

"Journal" New York. 1836.

September 11th Lord's day.

It is now many weeks since I have had a pen in my hand, & though I have neglected to record the reflections of those weeks, still have they been precious to me & I trust beneficial. ^{Lord} he has dealt with me not as I deserve, but according to the riches of his mercy in Christ Jesus, yes; in mercy, in kindness & boundless goodness has he dealt with me. "Praise the Lord, O my soul, & all that is within me praise his holy name." O Lord let me ever trust in that goodness which never yet failed me in my utmost need, for truly a present help art thou in the time of trouble, a sure & strong deliverer.

The time for our departure from this our native city for a distant

and a strange land, is now drawing
very near, & in view of it I can now
truly say I am happy, the Lord strength-
ning me I am ready & willing,
yea, I glad to walk in the path which
he has marked out for me, let my
blessed Spirit go with me, Oh my Father,
& I can bear all, do all, glory in all
for thine own holy name's sake.

It is long since I have felt such a
peaceful assurance of the guidance
& protection of my heavenly Father
as I have for the last few weeks, long
since I have felt so happy in doing
his will. When I first thought
of going to the west, it was indeed
a bitter thought, it was long ere
I could think of it without the
most painful emotions, when I
thought of the probable privations &
hardships I should have to endure

I confess I shrunk from them, then
when I turned mine eyes to those I
love, with whom I should have to
part perhaps forever, my full heart
seemed well nigh bursting, yet the
idea of staying behind I could not
for a moment harbor, for I well
knew that separated from my nearest
& dearest friends, my mother, ~~father~~
I could not be happy, no, so I must
& my only resource there was in
prayer for grace to strengthen me
& he whose ear is ever open to the
cries of his children has heard my
prayer, "his grace" has indeed been
sufficient for me, & whenever a
shrinking from duty, a foreboding
of evil ~~was~~ for a moment dis-
turbs the serenity of my thoughts,
he graciously reminds me of the
blessed promise that "as my day,
so shall my strength be."

September 18th Lord's day.

I am prevented from going up
to the house of worship today by indispo-
sition, may the Lord be with me & keep
my thoughts fixed & stayed up on him
would that those thoughts might never
wander from him, for in him alone
is all my hope, yet;

"Though dark be my way,

Since he is my guide,

'Tis mine to obey,

'Tis his to provide;

This way was much rougher,

And darker than mine;

Did Jesus thus suffer,

And shall I repine?"

I have felt unusually calm & peace-
ful lately, I have then enabled to
see the hand of the Lord daily
leading me, & to feel that all his
chastisements were in mercy, & all

his dispensations in wisdom.

I have felt some life or some death
his grace strengthening me I am
ready. For,

"Why should I shrink at thy commands,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?"

I now look upon my departure from
this place, upon the severing of every tie
that binds me here as the will of the
Lord, & regarding it as such I can
willingly & gladly walk in the path
which he has marked out for me,
& I go anticipating no happiness
but such as shall be derived from
the performance of duty. The Lord
knows my weakness, & my necessities
& I feel confident that he will
strengthen me to perform whatever
it is his will I should do, & strengthen

me to bear every trial he sees fit
to send me. He too knoweth my
heart's desires, & such of them as are
in accordance with his will, he
will (I feel assured) in his own
time grant me. Then wait thou
O my soul, on thy God for strength
shall be given thee, &

"When, with sad footsteps, memory rous'd
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,
When sleep my fearful pillow flies,
And dews morning drieks my sighs,
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

Sept' 25th Lord's day.

Another week that past & gone
& another has begun, as the weeks
fly rapidly by. As I find the hour
when I must leave here drawing
very near, I find my heart swift
within me, till I am utterly bewildered
with contending emotions, & the bitter
thought that the friends I now
look upon, I may ne'er see again
fills me with emotions too deep
& overwhelming to be expressed.

But, "Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaving on all sufficient grace."

Oct 18th Lord's day.

