



My
Mother's
Journal

In Memoriam
Lydia Clark Symmes



Mrs LYDIA FLETCHER CLARK SYMMES AND HER TWO SONS.

My Mother's Journal

*Edited, with Introductory Notes of Her Life,
by her Son,*

FRANCIS E. CLARK

Strongest souls
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least.—*Wordsworth.*



United Society of Christian Endeavor
Boston and Chicago

Note to the Second Edition

SOME years ago, as a memorial to a rare and saintly character, I printed this little volume, and since have given away nearly five hundred copies to friends and acquaintances who I thought would be helped and comforted by reading it.

From many of them have come requests for other copies for other friends, and an earnest desire that it should be sold like other books. This suggestion, at first, I felt that I could not entertain, and continued to give away the copies until the edition was exhausted. Still the requests have come, and many whose judgment I esteem have assured me that the book has large possibilities of good, which should not be confined to a limited personal circulation.

So I have given permission to the United Society of Christian Endeavor to print another edition of the "Journal," with the understanding that all profits from its publication, if any, shall be used in the extension of the cause of Christian Endeavor, and that no personal return shall ever come to me from its sale, or to those who may come after me.

I feel confident that the one who here tells a fragment of her life-story, the story of a few brief years filled with earthly sorrow but also with divine joy, would like to contribute to this cause, and that I may be thus carrying out her wishes, who, though she has been in the heavenly land for more than fifty years, is, I am sure, no less interested in the religious training of the young than if she were still with us.

Many friends have told me that for them this book was a stimulus to devotion and godly living, a companion of their Quiet Hour, a revealer of Christ in the person of one of His disciples, a lesson in bearing sorrow, and a sustainer of faith in days of heavy grief and trial.

That this new edition may still bring forth these fruits of the Spirit is my wish and prayer.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Boston, August, 1911.



*This little memorial of a beautiful life
is dedicated to any heavy-laden souls who
may learn from this sorrow-stricken, but
patient and happy, life, how to trust in the
God of the widow and the fatherless.*



HER LIFE.

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

WITH profounder emotions than I ever felt in approaching a similar task do I undertake the editing of this little volume, the personal journal of my mother, whose last entry was made nearly forty-one years ago. This journal, in its neat manuscript copy, has been my precious legacy during all these years, but of late I have resolved to share it with those who loved her, and perhaps with some sympathetic hearts who, though they did not know her in life, will learn to love her from this little memorial through which, though dead for forty years, she yet speaks to them.

Lydia Fletcher Clark was born September 30, 1814, and was noted even in her girlhood for her sweet and gentle disposition and for a peculiar faculty of endearing herself to family and friends. Brought up in the old New England régime, her father a Puritan deacon of the old school, herself one of the elder sisters in a large family of children, she added to sweetness strength, and to gentleness nobility

of character, and to winsomeness womanliness, and to innocent purity unselfish love to God and man.

Another formative influence in her life of great value was her school-days under the celebrated Mary Lyon, the foremost woman whom America has produced, in the old Academy at Ipswich, Mass., before she founded Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Among my chief possessions I prize a dog's-eared diary bound in an old bit of newspaper and written in my mother's cramped schoolgirl hand (she afterwards wrote a beautiful, legible, flowing style), recording the words of Mary Lyon at the chapel exercises, or her bright table-talk with her scholars.

Even in these early days Lydia Clark was noted not only for her gentleness and strength, but for a certain poetic gift which led her partial brothers and sisters to call her "Mrs. Sigourney the Second." Mrs. Sigourney was then the fashion, and was considered a much greater poet than future times have been willing to admit, so that the compliment was a more thoroughgoing one than it seems after the lapse of sixty years.

I think the readers of this little volume will admit, even without any specimens of her

verses, that the praise may have been deserved, for there is a beauty and finish about her journal which shows the poetic soul. At any rate, her life was a poem. A rhythm, a melody and harmony, ran all through it which Mrs. Sigourney, in musical numbers for the printed page, could never equal.

At the age of about twenty-five she married the man of her choice, Charles Carey Symmes, and her life poem grew in depth and beauty and heart melody.

I do not need to describe at length this happy marriage, so many allusions to it and to her "beloved husband" are found in the journal itself. It was apparently a perfect union of hearts. No harsh word, no unkind act, ever marred it, as she herself has recorded; and it lasted, we shall see, in all the intensity of its love and devotion far beyond the grave.

The young husband, though of old Massachusetts stock, his first ancestor in this country being the first minister of the first church in Charlestown, had shortly before his marriage established himself in Canada, where some relatives had preceded him, in the business of lumber merchant and civil engineer.

In those days the vast virgin forests of the

Ottawa offered rare inducements to enterprising young men from the States, and quite a Massachusetts colony had settled at Aylmer, a small village on the banks of the Ottawa, not far from where the capital city of Ottawa, then an insignificant village called Bytown, now stands.

To this village in the wilderness my father took his bride, and here, after some brief sojourns in other parts of Canada, they settled down.

Here their children were born: Charles Henry, Edward Carey, Katherine Noel, Francis Edward. The second and third children died in infancy, but the eldest and youngest lived to grow up, the eldest a remarkable boy whose story of joyous life and triumphant death is told in the latter part of this journal. The happy years flew by—happy in spite of the two little mounds in the Aylmer churchyard; happy in spite of the fact that the loved husband was away from home much of the time, in the wilderness among the savage beasts and savage men, hewing a way for civilization.

The beautiful wife and mother interested herself in the affairs of the little town, took an active part in church life and the primitive

society of the place, and left her impress, the impress of a sweet, womanly, Christlike nature, upon all whom she touched.

She spent a winter in Berthier, another frontier town of Quebec, and here, true to her instincts, at once began to make her little world brighter and better. Her light could not be hid, for it was an inner radiance, soft and gentle, but unquenchable. It could and must shine in the wilderness as brightly as in the city.

Fully forty years after she left Berthier an old woman came to me one day with a worn, battered, old-fashioned Sunday-school book in her hand, saying, "Your mother formed the first Sunday-school in Berthier. She collected a library for us, and we have cherished those books ever since because they came from her."

She was only a few months in this little log-house metropolis, but the impress of her life is felt to-day. Truly the good that men do lives after them. The memory of the just is blessed.

Winters and summers sped away, bringing their alternate and varied sunshine and cloud. There were many partings in the little cottage at Aylmer, as the loved and loving husband frequently set out for "the Bush" on his long

surveying and lumber-locating expeditions ; but then there were just as many home-comings and happy reunions, when, for a few days or weeks, all too brief, the family at Cherry Cottage (for this was the name of the little house my father had built) were reunited again.

Just as many home-comings ? Alas ! there was one less, for once, in the summer of 1854, the husband kissed his wife and left their home for the last time. It was the fatal cholera year. Old inhabitants still recall it with a shudder. The dread disease, imported from Europe with the emigrants, secured a dreadful and sudden grip upon the New World.

It raged with awful fury. Whole towns were decimated. Ship-loads of passengers in crossing the Atlantic never saw the new land for which they were bound, but, swept away by the dreadful disease, found a grave in the stormy Atlantic. Many, however, lived to reach the New World, but only to fall victims to the scourge. It raged with frightful virulence. In a few short hours the hardy woodsman who all his life had been robust and vigorous was taken sick, died, and was buried. The step between life and death was never shorter. In three hours often the disease ran its course.

There were weeping and wailing and a nameless horror of sudden death in all the land.

One of those whom this dread disease claimed was Charles Carey Symmes, the young husband and father, who a few weeks before had left his Cherry Cottage home in high health and spirits.

The dreadful news was broken to the widow, and she hurried to Three Rivers, a town midway between Montreal and Quebec, where her husband had died; but it was too late even to see his face. The virulence of the disease demanded almost immediate burial, and when she reached Three Rivers, though hurrying as fast as steam could carry her, the sod had covered her beloved for many hours.

