

Art. 67.

To Mrs. M. Goodale, Marlboro, Mass.

Kaula, Sep., 1831.

Dear Sister,

Last June, the General Meeting of the Mission was held at Honolulu. It became an interesting question, Shall I make one of the party, or, in such solitary circumstances, remain behind? Friends at Honolulu had interested themselves in my prospects, by sending a vessel for our accommodation, with invitations for us to come down. The way was opened, <sup>and</sup> duty seemed to require that I place myself within the reach of medical skill. We sailed on board the brig Waverly with our whole family. Messrs. Bishop <sup>and</sup> Ruggles likewise accompanied us. We were accommodated on deck at first, both night <sup>and</sup> day. I congratulated myself in being placed in circumstances of safety. But during the darkness of the third night, we entered the channel between Hawaii <sup>and</sup> Maui. The wind was high, the sea boisterous, the vessel rolled, sea-sickness increased, the water dashed overboard, <sup>at deck</sup> <sup>and</sup> to escape being drenched, we were obliged, for the first time, to retire to the cabin. After reaching my couch below, I alluded to the Black Hole of Calcutta, as ever standing associated in my mind with the cabin of a native vessel.

At length we passed the tumultuous channel. Our seasickness subsided. We slept. Let mine was somewhat interrupted. It is because ~~because~~ my couch is so in



heaps. I rose <sup>and</sup> smothered it. Again I slumbered. Again I arose <sup>and</sup>  
 smothered my couch. This I several times repeated. At  
 length truth at once flashed upon my mind. What does  
 all this mean? My first thought was, there is no chance for  
 safety, but by being restored to pure air, the bilge water  
 was so very offensive. I hastened to the deck, I slumbered  
 over the companion way, the door being kept closed & fastened,  
<sup>and</sup> I availed myself of the best accommodations of the place,  
 the body of a tree, <sup>on</sup> <sup>and</sup> around which a multitude of na-  
 tives were reclining. I begged Mr. Thurston to return to  
 the sea-sick children, while I remained alone. I looked  
 off upon the dark black water, <sup>and</sup> thought of the precious  
 names of home, physician, sister. The tears rushed into  
 my eyes, but thinking them unseasonable when everything  
 depended on my own exertions, I checked the impulse, <sup>and</sup>  
 returned them to their sockets. Let in bringing my  
 mind to my circumstances there was a struggle. I called  
 to mind the duty <sup>and</sup> the privilege of laying myself with  
 childlike simplicity <sup>and</sup> submission, into the hands of my  
 heavenly Father, <sup>and</sup> awaiting his will. Tried to do so, <sup>and</sup> there was  
 peace. I spent a short time only on deck, before I awoke  
 one of our natives, to signify to Mr. Thurston, that I wished  
 to return <sup>and</sup> bid him ~~to go to the fore part of the ship~~ "awake Mr.  
 Bishop. After we had all reached the cabin, I said to  
 them, "I am called upon in this place, to ask the aid  
 of you all." Mr. Bishop proposed taking opium until  
 reaching Lahaina. I answered, "No, it is too late, <sup>and</sup> if my



apprehensions are just, no time is to be lost." The first embarrassment we felt, was, <sup>that</sup> we were in utter darkness, for during the fore part of the night, we had trimmed, replenished, <sup>and</sup> lighted the only lamp we could find on board. Being so often called to repeat this care, we left off in despair. Now one more effort was made, <sup>and</sup> one flickering lamp appeared as if invigorated by sleep. Again, the hand basket which contained the keys of my trunk had been misplaced. A whole half hour had been spent the day before in unavailing search. Means were soon found to burst the lock of a single trunk, which would supply all the wants of the emergency. In the mean time, Mr. Paggles repaired with the children to the deck. Mr. Thurston <sup>and</sup> Mr. Bishop alone remained. Every thing was in due order. In one half hour from the time a general movement was made, infant cries from the cabin apprised those on deck, of what was passing below. Scarce was I informed of the danger that the child's breath might be stopped on the very threshold of life, when the light expired, <sup>and</sup> its cries ceased altogether.

"Silence <sup>and</sup> Darkness, solemn sisters." The lamp was passed up on deck, through an avenue overhead. "A light, a light." It was renewed, returned, <sup>and</sup> a spark still more precious again lighted up. The child was safe. But the mother's life was, ere long, felt to be in danger. Never before had I so much reason to feel that I had reached the isthmus which lies between this <sup>and</sup> the invisible world.



My <sup>m</sup> Medical Blume I had put into the trunk. It was taken from thence & the two Divines sat on the stairs of the companion way, to study out their medical lesson. After the lapse of eight hours, the feelings of danger were exchanged for those of unswerving gratitude. All was safe. In the fullness of my heart I repeated the beautiful words of the poet.

"There is mercy in every place;  
 And mercy, encouraging thought,  
 Gives even affliction new grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot."

