it, which, I think, will give comfort to the afflicted. Excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you.

Yours, in the bonds of affectionate sympathy,  
SARAH S. MUGFORD."

To Miss Mary S.

"My dear Mary, I fear, is quite too apt to think more highly of her friend's judgment, than she deserves; and did not the good opinion my friends have of me, serve to humble and stimu-



late me to be more like what they think me, than I really am, I should be under the necessity of requesting them to be more careful about what they say to me. But, I trust, I have been able in some measure to see my danger, and it has been my earnest prayer, that I might be kept free from self-righteousness.

“You say I have forgotten ‘how the cares, the pleasures, and the bustle of life in the midst of the world destroy our time and perplex the mind.’ No, Mary, I have not forgotten, and I am often pained, when I look back and remember how many precious hours I have given to the false and fleeting pleasures of the world; and how little I have done for the good of my fellow-creatures. How few of us value time correctly, or improve it diligently.

“It is true that I am now, and have been, for the last five years, comparatively speaking, free from the cares of the world. And it is likewise true, that I often imagine the path I would tread, were I again blessed with health. That I have been regulated in the disposal of my time by a system of my own, I will acknowledge; but it falls far short of the high encomiums you pass upon it. ‘A good method wisely arranged and punctually observed, in the distribution of our time,’ I have always thought would assist us in a right improvement of it. We should constantly remember, that our time is amongst the talents for which we must give account at the bar of God. And I tremble when I think, that I am

there to give an account for not only what I have done, but for what I have had time to do, and yet neglected to improve it."

To another.

"*My Dear Mary*:—I cannot sufficiently thank you for the kind and benevolent feelings expressed in your note towards me. \* \* \* \*  
I wish that you would not be troubled about visiting me too often. I will promise you, that I will not be 'weary,' if your feet bring you to my house as often as you may wish to come. The passage you refer me to in Prov. 25:17, you need not apply to yourself; but I wish you to remember what is said in Prov. 18:24. 'A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.' And situated as I am, I know of stronger test of my friends' love towards me, than their coming often to see me.

"I am glad you feel as you do in regard to my continuance here. Always, my dear Mary, when you pray for me, let it be your earnest desire, that the will of God be done. I desire to know no will but his. You say, that the thought of my being taken away sometimes causes tears; but, my kind friend, there is a healing in the bitter cup. Faith looks beyond the narrow bounds of time, to the Christian's home. O let us not murmur, but rejoice that it is our privilege to die. To me it is a blessed thought.

'E'en the last parting earth can know,  
 Brings not unutterable woe,  
 To souls that heavenward soar;  
 For humble faith, with steadfast eye,  
 Points to a brighter world on high,  
 Where hearts that here at parting sigh  
 May meet to part no more.'

"You request that while I live you may be a sharer of my friendship. Most cordially, dear Mary, do I reciprocate all your wishes. As long as I live, you shall be remembered by me. And may our love to each other be none but holy love, and then it will be lasting, yes, it will be eternal."

In April, 1839, her debility was so great, that she was daily looking for the end.

"You have often," she said to her pastor, "spoken with me about some little matters relating to my sickness. Some things you have. I have tried at times to write. But I have found that my sufferings seemed so much the same, that what I did write appeared but a repetition from day to day. I have done but little. I have always felt that it was all right. I have enjoyed a peace and comfort, such as I never could have imagined. My mother feels very much for me. I know you will never forget her. I may be spared a little longer. I may not have suffered *half* as much as I may yet have to suffer. But I sometimes feel, when I have almost got home, as if I should like to go.

“I have not for a long time thought that I should be well again. I have always felt that God is righteous in all my afflictions. When I have thought of the sufferings of Christ, I have felt that mine are nothing to his. I have never dared to express all my feelings in regard to my poor body.”

Having recovered so far as to be able to use her pen, she wrote to Miss C. B., who was peculiarly afflicted, and who then had not found, as subsequently she did find, the inward supports of Christian submission and hope :—

“When writing in your album, I said to myself, perhaps these pieces will be read by my friend C——, when I shall be where ‘the weary are at rest,’ and ‘the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.’ And may I not hope, that when your eye rests upon the record of your afflicted and suffering friend, memory will take you back to this little room? Yes, you will, I trust, think of the hours you have spent by the side of my sick bed, with feelings of thankfulness, that my sick bed was not the abode of sadness and gloom; but that it was cheered by the kind attentions of friends and the prayers of Christians. And more than all I would have you remember, dear C——, that through all the trials your friend has been called to endure, she was sustained and

comforted by him, who hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

“And may I not hope, that when my spirit shall be released from this frail dwelling, I may be permitted to see you a decided follower of our Lord and Saviour. Then, my friend, you will have a peace such as the world cannot give, and you will be enabled to view the trials and disappointments of this life, as blessings. I know your *trial* is severe; but think not that you would have been more reconciled, had your trial been otherwise than it is. God cannot do amiss. He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, and we know that he afflicts but for our good; and I pray that you may be enabled to say, ‘It is well.’ ‘It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.’”

