

Miss Lucy M. White

Albana Aug 30th 1838

Dear Sister Wilcox

I think you are already in debt to me but I intend to involve you still deeper that you may stir round an get out.

I have not heard a word from you since your confinement excepting that you had returned to Ytlo and was comfortably well. You are you and your dear little one? busily engaged

I presume. We both have an immortal soul committed to our care to train for the skies, and are also surrounded by hundreds of immortals looking to us - to lead them to virtue and heaven.

I have just returned from examining schools; altho in great ignorance they are just beginning to think and we can see a few rays of light have penetrated their dark minds. Some of the scholars in our centre school are also weeping over their sins we cannot. But hope a work of grace has commenced among them - yet we are too faithless too unbelieving I fear for the Lord to do many wonderful works among us. We as a station have been taught the fallacy of living for

yes dear sister since we saw you the destroyer
has come upon us and laid level our pleasant houses
and left us shelterless in this dark land. But dear
sister the Lord is to be praised he has given
us health and many blessings and has again
provided us with comfortable homes and made us
happy in our work. Pray for us dear sister
that we may ever be in the Spirit that we may
ever feel that time is short. I do desire to live
more in accordance with Gods will but am strangely
obdurate notwithstanding all his loving kind-
ness. I often feel ready to ask myself can it
be that I who am so sinful can be a servant
of the Lord Jesus - but I trust I shall one day
come off more than conqueror through him that
truly loved me. I am able to do but little
directly for the heathen as I am very hemahema
I go into school every day and spend about two
hours - in endeavoring to teach - we have now a
good native teacher Mika from the High School
and hope we shall accomplish more than heretofore.
My husband and myself have lately been
spending a week at Tupahulu and Groups.
I was carried down in a manole but as it was

calm preferred coming back in a canoe - the paths
I past were too dreadful to be described but
Miss Ogden went over them and I thought I
could venture - we truly live in an inaccessible
region - but nature has here displayed the
handy work of her creator and shut it out from
the gaze of the world. I never before had so
renewing a sense of the greatness of my Maker as
when I stood on some of those vast Falls.

We were greatly refreshed by the visit of our
brethren and sisters - what a dreary world this
would be without society without the sweets of friend-
ship - I have thought much of you truly previous
to your going to Oahu - and had a heart
to sympathize with you but did not write not
knowing where to direct a letter - I must close as
the man is waiting - please write soon and let
me know all your joys and sorrow - my respects
to all the dear sisters at Hilo - yours in haste

Mary A. Ives -

My husband sends his respects to Mrs. Wiley: