

Part 4.

1871 — 1876.

Extracts from Letters. Conclusion.

1871

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1871. Oct. 1.

* Written when living alone in her cottage home at Honolulu,
her daughter ~~having~~ having gone to North Carolina for her husband's health.
(Mrs. Mary Benfield)

Thanksgiving Dinner.

My dear Daughter Patsy,

Honolulu, Dec. 23,

~~Dear Patsy~~ From different pens I have a full view
of your Thanksgiving dinner. Now I will give you a descrip-
tion of mine. Opposite where I sat, your father's accustomed place,
there was a quart glass tumbler that was filled with flowers
for him. On the right, there were three common sized
tumblers of flowers, each one for a child. On the left, four
little tumblers, with opening lilies, each one for a grand-
child. These, all surrounded with evergreens, were for
my family that had passed to the summer land.
Those, still in the flesh, were represented by piles of the
old blue China plates, family by family, placed across the
upper end of the table, the numbers of plates in each pile
corresponding with the number of members in the fami-
ly it represented, making in all nineteen plates.

A native boy sat at the other end of the table.
There were no dishes of food along the middle, but my
plate and his, with two large circles of small plates, were
replenished with baked beef, sweet and Irish potatoes, bread,
biscuit, milk, cucumbers, apples, bananas, and gravies pre-
served; to which were added from Oakland, dried apples
stewed, and preserved cherries.

I enjoyed my Thanksgiving dinner. In my
youth, I separated myself from my native home and
friends there, and with a beautiful staff, passed over to

this then heathen land. Now I have large investments in two countries ^{and} in two worlds. What though for a point of time, I am detached from what are still mine, there is a glowing future, when I shall in a higher sense, than I have ever yet experienced, enjoy my acquisitions -
 Your loving Mother.

Art. Ch 2.

Grandmother's Tea Party.

(From the "Fring" of Honolulu.)

The rare privilege was afforded us on the 28th of Aug. (1872) of being present at a gathering of grandmothers in honor of Mrs. Patsy H. Judd, who completed on that day her ninetieth year. One of her granddaughters, Mrs. Laura Dickson, wishing to honor the occasion, devised the highly appropriate plan of inviting all the foreign grandmothers in Honolulu to a Tea Party at her residence. The weather was most propitious, ^{and} the occasion such as enlisted the gathering of such an assembly as would reflect the highest honor upon any Christian community in the most favored part of the world. Most fortunately we entered when between thirty ^{and} forty ladies, a little past middle age, with a few verging onward to the period of the "sere ^{and} yellow leaf," were seated at the tables sumptuously spread with the good things of this life. These ladies were served by a company of their daughters ^{and} their in the fresh season of yering womanhood. When all were

thus gathered, the venerable Mrs. Thurstone invoked the Divine blessing in the following touching language:-

"Our Father, who art in heaven, we thank Thee that Thou dost satisfy us with long life. Enable us to yield fruit in old age. May our last days be emphatically our best days. Bless this social interview. Bless to our use this food. Make it a feast of love. While we tarry till Thou come, may we day by day be preparing, so as to be und clothed, that mortality may be swallowed up of life. For Jesus sake. Amen!"

While the ladies were seated at the tables, Mrs. Thurstone arose and read the following address.

"I remember the time when at this metropolis of our little world, the highest perfection of the female picture of a family would be a mother standing with an infant in her arms, and a tottling child by her side, hanging onto her skirts. Now, I open my eyes to behold a venerable company of forty grandmothers, including four great-grandmothers. This leads me to invite your attention for a few minutes to the origin and increase of foreign female society on Hawaii.

In 1820 the first foreign ladies reached these shores that were ever seen by the eyes of natives. They were seven in number, including one mother with five children. That company had only liberty to come on shore and stay one year. What circumspection, what power of endurance they were called to exercise! The ladies were a rare curiosity to the nation; the children more so. To turn from scenes of pressing their own children beneath the sod with their own heels, or, if allowed to live, to go entirely naked,—then to behold our children dressed with

shirts, pants and coats, with dresses and neck attire, with stockings and shoes, with hats and bonnets, they were delighted—they were fascinated with them, as much so as our children would be with a fresh importation of London dolls. Kalaimoku, a great warrior, who put down the rebellion in favor of idols, who sustained the position of prime minister of the nation, and was called the Iron Cable, passed by educated men and chose little Daniel Chamberlain, five years old, to be his teacher in learning the English alphabet. When Mrs. Chamberlain started to go to church with her family, by the time she got there, she was as destitute of children as young married ladies. One queen would secure one child, another a second, and so on. We had ten queens in those days.

A deputation from the London Missionary Society was providentially brought to us. They were thirty years ahead of us in a knowledge of the experience of missionary labors. They awoke us from a dream of security. Their advice, after being months in our family, was gratuitous and full. "Let Mr. Chamberlain take his six children, go home with them, and train them up for God. He never can do it here. As society now is, to come in contact with natives or foreigners would be moral death." Our own missionaries too said, "Go." Thus they did their missionary work up quick, and returned to their native land. But the winning influence that they exerted over the minds of natives in causing the Mission so quickly to become the acknowledged teachers of the nation, will never be appreciated in this life.

During successive years, several other families, parents and children retired, and their places were filled with new recruits. Some nine or a dozen children in early childhood were torn from the arms of their parents, and sent across the waters for education. A returned missionary lady from the East said to me, "A child left in the streets in America would have a better education than in the best family in a heathen land. One divine among us who had a regard to the sacredness of the family institution, thought that these human clippings went to make a family look like a cocoanut tree. Another, fourteen years after the commencement of the Mission, with all the ardency of his nature hoped that no daughter would ever remain in this land up to the age of her fifteenth year. But the good hand of our God was upon us. Punahou school rose up to bless our land. It worked together for good that some of our children were there educated, that some were sent to America, and some trained in private families. The Cousins' Society is a monument of glory to the

American missionaries. The instructions given to the nation had its natural result. A

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To Mrs. Cecis G. Taylor, on her return to California, having
given her mother a Happy Visit ~~of~~ of four months.

To my ~~Daughter~~ who has ~~visited~~ ~~the~~ ~~mother~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~mother~~
Happy Visit.

My dear Daughter Cecis,

Honolulu,
Punahoa Valley, Jan. 11, 1874.

You have accomplished your mission! Go, re-
turn to your husband and your children. Give my love
and gratitude to each one of them for encouraging and aid-
ing you to cross the ocean to visit your love mother.
I was blessed in having you come. I am blessed in
seeing you return to the center of a circle, bound to you
by the strongest ties of nature. You have reached the
period when a clustered family begin to scatter. You
are in the noon tide of life, subject to its struggles.
Your aged mother has reached the calm and quiet of even-
tide. It is not dark. The western sky is lighted up
with golden hues. I wait the summons to pass to
higher scenes. It is ~~so~~ easy to linger. It will be
easy to go. In all God's Providence, I occupy, now and
ever, just the niche that he assigns me.

I have been vividly reminded of your
childhood's years. Could I then have divined what you
would be to me in 1873? May your children
be to you what you have so lovingly been to
Your affectionate and grateful
Mother -

Art. # 5.

Death of a Grandson - Robert Thurston
aged 19 years.

Honolulu,

~~Massachusetts~~ ~~Volley~~, Apr. 28th, 1874 -

My dear Children and Grandchildren,

I address you all as one. But let me write your names. Let me count my treasures. Peris, Mr. Taylor, Lucy, Mary, Henry, James, and Eddie, — Sarah, Lovin, and Helen, — Mary, Marcus, Asa, Lily, and Clara, — Thomas and Alice.

Of my own loved ones, still mine, but who have passed beyond the veil, there is your honored Father, — Lucy and Asa, — Edwin and Frank, — Ed, Mary, and Eric, — George and Robert.

In what I have written, the tale is told; for Robert has passed to higher scenes.

April. 4th Sat. The ball of his right foot became exceedingly painful. It was considered a stone bruise, the result of fishing in the water barefoot. For a whole week, his sufferings were intense. He was scarcely able to eat or sleep.

Apr. 8th Wed. The Dr. was sent for. He entered into the same ideas that had been entertained, of its being a stone bruise, and continued poultices, ordering them to be made of flax seed, and changed once in two hours. He lanced it Wed. and Fri. without relief.

Apr. 11th Sat. Dr. visited him five times.

