

Art. 7.

Poisoned by Strychnine.

Hailua, April 3rd, 1850.

For a fortnight I had experienced multiplied ills. I had overcome all. Debility alone remained. A tonic of all things was what I most wanted. O. for some Quinine. The Dr. had pointed out a particular vial of it to your father for his own use. He had frequently spoken of it, but it was not prepared, & he said he knew not how to put it into a liquid ~~form~~ state. Neither did I. After consulting a medical book, I sent down to the Drs. & asked your father for the vial of Quinine. It was brought. The label is French, I thought. The name, what is it? Strychnine. The last syllable is like Quinine in English. I am alike ignorant of the French & of the medicine. But Mr. Thurston & Dr. Andrews know. Now for mixing it. This shall be done by my recipe; 10 grains of Quinine dissolved in one hundred teaspoons of diluted alcohol, with three drops of sulphuric acid; ten tea-spoons would then contain a grain; $3\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoons $\frac{1}{3}$ of a grain. This last shall be a portion. I first tried it by taking one teaspoonful. It did not affect me much anyway. So the next morning, before breakfast I took one third of a grain. Having already exercised to the extent of my strength, I lay down on

my bed, facing the north. Singular sensations suddenly came over me. I turned half way over, in order the better to be heard from the schoolroom, saying, "Mary, come here, do; I feel so strangely, I don't like to be alone." This was no sooner uttered, than I became transfixed in the very position in which I had turned to speak to her. "Where is Thomas? Let him go for your father. Let him come first ^{to} see how I am. Don't alarm him. Tell him it is from taking Quinine." Ever ^{and} anon, a wedge seemed driven through me, the tension becoming higher [&] higher, [&] still another, [&] another wedge to ^{so} very extremity. To touch me, ^{was} renewed ~~was~~ agony. To hold my hands [&] feet with a firm grasp, seemed to stay me from being sundered, ^{in twain.} Every window [&] every door ~~was~~ thrown open from the first. Your father at length said, "I feel very faint." He let go my hand, halted a little, [&] receded to the door. After taking water, he revived, asked to see the medicine, [&] expressed his doubts of its being Quinine. One hour had now elapsed. My first stage of suffering was ended. But it was succeeded by another still more severe. I was as immovable as ever, while convulsions took possession of my frame. Every minute or two a strong spasm passed over me. What was more, it required the stillness of death to prevent these spasms from being constant upon me. To touch me, to touch the bed, to step on the floor, to swing the fan, caused my whole frame to be shaken with intense suffering. A

tea spoon full of water, put into my mouth ^{and} swallowed, produced convulsions of double strength. "Leave me in the room alone. Stay on that side the thresh-hold". Let there I was myself. My very teeth closed so into the gums as to produce spasms. To open them a little produced spasms. To move my tongue, ^{or} to speak, produced spasms. I was hard pressed to hold onto life without breathing. In my thoughts, I hushed myself as if dealing with infancy. "Be quiet, be quiet, be quiet. Hush, hush, hush." I said to myself. "I am cut off from human aid, shut up in the hand of the Almighty. Jesus was immovably suspended on the cross. He knows how to be touched with the feelings of our infirmities. In such pitiable distress ^{and} helplessness, I cling to such a Savior, I yield myself to Him for suffering or ease, or action; for life or death. Only purify me from sin, even as silver is purified in the furnace" I repeated many times to myself the hymn, commencing, "Jesus, Savior of my soul."

Thus shut up to suffering ^{and} utter helplessness, to solitude ^{and} thought, it proved one of the most interesting seasons of my existence. From seven to eleven I was in one position on my bed, as if in bands of brass. At one, your father assisted me to recline on pillows in the arm chair in the schoolroom. Convulsions ceased

altogether by two. The children sat by the center table, industriously employed in tumbling over the leaves of half a dozen volumes, which they resorted to for ~~any~~ ~~purpose~~ ~~of~~ ~~interest~~ ~~for~~ ~~their~~ ~~moments~~ ~~idle~~ ~~amusement~~. Now ^{and} then sentences were read aloud for general edification. Strychnine was the chosen subject, ^{and} their investigations showed the drug to be a most deadly poison.