"Husband of my youth," she sobs to her journal in after-years, "beloved of my heart, could I but have seen you, could I but have imprinted one kiss on that dear brow, could I have felt the pressure of those dear hands, and heard the last loving farewell! But it was not the will of my heavenly Father," she adds, "and He doeth all things well."

Even in her memories of bitterest grief the thought "He doeth all things well" underlay and sweetened them all. She left him there in his silent resting-place and returned to her home,

two hundred miles away in the wilderness, and to her two fatherless boys.

But now we see the noblest part of a noble life, the four years and a half of struggle that ensued for an independence.

She had not come of sturdy New England stock for nothing. The blood of the Pilgrims, who loved independence, personal, religious, political, flowed in her veins. She had not gone to Mary Lyon's school for nothing.

Necessity was laid upon her, and in meeting this necessity in the spirit of cheerful courage and abounding love to God and his children she found her great opportunity. She opened a private school. Pupils flocked to Cherry Cottage. They could not pay much, and she did not ask much, but enough to keep body and soul together, to pay her modest bills, to keep her children with her, and to provide something for the education of the older one. A few boarding-pupils added to her slender income.

Cherry Cottage became the centre of mirth and youthful good spirits,—good spirits which were never unduly repressed by the gentle mistress,—as well as the centre of studious habits and noble character-building.

A second Mt. Holyoke was started in the wilds of Canada—on a small scale, to be sure, and with a very modest prospectus and curriculum, but a second Mt. Holyoke, because a spirit kindred to and the peer of Mary Lyon presided there. More than three years passed away. Of the last two the journal tells in more simply eloquent and pathetic words than I can hope to use, and I will let it tell its own story. But one more great billow was to pass over this patient soul.

Her son Charles grew up to be a manly, strong, wholesome, fun-loving, but gentle boy, the kind of boy that ripens into a true gentleman. Far and away the best scholar in his class at school, he was a boy who was not ashamed to help his mother in the kitchen and the garden. An earnest, active Christian and communicant of the same church with her, mother and son walked hand in hand. At first he leaned the more heavily upon her; but as he grew to manhood, the weight began to shift, and she found herself leaning upon the strong, willing arm of Charles the son, as she had before leaned upon the arm of Charles the father.

He never disappointed her, but returned love for love, and answered unselfish care with a

care almost as unselfish as the mother's. Daily he grew to be her pride, her support, her joy. He developed literary tastes and gifts, and a long story of much merit, but which in his modesty he afterwards burned, was written by him. His future seemed to be full of the largest promise, as his present was of the largest comfort.

He was almost seventeen, but care and responsibility seemed to have added half a dozen years to his age. He was almost a full-grown man in ability to share his mother's burdens, though still a child in his tender love, when, suddenly, after a few days of illness, this staff was taken from the frail woman, and the mother-heart was wrenched from its last earthly support.

It may be that the account of his last days moves me more than a stranger ; but I am much mistaken if any one can read the record in the journal of October 10, with eyes that are quite dry.

But I do not wish to write a biography. I wish the journal to speak for itself and to tell of the sweet heart that wrote it. It is but a fragment of her life, to be sure. It tells the story of only a comparatively few days scat-

tered through the last two years of that life ; but it really tells of all that life. This pure gold is a sample of all the rest. This record could not have been made had there not been forty years of pure, unselfish love to God and man behind it.

I have given in this brief outline of her life only enough to explain the journal.

Perhaps I may be permitted to call attention to some striking mental and spiritual traits herein revealed, and which a stranger might not so easily catch.

First, my mother's gratitude and thanksgiving for *little mercies*, as recorded in her journal, impresses me most profoundly, and rebukes my own ungrateful life. Many a woman would have thought she had very little cause for gratitude. A widow thrown in early life upon her own resources ; a family to support by the hard, grinding life of a schoolmistress ; far from her childhood's home and hundreds of miles from most of her relatives and early friends, in a remote though not inhospitable frontier village — what had she to be peculiarly grateful for ?

Yet almost every entry is a psalm of thanksgiving. In the smallest occurrence she found evidence of God's peculiar goodness.

The ability to lay in a winter's supply of wood, the payment of a just debt by one of her scholars, the kindness of a blacksmith who mended some kitchen utensils for her, the thoughtfulness of a neighbor in putting a load of tan-bark under a loose foundation to keep out the cold, the faithfulness of the kitchen-maid, a kind note, a pleasant call,—all fill her heart with gladness and her lips with praise, and cause her to cry out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Let me transcribe a few lines :—

FEBRUARY 7.—I see much, very much, to be thankful for. Almost every one has paid their bills, and I have been able to pay all I owe, and have a little left. . . . I received a kind note from Mrs. Symmes and a pleasant call from Mr. Thompson.

How few would think such trivialities worth a grateful thought! Fewer still would think them worth recording as special mercies.

FEBRUARY 18.—To-day I was better, and this evening feel quite well. How much I have to be grateful for in my continued health!

MARCH 23.—To-day I paid for thirty cords of wood for next year's use. How thankful should I be that I have the means for my family when

many a poor widow sees her children suffer with cold and hunger! To-day I received a letter from Mrs. S. with seven pounds for her daughter's board and tuition. O for a grateful heart!

Most people would think the collection of a just bill, that barely enabled her to live, hardly cause for a sigh of gratitude.

NOVEMBER 13.—How much have I to be grateful for that I am surrounded by temporal blessings at this season of the year! Let me enumerate some of them. I have a good, comfortable house, an abundance of good, dry wood; I have on hand provisions sufficient, or nearly so, for three months, and my own health and that of my children is very good. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

OCTOBER 21.—I have taken a new bedroom over the kitchen, which is very warm and comfortable. . . . Truly the Lord is good, and will not suffer the soul of those who trust in Him to want.

Could anything show more plainly the possession of the "merry heart" that doeth good like a medicine?

All things earthly, too, seemed to remind her of their heavenly prototypes. Spring comes, with the springing flowers, and reminds her of

“What must heaven be, where no thorns and briars intrude among the flowers and fruits that grow in the Paradise of God?”

The mild radiance of a summer night calls her thought beyond the stars, and, as she thinks of the loved one gone before, she cries out, “Oh, what exquisite scenery may he not now behold! My husband, my husband, when shall I join you?”

But why need I quote more, when every page, almost every line, breathes an other-worldliness, a heavenly peace, a joy in God, a sense of His presence and of the absolute reality of eternal things? If I am not mistaken, many wounded and broken hearts will find comfort in the widow's account of her eldest son's death. That she was able to write it, that her faith remained unshaken, that her confidence in God's unchanging goodness suffered no eclipse even when her hot tears fell on the freshly broken sod that covered her son, her joy and her support, is as good an evidence of Christianity, as sure a token of the reality of the comforting presence of God, as one could find in searching many a ponderous tome.

In closing this brief story of the life of one of God's saints I would only remind my friends

that this journal was not written for publication. The writer had no thought that it would be seen by eyes other than her own, and perhaps her immediate family. I doubt if she even supposed her own son would treasure it. But surely after the lapse of forty years no delicacy need prevent the publication of such a record. No unpleasant secrets are here revealed; no word of censure is recorded; no morbid introspection is indulged; no self-conscious posings for others to admire, no conceited self-vivisection, as in the case of Marie Bashkirtseff; but the simple inner record of a white and saintly life. Though the book is published primarily for relatives and friends, I believe it may have its own sweet message for some others as well, and that through its pages to them, also, this saint in heaven after forty years may speak comfort and peace.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Boston, January, 1900.



HER JOURNAL.

*"Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."*

1857.