Apr. 12. Sun. Dr. was up before breakfast. Again at noon. Again in the afternoon bringing another Dr. with him as counsel. He called Robert's attention, if possible, to trace back his steps to the point, where his foot received a hurt. This quickened, his recollection reached the time, when going into the water, he stepped on a piece of coral, but it was a thing too insignificant to receive attention. The counsel at once gave an expressive look to the family physician. It was the first moment that the idea of poison had dawned upon the mind. He had once lost a patient, when poison had been communicated in the same manner. One whole week had now elapsed since his sufferings commenced. It is now supposed that he was poisoned by a small shell fish, a species of annelides, which attaches itself to coral rocks when in the sea. Natives are frequently wounded in this way, and unless prompt remedies are applied, it often proves fatal. They usually burn the wound with a coal of fire, or apply the leaves of a weed, — but physicians generally cauterize it with Nitrate of Silver. This is the first instance of a foreigner having been poisoned in this way that we have known.

Toward night, a friend rode up to my door to say, that the Drs. thought Robert could not live. That night I did not close my eyes in sleep, till after three in the morning. Every relative tie, every inferior consideration, was absorbed in his securing eternal life. It was a night

to be remembered. Deep solitude, ^{and} silence, ^{and} darkness reigned. With my dying son, I approached very near ^{to} the Savior. I laid him with entire trust, fully into his compassionate arms, with one request, only one, in that I would not be denied. Make him a pure spirit, to glorify God, ^{and} enjoy him forever.

Apr. 13. Mon. The Dr. remarked that in a hundred chances, he had but one of living. ~~What a situation~~
~~was in his mind that the child would expect the doctor's arrival~~
~~the night.~~ At evening twilight, his aunt gently revealed to him that he would likely soon leave them. The idea seemed to enter his very soul. He quivered all over. Then closed his eyes ^{and} lay for a time, after which, he conversed with his aunt. He said he "longed to be a Christian, but he didn't know how." He asked her to pray with him. She felt that God was there, ^{and} sought for spiritual blessings with great fervor. When she ended, he said, "Amen." He inquired if he should be likely to live a week, ^{and} received for answer, that he would probably die before morning.

When the Dr. came in the evening, he was quickly informed by an outsider, that Robert had been told of his danger. The Dr. was greatly annoyed. He said in his very weak state, it was enough to snap the thread of life, ^{and} to ninety nine cases out of one hundred patients, it would be an injury. One entering the sick

room, Robert said to him, "I want to know how I am. Tell me the truth. I am not afraid to die". The Dr. told him not to worry, to be calm in his mind, and spoke to him words of encouragement. When he returned to the parlor, he told the family that Robert's pulse were in an improved state.

Apr. 14th and 15th Tues. and Wed. Dr. said that Robert had one chance in seventy-five for life. His pulse were better, one hundred and twenty in a minute. They had been one hundred and fifty, and on so fast that they could not be counted. He had had considerable fever, was very weak, and felt "so tired". He said to his watcher, "They told me night before last that I might die before morning, and I prepared for it." He asked a friend, "How am I?" He replied, "You are very sick." He folded his hands, closed his eyes, and for some time appeared to be in prayer.

Apr. 16th and 17th Thurs. and Fri. His breathing — every breath had been with a gasp — was somewhat relieved, the swelling in his chest, abdomen, and leg, somewhat diminished. He ate more, slept more, and was stronger. It was sweetly sad to see how he longed for the presence of his mother, ^{absent from the past year.} Although the schooner to bring her was not expected till Sat., he often asked if she had come, and often sent his brother ~~to inquire of the schooner~~ ^{to see if the schooner were in sight.}

The feelings he expressed respecting his spiritual state, were, "that he longed to be a

christian; but Christ seemed a great way off. He was afraid he did not believe in him. He did not know how. He could not get the hang of it." Intelligent discriminating christians, thought that his will was subdued, and that his safety did not depend upon the comfort he received. With me it required neither his testimony nor theirs to enable me to lay trustingly into the hands of the Savior my heart's treasure. My consolation through the sacred page, came directly from Him.

Once Robert said, "Dear Aunt, I know now what suffering is." Let, inexperienced as he had hitherto been in that school, not a repining word ever dropped from his lips. But he often said, "I am so tired." Under this severe discipline, a softening touch had been given to his character. ~~He was all the way through~~ ~~as was~~ ~~passed up~~ ~~his~~ ~~mind~~ ~~his~~ ~~heart~~. All along he was humble, docile, patient, loving, and so increasingly attentive, in the midst of sufferings, to preface his requests with please, and close kind acts with thank you, and in his seasons of delirium, so perfectly pure in every sentence and in every word, that the spirit he breathed on that sick bed, was very beautiful.