Four o'clock in the P. M., found me with my cane, just able to set one foot before the other, abroad in the balmy air. I accommodated myself to feebleness, by sitting down by my little nursing tree, ^{and} removing its tiny twigs. The lamps were lighted, the supper bell rang, ^{and} five cheerful faces were grouped at that evening meal. Then reading as usual, Carlyle's Cromwell. His last sickness ^{and} death. Cromwell! How I have wronged him by ranking him among hypocrites. Now I count him among earth's worthies. But I forget that I am simply giving you a peep at our house on the 25th of March. Fare ye well.

[After taking the strychnine, three months elapsed before I reached the state in which I was before my nearly fatal mistake. Then the improvement still went on, ^{and} the heaviness that I had experienced on my right side ever since my attack of paralysis, and also the frequent feelings as if another attack was impending, left me entirely ^{and} forever.]

Art. 8.

A Farewell Note. Before a Voyage to the United States.

Calcutta, Sept. 15th, 1850.

I address a line to the companion of my youth, my protector, my counsellor, the father of my children, my husband. For thirty years we have traveled life's pathway together. Now I go to be repaired like a worn shoe, that in active life I may hold on by your side. But I am borne up by your sanction, advice, ^{and} wishes, ^{and} by the approval of our fathers, great ^{and} good men. I go, ^{and} in so doing, strip your home of its remaining olive plants. I leave you in a house so solitary, that in midnight silence, you will hear no other ~~breathing~~ ^{sound} than the ticking of the clock. As Lucy, on her death bed said, "alone, all alone." Thus desolate, should sickness prostrate, ^{and} death do its work, farewell. The life to come. The life to come.

For myself, I give up rest ^{and} the quiet pleasures of domestic life in the house of an affectionate indulgent husband. Without a shield, with woman's weakness ^{and} woman's infirmities, I go to take my chance, ^{and} become a wanderer on ocean ^{and} on land. A ship-

wrecked vessel, fire at sea, famine in a boat, a desolate island, ^{and} lawless pirates, — these are ^{some of} the dangers that lie in ambush on the highway of oceans. Nor do I forget, that though I plant my feet in safety on the shores of the pilgrim fathers, fell disease is there. Open vaults are there. Let us stand in our lot, girding ourselves anew, having on the whole armor. Let us be of good courage, play the man for our people, our children, ourselves, ^{and} the Lord do what seemeth him good.

You have, with unsurpassed kindness, opened our way before us. Now, day by day, lift up your heart on high, that faithfulness ^{and} wisdom, that humility ^{and} grace be given us liberally. Often write to me across the continent. Tell me of your welfare, ^{and} how you prosper. Remind me of my duty. Thus I shall be ever made to feel your left hand beneath my head, ^{and} your right hand embracing me.

Like the mysterious influence of the North Pole over the magnet, so you will be to me, to restrain, to beckon, ^{and} to bring back to a state of rest.

At home ^{and} abroad, in life ^{and} death,
I am your affectionate Wife.

Art. 9.

To a Daughter Left in a Seminary in the
United States. Written While on The Voyage
Back to the Sandwich Islands.

My dear Daughter Mary,

Thirty two years ago, at the age of twenty-four, I
first passed this way. Then, by my side, I had my only earthly
stay, my new found husband, a strong support, firm in prin-
ciple, fixed in purpose, refined in feeling, considerate, kind,
indulgent, ^{and} faithful in love. (~~He was the mother's coun-
sell, such were the virtues which will alone render it safe
to embark on the sea of life, to pass with comfort ^{and} use
fullness its storms ^{and} calms, its colds ^{and} heats, its lights ^{and}
shades, its struggles ^{and} successes, its sorrows ^{and} joys.~~) Now
at the age of fifty six, I am again here on my fifth
voyage, ^{and} ~~But~~ it is the first time in my pilgrimage
from my father's house, that moon wax ^{and} wane, while
I am called to thread alone the rugged pathway of life.
Now, alone; yet not a widow. Alone; yet not childless.
No, not alone. My multiplied precious ones cluster con-
tinually around my heart. Alone? No. I see them. I feel
their mighty influence. Husband, sons, daughters, grand-
daughters, all are mine — mine to give warmth, ^{and}
richness, ^{and} depth, ^{and} fullness to a fountain within, ever
fresh, ever flowing, ever widening. I go to rejoin the husband
of my youth, the father of my children. They have now
all left the parental roof, to obtain privileges found only

