July 22 Cash Pd E B Stoddard & Co 50 00
Novr 17 " " " " Do " Do 100 00

Chapter 20th August ~~20th 1858~~

My dear children, though I could desire to leave the surging waves and billows that has poured along near my pathway through life, which has sometimes passed through sunshine, and at other times ice-bergs rolled just by my side, still I will by the aid of Divine grace and power of faith spread a white canvas to the breese until I pass those frozen shrouds which hang like banners surrounded by black clouds to make life intolerable. Though often in perils, as said in the apostle yet not destroyed, thanks to God through Jesus Christ. But since my connexion with your Fathers family my dear children, there has occurred many things fraught with serious consequences and deep interest to our family. Your Father's parents and two only sisters and their husbands, and four ladys wives of his brothers, have passed away. And although the chariot still rushes on, and the darts of death are falling thick and fast, sweeping off their millions, still blessed be God the greater portion of our departed family have left memorials of their march upon our memories, that leads us to believe that they had touched the sceptre, whose engraving is left

Q9131

upon the rocks of Golgotha; And though I love to contemplate their admission into heaven where they are surrounding the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and drinking of the waters of the river of life still I withhold from a delineation of their characters as christians, knowing that there are persons more competent to do justice to them individually, than I am. Yet I glory in the strength of that promise left on record for our encouragement, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne?" Blessed day when we too shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and link the chain that death has only broken in part.

Soon after your grand mother's death, which was in October 1854, I went with your Father to the old homestead, the trip was by no means a pleasant one, yet I thought it my duty to go as your Father was occasionly having chills, that threatened his dissolution. While there looking around on old familiar things, there arose many regretful memories, some objects too that threw a hallowed influence over the heart. While we looked upon the home once made cheerful by familiar faces, who had one by one departed, leaving only a few of us to read their mournful histories. Thou

their hearthstones are not deserted, and there are hands trailing their vines. And there were many thronging the dear old rooms. And furrows plenty for the harvest, and well filled cribbs, and pastures for herds and flocks and the very stools standing in there accustomed place; still I was mentally asking; Where oh! where art thou gone? The answer could only be, that since we had parted a storm cloud had swept over some, while a still smale voice was heard by others, that was even then whispering to unworthy me, "sacred indeed are sorrows tears, since at the tomb our Savior wept?" But one thing more claims my notice in this chapter, because it shares so largely of my hearts best affections and stands prominent in the store house of memory, and experience and speaks of faith, which reveals the very joys of heaven. I allude to the death of my only brother, which was on the 2nd of November 1851. While at the old home stead I looked upon the spot that contained all that at one time seemed to bind me to life. And I reflected upon the feelings by which I was governed on that sad day when I sat near the place of interment with three children around me and a fourth one in my arms, myself in poor health: and my children too young to relieve my cares, or feel the depth of a mothers sorrow, and while I endeavored to say the will of the Lord be done yet in agony I wept. Though the promises of God bourne on heavenly wings filled my soul,

and although the truth of his departure was made evident, yet for one full year I dreamed of him almosth every night. I always met him in my dreams thinking him alive, and rejoicing over him, would tell him, they had said he was dead, but I knew you was alive and sure enough you are here. His death seerved happily to unite earth with heaven. For had he died without leaving his testimony of an interest in Christ, and that he was then when ready to launch off made entirely free from the stripe and discordant powers to which man in a natural state is subject; the cup to me would have been intolerable, but glory be to God, that though he had much to do with the discordant powers that prevailed and makes life itself sometimes a weariness; yet as the bond of earthly love was loosened, heaven with its glory burst upon his vission; and the light of the day that will know no night, shed its blessed rays over his passage through the waters of Jordon. While heaven and earth blending together cast a halo of glory around him. And now that thirty three years have passed since the cold, cruel, grasp of death has seperated us, and though with the same love I could cherish his precious name and the scene of his departure has lost nothing of its reality, yet from the heart's deep fount, there was a bright ray of hope and acquiessence, that played around my soul, like the etherial sparks of heaven pointing me to God's right hand, and the

resurrection morn; where those who follow the path laid out by Jesus Christ will be reunited, and speak the language of heaven in tones pure and tender. And though at the time of his interment my rebellious nature revolted, at thought of the indignity cast upon him, that he must lie covered up in the earth: and for a long time I dared not think of him in the grave, but body and soul, I contemplated his location in heaven. Yet now I could say sleep on dear brother, sleep on until the trump that shall awake all nations shall sound; and by the power of the resurrection, of that glorified body, from whence streams eternal life our undying spirits will find an answering flame that will quicken our mortal bodies.