JANUARY 1.—Another year has commenced its rapid course. Where will its close find me? How merciful that the future is hidden from us! The day has passed away very pleasantly. The young ladies and Charlie have been very gay, and seem to have enjoyed themselves very much. We have had a number of visitors, and now all is quiet. All have retired to rest except myself, and in the quiet stillness of the hour I would look up to my heavenly Father for grace to guide me through the year upon which I have entered. I met with some sweet, consoling lines this evening which I will copy:—

Cling to the Mighty One, cling in thy grief ;
Cling to the Holy One, He gives relief.
Cling to the Gracious One, cling in thy pain ;
Cling to the Faithful One, He will sustain.
Cling to the Living One, cling in thy woe ;
Cling to the Loving One, through all below.
Cling to the Pardoning One, He speaketh peace ;
Cling to the Healing One, anguish shall cease.
Cling to the Bleeding One, cling to His side ;
Cling to the Risen One, in Him abide.
Cling to the Coming One, hope shall arise ;
Cling to the Reigning One, joy lights thine eyes.

SATURDAY EVENING.—The last day of my vacation is ended. I have accomplished something, though not as much as I could have wished. The new year thus far opens very auspiciously. God grant that my heart may not be lifted up, that I may not say, My own wisdom and might hath gotten me all this prosperity, but may I ever ascribe the praise and glory to my heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

SABBATH EVENING, JANUARY 4.—O for grace and wisdom to do my duty! It is true I have undertaken the school for the purpose of obtaining a support for myself and family, but God grant that I may never think solely of the money gained, but may I strive really to benefit the children, and fit them not only for usefulness and happiness here, but for happiness and glory hereafter.

JANUARY 10.—This morning purchased some beef, but had to borrow the money to pay for it; but this P. M. received more than sufficient to repay it. The mercies of the Lord are new every morning, fresh every evening. This eve my house has been quite gay with young people. To-morrow is the Blessed Sabbath of Rest. May it be a happy day with us all!

JANUARY 13.—Received to-day two dollars for the use of my piano. This small sum I had previously determined to devote to the Lord, but as my purse is very low at present, the selfish

thought came into my mind to appropriate it to my own use. But better thoughts prevailed, and I trust I feel it a privilege to be able to give something for the support of charitable objects. Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive.

JANUARY 18.—Rather a pleasant day in school, but I find I am too easily annoyed and agitated if I hear anything to the prejudice of my school. I must expect censure and ingratitude where perhaps I have bestowed the most pains. Still I must not repine, but put my trust in Him who hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." O, what should we do without the precious promises of the Bible? Would that I had more faith, more trust in my heavenly Father! May I go forward calmly and bravely in the path of duty, fearing no evil, but putting my trust in my Redeemer.

JANUARY 28.—This evening my house has been quite gay with young people. I love to see them enjoy themselves. Received a few dollars to-day, which I am very glad of, as my purse had become very low. May I be glad and rejoice in all the good things which the Lord bestoweth upon me.

JANUARY 29.—Received a call to-day from Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Shepmet. I was rejoiced to see them. What pleasure to meet friends on earth, and what must be the pleasure of meeting the dear ones who have gone before us to that Better Land! What joy will it be to meet there my beloved husband, and our dear mothers and

our dear little ones, and the many dear ones who have gone before me! What joy will it be to unite with them in singing praises to Him who hath washed us and redeemed us with His own blood!

JANUARY 30.—To-day several of my pupils brought their tuition-fee, so that I have been enabled to pay Miss M. and Rose what I was owing them, and I have a few dollars left. How grateful should I be for all these mercies! There was some quarrelling among my pupils at noon to-day, which made me very unhappy; but I lifted my heart for guidance and direction, and I hope that what I said to the school may have a good effect. O for wisdom to guide me!

JANUARY 31.—A severe snow-storm—roads drifting. God pity the poor and the wayfarer! Received to-day a letter from my dear sister Mary, full of love and kindness. How ill do I deserve her praise! How little do our dearest friends know our hearts! None but the All-seeing One knoweth the motives of our hearts. How differently must His pure eyes see us from our partial friends! O to obtain His favor and approbation!

FEBRUARY 1.—May I have wisdom and grace to do my duty without feeling anxious about my success in a pecuniary point of view. "Take no thought of the morrow," "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

FEBRUARY 2.—The first of the term, and though the roads were so terribly drifted I had over twenty-five pupils to commence with. I could not have expected so many. How good has the Lord been to me! What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

FEBRUARY 3.—To-day received a very polite and kind note from Bessie's mamma, thanking me for my kindness to her daughter, and requesting my bill and she will settle it. This letter is a great encouragement, and I trust I shall be truly grateful to my heavenly Father for all His goodness. I desire to see every blessing coming from His hand.

FEBRUARY 7.—Saturday eve has again come with its quiet and rest. In looking back over the week I see much, very much, to be thankful for. Almost all pupils have paid their bills, and I have been able to pay all I owe and have a little left. I have had some peculiar social pleasures. Miss Gordon, a former pupil, is paying us a visit, with Miss T., a sister of another. I received a kind note from Mrs. Symmes and a pleasant call from Mr. Thompson. He was an old friend of my beloved Charles, and told me he dined with him only the day before he died. How I value the friendship of those who were his friends! May I ever prove worthy of such a husband! How much happier is my lot than that of many a poor

widow who mourns a degraded and wicked partner! But the memory of my beloved one is fragrant in many hearts, and his name will long be remembered by all who knew him.

FEBRUARY 14, SATURDAY EVENING.—This morning received a note from Mr. O. C. with an order for seven pounds thirteen shillings, which I at once obtained, so that I have now sufficient money to pay for my year's wood and to buy a few things besides. This P. M. went to Bytown¹ with Mrs. A. and Johnny. They were very kind to take me. May I be truly grateful for all the blessings in my pathway. How good has the Lord been to me in raising up for me kind and generous friends!

FEBRUARY 16.—A wet, rainy day. Several pupils absent on account of the weather. Received a paper to-day with the news of the death of my only remaining aunt on my mother's side. After a separation of forty years the sisters have at last met. What a reunion! How joyful perhaps my dear husband and mother have met ere this, and perchance they sometimes converse of the dear ones they left on earth, and my little ones. My spirit sometimes longs to fly away and join that bright angelic band. How fast the ties of earth are loosening among us and new attractions draw us to the skies! Angel hands beckon us to come, and the dear, dear Saviour has said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Why should

¹ Now Ottawa.

we fear death when so many dear ones have passed through its dark portals? It seems strange, oh, so strange! to think even now that my dear husband is dead, that he has passed the gate and left me behind him. O my husband, my husband, can I ever realize that you are gone? O my Father, give me submission to Thy will. Be Thou the God of the widow, the father of the fatherless.

FEBRUARY 19.—To-day received a call from Mr. C. to settle his bill for his daughter's tuition. I have no trouble in collecting my bills. Every one pays me. How thankful should this make me! Some teachers have great trouble in collecting their bills. To-day I received a letter from my aged parents. Their health is good, and they call down blessings on my head and on the heads of my children. What cause have I for gratitude, that I have kind and Christian friends who plead with my heavenly Father in my behalf!

FEBRUARY 24.—My pupils are very constant, the weather seldom keeping them away from school, for which I am very glad. On the whole, things have gone on pleasantly thus far this week. I sometimes feel anxious lest I should not do all in my power for the improvement of my pupils, but it is my earnest and daily prayer that I may be faithful to my trust. This week the man of whom I engaged wood has commenced to draw it. What a blessing that I had money

enough last year to purchase a year's stock beforehand, and now I have money enough on hand to pay for wood enough for next year! How wonderful have been the mercies of the Lord to me! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich, He bringeth low and lifteth up.

MARCH 13.—This week I have been quite ill, more so than for years before; but, thank God, I am now much better, and so is my little Frank. My heavenly Father has been very merciful in giving me such uninterrupted health since I commenced my school. May I be indeed grateful! How numerous and wonderful are His mercies to me! Friday I received two barrels of flour in payment for tuition, so that now I have three barrels on hand. Truly the widow's barrel of meal has not failed.