We were now near Lahaina. Messrs. Bishop & Puggles wrote notes to Mr. Richards stating our situation, & requesting a double canoe. When intelligence reached the shore, Miss Ogden wept, & Mrs. Richards sobbed aloud. Messrs. Andrews & Whitney came off in a double canoe. Meantime, husband & I were busy in the cabin. Before leaving my berth, I erected my arm from the elbow to the tip of the fingers, thinking in length it equaled the height of the opening to my couch. But it fell short by several inches. The other side, head & foot, top & bottom were all alike closely boarded. According to my early educated eye, it seemed like a cupboard. Mr. Thurston first smoothed down Mrs. Thurston, & laid her aside on the top of a row of barrels, standing on their ends, near the companion way. There she lay in her traveling dress, ready for onward travel, looking just as she did when she left her home.



Above & below we were all in readiness to depart. Mr. Thurston took me in his arms like a child & carried me on deck. Mr. Bishop then assisted him in swinging me over the side of the vessel, where was a mattress supported by Messrs. Andrews & Whitney, & by them let down onto the elevated arms, which connected the double canoe. On reaching the shore, we were met by Mr. Richards, Mrs. Andrews, & Miss Ogden. I was borne on the mattress by natives to Mr. Richards' house. On entering the gate, the mattress was necessarily brought up together, & in so doing, I became so completely enclosed, as if lying in a coffin. No farther consciousness remained, but that of pressing through doors, turning corners, & ascending stairs. At length, I was let down, & beheld myself lying on a board floor, in the middle of a room, with plastered walls and glass windows. To me, who had spent eight years in cottages thatched with leaves, with mats for floors, & doors for windows, it seemed a novel scene, & powerfully reminded me of the days of other years. Here I found Mrs. Richards; both she & her husband received us with a freedom & hospitality, which made me feel like reaching a father's house. Then, as I lay there, with all my friends gathered round me in a circle, Mrs. Richards said to me, "Now you may have your choice, who to have to dress you for the bed." I replied, "I choose Mr. Thurston."

At the expiration of a week after reaching







all prostrate on the floor, by the side of their mother, when we reached Paulina, <sup>&</sup> our own home. There we reared an altar to the God of all comfort, who had been mindful of us in our low estate, who had graciously prospered our way, <sup>&</sup> brought us in peace to our own habitation.

Your loving Sister,  
Lucy G. Thurston.

Art. 68.

To the Second Mrs. Parkhurst.

Paulina, Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 1832.

My dear Sister,

There is no distant friend on earth toward whom my heart turns more frequently, <sup>&</sup> more affectionately, than to the successor of my departed sister, Persis. Of her orphan children I can say, "Like Rebecca <sup>and</sup> Isaac they are mine"; <sup>&</sup> all that care <sup>&</sup> love which they are made to experience, excites in my heart the same gratitude as if done for my own children. For twelve years past, I have been in the heart of a nation, who have just washed their hands from the guilt of infanticide, yet their standard falls infinitely short of those who have been rocked in the cradle of piety <sup>&</sup> intelligence; so that an enlighten'd, pious, devoted mother, seems to me one of the finest specimens of female piety, which this world exhibits. And when that link that nature gives is wanting, to bind one to those self denying duties, it must



be a service lovely in the eyes of angels, well pleasing to God.

As you express a wish to know what articles I seldom get, & most want, I will tell you what one of my missionary sisters said to me. "Mrs. Thurston, I think you had better get some new bonnets for your daughters." My reply was, "These are very good, they are in no wise shabby." She continued, "It would be an expense, but bonnets with more plainness & less luster would be a better example. We must look at example." I replied, "It is a good example to give durability to articles." "It is," & I approve it in you, still I think your daughters had better have some new bonnets." I replied, "I have neither time nor means. If other people think so, they must furnish them." The fact is, seven years ago, a kind missionary sister at Honolulu, made & sent my two oldest daughters some light silk hats, decorated with artificial flowers. For dress these have ever since been used up to the present period.

A northern constitution can not labor here, as in America. One of our missionaries of much observation & wisdom remarked, "Had the ladies shrank from those active labors which are performed in the New England States, before trial had been made, I should have imputed it to indolence. But now, by experience, we know the consequences, & it makes me angry to see any one attempt it." We all employ family cooks, yet we have to make them out of raw materials; & without submit to lesser evils in order to avoid greater. It afforded me some amusement to hear one of the newly arrived ladies expatiate on native meat-



ness. While at Honolulu, happening to step into the cook house, she saw a negligent fellow peeling potatoes for the table with his fingers! She said, "I would tell them to make use of a knife <sup>and</sup> fork." Yes, "as soon as the white person turned her back, finding himself in the predicament of David with his armor, he throws down the awkward iron, for without any lessons, & without knowing that such unwieldy utensils had been invented, he could ever from his childhood, with those facilities which nature furnishes, peel potatoes with great dexterity. ~~And she would that, better equally~~  
~~admirable with the present masters of the art, than~~  
~~any manner of thing, rather than the~~  
~~same kind of instrument with~~

Your husband, in his letter, remarked that he did not see why our children should not learn the native language, & be taught in connection with the natives, &c. Just so we felt, just so we conducted our operations for more than two years. Mr. Charoblain's children were taught in the same school, & ranged in the same classes with our interesting scholars gathered from among the heathen. Mr. Ellis, on a visit from the Society Islands, was the first one to open our eyes to the evils of such a course. Now, natives themselves are our monitors. No one is more particular than Teupiolani; & if in her intercourse among the families of the Mission, she observes native language on the lips of the children, or even if their eyes speak looks of interest & familiarity with



