

MARIA P. CHAMBERLAIN

JOURNAL

*(1849)

*additional 1849 entries precede this section. This material donated by David Forbes, 1967 and concerns Levi Chamberlain's last days.

(1849)

Sabbath Jan 14 1848(1849)

Mr C appears a little better to day rested better, though he did not sleep much coughed much and raised mucous matter copiously Mr Dimond watched with him till 1 o'clock I then got up and laid down on a separate couch till morning.

The Dr called about noon spoke some words of encouragement in reference(!) to Mr C's case. He said it would be a great honour to be raised up from the very brink of the grave, to be employed in doing something more for God, but he did not expect it He felt that he had entered the dark valley and he longed to lay his head on Jesus breast; and like an infant in the arms of its mother sweetly breathe his life out there

He said I know my heart It is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. It is very calm and placid and peaceful now, but oh, what deadful(!) exercises I have had. How it has raged and roared and and(!) foamed, take the tempestuous ocean or like the destructive tor(!) Oh gracious Saviour, deliver me from the power of sin, wash me in thy blood and save my immortal spirit

Sab night Maria Jane slept on the couch in her father's room till 12 o'clock then I came down and gave Mr C his medicine and releived(!) her

Monday 15 Mr C had a poor day -- Mrs Richards took tea at Mrs Turrell's Mr Bishop accompanied her and her daughters home Mr Cooke came

Feb 2 Mrs Green called with Mr Damon -- Mr C was very happy to see her Conversed with her on the faithfulness of God in converting his two sons are in (!) the U S Said it was in answer to prayer Said he had done all that was in his power for those dear sons that he was brought into a state of mind to leave them in God's hands and take him at his word that he would convert them

Mr D said if you linger with us you may hear more good news, He remarked My soul bounds for immortality

Sat night Feb 3 I came down at 12 o'clock He was restless said he had had unpleasant dreams, Deep, deeper than the grave. His back was weary and I rubbed it. His limbs were numb and cold, and I lomed(!) them, he refused to let me get hot water, He said, Slow death is creeping through my veins chilling all the fountains of life. How will he strike the fatal blow? O God, my my most merciful Saviour, deliver me from the fear of this King of Terrors. Give me that perfect love, which casteth out fear. Cleanse me from guilt wash me in thy blood and give me an abundant entrance into thine everlasting kingdom. Father son and Holy Spirit into thy hands I commit my soul.

Now dear wife be down and try to get some rest

Sabbath Feb 4 I read several chapters in the New Testamen(!) and of the Psalms to him I read the hymn When langor(?) and disease invade He requested me to read it the second time and he repeated it after me Said it express(!) his feeling exactly. Said it was finished(?) and most beautiful hymn that it never appeared so sweet to him before

After a distressed turn of coughing a cloud passed over his mind He said impatience, a black enemy is concealed away back in my heart I fear I shall be left to dishonor God I fear I shall weary out your patience my dear wife and that I shall tire out all my friends. I said I am not weary yet and I have not a doubt that God will give me all the strength and patience I need He replied That is a kind word and I know you will pray to God to help me in the last trying hour. He then wept and prayed most earnestly that God would not forsake him that he would enable him to say in truth Thy will be done I said you have not required much attention from your friends. I am thankful that I am well and that I can by your nurse myself. He commenced praying again and said I thank God for giving me a kind wife and for her a patient cheerful spirit. O let me not troubl(!) and wear out the patience of all my kind friends Mitigate the pangs of death take away its sting Let me gently down into the grave Be better to me than my fears.

May 18 Mr C. rode out in the horse carriage a short distance Returned much wearied and said he thought he should not attempt it again -- It was a labour instead of relief

Sabbath June 17 I attended the morning native service -- When I returned Mr C was lonely and depressed in spirits. Asked me to come and read some comforting portion of Scripture. I read the XVI of St John. He said he felt desolate he felt that he must soon part with his friends on earth and go alone into eternity and oh what is it what shall I see and know when the curtain drops. he asked me to forgive him for every thing in which he had ever grieved me and requested me to pray for the presence of the Comforter

Tuesday June 19 Mr C tho feeble wished to go up to the Depository He said when he put on his hat that he thought it would be his last visit -- He made a short call Mr Castle very kindly carried him up and down the stairs and insisted on carrying him home, but on the way Mr C's feet were entangled in a string and the both feel(!) I was greatly alarmed, but Providentially he was preserved from injury

Wednesday 20 Mr C complained of feeting(!) some pain in his shoulder and hip in consequence of the jar from the fall

Thursday Mr C was very much oppressed for breath (the weather being very close had to use a fan and keep the windows and doors open He was apprehensive that his hour was near He gave me his blessing thanked me for all my attentions and said the Lord bless our dear, dear children and succeed all your efforts in training them up in the right way I feel more for you all than I can express The Lord be with you and provide for all your wants.

Saturday June 30 Mr C coughed hard and roused discolored matter Had a very uncomfortable day

Sab July 1 Communion at the native church I did not attend Mr C felt poorly was not able to read any..

