



THE  
YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S VICTORY;

OR,

MEMOIR

OF

MISS EMMA G. WASHBURN.

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WRITTEN BY HER FATHER.  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE object in giving this brief Memoir to the public is to do good. The bereaved parents have yielded to the urgent desires of many judicious and pious friends in permitting the public to enter into the sanctuary of their domestic sorrow. Many who have had good opportunities to judge, and to whose discretion and piety they have entire confidence, have desired that the wonderful grace of God manifested to their departed child, should be made known to the world, for God's glory and the good of souls. In presenting this little volume to the Christian community, the leading object will be gained if the contemplation of the power of faith, and the preciousness of the great doctrine of the Cross of Christ, as manifested in the subject of this Memoir, shall tend to comfort the bereaved, strengthen the faith of believers, and lead perishing sinners to embrace the hope of salvation through Jesus Christ. May the dear youth and children in Sabbath Schools, and every reader of this Memoir be aided hereby in securing the blessed victory which Emma has gained.

# MEMOIR.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH AND RESIDENCE AT ROYALTON.

EMMA GRANT, the subject of this Memoir, was the eldest daughter of Rev. A. C. and E. G. Washburn. She was born in Royalton, Vt., April 31, 1831. She was consecrated to God in baptism on the first Sabbath in June. While a small child she was habitually sober and thoughtful, she eagerly listened to instruction, and was greatly delighted with bible stories. Her parents endeavored to instill into her young mind the great principles of truth and religious duty, and were happy to discover evidence of quick perception, and generally a disposition to cherish their instruction. An incident occurred when she was about three years old, which shows that the mind of a little child can be impressed with a sense of obligation to God, even

before the meaning of words is fully comprehended. She was at the house of a friend, and in her childish sports had become very thirsty. She asked for some cold water, of which she drank freely, and before she had hardly taken the cup from her lips she said, "*Tunk God for good warm cold water.*"

At this early period her mother was accustomed to put her to bed at night in a room by herself, when she often desired her to pray with her, and then would cheerfully bid her good night. From a child she possessed a very tender, affectionate and sympathizing spirit, evincing almost uniformly a desire to make her playmates and others happy. As she frequently rode with her father in his pastoral visits, she was often deeply affected by witnessing instances of suffering and affliction, and would exhibit deep thought in devising ways and means to comfort those whom she had seen weep.

From four years of age, she was connected with the Sabbath school, in which she always seemed to take pleasure, and very seldom needed to be urged to learn her Sabbath school lesson. For several years past she greatly assisted her parents when at home, in her cheerful and

persevering efforts to interest her brother and little sister in the Sabbath school, and to aid them in getting their regular lessons. In her childhood she committed perfectly the Assembly's Catechism, and she labored patiently and cheerfully to teach it to her brothers and sister, and often, toward the close of her life, expressed her deep sense of its great value. While a child, she attached great importance to her morning and evening devotions, and would often voluntarily, after repeating the forms of prayer which she had been taught, with earnest simplicity confess her sins to God, and ask for a new heart and for God's blessing upon her friends. She was always cheerful and happy in retiring with her mother alone for prayer and counsel, and in her turn never declined lifting up her own voice in prayer. During the years of her childhood, she gave many pleasing evidences of deep seriousness and anxious concern for her soul's welfare. Her parents have no recollection that she ever told them an untruth.

## CHAPTER II.

## HER REMOVAL TO SUFFIELD, AND SEVERE SUFFERING IN CONNECTION WITH MEASLES.

WHEN Emma was about six years old her parents removed to Suffield, Ct., where they now reside. She felt sad when thinking of leaving her mates and friends in Royalton, but with characteristic submission she said she presumed it was best. She very soon became deeply interested in new acquaintances, and formed attachments which increased in strength and affection while she lived.

Emma was twice severely sick, and apparently brought nigh to death, while a little child. With these exceptions, she was blessed with almost perfect health and vigor till during the winter before she was eleven years old. At this time she had the measles, and before she was entirely well took a severe cold, which was the occasion of many months of pain and suffering. A violent inflammation settled in her neck, which caused a contraction of the muscles on one side, from which she never fully recovered. By this affliction her physical

system was to some extent impaired for life. For some months from the commencement of this contraction, her pain was very acute and severe, so that at times it was hardly possible for her position to be changed. This difficulty produced a state of extreme nervous sensibility, which for two or three years caused her much suffering. At the same time her parents were often rejoiced to see the effort she made to resist nervous excitement, and the patience and quietness of mind with which she submitted to her trial, and the cheerfulness with which she yielded to measures adopted to remove her difficulty; measures which were often not only vexatious and trying, but painful and long-continued. She often said, "I wonder that my parents should be willing to be at so much pains and expense to try to make my neck straight." After the acuity of the pain had abated, she was twice carried to the most eminent surgeons in New England, expecting there would be a surgical operation upon her neck, to which she did not offer the slightest objection. The result, however, was, that in their opinion, so complicated was the contraction, and so numerous were the contracted cords, it

was inexpedient to attempt to separate them. On one of these excursions she stopped for the night at a public house, where there was a cotillon party. Two young ladies, with whom she had a slight acquaintance invited her to go and see the dance. She was permitted to go in for a short time, but soon came out, and on retiring, in her devotions she poured out her simple and hearty thanks to God, that she had been taught the vanity of such pleasures, and that she had no desire to be active in them, and prayed that those who were engaged in them might be led to see their vanity and folly.

During the two succeeding winters Emma was afflicted with severe inflammation in her eyes, so that for many weeks she was confined in a dark room. During these lonely hours she found no small relief, when the pain was not so severe as to prevent, in cultivating her love of music. From a child she was very fond of music, and readily repeated almost every thing she heard sung. When about eight years of age her father bought her an accordion and accompanying book of instruction. With no other aid, in a few days, she learned to play several tunes, and in a few weeks would play any thing she could sing. Her fondness

for music induced her parents early to furnish her with means of instruction upon the piano, and the power of song has often comforted her in times of suffering, and her sweet voice raised in hymns of praise in the domestic circle and in the public sanctuary has often delighted her parents, and it is believed that to many it has been not a small source of pleasure and profit. On leaving a distant place where she had been attending school, the superintendent of the Sabbath school remarked that she had been their main dependence in singing. And it is comforting to her friends to learn, that wherever she has been, on her departure her absence has been lamented by all with whom she had become acquainted.

Emma exhibited a special fondness for fancy work of different descriptions, and she spent many of her leisure hours in making a variety of fancy articles. Many of these were made with the express design of aiding in various enterprises of benevolence, and she never seemed happier than when engaged in such efforts. Many of these articles will long remain a precious memento of her cultivated taste and persevering industry.



## CHAPTER III.

HER HOPEFUL CONVERSION AND PUBLIC PROFESSION  
OF FAITH IN CHRIST:

DURING the winter before Emma was twelve years of age, it pleased God to revive his work among the people of her father's charge. In this work of grace she soon manifested a deep and anxious interest, and freely communicated her feelings to her parents and other Christian friends. Her conviction of sin appeared thorough and clear for several weeks before she indulged hope. At length an evident change took place, and her parents hoped she had been renewed by the Spirit of God. For a day or two she did not say she hoped in Christ, nor was she encouraged to believe that she had really become a Christian. But soon after this, she placed the following note where it could not be overlooked.

"DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

I trust God has changed my heart, and I wish to ask you and father to forgive any thing I may have said or done to in

jure your feelings. Advise me, counsel me, and pray for me.

Your daughter, E."

Her parents were gratified with this evidence of frankness, simplicity and sincerity, and this, with other decisive indications of a saving change of heart, led them to hope their dear child had seen the evil of sin, and been led understandingly and from the heart to embrace the offer of salvation through Jesus Christ. As far as they could judge, her conduct and conversation proved that there had been wrought in her a genuine work of grace by the Holy Spirit of God.

About this time it became necessary for her to remain at home one evening while all the rest of the family were at meeting. On the return of the family she remarked to her mother that she had had a good meeting at home. Her mother asked her in what respect. She said she had been very happy, for she had read and sung and prayed, and it was a precious meeting. She and her associates who indulged hope formed a little circle for prayer, to which she attached much importance, and in which she was deeply

interested. She expressed her feelings with great freedom, and manifested great anxiety for the conversion of those who remained without hope. It was evident that she spent much time in prayer, and was intensely interested in the progress of the revival. On the 2d of July following, in company with several others about her own age, she was admitted to the Church. From that time to her death, she was the youngest member of the Church.

## CHAPTER IV.

HER ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL, IN SUFFIELD, AND  
IN MONTPELIER, VT.

A LARGE portion of Emma's time, after she united with the Church, was spent at school, away from home, and although she suffered much from want of confirmed health, there is evidence that her time and privileges were well improved. She was about one year in Rev. Mr. Hemenway's school in Suffield, and while there much of her ability to pursue her studies was owing to the judicious nursing and very kind and benevolent efforts of Mrs. H. and her family.

In the fall of 1845 Emma entered the Washington County Grammar School in Montpelier, Vt, and boarded with her grand-parents, where she continued one year, and enjoyed excellent health, and the difficulty in her eyes was much improved. She often wrote such letters to her parents as encouraged the belief that she valued her privileges, and was preparing for usefulness. The principal of that school wrote a

long and precious letter of condolence to her afflicted parents on hearing of E.'s death. He will pardon the liberty taken to copy a short extract from his letter:

"As a teacher, I have always felt a deep and strong interest in my students—an interest which has not confined itself to the limits of the school room, and to the period when they have been under my immediate influence, but which has gone after them when they were removed from me, and I could not expect to meet them again. Such an interest I felt in the lost one of your family—no, not the lost, but the saved—saved from sin and the evil to come. Her gentle disposition, her mental and moral worth, were such as to take a strong hold on the affections of her teachers, and to inspire them with high hopes concerning her. I rejoiced to hear that she had gone to South Hadley, for I thought there she would develop into flowers and fruit those powers of mind and qualities of heart of which Miss L. and myself were permitted to see comparatively but the budding. I hoped to hear of her hereafter, as adorned with all the graces of mind and spirit, and moving in some sphere of extended usefulness, where her influence might

give joy to the hearts and scatter light in the paths of those around her. So would it have seemed good in the eyes of a short-sighted mortal, but it has not so pleased 'Him who doeth all things well.'"

Another of her teachers at Montpelier, says: "Emma was a scholar in whose welfare I felt a deep interest. Her mildness of disposition and her willingness to conform to my wishes as her teacher, were traits in her character that endeared her to me."

On Emma's return from Montpelier, she spent a few months at home, and devoted her attention mainly in the study of the Latin language, which was one of her favorite studies.

The reader may be interested in a few extracts from a letter which Emma wrote to her female teacher in Montpelier, from whom she received several letters after she left that school. It has been gratifying to her parents to know that Emma's correspondents were, almost without exception, older than herself, a circumstance which it is believed produced a happy and elevating influence upon her own mind. In this letter, dated March 3d, 1847, she expresses her pleasure in being with her brothers and assist-

ing them in their studies, and relieving her mother in taking care of her little sister, then three years of age. This letter was written in part with her sister in her lap. Her interest in the prosperity of Zion is thus expressed: "It is very distressing to see such a dearth of revivals around us. I should think it was very much so in Vermont, by accounts in the papers. The church in Suffield is in a very deplorable situation. There has been no revival here for four years! But the Lord is blessing the missionary labors in foreign lands especially, and we ought to be thankful for so many mercies. I have heard, too, that the work of grace in Mount Holyoke Seminary has embraced nearly every scholar.

"I trust you will witness a season of refreshing in Montpelier. I cannot realize that Mr. G. has left. I thought, when I left, all was harmony; but, 'how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'"

Speaking of the death of a head of a family in Montpelier, and the sorrow of the family, she says: "Oh, I hope I shall be permitted to die before my parents. I believe I could not live long after them; but I must try not to idol-

ize them, for through just judgment they may be removed."

About this time, she wrote to a young friend as follows: "I learn that F. B. is fast sinking with consumption. How sad! and yet it is for some wise purpose that she must be taken away so young and happy. O, that her afflicted friends may be enabled to say from the heart, 'It is for the best.'"

"May we, dear K., ever keep in mind the frailty of our existence, and be prepared to go, at any moment, and enjoy an eternity of blissful friendship in heaven! The more I see of the world, the more I am convinced of the importance of early securing that blessed hope which will make this life happy, and open to us the pearly gates of paradise.

"Are you not yet convinced of this, my K.? Will you pass these precious years, while cares are few, and wait for better ones to come?"

"Please accept these few words of solicitation from your dear Emma, who, be assured, feels a lively interest in your happiness, and who knows that while this blessing remains unsought, true happiness is beyond your reach."

## CHAPTER V.

## RESIDENCE AT MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

In the spring of 1847 Emma went to Middletown, Ct., to pursue a knowledge of music under the instruction of a former teacher, and review her studies preparatory to entering the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary at South Hadley. Since her death one of her teachers in Middletown has written to her bereaved parents a very affectionate and comforting letter. The following is an extract:

"Emma had a strong and discriminating mind, and she took good care to employ it; and her perseverance in prosecuting any subject that she deemed of value was remarkable. Firm in purpose, she wavered not, nor hesitated at difficulties, but redoubled her exertions as they appeared to magnify themselves."

Another extract from the same letter shows something of Emma's religious character while at school. "I can bear testimony to Emma's consistent walk in godliness, and that she endeavored to have her light shine forth to all

around. One of the most prominent traits in her Christian character was her tender regard for the feelings of others, or what is called in the plain language of scripture, *Love to her neighbor*. She was prompt in tendering her sympathy and aid to the suffering, dejected and afflicted, possessing a cheerful and happy frame of mind which peculiarly fitted her to tender such aid with great affection and the kindest delicacy.

"It is the testimony of all her friends that her presence and companionship always brought joy and cheerfulness.

"To Mrs. H. her stay with us was a lifetime of sisterhood in all its affectionate relations. In our frequent communings with each other on heavenly subjects, there was such an interchange of congenial sentiments and feelings, that the truths of the gospel, and its precious promises, and bright rewards, were in appearance to us as 'apples of gold in pictures of silver,' and we seemed to be enjoying a foretaste of heaven. How little did we dream then that one of us should so soon participate in its realities. We then made each other happy in looking through the glass darkly, and in assist-

ing each other's spiritual vision; but now she sees the saints and martyrs of old, and her Savior face to face."

Emma formed a very pleasant acquaintance with several young ladies in Middletown with whom she afterwards corresponded by letter. One, in a letter to her parents, says, "Emma's was a joyous and happy spirit, and we all loved to meet her pleasant smile, and listen to her cheerful words.

"Why was it that we loved her so much? Was it not from her forgetfulness of self? Sincerity marked every thought and action, and her heart went forth in love to all. Said a friend speaking of her the other day, 'Emma was a person of the most perfect simplicity of character I ever saw.' Religion had shed its hallowed influence on a character of native amiability, and lent its power to all her charms." In another extract from this letter will be found an allusion to an event that was deeply interesting to Emma. "We thought not, when Emma bade adieu to the class in the Sabbath school of which she was a member while here, that one to whom she expected she had 'said a long adieu,' would be the first to meet her,

and that in heaven. Yes, she had gone, and was ready to welcome her class-mate to glory." In a letter written by Emma to this correspondent, dated April 1st, 1848, she says, "I have heard this evening very sad news. Dear Mr. and Mrs. H. must feel sadly afflicted, yet it is always very pleasant to me to think when such children die, how much sorrow and suffering they are spared, and how great is their gain. Lovely L. H., too, is gone—to her Father's mansions. I hear 'she was resigned.' I trust her friends were all led to view it as God's providence, not excepting yourself, dear M. I know how well you loved her, and how sadly you must have taken your leave of one so dear. But you have been called to part more than once with beloved ones, and you must have learned ere this to say, 'Thy will, O'God! be done.' O, that L.'s death might be the means of some one's repentance!"

It is pleasant in the above extracts to see Emma's love for the Sabbath school, wherever she dwelt, even for a short time—her tender sympathy with the afflicted—and her benevolent desire for the salvation of lost sinners. While at Middletown, Emma wrote to a former school-

maté, saying, "I wonder if, when our school days are over, and the acquaintances of childhood are separated from each other, old scenes of pleasure will be remembered and looked back upon with sentiments of regret, that such innocent pastimes have gone by, and that we have entered upon the stern realities of busy life. Or shall we look upon them as mis-spent hours? I think not. I would rather, much rather, believe that we shall regard them as bright oases in the desert of life, and like clouds after sunset, whose brilliancy has departed, but their reflection is still beautiful.