The natives, she notes it with feelings of the deepest  
 pity. Even Shekumane sighed for the privilege of  
 having her little adopted son David, of royal birth, his future  
 heir, taken into one of our families, & prohibited the use of his  
 own country language. I had the offer of a trust so respon-  
 sible. But who would dare undertake this to educate a prince,  
 cutting him off from all intercourse with his noble rela-  
 tives & interested countrymen, & still in their very midst.  
 He is a little boy of noble mien, intelligent & interesting,  
 & it fills our souls with sadness to listen to the impurities  
 which are intermixed with his infantile prattle. He  
 obtains language, not from the printed works of mission-  
 aries, where the precious is separated from the vile, but as  
 it floats in society around him, & aside from the pollu-  
 tion of heathenism, native converts to christianity fail  
 of being suitable models for a child's imitation. They may  
 be clothed, they may be christianized, yet from want of  
 early culture, from being children of nature, there is  
 not utter destitution of those feelings of delicacy, which  
 in refined society seem inseparable from virtuous tastes  
 & principles. Now, in estimating the character of Sandwich  
 Islanders, we pass over what can not be corrected, it is a tarnish  
 which reminds us of the pit from whence they were dug.  
 Not so with the children of American extract. Our patrons  
 expect, the world expect, the heathen themselves expect,  
 that they will rise up & reflect honor upon an enlight-  
 ened origin.



Well might St. Paul add in enumerating his trials & labors, the care of the churches. We looked at the vine planted in this heathen soil, that it should bring forth grapes, & behold wild grapes. Well might we expect defection, for here the flames of persecution have never been lighted up, & to become member of a church, gave to a common person the influence of an inferior chief. They acquire the language of Canaan, too, with so much dexterity, that the defect cannot be detected in pronouncing the word Shiboleth. Of one hundred & eight who have been received to the church at this place, eleven have been suspended from its privileges, & what is an aggravating circumstance, they were all, with one exception, leading characters in schools & in meetings. The crime is adultery. All profess repentance. One of the number, who lay smarting under the salutary castigations of her infidel husband's wrath for nearly a year, has exhibited a spirit which has called back, not only the affections & confidence of the church, but of her husband also, who now treats her with every possible kindness. In the midst of these troubles, I have had in my hand a complete copy of the New Testament, printed in the Hawaiian language. It has been as an anchor to my soul. For here a door is open to communicate blessings to unborn multitudes which no man can shut.

Your affectionate sister

J. G. Huntington



Leave this sheet out entirely -

Art. 69. Ms. C. B. A.

Extract from Letter. Some Idea of "Common Lock System".

I forward by this opportunity the only two Volumes of the Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences which we have. When with us, I think you mentioned a wish for them.

And here my mind reverts to other books delivered to your hands, at your request, by Mr. Thurston, on the eve of your departure. When I found that Senimar's Medical Volume, adapted to mothers was gone, I wept. Others have had a physician to rely upon, when I have found myself alone.\* But for Senimar, what could I have done? He like a ministering spirit, has often taken his place by my pillow, & there for months together, his work has been to relieve, to support, to enlighten, and to cheer. And when I wandered from my home, to come within the reach of that Mercy, which has visited our world, Senimar accompanied me. In that long interim of suspense on board the Waverly, when I collected my thoughts to die, he approached my couch to instruct and to deliver.

After reaching Lahaina, Mr. Thurston & the fraternity for three weeks placed the ocean between me and Heaven. The idea would sometimes creep in, that if during

\* It was the third time I had been in similar circumstances without a medical attendant.



that time, a grave should be opened, there would be no gentleman to attend the funeral. Still confined to my bed, I was left with the responsibility resting on my heart, of two human lives, in very delicate circumstances. More than once my anxieties were called up. Denman's volume was within my reach, in fact it lay beneath my pillow. Its touch inspired me with cheerful hope & trust — soothed me to calmness & repose.

Ever since the establishment of our station, we have from the public library, had the use of Burn. Ever since the departure of Mr. Ely, we have, by a personal present from ~~Mr. Leonard~~ him, & to him a personal present from Mrs. Stewart, had the use of Denman — a circumstance quite forgotten by Mr. Thurston. Now, both are gone, — & as a substitute, a physician is given us at the distance of a week, when, in case that lives are held in jeopardy, an effort at least would be made, for him to come to us, or, for us to go to him.

But it is not for me to say where Medical Books are to be lodged. I leave that with Clerical & Medical men, & only take the same liberty with you, that I did with my husband after your departure, give facts, & express the desolate feelings of an experienced Mother.

Placed in such isolated circumstances, to be strong in spirit, & strong in God, an individual family should be fed with knowledge, & be able to rely on their own resources, when ends do not happen to meet.

Denman's Medical Volume was by right returned to the Thurstons. The "Common Hoek System", under which we had so long lived, did not strip one of any thing he possessed, obtained by private means.



1833.

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Art. 70-

Extracts from Letters.

Hailua, Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1833.