The first day of July was very specially remembered by Miss Mugford, as the anniversary of her confinement to the sick room, for the residue of life. But the commencement of a new year, according to the calendar, was still more an object of marked attention. In one of her letters, she says:—

“You must not feel troubled when you find that I wrote part of this letter at twelve o’clock, last night. I began it yesterday afternoon, as you will see, and wrote only a few lines. Company came in, and I had no chance to write

until midnight. I should not have been asleep, if I had not been writing. I told sister H——, before she went to bed, that since I have been an invalid, I have never gone to sleep, the last night of the year and the beginning of the new year. It has always been an interesting season to me, and I would not be forgetful of it, even if by sleeping it away, I could have a night of sleep, such as those only in health can enjoy.”

In another letter to the same friend, she refers to a striking passage in Krummacher’s “Elijah the Tishbite.”

“*Jan. 1, 1840.* Last night, being unable to sleep, I spent the hours in thinking of that home, where time shall be without change, and where the weary shall find rest. I could not but feel, that many had been taken away the last year, whose usefulness would have far exceeded mine, had they been permitted to remain upon the earth. In the midst of these thoughts, I took up my little book, ‘Elijah the Tishbite,’ and was comforted and encouraged by reading this sentence: ‘Many a broken instrument will the Lord use again for his work, before he takes it away into the land of rest; and many a troubled sufferer before he departs shall again take his harp from the willows, and sing thanksgiving to Him, whose counsel is wonderful and his ways mysterious,

but who doeth all things well. And then it will be enough. Ah, who is warranted yet in saying it is 'enough?' It is only 'enough,' when the Lord saith it. And if you have still to remain for years in the furnace of affliction, be assured that you will eventually acknowledge in heaven, that then only was it enough, and not a moment earlier, when the Lord stripped you of the garments of your pilgrimage, and took you unto himself."

"Mary, I do feel, that it is not enough, until the Lord saith it. I submit all to his will, and he will strengthen me to endure every trial. Pray for me, my dear friend. And may the year we have just entered upon, be to each of us both useful and happy; and when we are together let us think and talk more about the Saviour. Let no earthly friend take the place in our hearts which belongs to him whom we have promised to follow."

Accompanying the foregoing was a copy of the lines, "On hearing the clock strike twelve at night, Dec. 31st,"—beginning with the address,—

" Knell of departed years  
Thy voice is sweet to me; "

and ending with the stanza,—

“Thou art the voice of *Life*;  
A sound which seems to say,  
O prisoner in this gloomy vale,  
Thy flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail;  
Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail,  
That cannot pass away;  
Here, grief and pain  
Thy steps detain,  
There in the image of the Lord, shalt  
Thou with Jesus reign.”



## CHAPTER VI.

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Physicians—The Refining Process—The Night-Blooming Cereus—Winter's Jubilee—New Trials and Triumphs—Enjoyment of Life—The Closing Scenes.

The eminent physician who performed the operation of cauterizing, and afterwards visited his patient daily with unabated interest and without charge, was unfortunately poisoned during a *post mortem* examination. Anticipating a suspension, if not an end of his professional practice, he introduced to her a brother physician, Dr. G. O——, in whom he fully and justly confided. They visited her in company, or separately, until 1841, when the latter was her only dependance. She regarded it as an occasion of daily thanks to God, that she was so favored in respect to medical service. Her new adviser spared no pains to administer every available remedy, in the most scientific treatment of diseases and infirmities like hers; receiving

all the recompense which he desired, in the pleasure of his daily visitations.