in the fatherland.

abroad. Father ^{and} Mother will still be there, if it be the Master's will, serving in the enjoyment of a green old age. We stop not to inquire, what will become of us in sickness, — what in the decline of life — what in case of bereavement? But, — what is present duty? What are we able to accomplish? What endure?

My daughter, my nurse, housekeeper ^{and} shield, my companion, pupil, ^{and} counsellor, three times my fellow passenger around Cape Horn, now our pathway diverges. I go away ^{and} leave you — leave you all alone. Yet it is self denying parental affection, it is trust in God, that bids us say, "Go, avail yourself of the advantages of enlightened America, ^{and} thus become to your friends ^{and} society, as a 'corner stone, polished after the similitude of a palace'."

But can I go through all this, without having my heart probed to the very bottom? In my lone room, my tears often flew. But I thank the Author of my nature, that He has enlarged my being by endowing me with these affections, ^{and} by giving me such an object on whom to place them. Now that I can do nothing more, it soothes ^{and} sustains me to commit you, unreservedly to the wisdom ^{and} love, the care ^{and} guidance of the blessed Savior. With uplifted heart, I wait for the winds to bear me intelligence of the opened

pages of providence respecting you. May both mother & daughter cultivate a spirit to ^{of willingness} be willing to go where he bids us, to live where he places us, to bear what he lays upon us, ^{and} to die when he calls us.

That you have been allowed to remain within the family sanctuary till your ideas, tastes, habits, ^{and} principles have been formed, till your young affection for your own parents, brothers, ^{and} sisters have been ripened ^{and} matured, I count among my greatest earthly blessings. Now you go forth on pilgrimage; ^{but} you go christened ^{and} sustained by some of the strongest feelings that ^{cluster within} ~~occupy~~ the human heart. You know ^{and} can confide in the care ^{and} love of your father ^{and} mother, your sister ^{and} brothers. Those two little buds, too, will learn to kiss ^{and} love their aunt. And Lucy, our sainted one! In the midnight hour I often think her near my pillow. On my breath is the whisper, "Go, be to Mary a guardian angel."

Your parents have been blessed with a heritage of toil ^{and} self denial, waged on by love, ^{and} trust, ^{and} hope. Treasures, ^{over} ~~one~~ all, have multiplied beneath our hands. One fifth part of these priceless possessions is vested in you. Occupy for the great Master's use, neither wasting by impudence nor hurrying in a napkin. Prepare yourself for useful service in earning day by day your

your daily bread. Still think of your father's house as yours, ^{as} yourself as ours. At the same time, think of yourself as at your own disposal. You will first obtain a knowledge of books, of life, ^{and} of human nature; ^{and} then, according to your own tastes ^{and} judgment, select your future pathway in life. In whatever circumstances you are placed, in heart ^{and} action, cherish a spirit, which will sympathize with the Saviour in his work of benevolence to our revolted race.

I wish to point you to the temptations ^{and} trials of earth. You are treading a pathway strewn with magic thorns ^{and} flowers. If you go forward ^{and} tread resolutely upon the thorns they will become flowers. If you turn from the path of duty to gather the flowers, they will become thorns.

The softening elevating influence of a virtuous sister's love, in forming a brother's character is immense. Think of this, ^{and} take for your motto, "she hath done what she could."