Chapter 21st

My Dear Children, - I wish now to give you the out line, or sketch of the lives and deaths of four different individuals with whom I was well acquainted; and for whose spiritual interest I felt no small amount of solicitude. Three of those persons chose to roll on recklessly, until a newly raised turf or carved stone, concealed from sight all they worshiped here; thereby depriving themselves of their legitimate right, and heaven of its dear bought jewels, - their souls. Because they chose darkness rather than light; and death rather than life; they came not at all or come too late, when no charm dwelt upon their chosen themes: and hope and their brief life died together. Their spirits

though once free, are now pettered by chains whose weight in their struggles will warn the antidilluvians to give way. Where no star of hope lingers on their purely gifted brows When their pencils which by fancy had often been diped in dreams, were no longer required. When no plume of bright colors crowned their caps, Their no elevating music, though leading the soul to holy aspirations, could influence the hand to touch the trembling key. No herald sent with friendly admonition, could be able to waken hope, while the echos of death were falling on their dull ear when the soul appalled with doubt and dread, no longer saw those stars of golden fire which once pointed to the path leading to heaven; nor was wealth which fortune had lavishly poured into their hands now able to give lustre to their glazed eyes. While they were drinking from destruction's cup. Hail fire and brimstone; the psalmest says that shall be the portion of their cup. And no requiium to their departure will ever be heard, in the hunter's, farmers, or lover's song; but the desperate stripe in which they had passed off, even to solitude will be shocking; because no holy recollections will ever be associated with their memories. But black clouds, earth based, will mark the wreck of murdered time, burried talents, slighted mercies, refused grace, unheeded warnings of friends, and pleadings of the Holy Ghost.

When pangs which an immortal soul is alone able to endure; this young man, who had wronged God and his own soul, while his trembling, sinking, soul, was passing through the Jordon of death; said "when you do wrong think of me who will then be in hell". Or as was the language of another, who was a lady, a wife, and a mother; "I am gone, gone, forever more". Reader this is no fancy sketch, these things come under my own observation, and was heard by my own ear, and did it not connect itself with my history and the duty I owe to others, by bringing these awakening scenes before them; I should not arouse those feelings of sympathy long nursed within my own breast. But should let them remain untold, till the trumpt of God with its sadening tones shall call them forth to the Bar of God. But horrorable as the theme is I must tell you something of my feelings, while I listened to those painful, woeful words. "Gone, gone, forever more". Though over thirty years has since passed, yet their echo is still heard connecting its self with her confession. For she said, "uncle I feel that I am doing the hardest work I ever did since I was born". ah! thought I hard sure enough, to die, when not one hope, on the golden wings of heavenly air, was felt, or breeze of light or love to leave its impress upon the future. Hard for the

soul in terrific caverns, among restless spirits, and storm waves, to take up its abode for ever more. Hard for those whose soul was cast in the bright mould of gospel day to shrink before the poison blasts of hell. Hard for those, along whose glorious flight the sanctified blood of Christ with its saving current was pouring, then to sink under the fierce lightning of wrath. Hard to die when nothing then could charm the spirit from its destined course, or make it for a moment forget the eternal anguish that had set its seal on their awful doom. Hard for a soul to which the gates of heaven had been open for more than thirty years to hear the sentence read depart &c. For they had refused to follow the path that would have led to living streams, and gardens of golden fruit, and crowns of glory and palms of victory. O, My beloved Lord; never had this world appeared half so worthless, as when on that sad day those words were uttered, and never had the value of an immortal soul appeared so great, as did while I tremblingly surveyed the scene before me. And never ~~I~~ wept when I read the unanimous cry of the Jews, — "away with him, away with him" had the triumph of the prince of darkness, with his deeply laid infernal plans, appeared to my vission so evident. For all this was done in the face of benevolance, under the

sound of gospel salvation, and the many extraordinary schemes, and efforts, and the united associations of the Lord's host trying to get all to prepare for the decisive battle. But I forbear to make further comment. But call your attention to another, surrounded with scenes of splendor, shrined in his own grand element, worshiped by hearts whose deadly throbs revealed a deeper melancholly, because their flatteries led him to believe that his star needed no borrowed light. I once saw him while his brother was bowed at the mercy seat, approach and draw him off, when tears like the beautiful colors of the rain bow beamed from his eyes, and he was never more seen at the mercy seat, striving to take hold of the horns of the alter; but plunged into sin, become dissolute and abandoned, and after squandering a fine fortune, is an outcast from society and a living monument, if alive, of the wrath of God against sin. While the brother that drew ~~that~~ him off has since died. I have never heard the particulars of the closing scene, yet I have no hope that a burning lamp illumed his misty way. For the effect must take place in exact proportion to the cause, we will therefore infer if happiness or misery is the result of virtue or vice, it is impossible that the recipient of future punishment

to become a subject of happiness where guilt is constantly accumulating. In the last conversation I ever had with him in regard to his souls salvation, his reasoning was to this effect.— That he must either embrace the calvinistic or universalist doctrine; and not knowing how to distinguish between contending systems he had finaly come to the conclusion. that there was no such thing as wrong, nothing to be atoned for. Then the gospel was a fable, "or if" said he to me, "Christ is what you christians present him to be, no soul was ever lost or ever will be". Listening to sophistry like this he relinquished every thing like christianity and wandered in the devious mage of universal skepticism. Poor man had he read the scriptures with half the attention that he bestowed upon universalist papers they would have taught him better. And now that I intend to make some general remarks upon the life of the christian. I will first introduce you to the dying bedside of an other lady who was also a wife and a mother A minute before she died she said to us sing, and while the sacred strains of our songs rose in concert with the angels, singing those immortal words "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are". She said "open the gate open the gate". Her aged father said the gate is open my child, the spirit instantly