"Excuse my enthusiasm, but this is a point on which I love to dwell; and still how sad it seems to think that undoubtedly many of our young associates will be removed from us ere they have arrived at mature years. And who would we willingly spare? who would be willing to leave? and above all, who is prepared?"

## CHAPTER VI.

## RESIDENCE AT SOUTH HADLEY DURING HER FIRST TERM IN THE SEMINARY.

FOR a number of years Emma had been well aware that her parents were desirous she should enjoy all the advantages connected with a regular course of study at the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, in South Hadley, Mass. Her studies and efforts were directed accordingly and as soon as her age would admit, she was an accepted applicant. Some fears were entertained that her health was not adequate to the pursuit of a regular course of study any where, but as she had pursued her studies somewhat beyond what was requisite for admission, and would not therefore be pressed with study, it was thought best she should make the trial, and with her own cheerful assent she entered the Seminary at the commencement of the fall term in 1847. From her letters and other sources of information, there is abundant evidence that she enjoyed her residence at the Seminary better than she anticipated. And

this was her uniform testimony. She was not in perfect health; she feared her eye sight would suffer by close application, as her eyes were then weak; she was almost an entire stranger, in circumstances where she knew much would be expected of her, and she evidently passed some melancholy hours. Her sad feelings were doubtless aggravated by a severe sickness in her father's family, which commenced before she went to South Hadley, and continued for several successive months, prostrating six members of the family, and closing the earthly course of an amiable young lady, residing with the family, Miss Emma L. Selby, of Hartland.

A few extracts from E.'s letters written about this time, it is believed will not be destitute of interest and profit. In November she wrote as follows: "The first part of the time I have been here I felt quite sadly, but it is beginning to seem more natural now; and letters from friends go a great way towards driving away unpleasant feelings.

"Our 'family' numbers near 220 young ladies. I really amused myself for the first few days looking at them. But then, there would steal

over my mind such a feeling of loneliness in thinking when shall I ever find friends among so many; and often, after I was secured from the gaze of any one by the shades of night, would the tear, unbidden, start.

"But I discover amongst the multitude many, very many, familiar faces, that already seem like dear friends. The teachers are very kind, and I think they must exercise a large share of that most excellent quality, patience. There are many little rules that appear to be of no use; but I think there are few that could be dispensed with after all. There are twelve teachers, and I imagine they have their hands full. In respect to our religious privileges, in almost every arrangement regard has been had to our accommodations in that way. Our rooms are furnished with lighted closets, in order that we may enjoy private devotions. Two half hours a day are set apart for that purpose; and if they were not, the temptation would be very strong to omit them, for we have so much to take up our time."

Under date of Dec. 27th, she writes: "There is a manifest commencement of the work of the Spirit of God here. Many are enquiring for



the way of salvation, and some are rejoicing in the hope of a change of heart. Miss Lyon appointed a meeting last evening for all who were determined to commence immediately seeking the salvation of their souls. It was held in a large room, and nearly filled. E. attended. O, I do hope she will not rest until she finds peace in believing. I hope there will be a work of grace in Suffield this winter. Christians seem cold every where, and need the quickening influences of the Spirit. How soon this year closes! I can hardly realize that it is just gone. Would that I could give some better account of it, then I should be more willing to have it depart."

When Emma wrote the letter from which the above is extracted, she was recovering from an attack of typhus fever, which had confined her to the sick room several weeks. She would have returned home, but was detained on account of the severe sickness of the family at home, and her anxiety to mingle in the scenes of deep spiritual interest then enjoyed in the Seminary. While confined to her sick room, she heard that her room-mate had expressed hope in Christ. She immediately addressed to her a note, of which the following is a copy:

"MY OWN DEAR E:

L. has to-night told me the most interesting intelligence that I have heard since I have been at Holyoke. What do you imagine it is? Oh, E., do you doubt for one moment that it is that we hope you have found the Savior precious to your soul? I have had a very sweet day. This morning I felt as though I could not let the Spirit of God depart without a blessing for you. And I now hope that the prayers of your dear parents, and mine, too, as well as of many friends, are answered. How precious to think that our Father hears and will bless us when we pray to him earnestly. Oh, I could say much to you that I cannot write. Miss J. tells me that she has seen you, and I presume has given you more and better advice than I can. But I wish to see you. Oh, what a blessed hope is the Christian's. Do you not feel how sweet it is to give yourself to Jesus, and feel that he has accepted your offering! It is indeed a very sweet feeling to rely wholly on him, and feel that you are sustained as a new creature—as one of his own children. I shall pray much for you. Oh, I know you will for yourself. And may many

more of our dear friends in Suffield become partakers of this blessedness. Oh, let us pray for *them*. Dear L., how I wish she was here—it would certainly be the birth-place of her soul. Come and tell us yourself of this joyful news, and let us pray together. Till then, and ever, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

EMMA."