When an inmate in the families of those who welcome you to their fireside, strive to render yourself useful. In doing so, ^{and} learning their method, the greater benefit will be your own. Housekeeping is woman's profession. I wish you to give special attention to this subject. To be able to sustain the responsibility, to regulate ^{and} to perform every part of household good, in the most accomplished man-

ner, is woman's glory.

It is a subject of untold importance that you attend to your health. A good constitution is one of the corner stones to a useful and happy life. Study and obey nature's laws. Let understanding and prudence be your counsellors, leading you to take good care of the delicate machinery of your own system.

A dozen years ago, ours was an unbroken family, together surrounding one family board. Now, without looking at the wanderer on this great and wide ocean, we are scattered on two islands, in two countries, and in two worlds. Still we are all bound together in love. That this love may become sanctified and perpetuated on earth and in heaven, is ~~my~~ ^{the} hearts desire in daily prayer - of
Your affectionate Mother.

Sept. 10.

A Surgical Operation.

My dear Daughter Mary

I have hitherto forbore to write respecting the surgical operation. I experienced in Sept., from an expectation that you would be with us so soon. That is now given up; so I proceed to give you a circumstantial account of those days of peculiar discipline. At the end of the General Meeting in June, ~~your father~~ ^{your father} returned to Peailua, leaving me at Honolulu, in Mr. Taylor's family, under Dr. Ford's care. Dr. Hillebrand was called in counsel. During the latter part of Aug., they decided on the use of the knife. Mr. Thurston was sent for to come down according to agreement, should such be the result. I requested him to bring certain things which I wished, in case I no more returned to Peailua. Tremendous gales of wind were now experienced. One vessel was ~~xxx~~ wrecked within sight of Peailua. Another, on her way there, nearly foundered, ^{and} returned only to be ~~condemned~~ ^{condemned}. In vain we looked for another conveyance. Meantime, the tumor was rapidly altering. It had nearly approached the surface, exhibiting a dark spot. Should it become an open ulcer, the whole system would be come vitiated with its malignity. Asa said he should

take no responsibility of waiting the arrival of his father. Persis felt the same. Sat. P. M. the Drs. met in consultation ^{on day} and advised an immediate operation. The next Tues. (12 of Sept.) ten o'clock A. M. was the hour fixed upon. In classifying, the Dr. placed this among "capital operations." But the Drs. said, not take chloroform by reason of having had the paralysis. I was glad they allowed me the use of my senses. Persis offered me her parlor, and Ada her own new bridal room for the occasion. But I preferred the retirement and quietude of the grass thatched cottage. Thomas with all his effects moved out of it into a room a few steps off. The house was thoroughly cleaned and pretty fitted up. One lady said it seemed as though it had been got up by magic. Mon., just at night, Dr. Ford called to see that all was in readiness. There were two lounges trimmed, one with white, the other with rose colored musquito netting. There was a reclining Chinese chair, a table for the instruments, a washstand with wash bowls, sponges, and pails of water. There was a frame with two doz. towels, and a table of choice stimulants and restoratives. One more table with the ~~Church~~ Bible and hymn book.

That night I spent in the house alone, for the first time. The family had all retired for the night. In the still hour of darkness, I long walked back and forth in the capacious door yard. Depraved, diseased, helpless, I yielded myself up entirely to the will, the wisdom, and the strength of the Holy One. At peace with myself, with earth, and with heaven,

I calmly laid my head upon my pillow and slept refreshingly. A bright day opened upon us. My feelings were natural, cheerful, elevated. I took the Lord at his own word, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." True with an unwavering heart, I leaned for strength and support. Before dressing for the occasion, I took care to call on Ellen, who had then an infant a week old by her side. It was a cheerful call, made in a courteous manner, she not being acquainted with the movements of the day. I then prepared myself for the professional call. Dr. Judd was early on the ground. I went with him to Dad's room, where with Asa and Sarah we sat and conversed till other medical men rode up. Dr. Judd rose to go out. I did the same. Asa said, "You had better not go. You are not wanted yet." I replied, "I wish to be among the first on the ground, to prevent its coming butt end first." On reaching my room, Dr. Ford was there. He introduced me to Dr. Hoffman of Honolulu, and to Dr. Brayton of an American Naval ship, ^{then in port}. The instruments were laid out upon the table, strings were prepared for tying arteries. Needles threaded for sewing up the wound. Adhesive plasters were cut into strips, bandages produced, and the Chinese chair placed by them in the front double door. Every thing was now in readiness, save the arrival of one physician. All stood around the house or in the piazza. Dr. Ford, on whom devolved the responsibility, paced the door yard. I stood in the house with the