On this the last holy day
it may ever be mine to spend here
I am deprived of the blessed privilege
of going up to the sanctuary of the Lord,
that sanctuary of peace & holiness
wherein my troubled spirit, has so often
found rest, but the precious hours spent
there are now all gone, yes, it may never
be mine again to hold sweet com-
munion with those dear friends
~~again~~. I have too since last I wrote
here looked my last upon that dear
spot, endeared me by so many melanc-
oly, & pleasing recollections, I have bid
farewell to Hell Gate & all its ~~beloved~~
inmates, this the tenderest, the strongest
tie that ~~binds me here~~ ^{binds me here} ~~binds me here~~ ^{binds me here} is about
to be severed (oh wretched thought!) perhaps
forever. Yes I must go, I must leave

these loved ones, I must break asunder
every tie that binds me here, I
must part with all I have, my dearest
Lord, for thee 'Oh God, let thy grace
be sufficient for me,' leave me not
in this hour of weakness, for my
strength faileth me, but let thy rod
& thy staff comfort me. The painful
~~thoughts~~ ^{thoughts} that fill my heart in these
parting hours have completely taken
the place of every joyful emotion I
might feel at the prospect of so soon
being restored to my ~~dearest~~ ^{dearest} Sister,
but oh may the Lord grant that our
meeting be in health & happiness.
Sometimes a foreboding of evil,
a fear that something may happen
even in the short time that intervenes
between this & our expected arrival
at our western home comes across

me like a black & gloomy cloud,
but it soon is banished by the peaceful
assurance that we are all in the
hands of him who ordereth all things
in mercy. I trust that if we are all
restored to each other we shall be happy.
we ought to be, & yet when I think of
entering upon scenes & duties so entirely
new, of leaving far behind every
spot even that can awaken any
recollection of the past, in short of
bidding adieu to everything that here-
tofore has rendered life dear to me,
when I think of all this I can only
cry "Gather he with, & strengthen me."
Baltimore Nov 1st. 1836.

The hour the dreaded, & painful
hour of parting is over, yes, it is over
but my full heart seems well nigh
bursting when I think of all I have

left, left perhaps forever. Oh God, Oh
God strengthen me. I pray thee for all
thou hast in store for me; guide me
I pray thee in all my wanderings. I
have secured ^{almost} every tie that bound me
to earth, & now I turn to thee alone
can I look for support, Oh fail me
not in this my hour of need.

I left New York on Saturday the 29th
of October, & arrived here yesterday, & leave
to-morrow morning in the stage for
Wheeling; the country through which
I have ~~traveled~~ ^{passed} thus far has been dull
& uninteresting, but we had delightful
weather & no accidents. We are travelling
under the protection of Mr W. of
New York, an old schoolmate of
mine, but one that I have not seen
since those happy days till now.
Alleghany mountains Stage coach Nov.
3rd 1836. I left Baltimore yesterday at
break of day & have ridden day & night
ever since. I am therefore.

too much fatigued, & in too uncomfortable a situation now to attempt to describe my feelings at finding myself at the summit of & surrounded by these mountains, for never was my heart so awe-stricken (if I may use the expression) & never were my thoughts so completely raised from off this earth.

Whedding Oct 3rd

We arrived here yesterday after a most tiresome (but to me delightful) ride of nearly three days & two nights. Truly doth the Lord "scupper the winds to the shore lamb" & as truly doth he strengthen & support those that put their trust in him. I would call upon my soul & all that is within me to praise his holy name who has thus far let us in mercy & kindness. We left Baltimore at the rail road in which we continued for 66 miles, a part of the road lay along the banks of the