Having spent Fri. there with the setting sun, I returned to my own home. In the edge of the evening, a friend called to say, "We think

vigils for Robert, while he lay between life and death. My prayers for him were now entirely ended. Then, instead of allowing grief and sadness to be my guests, I invited thanksgiving to abide with me. I had only to begin to express my gratitude, ere the channel became deeper and deeper, broader and broader. ~~and~~ ~~and~~ I was so borne along over the space of nineteen years, to the time when the spark of life was first lighted up, and so borne upward, that it formed one of the green spots in my life, where memory will ever love to linger.

Under this visitation, among friends and the community, there was one pulsation of sympathy and aid.

Was Jesus, in his infinite power, wisdom, and love, less kind, — even though he called three widows, to lay their son and grandson, their hope and strength, on the altar, as offering without blemish?

What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.

Your loving Mother & Grandmother
Lucy G. Thurston

Art. 8-6, in California.

Marriage of Granddaughter, Self Support.

My dear Granddaughter Mary,

Honolulu, July 1874.

I revert to the time when I was first introduced to a little toddling girl in her second year. During these succeeding years, she has been growing into womanhood. I have been domesticated

with her for months and months together in various places. And now, on the eve of her wedding, she comes with her cozy letter, and spreads before her distant grandmother, her very self, her surroundings, her prospects, and her aspirations, just as if she indeed belonged to me. How your freedom, affection, and confidence warms and melts a heart, encrusted with age and solitude. With ease and simplicity you introduce "Charlie" as your new found husband, and my said found grandson - I accept and place him with Mary in my heart of hearts. God Almighty bless you both, and may you together walk before him in truth and love. I thank you ever so much for your photographs. I put them into a large frame, wholly devoted to our family. It was very interesting receiving samples of your dresses. I pronounce your trousseau to be quite modest and economic. But the best of all is, that you have learned self support.

I yesterday read an impressive piece respecting a daughter of affluence - She was above doing or learning anything belonging to the labors of life. Her youth and prime, and wealth had all passed away. Incapable of effort, crushed with the responsibility of sustaining herself, she fell, with eyes weakened by weeping, from the high eminence that riches raised her, to the lowest

strata of honest society, the Poor and Shiftless. While the daughters of her poor despised neighbor, the washer-woman, were made wise under the teaching of stern necessity, qualified themselves for earth's duties, and rose to posts of usefulness and enrolment.

Your loving Grandmother,
Lucy G. Thurston.

Art. 7.

To Miss M. A. Chamberlain, Corresponding Secretary of
Mission Children's Society.

Honolulu ~~Mission~~ Valley, Sept. 2nd, 1874.

From your own hand I received the 22nd Annual Report of ^{the} Hawaiian Mission Children's Society. There I learn officially, that they have admitted by a single vote, as honorary members, all the surviving Fathers and Mothers of this Mission, and likewise placed upon this list the names of those who have departed this life.

Such a loving act touches the heart. I thank them for myself. I thank them for the living. I thank them for the dead.

In contemplating this Society, my mind runs back to other years, when the eldest children of this Mission were grouped beneath parental guidance, shut in by a dark horizon. Without schools, without a future sphere, without a paren-

to walk a thorny pathway. And how the departed one must have suffered. But it is a blessed path that leads to a blessed death.

And the little girl, my seventeenth grandchild. Lin incidentally gave me a peep of her, cheering the suffering one with her "tiny smile". I am glad that in my mind she is so pleasantly photographed.

At present, I have the aid of a school boy, two hours in the morning, and two hours in the afternoon. I am quite alone at night. My heart yearns for loving companionship -

As I was once your mother, so I now wish you to become mine. I wish to set my house in order, and to die in my own family. On your entering my house, I wish the responsibilities of the table and house to fall in to your hands absolutely, I retaining my bedroom and study as ever. Then I will trust to you, as you once trusted to me. Let the children be to the house what flowers are to the garden. While I remain, I live in you and in them, and you all live in me. When I pass away, you will be my memorial.

In 1823 we separated from the Mission family at Honolulu, and branched out to form a station at Peailua. With two babes of two years and two months old, we were closely

packed five days ^{and} nights in a crowded native vessel. After reaching Paialua, I often said with the utmost sincerity, "Never ask me again to go upon the ocean. Let me live ^{and} die here." So much for the value of sentimental feeling, after having suffered to extremity. Since that time, in visiting America, I have been four times round Cape Horn, as many times over the way between this ^{and} California, ^{and} more than a hundred on these seas that separate our group of Islands.