She had a great abhorrence of quackery, and would never listen with any favor to suggestions which were sometimes made by visiters, as if she might be benefited by a different course of treatment. In one instance an amiable man tried to persuade her to admit a Dr. C—— and his electrical battery,—assuring her that she would certainly receive great relief, if not be perfectly cured. It happened at a time when she had been greatly alarmed by fires near her dwelling, as well as in other parts of the city. Her characteristic decision appears in a few words to a friend:—

“ I forgot to tell you, that Saturday afternoon, in the midst of the fire, the Dr. C——, I told you about, called to see me, and brought his electrical machine all ready to give me a shock. But I thought I had had shocks enough for one day, and as I had referred him to Dr. O——, and he had not seen him, I refused to see him, and the poor man went off with his box. Dr. T—— used to tell me, that if he had children, he would teach them ‘how to say, *no*.’ And I will never say yes, when I feel that it is right to say no; not to please the best friends I have. If the man is willing to go to Dr. O——, as he

ought to, and if Dr. O—— thinks well of him, I am ready to see him.”

She was troubled no farther from this source. And beyond question, she saved herself and her family much expense and unhappiness, by her inflexible purpose to follow the directions of her chosen physicians, and give no countenance to the pretensions of empirics, however heralded, or to any panacea, whatever the attestations of its incomparableness.

Not anything was more uniformly manifest, than her confidence that her trial would have an end in God's own appointed time. She was deeply interested, when her pastor informed her of the test to which refiners of silver bring their work,—viz., the clear reflection of their own face from the surface of the heated metal. She has alluded to the process of refining, in several of her manuscripts, as in the letter which follows, dated, “Saturday night, 11 o'clock, July 1, 1843.”

\* \* \* “Eleven long years of suffering! How many times, within the last three or four hours, I have repeated these words! I am lost in wonder, and feel that it is almost impossible to give you the least idea of the mingled emotions which now fill my heart. I have shed

tears of sorrow and of joy. Bitter tears of sorrow I have good cause to shed, when I remember how long I have been in the furnace, and how much dross still remains. But, dear Mary, I rejoice to know that he who tries, is the 'Great Refiner,' and he knows how much I can bear, and just what I need.

'Tis blessedness to know that he  
 The piece he has begun  
 Will not forsake, till he can see,—  
 To prove the work well done,—  
 An image, by its brightness shown,  
 The perfect likeness of his own.'

"Many, very many, years longer it will be necessary to keep me in the furnace of affliction, ere the work will be well done, or ere a faint likeness of my Saviour can be seen in me. I will make no promise now, dear M., that this new year, the twelfth year I am just about to commence, shall be more satisfactorily spent, than those that are past, but I do pray that it may be. I will trust in Him, who has hitherto been my strength, my refuge; and whatever the coming year may bring to me, be it sickness and suffering, joy or sorrow, life or death, I trust I shall be enabled cheerfully to acquiesce. Thus far I can say, that I have not had one pain too many or too severe. My lot has been a pleasant and by no means a hard one; and in truth and sincerity I can say—

‘I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
 For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;  
 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,  
 A present of pain, a perspective of years;  
 I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,  
 For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.’”

In this same illuminated midnight letter, there is a corresponding description of a rare spectacle, which cannot be omitted, as it at once so happily illustrates her discriminating taste, and her great facility in deducing appropriate moral lessons from what we call nature, and what truly “is but the varied God.”

“It is now almost two o’clock, and think not, dear M., that I have been kept awake writing this letter. I have felt no desire to sleep. A little after ten, Mrs. P. was so very kind as to bring me a beautiful flower, the night-blooming Cereus. I was delighted to think I had got the beautiful flower to watch all night. Would you not like to watch it with me? The first moment I saw it, I wished you could see it; and if it had not been too late, I should have sent for Mr. W. and Mrs. A., and the children, to come and see it. But I had to enjoy it all alone. About one o’clock, when it was in all its splendor, I did awake Mary P. out of a good sound sleep, to get up and see it; and I got her to take it into mother’s room for her to see.”

“It is the most singular and interesting flower I ever saw. This is the second one I have watched all night. When Mrs. P. brought it at ten o'clock, it was not entirely bloomed out. From that time until one, it very gradually spread out its beautiful straw-colored, and its pure white petals; and then I could look down into the calyx, or cup of the flower, where I could see placed, in such beautiful order, its rich and delicate straw-colored stamens. But I cannot tell you how magnificent it looked. Have you ever seen one? If you have, you will know why I cannot describe it. How sad it seems, that anything so beautiful should die so soon! Before daylight, it will look like an ugly wilted stalk. Even now the outside straw-colored petals have changed to a dark brownish shade; and as they draw up towards the white ones, such a dark shade is cast over them, that I am reminded of an eclipse of the sun.”