Patapsco a most beautiful stream, & the country even in its winter garb was beautiful. At Frederick we took the stage, it was a dark rainy day, & everything around seemed to conspire to infuse the most gloomy anticipations. I can imagine few situations better calculated to call forth all one's unamiable qualities than being shut up with eight or nine people of a rainy day, ^{in a stage} however. I believe we all succeeded in being tolerably amiable till dark when we stopped to drink tea & change stages. I never shall forget the singular feelings with which I tumbled (in the rain & dark) into the stage again as my resting place for the night. It was about eight o'clock when we reached the mountains, just about which time we made a most unfortunate discovery in regard to our stage which was that a little pin to one of the wheels was missing, & consequently we had no reason (humanly speaking) to hope that the wheel would last. We were exceed-

ingly alarmed, for the gentlemen after
examining it pronounced it rather un-
safe, but there was no help for it: we
were 27 miles from the next stopping
place, & to trust in Providence, & resign
ourselves to his will whatever it should
be was all that remained. And never did
I so fully realize the protecting presence of
Almighty God as in that hour, never
did he seem so near, the world seemed
completely shut from my sight, earthly friends
& human aid all sought to fail me, to
God alone could I look in that dark
& fearful hour. And most fully did I
realize the fulfilment of those precious
words, "my grace shall be sufficient for
thee" The strength that was given me
in that blessed hour, imparted to me
such feelings of holy joy, such sweet
peace as I never shall forget, & oh may
recollections of that shed their influence
over all my after life.

"We reached the end of our 27 miles in
perfect safety, & soon found ourselves
again safely seated in a whole wheeled
stage, & ~~from~~ ^{the} excitement of the
~~preceeding~~ ^{preceeding} hours soon fell asleep in
the peaceful assurance that the Lord
would be our guide. The next day &
following night were passed without
further mishaps, the magnificence of
those mountains is indescribable, indeed
one might truly there "all forget the hu-
man race" I never was more struck
by anything than the grandeur of that
scenery. As for this place it is one of
the darkest & dirtiest I ever saw, as we
rode down the last hill into the town
the Ohio first met my view & I must
confess in that my first view I was
a little disappointed.
Ohio River, on board the "William Wirt"
Nov. 1st Lord's day.

Here I am on this beautiful
river, we came on board last night

& what I have seen of its beauties
has quite equaled my anticipations
but the different manner in which
these western boats are constructed
from our eastern ones has troubled
me a great deal I do not like them
half as well.

One week has passed since I
left New York & oh, how many may
pass ere I see it again I dread to
think, to the future I dare not look,
to the past I may not for it but bells
of friends & joys now departed, "time
present is my only lot." I have felt
more sad to day than I have since
I left home, my thoughts have unbidden
strayed back to joys which time
can never renew to friends upon
whom I may never look again
oh holy Father, Thou who art just
twice in all my dealings grant me
strength meekly to bear.

& cheerfully to do Thy will.

Ohio River, "William Wirt" Nov. 18th
Still here, & I might almost imagine
myself in the same place at which
I took up my journal the other day
for there is so much sameness in
this scenery. The ladies on board this
boat (if ladies they be) are all totally
uninteresting & I must confess the
truth I have been dreadfully bored by
them. I think there is no time one
feels less inclined to seek amusement
from strangers than when we have
just parted with those we love,
the heart involuntarily closes itself
against every other feeling, & particu-
larly is this the case when we find in
those around us a total want of
refinement.

St Louis Nov. 22nd

Thus ^{far} have we been kindly & safely

led on our journey to Lewisville & thanks to thee my Father for thy preservation & protection. We have been here several days, of the journey thus far there is little to be said, we spent a day at Cincinnati but it was a rainy one so that I saw little of the place & am therefore give no opinion of it, I think the view between Cincinnati & Louisville is more beautiful than in any other part, we had a violent storm before we reached Louisville, but he who ruleth the winds & the waves suffered them not to harm us, I think I never felt so strong a faith in the guidance & protection of my heavenly Father as I have on this journey. Truly may I say in the words of that beautiful hymn,

"My lifted eye without a tear,

The gathering storm shall see; ^{Great}
My steadfast heart shall know
That heart will rest on Thee."
I liked the appearance of Louisville exceedingly, we spent two days there our passage from there here was on many accounts uncomfortable being in a small & dirty boat (a vile thing) & my health for the first two days I was on board not being very good, but I was not unhappy, the predominant feeling of my heart since I first saw that this was the path in which it was the will of the Lord I should walk has been come life or come death Thy grace strengthening me I am ready & great as was the pang of parting with almost all that has ^{heretofore} rendered life dear to me

my heart's desire & prayer to him
has been that he would enable
me cheerfully to submit to him
in all things, it has been,

"O Lord my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign,
Life, health, & comfort to Thy will
And make Thy pleasure mine."
And I have felt that though dark
was my way, & rough the road,
had to travel it was allotted me in
infinite wisdom & would result
in good, I think I can on the
hand of the Lord daily leading me
& I would bless His holy name
for his infinite mercy.