Of all the scenes of my life, none seem so precious & vivid at this distant period, as those of our paternal home. I often think of you, & frequently do it by way of contrast. On Sabbath mornings, while we are at breakfast, you are in church. In the winter, when you are <sup>sitting</sup> ~~out~~ in <sup>by</sup> a warm fire, we open the doors to admit the refreshing breeze. You ride in a carriage or on horseback, we sail in vessels & canoes. You see Nature stripped of its foliage, & covered with snow; we have perpetually before our eyes a verdant landscape. In your intercourse with your neighbors, you speak English; we, <sup>Hawaiian.</sup> Hawaiian. You send your children to school; we keep ours at home. Yours can ramble unattended, from field to field, & from house to house, ones are cooped up in their own enclosure, & beyond the limits of that, they are never permitted to go unattended by a parent. Every week or day yours are conversant with society, with the exception of Mr. Bishop's family, all the friends with whom our exchange thoughts, are scattered over the Islands at different distances, from sixteen to two hundred miles. Yours go to the sanctuary for instruction, ours, when they repair thither, listen to Language which we do not wish them to learn, & which is to them unintelligible. It is as much my regular work to select suitable &



interesting pieces for them to read while there, as it is for  
 their Father to prepare a sermon for the people.

~~XXXXXX~~ I often think of the delight which my own  
 daughters would experience could they associate in labors of  
 love with kindred helpers. But their situation is <sup>isolated</sup> ~~insulated~~.  
 Last week, they took leave of the only remaining daughter  
 of the mission of corresponding age, who removed with  
 her parents to their native land. They felt the separation  
 very deeply. So did their mother. Let them be happy in re-  
 maining in this land. They know not a better. They  
 love their homes, their books, their friends, the climate,  
 & they love to have their parents teach the natives.

We lately received a visit from a very intelligent  
 sea Captain. He remarked, "I am a great friend to mis-  
 sionaries, & their cause, but I do not think it right to have  
 families here. I told my mate, that I would assist women in  
 coming out, but I never would give ladies a passage on  
 my ship. I would do everything in my power to assist  
 them back again; & to remove children, I would give up  
 my own berth & sleep on deck. It seems to me, Mr. Thurston,  
 that you should be relieved, after having been here so many  
 years, & your children so large, — by going home & staying  
 a few years. It would be of great importance to them."  
 I smiled at his freedom, & loved him for his sympathy. Mr.  
 Thurston answered him, by saying, that in such cir-  
 cumstances, a missionary needed a family in order  
 to support his own character, & that women were as



willing to come  
 as men were. "I know," he said, "they are willing to come,  
 but children are the sufferers." After he retired, one  
 remarked, "If he thinks that is the way <sup>is</sup>, for men only to  
 come out, he had better first go himself & commence  
 a new station, & then he will know what it is to live a  
 lone in such circumstances." He felt for the situation  
 of the children of missionaries, & as well he might, for there  
 is not a class of children upon the face of our earth,  
 who are the offspring of Christian parents, for whom  
 my sympathies have been so much moved. When  
 all the host of God's elect comes up as one man  
 to the great work of evangelising the natives, <sup>and</sup> they  
 become enlightened <sup>and</sup> ready to sustain measures,  
 which the <sup>Amoy</sup> Board, from their superior knowledge,  
 would probably never now approve, — then will a  
 greater latitude be allowed to those, who go forth to  
 fight the Lord's battles in the camp of the enemies,  
 than was ever thought of in former years.

We receive letters from our missionaries  
 at the Marquesas the other day. Their situation there is  
 quite unlike what ours is now at the Sandwich Islands.  
 But it reminds me of other years. Mrs. Armstrong  
 writes that she would as soon trust herself in the mouth  
 of a lion, as out of the house alone. We, who have seen society in  
 its heathen state, can better form an idea of the import of that expres-  
 sion, & better realize the dangers with which she is surrounded. Let all re-  
 member those thus situated in the dark places of the earth.



1834 -

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Art. 71

To Rev. Mr. & Mrs. Goodell, Constantinople, ~~Constantinople~~ Turkey.

Paulina, Oct. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1834 -

Dear Cousins, William & Abigail,

Last June, when we went down to Calcutta to the General Meeting of the Mission, <sup>and</sup> we repaired immediately to Mr. Bingham's. His family was soon collected in the parlor, and it was at once suggested to our minds that the presence of Mr. & Mrs. Whitney were alone wanting to make out all that remained of the pioneers of our Mission. Being in a neighboring house, they were soon called in. There were no children by their side. They, four in number, were far separated from their parents <sup>and</sup> from each other. Mr. & Mrs. Bingham appeared with two little children. Two had been sent home, and two they had laid in their graves. Ourselves, with our four children, alone appeared an unbroken family. Mr. Whitney remarked that his heart never came so near breaking as when he sent away his last child. But he said, "If I had not sent away my children, 1835 would not find me at the Sandwich Islands."