“What a lesson one may learn from this flower! And how few behold its beauty, or smell its rich fragrance! O Mary, you would not value a night's watching, if you could enjoy what I have with this flower. The fragrance and beauty of it are almost gone, but not the lesson I have received. I have often heard people say, that they look from nature up to nature's God. And they think oftentimes, that in so doing they worship him as they ought. But can they feel his presence, unless they feel and believe that nature's God is their Redeemer? And unless we feel, that he is *our* Redeemer,

and that his blood has been shed for us—how can we feel that he is more to us, than he is to this little flower?”

“Our meditation for July first, if I mistake not, is—‘My Saviour is the One Mediator between God and man.’ How very pleasant it is to study this little book, ‘My Saviour?’ Mary, I have felt to-night that he is indeed *my* Creator and Saviour.

“Four o’clock. For the last hour I have been watching my poor, dying flower. Its beauty is all gone. And I have been listening too for the welcome sound of rain, as I hear the distant sound of thunder. But the cloud, I think, is passing from us, and there is no rain. But it will come all in good time. The thunder has passed away, and now the birds have begun their sweet morning songs. It is delightful to hear their sweet songs, and more so when I remember that this is the Sabbath. Aside from pain, what I now enjoy is a foretaste of the heavenly rest,—

‘Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given.’”

The attentive reader must have marked the beauty and fitness of the poetical passages, which appear in such extracts from her writings, as the foregoing. Quite a collection might be made from her papers, rich according to its extent, as the richest compilation yet seen in our

noble language, designed for the especial comfort and joy of the afflicted. Her love of beauty also, in whatever form, attracted to her mind and heart the choicest variety of other poetic effusions. It is not known that she ever attempted to express her thoughts or sentiments in any versification of her own. But in her artless, and most unpretending compositions, there was not seldom an unconscious kindling of poetic fervor.

“*Jan. 2, 1853.* O Mary, dear Mary, was there ever on this earth such a glorious Sabbath morning? And new year too? ‘He casteth forth his ice like morsels.’ If the Psalmist had the glorious sight I now have before my eyes he could not help exclaiming,—‘O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.’ God has indeed ‘cast forth his ice like morsels.’ Nature has put on a splendid robe for the new year.

‘Tis winter’s jubilee,—this day  
His stores their countless treasures yield.  
See how the diamond glances play  
In ceaseless blaze from trees and field.

‘A shower of gems is strewed around,  
The flowers of winter, rich and rare;  
Rubies and sapphires deck the ground,  
The topaz, emerald, all are there.’

“I can see, dear M., from my window, just two elm trees, covered as it were with silver. I am almost blinded by the sight, as the sun



shines upon them. What an exhibition of purity! None but infinite wisdom and power can so soon bring forth such a picture of beauty. If the two trees I can see, fill my mind with so much pleasure, what must those feel and enjoy, who can see a greater number?"

"I call this splendid exhibition our heavenly Father's new year's present to his children. What a splendid world this might have been, if sin had never entered it. And even now, Mary, sinful as I am, I cannot look upon this splendid glitter of gems, without feeling this to be a fore-taste of heaven. Of the New Jerusalem, John says,—'Her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper-stone, clear as crystal. \* \* \* And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.'"

"Since I have been writing, the sun has melted away much of the beauty of nature's silver robe. Still much remains. But how soon all will be gone. How strikingly emblematical of human life is this scene. Life and death, sunshine and tears. We should be the better for such lessons. But how soon we forget them."

Did not she who could so write, and who continued even more than seven years longer thus to feel, to write, and to exemplify, have *triumph* in her *trial*? But as yet the half of either part

of her experience has scarcely been suggested, much less portrayed.

In Jan. 1845, she was lifted carefully from her bed, and in a few minutes was replaced. She had not been thus moved for almost a year. The convulsive excitement was sadly disastrous. As soon as her head was laid again upon her pillows, her mouth closed with a new and most alarming sensation. Entering her room just at this hour, her pastor saw her in tears. It was the only time he ever saw her weep, on account of any suffering in her afflicted body. But the tears were flowing fast, as she said to him, with a laboring utterance,—“My jaws are locked, and I am afraid they will never be opened again!” Her worst fears were realized. For sixteen years and a half her jaws were locked, immovably.