making remarks on passing occurrences. At length I was invited to sit. I replied, "As I shall be called to lie a good while, I had rather now stand." Dr. Brayton, as he afterwards said, to his utter astonishment found that the lady to be operated on, was ~~the same~~, standing in their midst.

Dr. Hillebrand arrived. It was a signal for action. Persis & I stepped behind a curtain. I threw off my cap & dressing gown, & appeared with a white flowing skirt, with the white bordered shawl purchased in 1818, thrown over my shoulders. I took my seat in the chair. Persis & Asa stood at my right side; Persis to hand me restoratives; Asa, to use his strength, if self control were wanting. Dr. Judd stood at my left elbow for the same reason. My shawl was thrown off, exhibiting my left arm, breast, & side, perfectly bare. Dr. Ford showed me how I must hold back my left arm to the greatest possible extent, with my hand taking a firm hold of the arm of my chair. With my right hand, I took hold of the right arm. With my feet, I pressed against the foot of the chair. Thus instructed, & every thing in readiness, Dr. Ford looked me full in the face, & with great firmness asked, "Have you made up your mind to have it cut out?" "Yes, Sir." "Are you ready now?" "Yes, Sir, but let me know when you begin, that I may be able to bear it. Have you your

knife in that hard word?" He opened his hand that I might see it, saying, "I am going to begin now." Then came a gash long ^{and} deep, first on one side of my breast, then on the other. Deep sickness seized me, ^{and} deprived me of my breakfast. This was followed by extreme faintness. My sufferings were no longer local. There was a general feeling of agony throughout the ^{whole} system. I felt, every inch of me, as though flesh was failing. During the whole operation, I was enabled to have entire self control over my person, ^{and} over my voice. Perais ^{and} Ada were devotedly employed in sustaining me in the use of cordials, ammonia, the fan, bathing my temples, &c. I myself fully intended to have seen the thing done. But on recollection, every glimpse I happened to have, was the Dr's. right hand completely covered with blood, up to the very wrist. He afterwards told me, that at one time, the blood from an artery flew into his eyes, so that he could not see. It was nearly an hour ^{and} a half that I was beneath his hand, in cutting out the entire breast, in cutting out the glands beneath the arm, in tying the arteries, in absorbing the blood, in sewing up the wound, in putting on the adhesive plasters, ^{and} in applying the bandage.

The views ^{and} feelings of that hour are now vivid to my recollection. It was during the cutting

process that I began to talk. The feeling that I had reached a different point from those by whom I was surrounded, inspired me with freedom. It was there that I expressed myself. "It has been a great trial to my feelings that Mr. Thurston is not here. But it is not necessary. So many friends, ^{and} Jesus Christ besides. His left hand is underneath my head, ^{and} his right hand sustains, embraces me. I am willing to suffer. I am willing to die. I am not afraid of death. I am not afraid of hell. I anticipate a blessed immortality. Tell Mr. Thurston my peace flows like a river.

'Upward I lift mine eyes,

From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth ^{and} nature made.
God is the tower

To which I fly;

His grace is nigh
In every hour.

God disciplines me, but he does it with a gentle hand." At one time I said, I know you will bear with me. You replied, "I think it is you that have to bear from us."