It was after learning distressing intelligence from abroad, that Mr. Trustees said to me, "You must take our children and go home with them." I answered, "It is recorded in the minutes of the General Meeting, that twenty years is as long a service in this climate as can be expected of any ~~of our~~ one missionary. Such a term would carry our



two oldest daughters up to the age of sixteen <sup>and</sup> eighteen, <sup>and</sup>  
 our son to twelve. In our situation, with our regulations,  
 I am willing to sustain maternal responsibilities in  
 this land so long, but no longer. Let us perform our measure  
 of service within that period, <sup>and</sup> then all go home together. This  
 was entering upon a new subject never before alluded to dur-  
 ing the struggles of fourteen years. But, thought I, how will  
 such sounds fall on the ears of our associates, destitute as we  
 are of any such passports as the dyspepsia, liver com-  
 plaint, &c. However I suggested the plan to Mr. Bishop, our  
 associate, <sup>and</sup> was a little surprised, a few days after, to hear  
 him say, that it was a measure which he cordially  
 approved. An opportunity occurred, I conversed with  
 Mrs. Richards on the subject. She thought that retaining  
 a child in this land for a period of eighteen years was  
 incurring too great a risk. But, she said, "Our young mis-  
 sionaries are not prepared to listen to your suggestion;  
 you had better not name it to them." Several months af-  
 ter, coming in contact with one of our young mem-  
 bers, of ~~thorough~~ going character, I was interrogated respecting  
 the future prospects of our children, with an interest <sup>and</sup>  
 sympathy, ~~too~~, which will ever endear her to my heart.  
 To the inquiry, "Can you see your way through?" I replied,  
 "I have dared to say, that if the God of nature upholds me  
 during a period of six more years, I shall then hold myself  
 in readiness to quit the country; <sup>but</sup> it does not depend  
 on us; but upon our associates <sup>and</sup> patrons." The answer



was, "No one on either side of the ocean can object to such a measure." Then the subject rests, <sup>and</sup> my heart is at rest. For the present, I only wish to stand in my lot, <sup>and</sup> ~~that I might be able to do my appointed work.~~ do my appointed work.

At one last General Meeting, no less than forty-seven children of our Mission were brought together. The missionaries daily assembled in a retired school-house, near the mission houses, so that the children were allowed at any hour to repair thither. I often attended, <sup>and</sup> was sometimes amused to see the scene which was spread out before us. One father with a child on his knee, another with one slumbering at his feet, a third walking to <sup>and</sup> fro at the vacant end of the house, leading a little one by the hand. Here, a boy by his father's side, making dogs <sup>and</sup> horses not to be distinguished; there a group formed, trying their skill in drawing geometrical diagrams, or perhaps braiding, <sup>sewed</sup> <sup>up</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~at~~ the feet furnishing facilities; while at a little distance, <sup>others</sup> their sisters would be engaged with a book, or plying ~~with~~ their needles. In this way I have seen twenty children dispersed through the house, while their fathers were engaged in their sage discussions.

Mrs. Judson assigned as a reason why a missionary should have a wife, because she "presumes Mrs. Marshman does more good in her school, than one half the ministers in America". I do not know as to that; but in our situation, I approve the motto,



that "The missionary best serves his generation who serves the public, and his wife best serves her generation who serves her family."

Until about two years ago, I uniformly attended church every Sabbath when my health permitted, always taking all the children with me, even down to baby-hood. But as they were in the same predicament of the poor unlettered hearers of sermons, whose devotions were performed in Latin, they took their <sup>English</sup> books with them. So, while the minister preached, they read. However, as our oldest daughter increased in years, the practice of walking half a mile beneath a tropical sun, and then being seated in a crowded assembly, for the sake of being within sound, which she could neither understand, or was allowed to utter, became exceedingly irksome, and many a time has she returned home in tears, saying, "Mamma, what do I go to church for?" To require her thus stately to attend, when likely to imprint on the mind indelible impressions of pain, connected with the day of God, and the house of prayer, appeared to me the greatest trial attending a continued residence in this land of exile. I proposed an alternative, that of staying at home, and having the hour dedicated to religious instruction in their own language. They all acquiesced with interest in this. So did their father. I explained the mat-



ter to the natives at a Friday Female Meeting. The purport of my remarks was as follows. "You see how it is at Pei-  
 arhoun<sup>nd</sup> at Pehakha. They have no teacher. Every Sabbath  
 Mr. Thurston or Mr. Bishop go<sup>nd</sup> teach them. We think  
 it right for them to leave their places in the church so  
 that they may go<sup>nd</sup> instruct the destitute. There are  
 others in Hailner who are destitute; who shall instruct  
 them? They are the children of your teacher. Their  
 young friends<sup>nd</sup> relatives in America write<sup>nd</sup> tell  
 them of their meetings<sup>nd</sup> of their schools. On the Sabbath they  
 are blessed with privileges. Mr. Bingham's oldest daughter,  
<sup>nd</sup> Mr. Buggles' oldest daughter,<sup>nd</sup> Mr. Whitney's three  
 oldest children have all been sent away to enjoy the  
 advantages of that good land. One children remain  
 in an isolated state. They go to the church, but there  
 is no instruction for them in that place. They return home  
<sup>nd</sup> weep, for though they see their own father in the  
 sanctuary, he speaks not to them, his voice never  
 reaches their hearts. For your sakes it is, that he labors,  
 for your sakes it is, that his children are here alone,  
 cut off from kindred<sup>nd</sup> country. Let them love to have  
 it so. They love to dwell among you,<sup>nd</sup> to have their  
 parents teach you. One thing only they ask,<sup>nd</sup> they ask  
 it with tears. Let the return of the Sabbath bring privi-  
 leges to us, - let us attend on instruction in our own  
 language. In consideration of these feelings,<sup>nd</sup> of their  
 destitute<sup>nd</sup> exiled state, I have thought fit, while