She was obliged during all this time to take her nourishment in a liquid form, through a glass tube, which was inserted on one side of her mouth, in an opening caused by the extraction of defective teeth. Her articulation was of course obstructed and otherwise impaired.

A little more than three years later, (Feb. 1848,) while seized of a violent influenza, she lost her voice, so as never afterwards to be able

to speak, except in whispering sounds. And about the same time, her teeth and gums became excessively sore and painful, from an inequality in the pressure of the upper and lower parts of the mouth. A skilful dentist undertook the removal of seventeen or more perfectly sound teeth, and to substitute an artificial set, in a frame-work, which might equalize the pressure, that had been so insupportable.

To submit to such an operation, in any circumstances, would be quite enough for more than an average share of resolution. But with those fine teeth in that fastly closed mouth, it was a trial to herself scarcely inferior to the terrific cauterizing, fifteen years previous, and was borne with the same unblenching firmness. On two or three different days, the work was accomplished. The experiment of the substitute was equally successful, and afforded her a most happy relief.

Beside the bodily diseases already mentioned or indicated, she had great suffering, at different times, from neuralgic affections of the face, the eyes, the ears, and the head generally. For some one or more of her maladies, blisters upon blisters, large and small, but of the most irritating kind, were applied and were usually as

anodynes or opiates, in contrast with the anguish endured without them. Almost every year she had either a rheumatic or a lung fever. For weeks together, she seemed just on the eve of departure. Several times she was also brought to the very borders of the grave, by dysentery or cholera; in some years attacked by the former in winter, and the latter in summer; while of the influenza and other epidemics of our climate, she had at least as full an apportionment as any of her neighbors.

From the chronic and occasional ailments or maladies, and from the "unchanging sameness in which," as she said, she was "obliged to lie," her whole digestive organization was incurably disordered. As a natural consequence, there was indigestion, costiveness, flatulency, or nausea, which required the most active and powerful remedies of the *Materia Medica*. If now *strangury* be added, it can surprise no one that there was not an hour or moment of consciousness, with an entire exemption from pain or distress. When suffering only her chronic maladies, and considering herself very comfortably sick, she seldom had more than an hour or two of sleep in twenty-four. Often she was awake all the night, as well as all the day.

If there is a record of such an accumulation and complication of bodily inflictions in any other sufferer,—where is it to be found? Would it have been strange, is she should often have said, —“Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, where-with the Lord hath afflicted me?” But this, or anything like this, she was never heard to say, or to intimate.

Her appearance much of the time would naturally prompt an inquiry, like that of a Christian lady from abroad, “Do you have much suffering?” The answer was,—“I am never free from pain, but I do not suffer anything compared with what the Saviour suffered for me.” This she said in as natural and as pleasant a manner as can be conceived. She was as far as any one could be, from all affectation of seriousness or solemnity, and from imitating what has been called “*a holy tone.*”

A clergyman who was also from abroad, having been much interested in her case, inquired of her,—if the thought ever came into her mind, whether so much suffering as hers would not entitle her to a high place in heaven. With a most intense look of mingled astonishment and grief, she replied,—“Why, *no!* *I never had such a thought.*”

Beside bodily inflictions, she had more than a common experience of sorrow for the dead, who in life were most dear to her heart. Some of her bereavements were brought into view in previous chapters. Brothers and nephews were lost at sea, or died in foreign lands. One most estimable brother was smitten down by assassins, on the island of Luzon, near Manila, when just ready to embark for home, after an absence of eight years. The intelligence well nigh crushed to the earth the whole circle of wife, mother, sister, brothers, and other kindred; although not a doubt could be felt, that the Lord Jesus received the spirit of the dear departed, as certainly as he did that of the dying Stephen.

The father had died some years previous. The aged mother fell asleep in March, 1856. Her death had been anticipated with "great heaviness and continual sorrow," for almost a year. From 1830, to 1855, she had ministered to her afflicted daughter with an admirable Christian firmness, united with an unsurpassed maternal tenderness. In their religious persuasions and hopes they were one, and in constitutional elements of character perfectly congenial. Hence few hours were happier than when they

could be in undisturbed communion, as usually they were late in the evening.

The mother had been blessed with excellent health for eighty years, when she was prostrated by a most painful sickness. Occupying an adjoining room, her irrepressible groans would reach the ears of her suffering child, who for months could not bear to think of the end. In one instance, however, when much moved himself, the writer said,—“Sarah, it does indeed seem a mystery that your dear mother, at her advanced age, should be afflicted by such excruciating anguish!” “It is to make us willing to part with her,”—was the immediate reply, with a flood of tears. From this time, there was manifest the needed and the full preparation to bless “the God of patience and consolation” for the hour of that devoted mother’s merciful release.