We entered the Mississippi for the evening
so that I slept one night upon its
waters before I saw it, but the con-
sciousness that I had at last
entered that mighty river for a while

held my eyes waking, it is indeed a
mighty river, the scenery on the
Missouri side is magnificent
of this place I can give no opinion
save of that part of it which my eyes
have seen, the inside of our cabin
apartments, & that can be given in
a few words, dark & dirty, I will not
say gloomy for, though I know not
how it is, my days are not gloomy.

Bevidere Illinois. Dec' 15th

Yes, here I am arrived at last safe
& sound at my journey's end; it were in
vain for me to attempt to express the
sad thoughts that fill my heart at find-
ing myself thus cut off as it were from
all the friends of my youth, far beyond
the reach I might almost say of civil-
ization itself. Nothing save the con-
sciousness that it is the Lord, & that
he ordereth all things wisely could
support me under my present privations,
not that I can look back upon the
time I have spent in New York

me in getting rid of some of my
very troublesome ideas of propriety.
We came from Dickson's Ferry here
alone, that is with no companion
but our driver, Mr. W. being obliged
to leave us there, this was the most
unpleasant part of our journey for
added to all other evils was a feeling
of loneliness & desolation unfelt
before, The night before we arrived
here we were lost on a prairie in
a snow storm, & for a long time
wandered about fruitlessly in search
of a shelter from the cold which was
fast chilling us through, & who can
tell the utter desolation of spirit that
I felt in that dismal hour. But
blessed be the name of God who has
protected us from dangers seen & unseen
& has united us as a family in health.
for this alone would I offer my gratitude
& thanksgiving. This is a beautiful
country, but we see it in an

unfavorable season therefore it
is unfair to say that I am a little
disappointed in its beauties, I will
wait till summer comes before I
decide upon them.

Jan^y 6th 1839.

"There is a limit to all our enjoy-
ments, & every desire bears its death in
its very gratification." The truth of
this every ones experience I think
will back them, at least so has mine.
The hardships & privations of my present
life I acknowledge "are not pleasant
but grievous" & I have constantly
to struggle with the sinful want of
submission I find in my heart, I feel
that all the dealings of the Lord are
in justice & infinite wisdom, & that
he hath ever done for me far better
than I deserve, I know that his dis-
ciplinements are necessary & sent in love
& all that remains for me to do is

patiently & cheerfully to wait his
will.

We have a small church organ,
one of which my brother-in-law is the
pastor ^{& of} which my mother & I last Lord's
day became members, may the Lord
bless the union, & may he so nourish
& strengthen this little church that it
may bear much fruit, & may his richest
blessings be shed upon all their efforts
to serve him.

Since last I wrote we have entered
upon a new year, & he may the Lord
enable me to live to his glory & in his
fear all the years that may yet remain
for me on earth, whether those years
be in sorrow or in joy may his rod &
his staff still comfort me.

"From all the guilt of former sins,
May mercy set me free;
And let the year I now begin,
Begin & end with thee."

Feb 15th Lord's day.

Most truly "doth hope deferred make
the heart sick." I have felt unusually sad-
lately, the trials of my present situation
have pressed more heavily upon me, &
I find as time wears on I become
more & more weary, & less able patiently
to bear them. As days & weeks & months
glide on beside the same lonely weary
lot is mine - my heart fails me, yet
to God alone can I pour out the sorrows
of my heart for he alone knoweth my
case, & from him alone cometh every
good & perfect gift. Into his hands
would I unreservedly surrender myself
for time & for eternity, & I would desire
in sincerity to say "let him do what
seemeth him good." Infinitely wise
& holy art thou, O my Father in all
thy dealings, O for a stranger faith!
That I might be enabled cheerfully
to bear & to do thy will!