their father was devoted to you, to be myself devoted to them. The same bell which calls you to the church, assembles them at their own home, to be taught the worship <sup>and</sup> the will of their Maker. And you, mothers, when you see me feel the importance of making such provisions for my children, if you follow my example, you will every Sabbath lead yours to your place of worship <sup>and</sup> instruction. In this respect, as you know what I do, "go <sup>and</sup> do likewise." When I thus presented the subject to their minds, they wept, <sup>and</sup> with much good sense <sup>and</sup> good feeling said, "Yes, it is right. Don't take care of your children, but we do not take care of ours." Now, I do not believe that the people of Fairview any more feel that they may stay at home because I stay to teach the children, than that they may stay at home because Mr. Thurston's place is empty when he goes to teach the people at Fairview. Nor do I believe, in my situation, that to go <sup>and</sup> sit in the church, as the people of God sit, is a service any more acceptable to the good Shepherd, than to stay away <sup>and</sup> "feed his lambs."

I however have my appointed season for meeting a Bible class, <sup>and</sup> an arithmetical school, at which times, Mr. Thurston not only stands, seated, but improves the opportunity by teaching the children sacred music. He walked in, one day, after dinner, with his singing book under his arm, <sup>and</sup> from



that time to this, has been both persevering <sup>and</sup> successful  
 in his instructions. We style him, too, our "Professor  
 in the Latin language", <sup>and</sup> have it regularly served  
 up at the conclusion of every meal. This forms one  
 of our most pleasant exercises, as with the exception  
 of the baby, our whole family circle is included. I  
 joined in for the sake of relieving their father as  
 much as possible, <sup>and</sup> besides that, I could be compani-  
 onable, <sup>and</sup> in this manner attach the children to their  
 home, to their studies, to their parents, — turning  
 it all to the formation of their characters. Their  
 other studies are under my direction, such as Gram-  
 mar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Philosophy,  
 &c. I have adopted many methods of manage-  
 ment by way of conducting our family school,  
 but in nothing have I succeeded so well as with  
 the clock <sup>and</sup> bell. At eight in the morning, the bell  
 rings, which brings us all to our assigned seats. The  
 first half hour in silence <sup>and</sup> application, when the  
 bell gives a signal for release. We then all en-  
 gage in active employments, performing the  
 various duties which go to promote the comfort  
<sup>and</sup> happiness of the family. The bell rings, <sup>at</sup> nine.  
 All learn punctuality by repairing at once to  
 their seats, <sup>and</sup> to their studies. Half Past nine, the tink-  
 ling of the bell is heard, <sup>and</sup> whoever wishes may be  
 released. Thus we pass most of the day by regular



half hour diversions. It saves from indolence <sup>and</sup> yawning beneath a tropic sun; gives an impulse in circumstances where there is nothing to stimulate, <sup>and</sup> to systems adds interest <sup>and</sup> industry. In this way, too, they are so under the direction of the clock, that in case of any absence, lessons are not interrupted.

Were our eldest children sons, I would by no means retain them here till they were far advanced in their years; no longer, indeed, than would be suitable to place them under the same regulations as daughters, within a mother's province. Our associates tell me, "It is because your children are girls that you can keep them within prescribed limits, you will never be able to do so with a boy." My reply is, "On no other conditions will I retain one in this land." Our son, as yet, though possessed of all the feelings of the boy, <sup>and</sup> a share of his grand father's energy, is happy within his mother's realm. I do not, however, with uplifted hands exclaim, "What! a devoted missionary furnish amusements for his children!" Our home affords no recreation at once so happy <sup>and</sup> so healthful, as that of bathing in the waters of the ocean, with a high sea, <sup>and</sup> a spring tide. In order to the enjoyment of this, the children <sup>and</sup> I form a party, <sup>and</sup> repair half a mile to the sea shore, having a couple of natives in the rear to carry accommodations, such as a tent, changes of raiment, &c. Mr. Thurston compares us to a caravan



on the plains of Hawaii.

A wooden house, sent out to Mr. Stewart by his friends, which reached here after he had returned to the United States, was by the mission sent to Mr. Thurston. It is placed in our large retired yard of three acres, <sup>and</sup> is especially devoted to the accommodation of our children. It has been to me like a "great rock in a weary land."

Your affectionate cousin  
Lucy G. Thurston

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Oct. 7<sup>th</sup>

To Mrs. Coan, Hilo, Hawaii.

Keolu, Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> 1835.

Dear Mrs. Coan,

We remained at Honolulu just one fortnight after your departure, <sup>and</sup> then bade them an affectionate adieu. We passed by Lahaina, where we spent two days; visited the grave of that dear child, Mary Clarke; bade a last farewell to Dr. <sup>and</sup> Mrs. Chapin; received into our arms the new born babe of Mrs. Hitchcock, ushered into life a few hours after our arrival. Such is life, <sup>and</sup> such its passing scenes. Six days from Oahu brought us in peace to our own habitation. O, home, sweet home!