One who providentially had been in training for several years, as an assistant in the care of the survivor, was found entirely capable of serving her in her peculiar need. The blessing was more and more gratefully appreciated, in the years which were yet to be numbered for the completion of her trial. Her pastor’s resignation in Dec. 1859, was an event which engross-

ed her thoughts with a variously disquieting influence; although as to herself she anticipated no change in his ministrations.

In the following spring, the return of a beloved brother, after a long sojourn in China or the islands of the "Orient," was so grateful and cheering to her, that while the steady progress of decline and decay was as plain to herself as to others, there was yet a seeming increase of love of life and interest in earthly scenes. Upon this brother it had been her privilege to lean for pecuniary support; and his fraternal kindness was to the last all that she could desire.

Less and less able to do that miscellaneous handwork, which had so much beguiled the painfulness and weariness of previous years, she the more enjoyed the care of the household and the society of her old and tried friends. These were never more dear to her, nor was she to them. Her books also, and her journals of intelligence, had a larger share of her time.

As mid-summer of 1860 approached, her feebleness was premonitory of her last great change. She spoke at times very feelingly of her dread of August, as the month in which she must expect a return of that malady, which had repeatedly brought her so near to the grave. She



seemed quite sure that she could not survive another visitation of the cholera, if it should be as severe as it had been wont to be. The thought of death did not trouble her; but her heart's desire was, if so it could be, that in some other way the silver cord might be loosed.

At the beginning of the dreaded August, her symptoms were more hopeful than they had been for several months. Near the middle of the month, her guardian brother took a journey to a distant resort of invalids, without any apprehension that he would hear her voice no more in "welcome home." He was also absent who had been her pastor for more than a quarter of a century, and fully expecting, if spared to return, that he should find her still living to witness for the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ.

Suddenly, the dreaded malady came. The usual remedies were promptly applied. The faithful attendant and nurse, unwilling to think of a fatal issue, was, as ever before, unremitting in her services,—her whole manner being cheerful and her words encouraging. The physician early saw those signs of "the last of earth," which he would gladly not have seen. Yet his remembrances of the past did not allow him to relinquish all hope.

On the 17th and 18th of August, the malady was increasingly severe. The next day was the Sabbath. The languor of the sufferer was extreme, and at intervals the pains were intense. None were admitted to her room but those who could not be spared. Few and faint were her words, and these such only as her bodily condition instinctively prompted. When a little respite from suffering, she seemed "in perfect peace," and as "fearing no evil." She had been "in deaths oft," and had given, as she supposed, her dying testimony to the Saviour's loving-kindness and faithfulness. It was so ordained, that she should now scarcely utter another word. And what one word more was needed?

In the evening she was sleeping quietly, and so continued, until about midnight. Awaking, she was restless and distressed. On a return of the peculiar virulence of her malady, she faintly whispered, "*This will be the finishing of me.*" It was soon beyond her power to articulate a sentence. Her rational consciousness glimmered only for moments, lighting up the shadow of death upon those around.

Her physician's countenance was so marked, that she fixed her eyes expressively upon him. After repeated struggles, she was understood to

say, "Doctor, you are troubled,"—her manner implying that all was well with herself. There were a few minutes of silence, when she opened her eyes as if a vision of scenes immortal had burst upon her inward view, and with an exclamation, as of sudden and delighted recognition of loved ones who had gone before, she peacefully expired.

Monday morning, August 20, 1860, when the sun rose, hers, as we cannot doubt, was the everlasting light of the glorified, in "the paradise of God."

*From Sarah's Poetical Selections.*

Chamber of sickness! Much to thee I owe,  
 Though dark thou be;  
 The lesson it imports me most to know  
 I owe to thee!  
 A sacred seminary thou hast been,  
 I trust, to train me to a happier scene.

Chamber of sickness! Suffering and alone,  
 My friends withdrawn,  
 The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone  
 On me forlorn,  
 With such a hallowed vividness and power  
 As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

Chamber of sickness! Midst thy silence oft  
 A voice is heard,  
 Which though it falls like dew on flowers, so soft,  
 Yet speaks each word  
 Into the aching heart's unseen recess,  
 With power no earthly accents could possess.