When at times my heart is oppressed
with feelings it cannot utter, & difficult-
ies & troubles encompass me about, I
would exclaim in the words of the
poet,

Lord, increase my faith & hope,
When foes & fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

Feb. 26th Lord's day.

Truly "clouds & darkness are round
about us," Thope at times at least for sake
my weary heart, & though my constant
effort & prayer is for a cheerful submis-
sion to the will of my Master, I cannot
rally my spirits, mightily do I pray for
strength & resolve on action, yet every
day finds me less & less able to overcome
the dejection that has taken up its
weary abode in my heart.

We have just received the painful intelligence of the death of my Grandfather, we have heard it as yet but from the lips of

a stranger who saw it in the newspaper
in addition to the affliction of this pain-
ful event, we have as yet heard not
a word from the family, & know none
of the particulars, this wretched state
of suspense is almost insupportable.
When I think ^{that} he under whose roof I have
passed so many of my days, he to whom
I owe much of the comfort & happi-
ness of my days, he who was indeed a
kind parent to me, is now gone
forever, ^{my heart is full,}
~~for what purpose~~
~~forget~~ that makes me ~~remember his~~
~~worth~~, ~~for~~ ^{but} could I feel assured that
I should meet him again in another
or a better world than would my mourn-
ing be turned into gladness; but Oh, I
cannot think of his death without
feelings too painful to be endured. May
this be a warning to us all to prepare
for that death which we know not
how soon we may be called to meet.

April 12th

A long time has elapsed since my last date, indeed I have felt little heart for any of my usual duties or employments, & time has hung upon my hands as a weary & a tedious thing. I feel that I have been sinfully impatient under the dispensation of God, & where I ~~ought~~ ^{ought} to have submitted in cheerful-ness life itself has hung heavy on my hands. I have been very much out of health this winter, although I have endeavored not to waste my time in idleness, still owing to the state of my health & the situation of things here I have accomplished little or nothing that will tend either to my own or others good. I rejoice in the approach of Spring, & trust that I shall regain my health & spirits, I am more & more delighted with this country it is indeed beautiful, & had I but one friend with me I could be

happy even in these wilds.

This day has been quite an era in our settlement, by the arrival of the first mail we all hailed it with joy, for it seems to bring us nearer to the human kind.

July 17th

Little did I think that so many weeks, nay, months would wear away before it should again open this book & still less did I anticipate that I should open it at this time with such a heavy heart. I then rejoiced in the approach of Spring, & looked forward to summer as the season of hope, but alas that far, nought but disappointment had been mine. Days, weeks & months pass wearily on, & still they bring no ray of hope, in everything around me I read the flight of time & yet no feeling of joy does ought that passes awaken in this weary heart. Oh Father, how long oh, how long must this last, wilt thou persevere thy woe

to death? Oh for the strong hopes, & firm confidence in God that I enjoyed six months ago, but I am sadly changed,

"For now when evening shades prevail,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns."

This country is indeed exquisitely beautiful but it is in sorrow & not in joy that I gaze upon its beauties, for they only the more forcibly remind me that I am alone.

I have been perfectly captivated by the beauty of the wild flowers which cover the prairies, indeed it is impossible to convey an idea of their beauty, truly

"Full many a flower is born to blush ^{unseen}
And waste its sweetness on the desert air"
I have often plucked them with tears in my eyes for when my full heart would have poured out the feelings that their beauty awakened I was alone.