The Dr., after ^{removing the} ~~discovering~~ ^{gentle} breast, said to me, "I want to cut some, more, round under your arm." I replied, "Do just what you want to do,

only tell me when, so that I can bear it." One said the wound had the appearance of being ^{more than} a foot long. ~~The ^{operation} was ^{not} ^{very} ^{long}.~~ Eleven arteries were taken up, after a beginning had been made in sewing it up, Persis said, "Mother, the Dr. is making us nice a seam as you ever made in your life". Tell me, Persis, when he is going to put in the needle, so that I can bear it." "Now", "now", "now", &c. "Yes, tell me, that is a good girl." Ten stitches were taken, two punctured at every stitch, one on either side. When the whole work was done, Dr. Ford ^{and} Asa removed my chair to the back side of the room, ^{and} laid me on the lounge. Dr. Brayton came to my side, ^{and} taking me by the hand said, "There is not one in a thousand, ~~that~~ ^{who} would have borne it as you have done."

Up to this time, every thing is fresh to my recollection. Of that afternoon ^{and} night, I only remember that the pain in the ~~wound~~ was intense ^{and} unremittent, ^{and} that I felt willing to be just in the circumstances in which I was placed. I was told that Dr. Ford visited ~~me~~ ^{me} once in the afternoon, ^{and} once in the night; that Persis ^{and} Asa took care of me, that it seemed as if I suffered nearly as much as during the operation, ^{and} that my wound was constantly wet

with cold water. I have since told Persis, that "I thought they kept me well drugged with paragonic." The reply "We did not give you a ^{drop} ~~drop~~." "Why then do I not remember what took place?" "Because you had so little life about you". By morning light the pain had ceased. Surgeons would understand the expression, ~~how many things~~, that the wound healed by a "union of the first intention".

The morning again brings to my mind a recollection of events. I was lying on my lounge, ~~most~~ feeble ^{and} helpless. I opened my eyes ^{and} saw the light of day. Ada was crossing the room bearing a Bible before him. He sat down near my couch, read a portion, ^{and} prayed.

For several days, I had long sinking turns of several hours. Thus, night, the third of suffering, Thomas rode nearly two miles to the village for the Dr., once in the fore part of the evening again at eleven. At both times he came. At two o'clock he unexpectedly made his third call that night. It was at his second call, that he said to Persis, "In the morning make your mother some ^{chicken} ~~foot~~ soup. She has starved long enough! (They had been afraid of fever.) Persis immediately roused Thomas, had a ^{chicken} ~~foot~~ caught, a fire made, ^{and} a soup under ^{way} ~~weigh~~ that same midnight hour. The next day, Friday, I was some -

~~what~~ revived ^{by} the use of wine ^{and} soup.
 In the afternoon, your father arrived. It was
 the first time since the operation, that I felt as
 if I had life enough to endure the emotion of
~~first~~ seeing him. He left Fairlra the same
 day the operation was performed. A vessel
 was passing in sight of Fairlra. He ^{rowed} ~~swam~~ out
~~to~~ ^{in a canoe} ~~at~~ ^{no} road received on board. Hitherto, Persis,
 Ada, ^{and} Thomas, had been my only nurses both
 by day ^{and} by night. The Dr. gave directions that
 no one enter the room, but those that took
 care of me.
^{my debility was so great,} that I was fed with a teaspoon, as an infant.
 For weeks, many dangers were apprehend-
 ed. In one day, I saw a duplicate of every
 person ^{and} of every thing that my eye beheld.
 Thus it was sixteen years ^{before} ~~ago~~, when I had the
 paralysis. Three weeks after the operation, your
 father, for the first time, very slowly raised
 me to the angle of 45 degrees. It seemed as if
 it would have taken away my senses. It
 was about this time, that I perceptibly im-
 proved from day to day, so much so, that in
~~about~~ ^{about} four weeks from my first confine-
 ment, I was lifted into a carriage. Then I
 rode with your father almost every day. As
 he was away from his field of labor, ^{and} without
 any family responsibilities, he was entirely

devoted to me. It was of great importance to me, that he was at liberty ^{and} in readiness ever to read simple interesting matter to me, to entertain ^{me} to cheer, so that time never passed heavily.