Chamber of sickness! In that bright abode  
 Where there is no more pain,  
 If through the merits of my Saviour God  
 A seat I gain,  
 This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays,  
 That in thy shelter passed my early days.

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I would not have this gloomy view  
About my room, around my bed;  
But early violets, bathed in dew,  
To ease this burning, throbbing head.

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When adverse winds and waves arise,  
And in my heart despondence sighs,—  
When life her throng of care reveals,  
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,—  
Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
That 'as my day, my strength shall be.

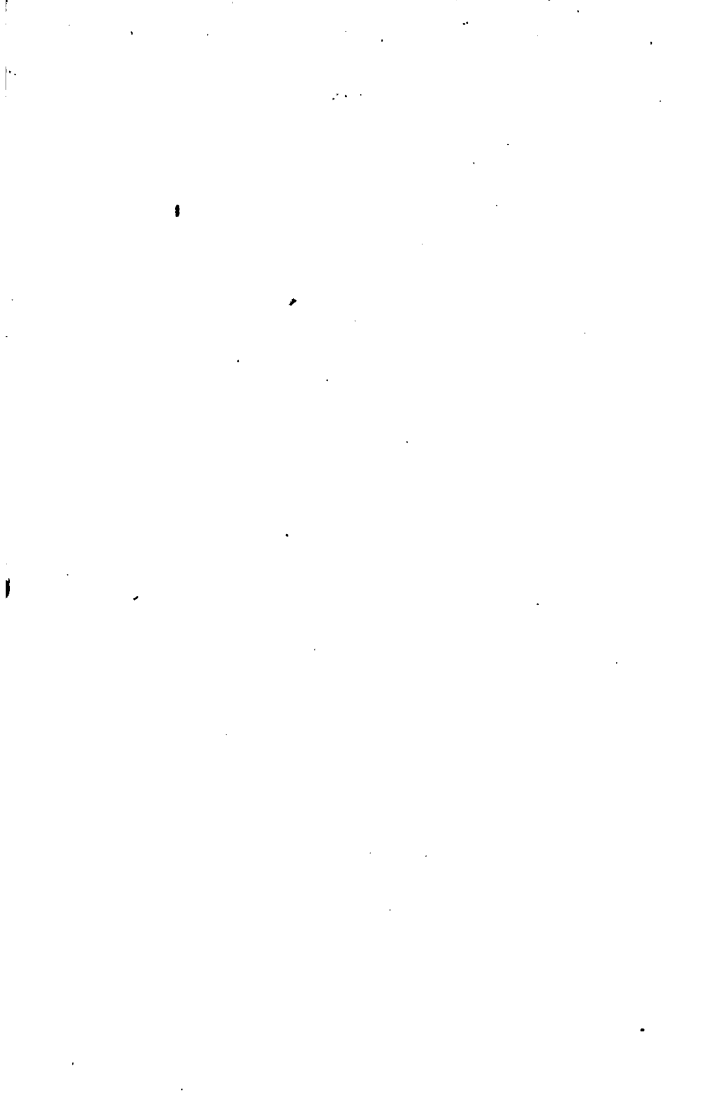
When, with sad footstep, memory roves,—  
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,—  
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,  
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,—  
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,  
That 'as my day, my strength shall be.'