Chicago Oct 9th

Alas, how little did I anticipate when I last opened this book the many sad changes that were to take place in the circle of those near & dear ere I opened it again, little did I anticipate the bitter cup of which I was so soon & deeply to drink. Oh, how has my heart been wrung with anguish! How does it bleed for those dear afflicted ones! Since my last date of have received the melancholy tidings of the death of my own dear friend Eliza, there are some sorrows too deep for expression, & I can only say that in losing her I have lost the dearest friend I ever had, one whose loss time can never repair, oh how desolate does the world seem without her! No longer can I look to that dear friend for ^{the} sympathy & affection that was never withheld, & that had soothed & cheered so many a sorrowful

hour. Alas, alas I know not how to
part with her! she who has for so
many years participated in my every
thought, how can I tear her from the
place she has so long held in my heart
No, I cannot, nor will I, though gone
from me, though I may never see her
more, memory shall still hold & keep
her there.

Truly, Oh Father, are clouds & darkness
rolled about thee, thy ways are not as
ours & they are past finding out, yet
would I acknowledge the justice of
thy chastening rod, & thy grace strengthen
my me, I would bow in submision
to this heavy dispensation. Grant Oh
holy Father, to impress me with a deep
& lasting sense of the fleeting & fading
nature of all that is of earth, & may
this affliction serve to wean me from
~~any other~~ from this world, & teach me
to place my heart's best & truest

affections where alone they will not
meet with disappointment, in that
best abode where parting is no more,
where all tears are wiped away.

Oct' 20th

I would praise & bless thy holy name
Almighty Father, that in the midst
of deserved wrath, thou hast mercifully
remembered me, that midst of darkness
doubt & fears thou hast bid me hope
bid me trust in thee, Yes Father, in
thee will I put my trust, let me not
be confounded, into thy hands do I
commit myself wholly, do thou with
me as seemeth good to thee. Grant me
strength as my day, let me not faint
or grow weary, but do thou guide me
& I shall not err.

Dec 3^d Lord's day.

It is now two months since I have been in Chicago, I have postponed writing about it till I knew something of it. I have been so much out of spirits, my thoughts have been so much occupied by more engrossing subjects that I have felt little inclination to go out since I have been here, yet I trust that I have not been ungrateful for this renewed instance of the never failing goodness of my heavenly Father who has even in this distant & strange land raised up for me a friend in this time of need; thus "wisdom & mercy ever guide my way" though clouds & darkness do at times seem to envelope me still I am never suffered entirely to lose sight of an overruling Providence, I have never yet been wholly forsaken. This is another of the very many, Oh, how

many! proofs of the enduring mercy of my heavenly Father, faithful & undeserving as I am, I can daily see his kind & fatherly hand leading me, Oh Father I will no more doubt thee, I do believe help than mine unbelief!

Dec. 17th Lord's day.

I have been at home all day in consequence of bad weather, yet this has been a delightful day to me. I have not in a long time enjoyed so much of the presence & strengthening grace of my heavenly Father, truly there is a joy in communion with God & heavenly things which the world knows not, a peace, which it can neither give nor take away. For the last year I have been laboring under trials of mind, the tendency of which has been greatly to depress my spiritual enjoyments, indeed I have taken little joy in anything, my situation at home

too has been so exceedingly uncomfortable & trying that there is no possibility of escape from my own sad thoughts which have literally been my all of company. My separation from all those so dear to me has been rendered doubly painful by the knowledge that sickness & death has been making such sad inroads in that dear circle, each letter seemed to bear the tidings of death, & when came the last & severest stroke of all the death of my dear Eliza, I felt as if the chastisements of the Lord were indeed great & terrible to bear. My friends had ^{been} so kind as to invite me to spend some time with them, which invitation I gladly accepted as it offered me a refuge from the present uncomfortable state of things at home, & I hoped that with grace from on high I should thus be enabled to regain some of my lost energies. That grace has been granted & I do feel much refreshed

by intercourse with intelligent & civilised beings. The pastor of the baptist church here is a most agreeable man & delightful Christian & I trust I have duly appreciated the privilege of sitting under his ministry & enjoying his society, oh it is like water to the thirsty soul to meet an enlightened Christian. Indeed I have everything to be grateful for in the kindness & attention I have met with here, I have formed many very pleasant acquaintances, & I feel much better reconciled to the prospect of becoming a permanent settler in the west, since I have found that civilisation is within its borders, & I trust I shall return home with renewed strength to combat the horrible monotony that reigns on Squaw prairie.