MARCH 23.—To-day I paid for thirty cords of wood for my next year's use. How thankful should I be that I have the means of providing so well for my family, while many a poor widow sees her children suffer with cold and hunger! I have always had an abundance for my family. How much reason have I for gratitude! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name.

APRIL 12.—This week closes the present term of my school. I am to have an examination on Friday. I hope everything will go off well. I

must try and not feel too anxious and troubled about it. How much reason have I for gratitude for all my comforts and blessings! Bessie has been telling me of Mrs. H., who is left a widow with eleven children, many of them too young to do anything for themselves, and a heavy rent to pay for her house. How much harder is her lot than mine! O that I may be grateful for all my mercies!

APRIL 17.—Our examination is over. Notwithstanding the state of the roads, we had quite a roomful of visitors. It was very kind of them and certainly manifested a good deal of interest in the school. The examination passed off very well. Some of the younger members were confused and did not answer as well as usual, but some of them answered very well, and the singing was very good. On the whole, I think I ought to be grateful that everything was so successful as it was. I have, indeed, deep reason for gratitude for the success of my school. Truly the Lord has blessed my efforts. May I never forget to acknowledge Him in all my ways.

MAY 1.—The first week of my present term has passed. This term commences my third year of teaching, and how different my school now from what it was the first year! I commenced then with only eight pupils, and now I have thirty-three. How wonderfully has my heavenly Father prospered me! O for more gratitude, more love, more humility!

MAY 3.—A day of blessings. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me? O for a grateful heart! To-day I received a new boarding-pupil. It was quite unexpected. How wonderfully has my school prospered! I have now thirty-nine pupils, and I commenced with only eight. O that I may be faithful, and plan for their best good! O that I may be the means of leading them to look beyond this life to that higher and better life which is in store for all who really love and serve God!

MAY 24.—The weather has become mild and beautiful. The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. What joy, what beauty, in spring! With what gratitude should our hearts swell as we look on the beauties around us! And if earth is thus beautiful when marred by sin, what must heaven be, where there is no sin, where no thorns and briars intrude among the flowers and fruits that grow in the Paradise of our God? O for a more grateful heart for the mercies and blessings with which I am surrounded!

JUNE 22.—A wet day—still I had a full school. My pupils are seldom absent. I have a new girl, one whom I think I shall like very much. She is quiet and clean and does her work well. She is also a Protestant, and this circumstance is peculiarly pleasing to me. I have been wonderfully blessed with good and faithful servants, for which I have great reason to be thankful. I hope she

will like, and will prove to be as good as she now appears to be.

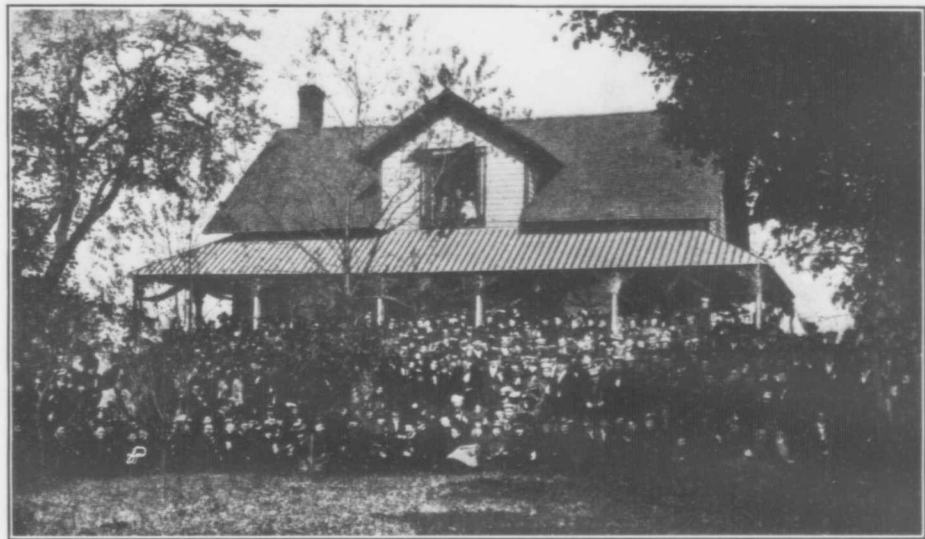
JULY 27.—A very warm day, but a beautiful evening. I have been sitting at the door watching the play of the lightning behind the distant clouds, which for the instant almost eclipsed the mild radiance of the moon. How lovely is the calm beauty of a summer night! How my dear husband used to enjoy the beauty of such an evening! I felt, as I sat there alone, almost as if I could feel his loving arms around me, and hear him calling upon me to admire the glory and beauty of all around me. But oh, what exquisite scenery may he not now behold! My husband, my husband, when shall I join you?

AUGUST 4.—To-day is the anniversary of the death of my beloved husband. Three years ago to-day since he closed his eyes on earthly things. Ah, my beloved husband, how little we thought, when we parted a few days before, that we should never meet again! Even yet I cannot realize that I shall see him no more upon earth. It seems as if I could hardly feel surprised should he now open the door and greet me with his loving smile. I dreamed of him a few nights since, as coming in and looking, O, so beautiful; and I said to him, "It wasn't true, then, that you were dead as they told me." But alas, three years have passed and he comes not. I shall go to him, but he will not return to me. And how merciful has been my heavenly Father! He is indeed the widow's God.

How wonderfully has He blessed my efforts to support my family! O that I may be deeply grateful that my own health and that of my children has been remarkably good! I have been able to keep Charles at school, to do a great deal for my house, and to live comfortably. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. Perhaps my beloved husband is permitted to watch over those whom he loved on earth. O that I could feel his beloved arms about me! But my Saviour's arms are around me, and He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

AUGUST 12.—Was much disappointed to-day in not having the plasterer come to finish my rooms. These little trials of life should be looked upon as a discipline to arm us with patience and resignation. But how often we suffer ourselves to be irritated and to become daily more impatient, instead of patient!

AUGUST 17.—The blessed Sabbath, with its rest and peace. A glorious day, so calm, so peaceful, the very air seemed holy. Walked in the woods with my little Frank, gave him water from my hand from the brook, and told him of Hagar and the dying Ishmael. Sat under the trees and listened to the music of the wind among the leaves. How beautiful is the earth; how glorious must heaven be! Last week I received some money from Montreal, so I shall be able to pay for the



CHERRY COTTAGE, ALYMER
ON THE DAY OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PILGRIMAGE FROM THE OTTAWA CONVENTION, 1896.

work done in my house as soon as it is finished. How good is the Lord to me! O that no distrustful feeling might ever arise in my heart! O for more faith, more trust!

SEPTEMBER 30.—My birthday. I am this day forty-three years old. Another year has been graciously added to my life, and it has been a year of prosperity and much happiness. My own health and that of my children has been almost uninterruptedly good. My school has prospered. I have had enough to supply the wants of my family and make some improvements in my house, which will make us more comfortable for the winter. What deep cause have I for gratitude! O that I may be more grateful, more thankful, for all my mercies! And what have I done the past year to acknowledge my gratitude? How have I spent my time? Many would perhaps say that I had done much; but my own conscience does not say, "She hath done what she could." O that I may accomplish, the new year which I have begun, more than ever before; and may my heavenly Father ever direct my steps!

OCTOBER 21.—I have changed my room for the winter. I have taken a new bedroom over the kitchen, which is very warm and comfortable. How grateful should I be for all my comforts and mercies! Truly the Lord is good, and will not suffer the soul of those who trust in Him to want. I received a call from Mr. O. on Sunday, the

friend who was with my dear husband in his last moments. He had been to Three Rivers, and visited the grave of my dear husband. This is a privilege which I long to enjoy, and hope that next summer I may accomplish it.