I have just received a large photograph of your father. I have put it in a frame ^{and} encircled it in the same frame with small photographs of his ~~deceased~~ family who are with him in the world of spirits. Including the whole circle, there were four cut off in the prime of life, and ~~claiming~~ parental responsibilities, three in the bloom ^{and} vigor of youth between sixteen ^{and} nineteen, ^{and} three children between sixteen months ^{and} five years of age. My Savior, how can I give expression to my gratitude that my dear departed ones have found rest in Thee. All, all, I trust, have attained to that better land. How pleasant, how rich the memories of having such a family in heaven. In another large frame, your

mother's large photograph is in the center, surrounded by the living members of our family.

Art. 4011 10.

Death of a Grandchild Five Months Old -

My dear Daughter Mary, Honolulu, ~~Honolulu~~ ~~Feb~~ Feb. 2^{9th} 1874.

And so little Ida was born, a daughter of earth, ~~thus~~ ~~soon~~ ~~early~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~her~~ ~~flight~~ ~~to~~ ~~happier~~ ~~climes~~. I, too, had learned to love her, and everywhere she follows me with an expressive smile. Beloved child! She will be cared by redeemed ones advanced in knowledge, with more than a mother's love. As her infant faculties develop, she will learn of them her birth place, who her mother is, and with what brother and sisters her earth life was grouped. I think of her as becoming a bright ministering spirit, often commissioned to be your guardian angel, to help you to bear the burdens of life, and to lead you to that heavenly rest to which she has attained. Blessed mother! I congratulate you in having such an angel child as little Ida. What a precious offering to make to God. It may have ten thousand instructors in Heaven, but you will be its parents. To have a child in Heaven is worth all the sickness, sorrow & toil it has cost you. Your sympathizing Mother,

After an absence of more than two years, Mrs. Mary Benfield & three children returned to her mother's home in Honolulu, having laid her husband, & an infant daughter to rest beneath the pine trees of their retreat in North Carolina. The widowed daughter again became the stay & support of her ^{aged} ~~widowed~~ mother.

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Art. 13, 11.

Spring Preceeds Winter,

Honolulu,

~~Manassas~~ Valley, Aug. 1875.

The two years ^{and} a half in which, in my family, I have been like the body of a cocoa-nut tree, stripped of every leaf, is past. By the union of the remnants of three generations, the solitary one is again set in a family. The pattering of small feet, ^{and} the music of little voices is again heard. A faithful staff is placed by my side on which to lean, as I linger on the border land toward the setting sun.

During this past season of discipline, I accepted my lot, ^{and} my feelings assimilated to my circumstances. Fear became a stranger to my bosom. In the long black night, I enjoyed the music of nature, ^{and} felt the sublimity of deep solitude.

I am blest. I have entered my eighty first year. I have food, raiment, ^{and} home convenient for me, ^{and} my latter days are those of peace.

Lucy G. Thurston

Art. 12.

To the Readers of the Preceding Pages.

In the Spring of 1876 Mrs. Thurston was suddenly attacked with a heart disease, which in a few weeks confined her to the house. Though in daily expectation of a fatal termination, her life was prolonged, with frequent recurring spasms of pain & extreme distress for breath, till six weary months were fulfilled. During all this time she was compelled to sit upright in her chair by day & by night, defended by a cap, veil & gloves, on a lace canopy from the annoyance of mosquitoes, she patiently lingered through her protracted sufferings, sometimes compelled by extremity of weariness to cry, "O Lord! how long?" Faithful friends cheered her painful pathway to the grave. Amid these distresses, she completed her selection of papers to be published after her death.

Her sudden release was thus announced in a letter from her daughter, Mrs. Bonfield, dated Honolulu, Oct. 14, 1876.

"What a joyful reunion that must have been, when yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, our suffering mother rejoined the husband of her youth in the "Happy Land". Without a word of farewell, she suddenly left her chair of suffering, & the loving watchers at her side, & obeyed the voice that called, "It is enough, come up higher". She has been laid to rest in the same grave with our father."

"Her children rise up and call her Blessed."

Woodhuff, California, March 1880.

Percy G. Taylor.

1876.

THE LIFE AND LAST DAYS OF MRS.

LUCY G. THURSTON.