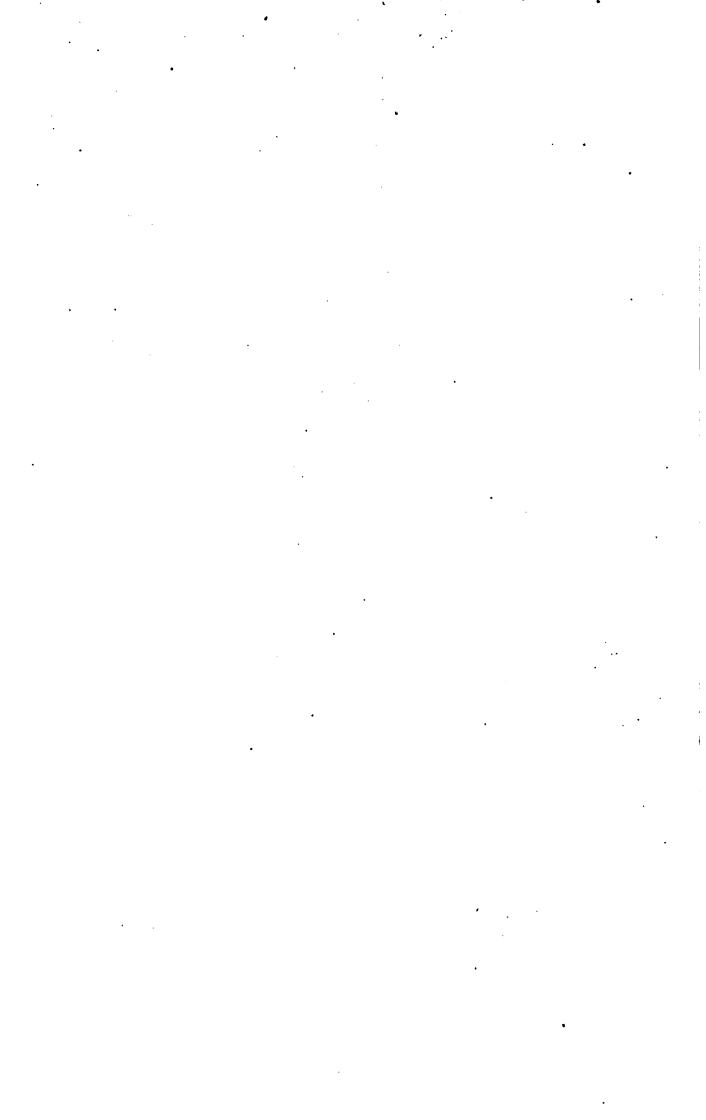
One trial more must yet be past,  
One pang,—the keenest, and the last,—  
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,  
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,  
Redeemer, grant my soul to see  
That 'as the day, her strength shall be.'

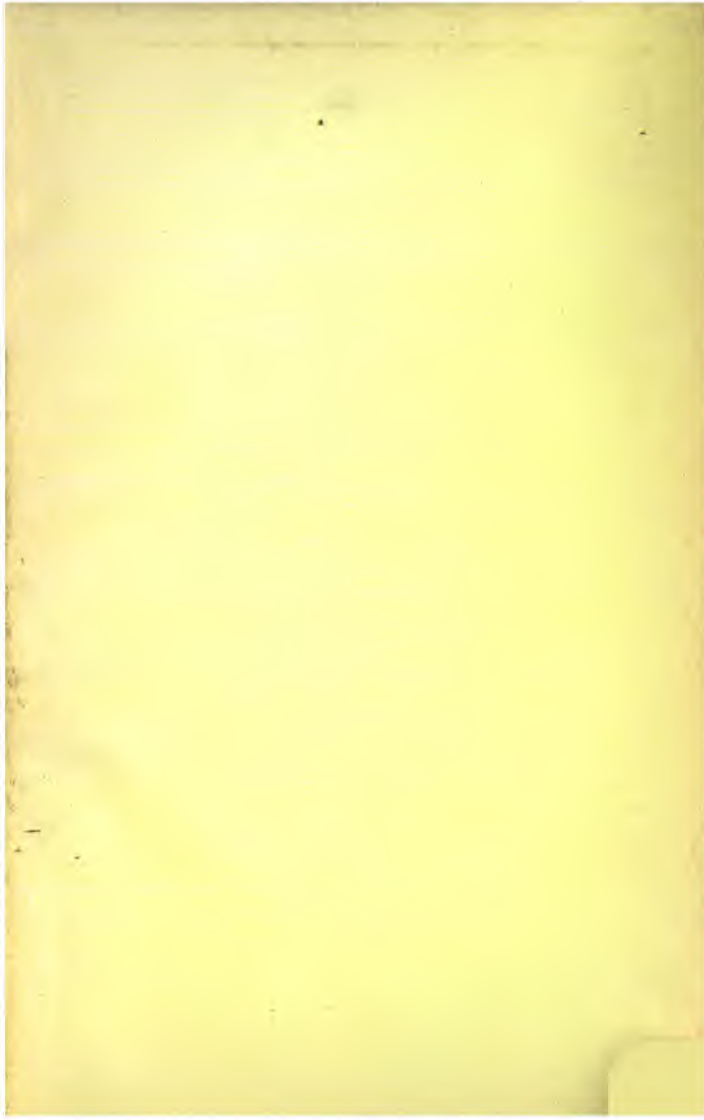
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The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease,  
And life's long warfare closed at last;  
Her soul is found in peace.

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US 13612.2  
Triumph in trial.  
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