OCTOBER 24.—To-day spent the P. M. and took tea at Mr. L. Edey's, and had a very pleasant time. Received a letter from my dear brother Edward. It was a great pleasure to hear from him. May I be grateful for all my mercies; and among other mercies, and not the least, is having such friends. The consciousness of having virtuous and respectable friends is a great help in the battle of life. It gives one courage to go on in the path of duty even if difficulties are in the way. How much more will the consciousness that we have a heavenly Friend renew our courage, and animate our flagging zeal!

NOVEMBER 9.—Commenced to-day a new term; and though it was a very rainy, unpleasant day, I had twenty pupils. This is more than I expected, and I desire to be deeply grateful for my prosperity. My little boarder, too, E. G., is to remain with me till Christmas. Truly my cup runneth over with blessings. "How shall I thank Thee, Father; how express my debt of gratitude and thankfulness?"

NOVEMBER 13.—The holy Sabbath. Had an interesting class in the Sabbath-school. Attended church. Heard a sermon from the words, "Where two or three are gathered together in

my name, there am I in the midst of them." How much have I to be grateful for, that I am surrounded by temporal blessings at this season of the year! Let me enumerate some of them, that I may not be unmindful of them. I have a good, comfortable house, an abundance of good, dry wood; I have on hand provisions sufficient, or nearly so, for three months; and my own health and that of my children is very good. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

DECEMBER 15.—To-day received application for a new scholar, and as she is to take music and French, it will be quite an advantage to me. From what unexpected sources does relief come! Truly the Lord is good. May I never forget to acknowledge Him in all my ways.

DECEMBER 24.—The eve before Christmas, bright and cold, but I am surrounded by all the comforts of life. O that I may be truly grateful! How many a poor widow at this season of the year has not sufficient to make herself and children comfortable, whilst I have many even of the pleasures of life.

DECEMBER 31.—The last day of the year. Another year has gone, with its cares, its sorrows, and its joys. To some it has been fraught with joys, to others with sorrows; but blessings unnumbered have come to all. My poor sister Mary has lost her little son, and her heart bleeds with anguish for her darling. Ah, Death, Death,

how many sad hearts hast thou made the past year! How many desolate homes, how many lonely firesides! My own home has been spared the pale visitor. My two darling boys yet remain to me. O my Father, may I be truly grateful! My mercies the past year have been very great. I have been enabled to support my family in comfort, to improve my house; and, were I paid all that is due me, I should have at least a hundred dollars to put by for Charles's education. Whether I shall ever get this money I know not, but I hope I shall. But I must not think too much of it, lest I should be disappointed.

1858.

JANUARY 20.—To-day I purchased a half-barrel of fish and a quantity of oatmeal for my family use. How good is my heavenly Father in thus providing for my wants! May I ever be deeply grateful. Yesterday I received a very kind and grateful note from a young man, a former member of my family. How pleasant are such tokens of love and esteem! Truly I have much to be grateful for.

FEBRUARY 1.—This P. M. called at several places to try and get a class in waxwork for a widow lady. I hope I shall obtain a class for her. She is alone and not blessed with children as I am. May I be deeply grateful for my dear boys!

FEBRUARY 10.—A fearful storm rages without, but we are comfortable within. O my Father, I thank Thee!

FEBRUARY 14.—The holy Sabbath with its rest and privileges has come and gone. I attended church and Sunday-school this P. M. Our lesson in the Sabbath-school was the conversation of the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. What a delightful narrative! How their hearts must have burned! And will not Christ come near unto us if we talk about Him; and will He not open our hearts that we may understand the truth if we really seek it? O my Father, be Thou my guide in all things!

MARCH 22.—Last night I dreamed of my beloved husband. I thought we were preparing for a journey, and I was very busy attending to the children's clothes and so forth, and while I was thus engaged I found that my beloved Charles had gone without me. I felt very sad about it at first, but after a while I got ready and went after him. I seemed to travel alone through lonely places, until at length I saw two young girls, of whom I inquired if my husband had been seen on that road. They told me that the Honorable Mr. Symmes was stopping at a large house not far from where I then was. I felt a thrill of pride and pleasure at the honorable mention of his name, which was spoken with great respect. I pressed on with renewed vigor, and soon came to a large and beautiful mansion surrounded by gardens full of beautiful trees and flowers. In these gardens many visitors seemed to be walking and enjoying themselves, and among them I saw my beloved husband. I went to him im-

mediately with great joy, and he asked me how it happened that I was so far behind, and I said it took me so long to look after the children. Then I awoke, and to my great disappointment found it a dream. Ah! when shall I see my beloved one in the Garden of Paradise?

MARCH 29.—We are having most glorious weather, bright, sunshiny days and slightly freezing nights. Everything in nature is beautiful. Truly my heart should go forth in love and gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. How good is our heavenly Father in thus surrounding us with beauty and loveliness! Yet how often am I desponding! How weak is my faith! Surely He who feeds the young ravens when they cry will care for me and my children. "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. I have been young and am now old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." May these and like precious promises animate my faith, and give me courage to go on in the path of duty.

APRIL 22.—To-morrow I have an examination at my school. I have prayed that the peace and calm of this evening may pass into my heart, and that I may not be agitated and confused on the morrow. May I do that which shall be for the best good of my school, and most promote the

glory of my heavenly Father. O my Father, guide me, I beseech Thee !

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2.—A lovely day, all nature bright and joyous. Attended Sabbath-school this afternoon, and afterwards went to walk with the children in the woods, and gathered wild flowers. We had a delightful walk. The murmuring pines, the fragrant flowers, the balmy air, the warbling birds, all speak of the goodness and love of our heavenly Father. O my God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a home in the country, where the beauty and glory of Thy works are so plainly visible that even the dullest mind may comprehend something of their loveliness.

MAY 29, SATURDAY EVENING.—Another week has passed—a week of cares and toil, but also a week of mercies and blessings. We have accomplished a good deal to-day. Took down our parlor stove and fixed our summer kitchen. Charlie and Elizabeth put up the stoves and thus saved me the expense of hiring a tinsmith. How much have I to be grateful for !

MAY 30.—Received another scholar into school to-day, and also received forty dollars for one of my boarders. I shall now be able to pay all, or nearly all, I am owing. How good is the Lord to me ! O that I might have a more grateful heart ; but I am so apt to repine and forget how many are my blessings !

JUNE 10.—It has been a very rainy day, but nearly all my pupils were here. This eve Mr. Ormsby, who was with my husband when he died, called to see me. How vividly does his presence recall the beloved one who has passed over the river to the Better Land! To-day I met with some beautiful lines entitled, "Over the River." I will quote two stanzas:—

✓
 For none return from those quiet shores
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts ;
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gate of day,
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of that spirit land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall beckon me.

AUGUST 4.—Four years ago to-day my beloved husband died. Oh, the sad, sad day, my beloved Charles, husband of my youth, thy kind and lov-

ing heart, that ever throbbed with love to wife and children, stilled on that sad day its beatings! Beloved of my heart, could I but have seen you, could I but have imprinted one kiss on that dear brow, could I have felt the pressure of those dear hands, and heard the last loving farewell! But it was not the will of my heavenly Father, and He doeth all things well; and though it seems dark and mysterious now, I am persuaded that I shall one day see that it was all for the best, and though our heavenly Father afflicts, yet He is a God of love, and O my soul, forget not all the blessings with which thy days have been crowned since that dark, sad day. Thou hast had health and strength. Thy children have been blessed with health. They are virtuous, intelligent, and happy. Thou hast been blessed in thy labors, so that thou hast not lacked for food or raiment. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

AUGUST 9.—Had a very pleasant trip to Montreal, though very warm. Some of the scenery is very beautiful. Some beautiful hills near Papineau's signory. It is also very beautiful at St. Ann's. Found the conductor on the road very kind; he procured for us a cab, and we went immediately to the Quebec steamer and were soon on our way again down the St. Lawrence. Arrived at Three Rivers about half past twelve. How forcibly it reminded me of that landing four

years ago when I came to see my beloved husband, but, alas, I was doomed never more to behold that loved face! The same friend that met me then met me now. Oh, it is sad but pleasant to visit this place again.