The last of the Pioneer Missionaries.

A Memorial Discourse by REV. WALTER FREAR,
preached Oct. 22d 1876, in Fort St. Church.

— Honolulu.

MARK x: 29, 30. And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sister, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's,

But he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mother, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.

I have selected these words in memoriam of Mrs. Lucy Goodale Thurston, because they were much in her mind in the last weeks of her life, and because she realized that they had been remarkably fulfilled to her. The varied experiences, in view of which she appropriated to herself these words of her Saviour, were vivid in her memory. Her thoughts went back over the past a good deal. She thought of the old home in Marlborough, Massachusetts, where she was born on the 29th of this month, 1795. She thought of the large circle of friends; of the father, and of the eight or nine brothers and sisters, and of the numerous respectable and godly uncles and aunts and cousins that she had left, and of all the pleasant associations that she had forsaken; and then her thoughts would dwell on the portion that she had received on these far-off islands, and the grateful feeling would arise that it had been far better for her that she had left all. For some months, and I might say years, she had been living quite largely in her reminiscences. Her pen had been busy with them. The scenes of earlier times were before her mind daily. She lived over again the experiences through which she had passed to an unusual degree; so that it was with more than an ordinary significance that she with clear remembrance, and in direct reference to all that she had lost and gained, suffered and enjoyed, opened her Bible a few weeks ago, and pointing with her finger to this passage, said to me, "This has all been true in my case."

Let us see how true it has been.

It was in a literal sense that she left houses and friends and country for Christ's sake. She, at the time, had no thought of the mild and healthful breezes of Hawaii, that now invite so many from the colder climate of the States. She had no thought of the grand mountains and volcanoes that now attract the tourist, and are counted among the wonders of the earth. There was no anticipation of the delightful homes and genial society that in late years have given to these islands a charm. She left a land and home to which she was greatly endeared, to go by long and dangerous voyage, to one of the most remote and least known parts of the earth, to a people in the greatest of heathenish darkness, a people

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among whom life was cheap, and that offered human sacrifices, and had fearful regulations of tabu, and were naked savages. She and all on board the brig *Thaddeus*, as Dr. Anderson says, "Expected a protracted and perilous conflict with pagan rites, human sacrifices and bloody altars; for no intimation had been received that the idols and altars of superstition had been overthrown." We can also readily imagine with what a grave appreciation and consciousness of the magnitude of the sacred mission, she gave herself to be a missionary. I doubt if ever a missionary surrendered home and friends, to take up so great and critical a work for Christ, with a deeper sense of what we might call the ideal proprieties of so high a calling. ~~It was doubtless this serious sense of proprieties in the circumstances, that accounts for her having been so deeply affected when she first read the fiction allusion to the way in which she became a missionary's wife, in the memories of her less serious yet deeply spiritual cousin, Dr. Goodell. It was a shock to her that brought on the attack that for the last six or seven months has prevented her from lying down, and has kept her sitting upright day and night in her chair; and from the effects of all which she has passed away. Probably not many others would have been so affected by such an allusion, but it touched upon one of the deepest characteristics of her nature. It seemed to her to do violence to the very spirit in which she had entered upon the great and solemn work of carrying the Gospel of life to benighted people who knew nothing of Christ and his salvation. To her it seemed not merely to reflect on her maidenly modesty, but to do away with the deep toned conviction of what was becoming in one about to leave country and friends for Christ's sake. It was in a spirit far from all levity, and in which human loves had but a second place while Christ had the first, that she was not disobedient unto the heavenly call. It was in a seriousness and a heroism that takes one's life in his hands that she left the comforts of a pleasant home, expecting a rude hut to be her habitation, and that what had been necessities of life were henceforth to be her luxuries. In place of the refinements of society, she was to come in contact with gross ignorance, disgusting vices, brutish drunkenness and all unnameable immoralities. Thus she forsook all.~~

Among other things in leaving all for Christ and the Gospel's sake, she at that time gave up the thought of a long life. Her stronger brothers and sisters were around her. She was thought to be the frailest of them all. She had already had premonition of early disease in the lungs, with attacks of hemorrhage. Her doubt was, whether she could long endure the tropical heats and exposures to which she expected to be subjected. It was thought that amid the hardships and privations there she would find an early grave. When speaking of this passage of scripture and its fulfillment to her, she said to me,