None of the children were proposed, <sup>to become members of the Mission Church,</sup> before leaving Honolulu. It seemed not to meet the feelings of Mr. Richards, so far as his were concerned, nor



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told me that a lady from that place wished him to ascertain whether the missionaries kept servants in their families. She had heard so by way of a young lady who had visited the Islands, but "could hardly believe it." In our own house, we have the various classes of master<sup>s</sup> and mistresses, of children, and of household natives. There is a native family attached to our establishment, whose home is a distinct house in our common yard. They give us their services. One man simply cultivates taro, two miles up the country, and weekly brings down a supply of the staff of life for ourselves and our dependents. Another man every week goes up the mountain to do our washing. Frequently he finds water within two miles. Often is obliged to go five, sometimes ten miles. He likewise brings fresh water for the daily use of our family, from like distances brings it (over the rugged way, overpread with lava) in large gourd shells, suspended at the two ends of a strong stick, the heavy weight resting upon his shoulder. In like manner, a third man brings brackish water from a distance of half a mile, to be used in household purposes. He, too, is master of the cookhouse, a thatched roof with the bare ground for the feet, with simply stones laid up in the middle for a fire place. No chimney, no oven, no cooking stove. But there are the facilities of a baking kettle, a frying pan, a pot, and a sauce pan. He, who under the old dispensation, officiated as



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of Mr. Thurston, so far as his <sup>own</sup> were concerned. They thought, that should they prove promising candidates for church membership, they could be both propounded <sup>and</sup> received at the next General Meeting.

When my heart is too cold to feel the emotions of gratitude for common mercies, I can thank my heavenly Father for giving us friends, who with so much interest <sup>and</sup> condescension take our children by the hand, <sup>and</sup> help to give such an impress to their characters, as will fit them for both worlds. The Savior reward every such effort a thousand fold.

Yours affectionately,  
Lucy Thurston.

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To Mrs. Isabella Horner, Boston, Mass.

Paulina, Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> 1835.

Dear Mrs. Horner,

Sixteen eventful years have run their course, since that interesting period, in which we threw a die, which can be equaled only by that, which is thrown for eternity. Oft as the mind reverts to those scenes, your home <sup>and</sup> its hospitalities ever come up with vivid interest before the mind. Since that period, new relations have arisen in our family; father <sup>and</sup> mother, son <sup>and</sup> daughter, brother <sup>and</sup> sister. We behold ourselves multiplied to six, a number still unbroken, either by death or separation.

A gentleman who visited us from Boston,



tion, with commendable humility, officiated as cook to a priest & his family. Then, and in the care of the house, of sewing, & of baby-hood, devolve on female hands.

We commenced mission life with three ideas. Native youth resided in our families, & so far as was consistent, we granted them all the privileges of companionship of children. Not many years rolled on, & our eyes were opened to behold the moral pollution, which, unchecked, had here been accumulated for ages. I saw, but it was parental responsibilities which made me so emphatically feel the horrors of a heathen land. I had it ever in my heart, the shafts of sin flying from every direction are liable to pierce the vitals of my children. It was in these circumstances, that I met with an account of the celebrated Mrs. Fay's first visiting the wretched inhabitants of a prison. The jailer, after vainly endeavoring to dissuade her from a step so perilous, said, "At least leave your watch behind." Mrs. Fay left for a few hours her well ordered home. But had she taken her children with her, & there patiently sat down to the formation of their character, beneath the influence of prison inmates, she might have found in her path, some such trials as fall to a mother's lot in the early years of a mission.

In looking at my own situation, no comparison seemed to my mind as just & vivid, as the necessity of



walking, unhurt, in the midst of red-hot plough-shares. Here it was, that I found myself soiled with the filth of the slough of despond. I reviewed the ground on which I stood. The heathen world were to be converted. But by what means? For missionaries, with their eyes open to the dangers of their situation, to sit conscientiously down to the labor of bringing back a revolted race to the service of Jehovah, <sup>and</sup> in so doing practically give over their own children to Satan. If children must be sacrificed, better a thousand times leave ignorant mortals to do it, than for us who know our Lord's will. In investigating this subject in the heart of a heathen land, I could see no alternative, but that a mother go to work, <sup>and</sup> here form a moral atmosphere, in which her children can live <sup>and</sup> move without hourly inhaling the infection of moral death. As Jews can educate children to be Jews among Gentiles, <sup>and</sup> Roman Catholics can educate children to be Roman Catholics among Protestants, so let Christian Parents educate children to be Christian among the heathen. Some decisive steps must be taken, or the appalling vices of the heathen will become inwrought in the very texture of our children's characters. The first important measure was to prohibit them altogether the use of the Hawaiian language, thus cutting off all intercourse between them <sup>and</sup> the heathen. This, of course, led to the family regulation, that no child might speak to a native, <sup>and</sup> no native might