AUGUST 10.—This eve went with brother Henry to visit the grave of my beloved husband. I kissed the dear sod that covered him, and seemed almost to feel his loving arms about me. I found a little wild rose growing on his grave, and brought away some of the leaves.

AUGUST 12.—Rose early this morning and went to market, and then had a very pleasant walk. After breakfast went again to the grave of my dear Charles. Had the headstone straightened. It had been moved by the frost. Sat by the side of the grave and put my arms over the dear earth, and seemed almost to feel those loving arms embrace me as in the days long gone by. Planted a little evergreen at the foot of the grave.

IN AYLMEER AGAIN.

SEPTEMBER 16.—To-day it has rained all day, and to such an extent that only a very few scholars came, and we had no school. This has happened very fortunately for me, for Charlie has been very ill all day and I have been able to stay with him. He has been taking medicine, and I trust, with the blessing of God, he will be better to-morrow. He is sleeping very quietly now. I have heard from Winchester and my niece is better. I am

very thankful. May she long be spared to her fond mother.

SEPTEMBER 17.—My poor boy is still very ill. He has not been able to sit up at all to-day. Our good doctor has been to see him and left him medicine which will, I trust, have the desired effect. O my heavenly Father, restore my beloved son to health, I beseech Thee! Spare him to his widowed mother; but O grant that in all things I may be resigned to Thy will!

SEPTEMBER 18.—I would record with a grateful heart this eve that my dear Charlie seems some better. I hope he will sleep well to-night and awake refreshed. May I be truly thankful.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Another week of school is over. I am heartily glad, for I shall now have two days to devote to my dear Charlie, who is still very sick. The doctor, however, speaks encouragingly. I hope the dear boy will soon be better. O my heavenly Father, spare him, I beseech Thee! To-day had an application for a lady boarder. I know not what to say nor how to decide. May I be guided by wisdom from above.

SEPTEMBER 28.—My dear Charlie continues very ill. Mrs. McLean has come to assist me in school. My friends are all very kind. May the Lord reward them!

OCTOBER 4.—My boy, my Charlie, my pride, my joy, is gone, gone to his heavenly home, and

I, his mother, yet live. Oh, is it not all a dream, a fearful dream? Alas! Alas! O my Father, give me, I beseech Thee, strength to bear this great, this sore trial! But I would record with a grateful heart that my dear child died a Christian, a true, sincere Christian, so peaceful, so happy! Such perfect peace, such calmness, is seldom witnessed. I must record his dying words;¹ they are a precious legacy to his bereaved mother.

OCTOBER 5.—My beloved son was this day carried to his grave, his last resting-place on earth. Many friends attended to show their respect, and many were the tears shed over the dear boy. Everybody loved him, he was so gentle, so kind. Every one speaks of him with the highest praise. Seldom had mother such a son. His clergyman held him up as an example to all young people, of diligence and perseverance, of gentleness and kindness, but, above all, as an example of a Christian. His intellectual attainments were very high for a boy of his years. He stood first in all his classes, but he has gone to a better school, even a heavenly. O may I have grace to submit to my heavenly Father!

OCTOBER 6.—It has been a most glorious day, such a day as my dear Charlie loved, so bright, so peaceful; but the dear one sleeps sweetly in

¹These will be found under date of Sabbath evening, October 10.

his quiet grave, and his bright spirit has to-day witnessed fairer scenes than ever mortal eye.

“ Even when young worth and genius die,
Let no vain tear be shed ;
But bring bright wreaths of victory,
And crown the early dead.”

OCTOBER 7.—The cold wind mourns over the grave of my first-born, but his bright and pure spirit heeds it not. My son, my beloved son, reposes in the bosom of his Saviour. Beloved one, I would not dare to call thee back from the abodes of bliss and glory whither thou art gone. No, my beloved son, rather let me pursue my journey alone, for it is well with thee, and God, even thy God, will be with me.

OCTOBER 8.—I have returned to my bedroom, where my dear boy died. The room seems holy where his pure spirit took its flight. O my boy, my boy, may thy noble spirit descend upon thy mother! O my Saviour, comfort and support me in this trying hour, and grant that my dear boy's death may be sanctified to me! May I live a holier, purer life, more devoted to Thee, more weaned from the world, more attracted to heaven.

SABBATH MORNING, OCTOBER 10.—A week this morning since my dear boy took his flight to heaven, since he lay breathing out his young life so peacefully, so calmly. Where hast thou been this week, beloved? What hast thou seen?

What visions fair, what glorious life, where thou hast been ?

SABBATH EVENING, OCTOBER 10.—One week ago my poor boy lay in this very room, cold and pale. How long the time has seemed, and yet it is only one little week ! O my Father, help me to be resigned ; help me to say, "Thy will be done." Friends are very kind and sympathizing, but oh, the void, the deep, dark void in my heart ! O my Father, help me to be grateful that one dear little one is left ; and O my Father, if it be Thy will, spare, spare this loved one to me ; leave me not childless and alone in my old age. But O, may I trust Thee, knowing that Thou doest all things well, and though we cannot see the wisdom of Thy dispensations, yet what we know not now we shall know hereafter. I will write a short account of my dear boy's sickness and death. It may at some time be gratifying to his little brother if he is spared. A day or two after he was taken ill, and while we none of us apprehended any danger, he said to me one morning, "Mother, I think the most painful thing about dying must be leaving one's friends." "Of course," he added, "there must be pain, bodily pain, but it is such a blessed thing to feel prepared. It will be so delightful to drink cool draughts from the fountain of life, and to be forever free from sin." I said, "Do you feel prepared, my son ?" "I do, mother," he answered with great emphasis. He was very patient but very hopeful, always greeting the

doctor with a smile, and saying that he thought he was better. His very hopefulness blinded me to his danger.

Once, as he lay upon his bed, he said, "Mother, I think this sickness will do me good." I said, "Why, my son?" thinking he meant physically. He answered, "I have had a great many good thoughts since I have been sick. I think I see better what life is for; at all events," he added, "I shall know how to sympathize with those who are sick." Sometimes he spoke of the time when he should be better and able to earn some money for me. Sometimes he would say, "Perhaps God has sent this illness to teach us to be more grateful for our continued health." But he always spoke as though he thought his own sufferings very light compared with others.

Dear, patient boy, no murmur, no word of complaint, or of the slightest impatience, ever escaped his lips during all his illness. On Saturday, the day before he died, he said to me, as if to prepare me: "If I get better, mother, I think I shall live differently; but I am perfectly content and happy, mother. I would willingly go now were it not for you and Frank." I could not answer the dear boy, my heart was so full, and all day I could not refrain from weeping.

Once he said to me, "Why do you cry, mother?" I answered, "Because you are so ill, my son." He said: "It is all for the best, mother. I think it is the best plan."

Early on Sabbath morning I became calm enough to ask him if he were willing to die if God saw fit. With great emphasis, he replied, "I am willing to go this minute if God wills." I said, "But would you not rather stay with mother?" "Of course, mother, I would rather stay and help you if God were willing." I said no more then, except to ask him if he were happy, to which he replied, "Perfectly happy." About six A. M. the doctor came; and the moment he looked at him he said: "O Charlie, you are going to leave us." He looked up with his clear, calm eye, and said: "I am perfectly content, doctor. I am very happy." The doctor wept like a child; and as he stooped to kiss the dear boy, Charlie said: "Good-by, doctor, I am very happy. Remember me to Howard" (the doctor's son, who is absent in Montreal). Turning to me, he said: "We shall meet in heaven, mother. I shall see dear papa before you do." Then again, "God will be with you, mother." To his little brother, whose heart seemed breaking, he said: "Frank must be a real good boy; he must be a Christian. O, it is a glorious thing to be a Christian!"