"all at home thought that Lucy would be the first to die." She herself thought so. They all had no other thought, than that in that heathen land her life would go first. They bade her farewell, as one whom they never expected to see again on earth. She would be in heaven long before the rest of them. "But," said she, "here I am still, spared the longest of them all. All those brothers and sisters have gone before me. Not one of them is left." Thus she gave her life to Christ expecting that the giving of it would shorten it, and he has given her more years than would have been hers if she had kept her life. She found the words of Christ true, that "he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." She thought of this lengthening of her days as one of the ways in which the hundred fold had been given to her. She felt confident that long ago she would have been in her grave had she staid in the old New England home. But as it is she has been spared to outlive by a day the 57th anniversary of her marriage, and to almost complete her 51st year. And instead of never looking upon the faces of the home friends, in the ordering of Providence she has been permitted twice to visit the land of her birth. She has doubled Cape Horn five times, has traveled over 90,000 miles by sea, has been through perils and sicknesses, and prevailing diseases, and yet God has suffered her to be the last to die on these islands, of all that worthy pioneer band who sailed in the brig *Thaddeus* on the 23d of October, 1819, and landed in the following April at Kailua.

Again, among the things that she forsook for Christ and the Gospel's sake, was any cherished ambition that she might have had, any thought of being known, esteemed and honored among her acquaintances, or of having a name and a place in the world. Those were first days in the missionary work. Honor had not come upon those who had gone to carry the lamp of life into the regions of darkness. The missionary cross had not yet been garlanded in the popular esteem. The work had not yet taken to itself other aspects than that of self-sacrifice for the sake of those perishing in ignorance and sin. To come at that time to these dark islands was the conscious giving up of personal culture, and of place in society, and of influence in the progressive development of one's own country. It was going out to unknown ends of the earth, to spend one's days in humblest work of teaching a gross and degraded people; to have one's faith and patience tried, and to lay one's body at last among heathen bones, instead of in the old village church-yard. But how true it is that God has given her more than all that she gave up in this respect. Her name is a familiar name to a large part of the best people in America. She is known and held in honor over a large part of the Christian world. She has a place in the hearts of thousands who probably would never have heard her name, had she not left society and kindred for Christ's sake. She has received

more than a hundred fold in friends. Her influence has been far more widely extended. She has a noble place in the grand history of missions. She has a high niche in missionary fame. And is there any fame better, or more to be desired on earth, than that which now belongs to such heroes of the cross. Does not a true missionary receive a wider regard and a higher place in the thoughts and love of the christian world than would have been his if he had stayed in his native land? There may be still some who think it a pity that any one of culture and of promise should throw himself away, by abandoning prospective positions of influence at home, to be a humble missionary in out-of-the-way pagan lands. But God gives, in honor and esteem, to his faithful ones, manifold more than all they surrender.

Mrs. Thurston thought not of this at the time, nor did she speak of it in connection with the passage of scripture, but we may speak it for her. She did however think and speak of the many friends, the christian brothers and sisters, that God had given her in her missionary life. She thought gratefully of the interest that had been taken in her, of the favours that had been done to her, of the kindnesses and assistance that had been generously given, and of all that God had put into the heart of others to do for her. She felt that she had not been left friendless, but that the promise in this respect had been fulfilled, that the hundred fold had been given, that more hands had ministered to her in her last sickness, than she could have expected, had she never left all for heather shores.

But in a yet higher respect has it been better for Mrs. Thurston that she left home and friends for Christ. I mean in her usefulness. God can give us few great blessings that will add more happiness to life than to put it in our power to be really useful. That which adds to our usefulness adds to the good of our life. Much has been added to Mrs. Thurston in this respect. In the days of her strength she was a faithful worker, and the good that she has been permitted to do has doubtless been a hundred fold more than she would have done in New England. Among her first pupils were Kings and Queens, whose influence soon led the people generally to desire gospel instruction. She was the educator of some of the first minds in the nation. Judge H, who became such an honor to his race, was early selected by the King to be instructed by Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, and he was long their diligent scholar, receiving much of his solid worth and finish from them. She endured hardness as a good soldier in that earnest fight to secure a hold for the gospel on Hawaii. She stood firm while others failed. She suffered, passed through exceeding great trials, persevered and was brave, as some others were not. She had a full share in those trials, and burdens and hardships and dangers through which the mission was brought to a success, and a heathen people christianized. How much greater is the work that she has been permitted to do, than if she had stayed in her native land! How many more inquiring souls