After remaining with me six weeks, he returned to Paulina, leaving me with the physician ^{and} with our own children.

In a few weeks Mother, Mr. Taylor, Persis, Thomas, Lucy, Mary, ^{and} George, bade farewell to Aza ^{and} Sarah, ^{and} to little Robert their black eyed baby boy. Together we ^{packed} ~~packed~~ ~~our~~ ~~trunks~~ ~~over~~ the rough channels up to the old home ^{place}. Thus, your father, instead of eating his solitary meals, had his family board enlarged ^{for} to the accommodation of three generations.

And here is again your mother, engaged in life's duties, ^{and} life's warfare. Fare thee well. Be one with us in knowledge, sympathy, ^{and} love, though we see thee not, ^{and} when sickness prostrates, we feel not thy hand upon our brow.

Your loving

Mother.

1859.

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Art. 11.

Death of Asa G. Thurston.

Asa G. Thurston, our oldest son, leaving his wife and children on Hawaii, went to Honolulu, accompanied by his mother, to consult a physician in regard to a tumor on his breast, which had caused excruciating pain for many months. He lived only a few days, dying suddenly of what the physician pronounced to be aneurism of the great Aorta.

Honolulu, Dec. 20, 1859.

My dear Husband & Daughter,

My mission here is accomplished & I am ready to return to my lonely husband. My trunks are in the basement, packed ready for starting. In a pleasant bedroom stand Asa's trunk & saddlebags. His boots, his hat, his all, all are laid aside. His earthly house too, is taken down, & treasured in a sacred spot. Mortality has been swallowed up of life. Together we walked a peaceful pathway, leading to an open grave. But it lay through green pastures, & beside still waters. For a week & a half before he left us, his soul entered into rest respecting his wife & children. With full confidence he could trust them, as he had long been able to trust himself, to a Covenant-keeping God. After that I saw no more tears.

39 At the funeral service, Rev. Mr. Corwin, a former classmate, returned thanks for the example of one who had come into this community to teach us how to die. Men of the world said they would give all they possessed, could they thus attain the serenity of soul with which Asa Thurston lived in hourly expectation of sudden death.

Renewedly yours,
Lucy G. Thurston.

Letter addressed by Asa to his Parents, written at intervals, in great weakness, from the 6th to the 12th of Dec. He died on the 17th.

My dear Father & Mother,

Standing as I am on the borders of the eternal world, still an inhabitant of earth, yet in daily, ~~and~~ hourly expectation of the summons that is to call me hence, I would commend to your parental care and kindness the wife & babes I leave behind, still to toil on in this world of care & suffering. Father! Mother! they are your children, the loved ones of your son. Let them fill in your affections the place I have filled, & share of your benefactions as I should share. If want & distress should overtake them, may I not ask a home for them beneath your roof? It is pleasant to me to think of my sons growing up under the ^{same} influences, amid the same scenes, & under the same holy teaching as those in which my own infant years were passed.

and through the force of which, after long years of wandering, I was at last brought back, as the returning prodigal, to acknowledge for my God, my Savior, Him to whom beneath that roof, my infant lips had learned to lift the voice of prayer & praise.

Cherish them, dear parents, as you have ever cherished their father. Let my Sarah ever be to you as a daughter beloved. Through six years of wedded life, in sickness and in health, in adversity & in the full tide of prosperity, I had to me fully realized the anticipations & wishes, the hopes & desires of our joyous & happy courtship. She is eminently worthy of your love, none even of your own well loved daughter more so. A virtuous woman, her value is "far above rubies."

I am satisfied to leave them all in the hands of a prayer hearing God. The assurance that they will be provided for, eases death of its sting, & leaves me joyfully to meet the summons that is to call me hence.

And now, dear parents, farewell for a brief season, until we meet again in those mansions of bliss, where pain & sorrow are unknown, where with the innumerable company of angels & justified spirits, we shall ever dwell in the presence of Him with whom is fulness of joy, amid those holy pleasures which shall be forevermore.

Your dying son,
Asa.