speak to a child, babyhood excepted. This led to a  
 another arrangement, that of having separate rooms <sup>and</sup>  
 yards for children, <sup>and</sup> separate rooms <sup>and</sup> yards for natives.  
 The reason of this separation, <sup>and</sup> this nonintercourse was  
 distinctly stated to household natives, <sup>and</sup> to native visitors.  
 We are willing to come <sup>and</sup> live among you, that you  
 may be taught the good way, but it would break our  
 hearts to see our children rise up to be like the chil-  
 dren of Hawaii, <sup>and</sup> they will be no better if exposed  
 to the same influences. The heathens could see,  
 that it was such evidence of parental faithfulness,  
<sup>and</sup> love, as was not known among them, <sup>and</sup> looked on  
 with interest <sup>and</sup> admiration to see how it was that  
 children could be trained to habits of obedience,  
 a thing they never heard of. But if I wished to  
 make trial, they would not be in the way. Indeed,  
 they would like to see the experiment tried. I have  
 often seen them shed tears while contrasting our  
 children with their own degenerate offspring. When  
 in the dining room <sup>and</sup> kitchen, attended by my  
 children, nothing was uttered in the Hawaiian Lan-  
 guage but by way of giving or receiving directions in  
 the most concise terms. When the hour for instruc-  
 tion came, <sup>and</sup> I left my children behind me,  
 I could sit down with the same circle, <sup>and</sup> the  
 restraint was removed. Thus they learned, that in  
 the presence of my children I was the mother, <sup>and</sup>



that when alone in their own presence, I was the companion <sup>and</sup> the teacher. Thus they were situated, attached to our household, but excluded the privileges of children. To me, it appeared no more in the light of affecting sad <sup>and</sup> slyle, than does the conduct of Elijah, fleeing from the anger of Ahab, to be fed twice a day by unclean birds.

I had experienced the debilitating effects of this long summer, commenced in 1820; I had felt disease so invade my frame, as for years to render domestic aid essential to my very existence. During this season of adversity, far away from the comforts <sup>and</sup> aid of civilized man, far from that medical skill which visits the couch of suffering humanity, to alleviate distress, <sup>and</sup> to raise from debility, my reliance was my husband. The responsible office of the physician, the tender duties of the nurse, <sup>and</sup> the menial services of the kitchen, have all been his. But how can an individual give efficiency to public labors, when from hour to hour, from day to day, from week to week, <sup>and</sup> from year to year, his attention is ~~divided~~ divided between the cookroom <sup>and</sup> the nursery. In these helpless circumstances, I have been thankful for the imperfect services of <sup>native</sup> ~~menial~~ ~~services~~, even though their entrance into our family ~~has~~ caused apprehensions <sup>and</sup> mental sufferings, which have often excited reflections like this. Crucifixion is the torture of days. These maternal anxieties which heavily prey upon the heart, <sup>and</sup> produce so many sleepless



nights, is the anguish of years.

But why do I dwell on conflicts, when I am allowed to sing of victory. Our two oldest children opened their eyes when thick darkness was still brooding over this polluted land. Without being left to stumble on the dark mountains, they have been borne along the tide of life, till at the age of twelve <sup>and</sup> thirteen years, they came to the same fountain for cleansing as is opened for the poor natives to wash in. So well established are their christian habits <sup>and</sup> principles, that we have, of late, allowed them free access to all our Hawaiian books, <sup>and</sup> to listen to preaching, besides to each a class of little girls, whom they every day meet for instruction under school regulations. But the restriction of non-intercourse among the natives is not removed.

Sear Mrs. Bishop, who was laid in her grave six weeks before the arrival of the second reinforcement, longed exceedingly to see <sup>and</sup> give them a charge from her sick couch. The purport of it was this, "Do not be devoted to domestic duties. Trust to natives, however imperfect their services, <sup>and</sup> preserve your constitutions". I needed no such warning, for I had learned the lesson by my own sad experience, <sup>and</sup> when after years of prostration, I was again permitted to enjoy comfortable health, I availed myself of the aid of natives for the accomplishment of such domestic services as they were capable of rendering. I found that the duties of the housekeeper, of the mother,



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of the teacher of our children, of day schools & weekly meetings among the natives, often drew me down to the couch. For as one of our physicians told me, "You may as well talk of perpetual motion, as to think of performing as much labor here as you could have done by remaining in America."

I have simply spoken of our own domestic arrangement, but all our mission families are regulated much on the same plan; & were our patrons, or our husbands, now to say, "Look to New England for examples: there, ladies of intelligence & refinement, holding superior stations in life, often sustain, unaided, the labors of their own families, — go ~~there~~ & do likewise," — it would be one of the most effectual means that could be taken, to send the sisters of this mission, either down to their graves, or home to America.

As to the effects produced upon natives thus employed in our families, they have more intelligence, more of the good things of this life, more influence among their fellows than they could otherwise possess; & numbers of them, I doubt not, will be added to that great company, which no man can number, redeemed out of every kindred, & tongue, & people, & nation.

This letter far exceeds the limits I prescribed to myself, when taking the pen. — But knowing that heavy oars are plyed on that side of the waters for the benefit of those who are here your servants for Christ's sake, I thought good to spread before you our situation & principles of action.

Yours affectionately,  
Lucy G. Thurston.