Belvidere June 20th

It is so long since I have journalized at all that I hardly know where to begin & have some times thought I never would attempt it again, but from long acquaintance with them we often become attached even to our own follies, so we cannot resist the temptation of occasionally indulging ourselves in them, & if this propensity of mine be a folly it is at least harmless one, so I think I may indulge it with impunity.

I returned home the 14th of March after having passed a very pleasant & I trust not unprofitable winter in Chicago. I had a dismal cold, uncomfortable, & disagreeable ride home. My escort was a stranger, & if there is one thing from which my spirit shinks more than another, it is being thrown

upon the protection of a stranger, to be obliged to receive favors & attentions from them which you would only receive from those whom you know & by whom you are known.

I have been home now little more than three months, life on Squaw prairie is the same monotonous thing that it ever was, & I fear that I shall soon become the same insatiable peice of flesh (or bundle of bones would be the more significant term, as I have not much flesh to boast of) that I was when I left it. The only improvement in which we personally are concerned is that that had been made in our mansion, which, compared with what it was last summer is very comfortable, I am not now obliged to take refuge out of doors, but can sit down in comparative

ease & quiet within. But though we are more comfortable we have been an afflicted & tried family, & the fatigue & anxiety that I have undergone within the last three months has been great indeed, it seems as if the Lord would daily remind me by renewed chastisements that this world is not my home, that here I have no abiding city. Sickened, but (blessed be his holy name who hath preserved life) not death, has entered & long dwelt under our roof, I am the only one that has escaped its ravages, & for this as well as every mercy that has been mingled with our cup of sorrow I would render thanks to him whose alone it is to give & who only can take away.

We had a visit of a couple of days a few weeks since from our dear friends Mr & Mrs G. of Chicago, he preached for us three times, & I went

to Rockford with him for the first time. I was delighted with the situation of the place & the appearance of things altogether. This little episode in our monotonous lives, was like a cup of water in the wilderness, but it is past & we have returned to the old beaten track weary round. Oh, the unquenchable longing that I have for the sympathy & friendship of kindred spirits, it is my meat & my drink, deprive me of it & I cease to live. And yet I know that the will of God is in all things just, & that it is in love & not in wrath that I am thus deprived of those things I most prize on earth, yes, I feel the truth of the lines,

"These inward trials I employ
From self, & pride, to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

Sept. 4th

Two weary months have passed since my last date, the summer is ended, summer did summer bring to its close a heavier or a sader heart, it seems to me as if a blight was pronounced upon every hope I ever fondly cherished, oh, is it ever to be thus, am I always to be the sport of vain hopes, & vague anticipations! Is the cup of happiness for which I have so long & earnestly waited, watched & prayed yet to be dashed from my lips? Is still deeper & more heart rending disappointment in store for me? Oh, what have I done that should render necessary chastisements so great! But what have I said, do I question the justice of him, who chastens us in love & not in wrath, Father forgive me! for though my dearest hopes be blighted, though my cup of happiness be drained to its very dregs, though thou

stay me yet will I trust thee, yes Father when I doubt thee may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

It is now nearly two years since I left New York, & when I ~~left~~ look back upon all I have suffered in those two years they seem to me an age of misery, in vain do I ask myself the question "to what does all this tend?" I can interpret the Providences of God, from my very starting for the west, up to this hour but in one way, & yet the thought does sometimes cross me, & Oh, with what bitterness does it come, that I have read ~~among~~ his Providences from that very time, & thus have been laying up for myself disappointment, oh how deep! What would I not give to know the will of my heavenly Father, I tremble when I think that I may have sought for hidden fruit. This summer has been completely consumed in domestic troubles, that

Thanks be to God health is at last restored
to our family, but would I could add
happiness to this heart, but far from it,
it is more desolate than ever.

My dear Mother left me a few days
since for Chicago where she will prob-
ably remain during the winter, for her
sake I rejoice that she is gone, but may the
time never come when I cannot rejoice
in the happiness of others, though I should
never taste of joy again. My friends are
very anxious that I should join her
there before long, but it is probable I may
but at present I can form no plans
for the future my heart is too sad, Mother
guide me, I would be led by thee, for
I dare not trust to myself.