Seeing his minister, Mr. Gourley, standing at the foot of the bed weeping, he called him to him and said, "I am very happy, Mr. Gourley." "But are you not sorry to leave us all?" said Mr. G. "No," he replied; then hesitated a little, and added, "not in one sense." Many of his young companions had assembled in the

room, and were weeping around the bed. He looked from one to another with his clear, calm eye, and then said he should like to kiss them all and bid them all good-by, and then he would like to have them all leave the room. They came up one by one, and he kissed them and bade them all good-by as calmly and composedly as if he had been going a short journey.

When he had bid them all good-by, I said, "Will you bid me good-by now?" "O, no, mother," he said, "I will bid you good by a good many times yet." He asked me what day it was. I said the Sabbath. "Blessed Sabbath!" he exclaimed. "Is it not a glorious death? Are you not satisfied, mother? are you not satisfied?" I asked him once, "Are you afraid to die, my son?" "O, no," he replied with great emphasis; then, as if fearing I might think him self-confident, he added, "I know that I have done a thousand things that were wrong, but I am sure God will forgive me"; then, hesitating as if for breath, I added, "through the merits of Jesus Christ." "Amen," he responded in a clear, full tone. At another time he said, "Don't be at much expense about the funeral, mother; it will not help me any." At another time he said, "I couldn't write your epitaph, mother." The last words I could catch from his dying lips were, "Almost home." Thus died my beloved son before he had completed his seventeenth year, ripe for heaven. O my son, my blessed, blessed son!

OCTOBER 14.—To-day I visited the grave of my dear boy. I could not think he was there, and yet his sweet face seemed to be looking up from the deep grave and saying, "God will be with you, mother." My dear, darling boy, how are all my bright, fond hopes flown with thee!

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16.—Again does the week draw to a close, but where is the calm satisfaction and the sweet anticipation with which I was wont to welcome it in anticipation of the blessed Sabbath, that sweet day of rest which my dear boy used so to delight in? I must copy here a few words which he wrote only a Sabbath or two before he was taken ill. They show how heavenly-minded he was:—

THE SABBATH.

"The well-loved day of our God. How tender the love of our Father to consecrate this as a perpetual memento of an eternity! How pure the thought that this day the heavenly Shepherd whispers to each, 'Come and be happy; come and live with me and my Father, join my angelic choristers, be my sheep and I will be your Shepherd,' beseeching, almost forcing, us to buy a robe of spotless white. How refreshing, how hallowed, the peaceful stillness that greets every sense! as if the music of the heavenly hallelujahs, more sweet and prolonged than usual, had penetrated almost to us, leaving a heaven-born repose to purify our souls."

Again he writes :—

“Another blessed Sabbath of our heavenly Father has breathed sweet repose on our spirits ; again we would sing Hallelujah and glory and power to the King of kings.”

OCTOBER 17.—A fortnight to-day since my dear boy died. Oh, how long it seems ! Years seem to have passed since that sad day—sad to his mother but joyful to him. O my blessed boy, thou hast had a fortnight of pure, unmixed joy. The words of my Saviour come to me, “If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I go to my Father” ; and should I not rejoice that my dear son has escaped the ills and temptations of life, and that he is safe on that blessed shore where his Saviour and his God will forever wipe all tears from his eyes ? To-morrow I must again resume my duties as a teacher. It will be a great trial, but may I have strength to bear it. May I be more faithful, more anxious for the future good of my pupils ; may I strive more to lead them to look beyond this world, and to seek earnestly for that grace which can alone fit them for those mansions of bliss which Jesus has prepared for those who love Him.

OCTOBER 18.—Commenced my school again to-day. It was trying, yet I got through the day better than I anticipated. The thought of my dear boy, of his sweet face that used every now and then to look into the schoolroom, would cause my heart to swell and my eyes to fill with

tears ; then would come the remembrance of his dear words, "God will be with you, mother," and my heart would go up for strength, and strength was given me. O my Father, let me not in my grief be unmindful of Thy blessings ; and oh, help me to feel resigned to Thy will !

OCTOBER 20.—I have spent three days in school, and have been able to get on much better than I expected. Sometimes the thought of my dear boy comes over me in such a manner that I can scarcely get on with the lessons. O for grace and strength ! Friends are very kind. Yesterday one of my friends sent me a load of pumpkins, and they have gathered in my little crop without any expense to me. Truly afflictions show us who are our friends. May I be deeply grateful !

OCTOBER 30.—This day my beloved son would have been seventeen years old. How well I remember the day ! With what joy his dear father welcomed his first-born ! How sweet and pleasant were his early years ; how manly, Christian-like, and useful were the last years of my son ! O my child, my blessed child, what a blessing was sent me in thee ! How full of beauty and love was thy brief life ! The Lord gave thee and He hath taken thee to Himself. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

NOVEMBER 2.—A very pleasant day. This evening, after school, I took down my grape-vine and partially trimmed it. My dear Charlie tied

it up. But the dear hands that did it are now lying in the cold grave. Just at dusk a gentleman called and wished to obtain the loan of my piano for a concert. I loaned it to him. And Miss H. and my sister have gone to the concert. I hope they will enjoy it. After my little Frank had gone to bed to-night he called me to him, and putting his dear little arms about my neck, said, "Mamma, I will try and be a good boy to-morrow." I kissed the dear little fellow, and told him that he must ask Jesus to help him to be good, and he said, "I will, mamma." Dear little boy! I sometimes fear he is not long for earth; but, O my Father, if it be Thy will, spare my precious child, I beseech Thee, to be a comfort to my declining years! Dear little fellow, he seems more affectionate than ever since his dear brother's death. He never wakes in the night without putting his little arms about my neck and covering my face with kisses.

NOVEMBER 3.—To-day received another mark of kindness. One of the young Symmeses came and brought tan-bark and banked up around the kitchen. This will make the house so much warmer, and it would have cost me so much to have had it done! May I be grateful for all my mercies.

NOVEMBER 10.—Eighteen years ago to-day I was married. How much has transpired in that brief period! How much joy and how much sorrow! The years I spent with my beloved hus-

band were years of great happiness. Few have had a happier married life than was mine ; but the dear partner of my youth, the father of my children, the kind and tender husband, the noble and generous friend, has been gone more than four years, and now my first-born, my beloved Charlie, lies in his low grave. Alas, alas, if this were all and naught beyond ! But I shall meet them all again in that Better Land,—my beloved husband, my sweet Edward, my little Kate, and my noble Charlie. O, what a dear family I have in that Better Land ; what joy to meet them all again ! O my Father, I thank Thee for the blessed prospect before me ! I thank Thee for all the joy of the past eighteen years ; and O grant that all the sorrow may work out for me a far more eternal and exceeding weight of joy ! I thank Thee for the dear little one left. O may he grow up like his dear brother, a true Christian !

NOVEMBER 11.—Another day has passed ; I am a day nearer eternity. O my soul, art thou prepared to meet thy God ? Felt this morning a peculiar earnestness and longing to bring the souls of my pupils to Christ, as I read to them His gracious invitation, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” O that I might be the means of leading some of them to come to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world !

SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21.—To-day has been a day of deep interest to me, and I hope to

many others. We partook of the Lord's Supper, emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our Redeemer. The last time I partook of it my dear boy was at my side, and I received the cup from his dear hand ; now he drinks of the fountain of life and eats bread in the kingdom of heaven. I have wept much to-day, yet I have thought much of the bliss of my dear boy. It is selfish in me to mourn for him. I must endeavor to think less of my loss and to think more of his great gain. Would I dare to call him back from the regions of bliss ? Ah no ; let me then rejoice that he has thus early escaped from the sins and pollutions of earth, that he went ere his feet were weary and his spirit worn with the toils and cares and temptations of life. Let me be thankful, yea, let me rejoice, that no cloud, not even a doubt, obscured his setting sun, but that his end was perfect peace. How are the dying words of my dear boy ("Mother, God will be with you") echoed on every side ! I met an old French woman the other day. She said, "Me very sorry for you, but God He visit you." A friend writes, "All I can say is, God will be with you." Yes, He has been with me. He gives me courage to live. May my life be devoted to His service. O for more holiness ; O for freedom from sin !

FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26.—Another school week has passed away. I do not feel very well, and am glad that the blessed day of rest is approaching. Blessed Sabbath, rest for the weary !

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 27.—The quiet Saturday eve has come again. The toils of the week are over, and to-morrow is the blessed day of rest. Ah, when the week of life is over, shall we be prepared to hail with joy the rest of heaven ?

DECEMBER 12.—The glorious Sabbath, the day my dear boy loved so well, the day on which his pure spirit took its flight to heaven ! Ten weeks to-day since he left us. Ten weeks in bliss. Oh, could I hear from him, could I get but one line, one word from him, how would it ease my aching heart ! But no, I must have faith and patience and wait my own appointed time. Let me think of my mercies ; let me be grateful that my son lived such a pure, happy, faithful life. Let me be thankful that he died such a glorious death. Let me be thankful for the dear one left. May his precious life be spared.

DECEMBER 24.—My beloved son, who was with me on earth last Christmas, now sings, "Glory to God in the highest" among the angelic choristers. Last Christmas he spent with his mother on earth ; now he is with his earthly and heavenly Father in heaven. O my son, what joy, what bliss unutterable, is thine ! I would not dare to call thee back from the abodes of bliss whither thy heavenly Father hath called thee. O my Father, give me faith to say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

DECEMBER 31.—The last eve of this eventful year. I was going to write sad, but checked myself. I almost heard my dear boy saying, "If you loved me, you would rejoice because I have gone to the Father." O my son, my son, can it be that I shall see you no more on earth? Ah, how little I thought at the close of the last year that this year my heart would be so wrung with anguish; that this year I should part with my beloved son, my stay, my hope, my joy! But we shall meet again; yes, my dear son, I will not forget your dying words, "We shall meet in heaven, mother." We shall meet through the merits of our Redeemer; we shall meet in those blissful regions where there shall be no more sorrow nor crying; for God, our own God, shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. O, what glorious prospects are before me! My family are nearly all in heaven. Let me have patience and wait my appointed time. O my Father, enable me to perform my duty while I am upon earth, and if it be Thy will, spare my darling, darling Frank to me. May he grow up to be a good and useful man. Forgive, O my Father, the sins of the past year, for I know that they have been many, very many, and give me a "spirit of resignation to Thy will."

1859.

JANUARY 1.—The new year has commenced. It has been a bright and beautiful day. I went out this morning to see my niece, Mrs. McLean,

who is ill. Every one has been very kind to me. This morning I sent some money to our good doctor to pay him, or rather partially pay him, for attending on my dear Charlie. He sent me a very kind note and sent the money back, saying that any obligations I was under to him were all cancelled by my former kindness to Howard. How truly kind is this! This shows the true friend. It has been a sad day for me, it has recalled so vividly last year, when my house was full of young people, my dear boy was with me—but now how changed! No one with me to-day but my little Frank and his cousin. I have tried to make the day pass pleasantly to them, and they seem to have been very happy. My darling Frank seems more ardently attached to me every day. He cannot express his love; he kisses me over and over again, and says, "I will try, mamma, to be a good boy and help you all I can." O my Father, spare him to me, I beseech Thee! On Monday I again commence my school. I really feel that it is a burden for me to commence again, but O, may I be enabled to do my duty in the fear of the Lord! O that I might be the means of winning some to Christ!

SABBATH EVENING, JANUARY 2.—To-morrow I commence my school. Could I consult my own ease and inclination, I should teach no longer; but necessity is laid upon me. How indolent I am! Nothing but necessity drives me to it; but O, may I be faithful, faithful both to the intel-

lectual and spiritual interests of my pupils. O for grace and wisdom! O my Saviour, wilt not Thou be my support? Then will I say I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me. Yes, leaning upon Christ, I can bear even the separation from my beloved son. I hear my Saviour say, "Thy son is with me; weep not, but rather rejoice because his name is written in heaven." He is now among those who washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. He walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. He quenches his thirst at the fountain of life; he is forever free from sin. O, should I not rejoice that my son has escaped from all the weariness and sin and temptations of the world; that even in his youth the Master said to him, "Come up higher"?

JANUARY 8, SATURDAY EVENING.—Another week has passed. Thou art one week nearer eternity, O my soul. My school has been very pleasant, but small; I hope it will increase next week. Received two letters from my sister-in-law, and one from my sister. How kind they all are to think of me! This evening received fifteen dollars for some clothes of my husband's which I sold. I had kept them for my dear boy, but he will need no more garments upon earth. He is arrayed in white robes, pure and spotless. It was a great trial for me to do it, but it seemed better than to let them remain and perhaps be moth-eaten. I shall devote the money

to erect a stone to the memory of my darling children.

JANUARY 9, SABBATH EVENING.—It has been an intensely cold day. Went with the children to the Sunday-school. The little boys froze their noses coming home. How grateful should we be for a comfortable home and plenty of fuel at this inclement season! Thy mercies are new every morning, fresh every evening.

JANUARY 24.—To-day received five dollars unexpectedly from one of my pupils; also received a favor from a blacksmith in the village. He had mended an article for me, that my dear boy had carried to him a short time before he was taken sick, and he would receive no pay for mending it. How good is the Lord in thus raising up for me friends on every side! "He doeth all things well." I awoke with these words running through my mind this morning. O that I might ever bear them in mind, and really believe from my heart that He doeth all things well!

FEBRUARY 5.—A pleasant Sabbath, but very deep snow. I went to Sunday-school and had an interesting class. It is a lovely eve. I have thought much of my dear boy this eve. How he loved the Sabbath! Dear blessed boy, how beautiful was his life, how glorious was his death! O that I could feel more resigned to the will of my heavenly Father! I know that He doeth all things well, and yet if I firmly and

truly believed it, should I mourn and feel so crushed when I think of my loss? Should I not rather rejoice that my beloved son was thus early called to that better land where he is forever free from sin and suffering, where he must attain to a higher degree of excellence than he could have reached on earth, and where he enjoys a degree of happiness which he would have been incapable of enjoying on earth? O my son, truly thou art blessed!

FEBRUARY 9.—A beautiful moonlight eve. I have been looking out at the glorious moon and stars, and have been thinking of my boy, my absent one. O could I but see him in that blessed abode whither he has gone! But I shall see him. Patience, patience, my soul; wait the will of thy heavenly Father. He doeth all things well. I have not been very well of late, perhaps I too shall go soon. If my life is spared I must try and visit my friends in the States next summer. My darling Frank anticipates great pleasure in going. I think it would do me great good.

FEBRUARY 12, SABBATH EVENING.—Another blessed Sabbath has gone. I have not been very well, but I went to the Sabbath-school, but not to church. I hope I shall feel better to-morrow and have more energy.

FEBRUARY 15.—Our good, kind doctor called to-day. It does me good to see him, he is so kind and sympathizing. I think I feel a little better to-day; the weather has been glorious. I sat

his eve and watched the calm and glorious sunset, and thought of my beloved boy in those mansions above, which our blessed Saviour has prepared for those who love Him.

Here the beautiful record of the beautiful life ends. She gradually grew worse; could not even persuade herself that she felt "a little better"; until, on the twenty-sixth of March, 1859, the gentle spirit took its flight beyond the "glorious sunset" to the "beloved boy" and to "those mansions above, which our blessed Saviour has prepared for those who love Him."

Finis
Jan 9, 1927
J. W. R. - 12-24-36