Monday July 2 Mr C raised blood. I gave him 10 drops of digitalus He is feverish I feel the need of a physician to consul with I took care of him during the night

Tuesday 2(1) Mr C rested better than I feared This morning his expectoration is lighter colored

Wednesday 4 Mr C desired me to read the XX III Psalm & the 11 Chap of Hebrews Gave me his blessing said oh how he dreaded the dying struggle As to the future safety of his soul he had no concern he could commit it to God

Thursday He was a little more comfortable He noticed that I felt depressed and inquired tenderly the cause I could not conceal from him my fears that he was failing. He said I commend you to God that is all I can do

The US Ship of War Ohio arrived yesterday We are acquainted with Capt S and are anxious to have a call from the surgeon of the ship

Friday 6 Mr C has had a diarrhea and acute pain in the bowels. He has been very ill to day. He gave me some advice about some temporal matters and then said The Lord bless you and direct you He can do for you and our dear children all I can desire. Mr Clark called and spent an hour -- I slept in his room Gave him 25 drops of laudanum , and two small powders of morphine.

Saturday Mr C rested better than I feared has been more free from pain to day. Capt Stribbling and his Surgeon called at four P.M. Husband enjoyed the call very much and seemed to forget his indisposition in the pleasure of meeting an old friend He gave the Dr a brief some account of his complaint from early youth to the present time and summed it up by saying to tell all about his ill health would make a long story and he felt that he was filling up his few remaining days of life.

The Dr considers him in the last stages of the disease and expressed to me his regret that he could afford no relief. Promised to call again

Sat eve Mrs Clark Mrs Dominis and Mrs Pierce called --

Sabbath day July 8 Communion of the Mission church Mr C was very comfortable all the forenoon At 3 P.M. he was taken with pain in the bowels, yet wished me to attend the service I gave him 26 drops of laudanum and a morphine powder and went out to hear the sermon Just as it was closed I was informed that he had been rasing(!) blood and returned The opiate however began to take effect and he became comfortable -- This morning at worship we sang the hymn Sweet is thy work my God My King When I came into his room he said that was a sweet hymn and the children sang it very prettyly(!) Sweet is the day of sacred rest and sweet will be the work of praising God forever

After the children had all gone to Chapel he requested me to read the I IX (!) Psalm that sweet psalm so full of goodness and truth When I had read the half of it, he said oh that my mind was filled with the precious word of God his judgments his precepts his law his commandments Oh that I may relish them as I do the choicest food as I relish the Sardines which Mrs. sent me(!)

Tuesday 10 Dr Wood called to see Mr C We were very glad to see him He expects to spend a fortnight at Honolulu

Wed 11 Dr Barraluno(?) called and spent an hour I found that he was from Philadelphia & that we had some common acquaintances there He recommends the free use of morphine

Thursday Mr C had numerous calls cough-and expectorates much diarrhea under check

Friday 13 Mr and Mrs Clark have most kindly sympathised(!) in Mr C's protracted illness. She having a desire to visit Mr Emersons family whose son has a desease (!) of the heart and is failing left for Waialua

Saturday 14 Mrs Thurston call'd in to see Mr C and expressed her satisfaction to find him so comfortable He replied you see me now on the top most surge, just where the billows are about to break

(!)

Monday July 23 Na ai(!) calld(!) about nine this A.M. to carry my husband up stairs When he took him up in his arms (which he did with as much ease as he would a little child) he told him that this would be his last visit. He has not been up stairs since the 1st of Jan. He made a short call in MA's and MJ's rooms and then passed on to his business room. Now said he let me sit down once more beside my desk. After making some remarks about several things which he noticed, he bowed down his head and prayed O Lord remember me in thy mercy.

Help me to resign up every thing on earth into thy hands. O prepare me for my departure from time in to eterniy(!) give me an easy and peaceful dismissal Bless my dear wife and be her stay and support Bless my family and provide for them. Bless my successors and help us all to glorify thy name for Christ

Evening. He asked me to read the Saviour's last prayer and said I long for immortality

Friday July 13(!)(appears on a separate page) Mr C remarked, me my friends think near my eternal home(!). As my grasp on earthly friends and attatchments(!) is loosening I want to become familiar with Heaven Dear God, dear Saviour, be not far from me when trouble is near. He then requested me to read a part of the VIII Psalm He repeated the second verse after me several times and said read this again to me when you see me depressed. This was Mr Whitney's comforting text. O that the Lord would be with me in the last struggle. O that he would reach down his hand and (word crossed out) me. I want something to take hold upon I repeated the beautiful verse of Dr Watts

O if my Lord would come and meet,

My soul would stretch her wings in haste

Fly fearless through death's iron gate

Nor feel the terror as she passed.

He said that is just what I want. I seem to forget that there any thing(!) written which so exactly expresses my feelings. I love Dr Watts. Though dead he yet speaketh

I then turned to the 17 hymn of the same author beginning with the third verse What sinners value I resign The fourth verse he repeated twice, and made an attempt to sing it -- the last line of the stanza he adopted as his own and frequently exclaimed when shall I wake and find me there.

The evening of the same day he said I have had many fears lest I should be left to dishonor God in the distressing hour but now I begin to hope that he will be better to me than my fears and that at even(!) time it shall be light