Nov. 11th Lord's day.

In my last date I said health was
again restored to our family, but alas,
little did I anticipate how soon
sickness & death were to invade it.

Yes; it has found its way hither & taken
from our circle a precious treasure, ripe
for the joys of heaven, my sister's youngest
child. But a few short months comprised
his little life, but we had him long
enough dearly to love him, & though we
can now rejoice in his infinite happiness
still we cannot but mourn that we
never more, on earth, can see his sweet
pale face. Oh, never can I forget that
dear little face! Truly,

"I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."
Since my last date (with the exception
of the sickness & death of that dear baby)
time has rolled on as monotonously
& as gloomily to me as possible, the mel-
ancholy scenes through which I have
been called to pass, added to the secret
sorrow of my heart have thrown a
gloom over me which I have tried in
vain to shake off, & though I endeavor

to go through my daily duties cheerfully
I carry with me a heavy heart, a heart
that finds no joy in anything, as each day
goes its weary round, still I find an ach-
ing void. Father my soul would patiently
wait thy will, would cheerfully submit
to thee in all things, only let me know
thy will & thy grace strengthening me
I am ready

"My times of sorrow & of joy
Sweet God are in thy hands;
My choicest comfort come from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou shalt take them all away,

Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, & thee alone."

If I know my own heart, I do desire
to have all in the hands of my heavenly
Father, to give myself up entirely to his
guidance & direction, & with this aid,
I would banish all my hopes of earthly
joy, which I have lately cherished, & to
which, even now, I too fondly cling.
Oh Father, vouchsafe me thy spirit,
& strengthen the good desires this day
begun Oh, teach me in very truth to
seek my all in thee, let my heart no
longer wander after fleeting & forbid-
den joys, but subdue me entirely to
thyself.

April 29th

Is it possible that five months have passed away since my last date! The most of which time I have spent in my own room on Squaw prairie searching & trying my own heart & now, oh, with what different, what singular feelings do I attempt to recall the thoughts of those five months. Father, than alone canst search the inmost recesses of the heart therefore to thee would I look for guidance & direction. Oh, grant to smile upon me & bless me in all my desires, in all my actions; than knowest that I have sought, oh, how earnestly, to know & do thy will; & if I have chosen the path thou hadst marked out for me, if I have not mistaken thy Providence, I would thank thee for that peace of mind which thou hast promised to all such as follow thee.

It were in vain for tongue to express or pen describe the bitter hours through

which I have passed, my heart had long been seeking forbidden joys, & so tenaciously did it cling to its own foolish will that (had it not been for the interposition of that kind hand that never yet had left me to myself) it had all but dashed from my lips the proffered cup of happiness in its determination to drink the one denied it. But he who ordereth all things in wisdom has brought peace to my heart & saved me much more of happiness than I deserve, yet unworthy as I am of the least of all his mercies, I would bless his holy name for all his kindness shown.

Yes, my heart has at last found a resting place, oh, merciful God guide me, & enable me to perform every duty to thy glory, O in thy fear!

I cannot describe the variety of contending feelings that have agitated my breast during the last winter, I can only say that the result (thou' not the one

that some six months ago I wanted have
desired) is, I trust & believe, a happier
& better one, & if not exultingly happy, I
feel that peace arising from "the sober
certainty of waking bliss" to which my
heart has long been a stranger.

I have now but one prayer unanswered
Father, thou knowest it, as thou hast
made him mine, so make him thine
wholly, unreservedly thine, & grant that
I may feel the burden of this prayer with
every breath I draw, & oh, is it asking too
much! unworthy as I am I cannot be
satisfied till thou shalt grant me
this blessing.

We have of late enjoyed the refreshing
presence of the Lord in this place & a
goodly number (of such I hope as shall
be saved) have been added to our little
church. Oh, that such seasons might
last forever, it is a heaven on earth