On the 6th of Jan., while yet in her sick room, Emma wrote to her father expressing sadness on account of intelligence received of the death of Miss Selby, and her tender sympathy with the parents and friends of Miss S., also expressing her anxiety about the sick ones at home, and says, "Oh, I hope that instead of needing your assistance, I shall be well enough to help you a good deal in vacation, which commences two weeks from to-day.

"Last Sabbath evening our dear E. first rejoiced in the blessed hope that she had found the Savior precious to her soul, and she feels as though she could cast herself entirely on Christ, with the belief that he had adopted her into his own family. There are a great many very serious here, and a few have indulged a hope, but

there does not seem to be a very decisive work at present, and we fear unless there is more faith in prayer, and more earnest supplications for the full outpouring of the Spirit, that the blessing may be withheld.

"Are there no indications of any interest in Suffield? I trust and pray that the deaths of these two girls (alluding to the death of Miss S. and Miss B. who died a few weeks previous,) may deeply impress the minds of my youthful friends. I feel sorry that L. could not have come here. This would have been a most favorable opportunity for her to have sought the salvation of her soul. There are a great many favorable circumstances here for serious impressions. We are far from intercourse with the world; and the beauty and excellence, as well as importance of a Christian hope, are daily presented to us by our faithful friend, Miss Lyon."

In the same letter, speaking of the hopeful conversion of her room-mate, she says, "E. is now rooming with a very good, pious girl, and I almost felt glad that I was not with her during her anxious hours and days, as I fear I might by some unguarded word or deed have banished her

seriousness, and destroyed her religious feelings." Here is exhibited a prominent trait in her character: modesty and self-distrust. One of her correspondents in a letter to her mother, says: "Emma ever appeared humble in speaking of herself. She was much beloved by all who knew her. Her principles seemed fixed, and her mind matured beyond her years." In another letter written about this time Emma says, "The past has been a short year to me. I know I have not improved its past hours as well or as faithfully as I might. And that is my reflection as weeks, months and years, pass by; still I remain heedless. O, if we could but realize how we shall view our actions in the light of eternity, how different would be our conduct."

On the 15th of Jan., near the close of her first term, she writes: "My teachers are unwilling that I should study any yet, so I am going to make a short visit in Springfield, and return home next week. Mother has been sick now for three weeks, and I feel impatient to be at home, but I thought I should be able to study as week after week passed by and found me still idle, but here is almost the close of our term of sixteen weeks—looked forward to with

so much dread—and now as they are nearly gone, I find they have brought more pleasure than I anticipated, though I have not accomplished much in the additions made to my literary lore." She had been constantly hoping during her six weeks' illness to be able soon to resume her studies. Her disease was a mild form of typhus fever, which held on much beyond her expectation; yet her increasing interest in the Seminary, and especially in the revival then progressing, and her unwillingness to increase the cares and labors at home while sickness continued in the family, induced her to prefer to remain at the Seminary, where she evidently found more enjoyment than she once thought possible.

In relation to this point she says, "Miss L. is a very warm, kind-hearted woman. She tries to have the young ladies feel at home, and I have seen her almost weeping to think that some were unhappy. I feel more and more how many privileges are to be enjoyed here in comparison with other schools. I think it is a blessing to the land; and O, that our principal might be spared for many, many years."

In a letter, after speaking of her joy at the

termination of the Mexican war, she adds: "But how sadly the poor widows, and sisters, and orphans of those killed in battle, must mourn. I have often rejoiced that my brothers were too young for such an enterprise, since this Mexican war has been in progress."

The next Sabbath evening she wrote a few lines, saying, "This is my last Sabbath in this term. I have not attended Church since the Sabbath I was last at home. But the meetings within our own house are such as warm the heart of every disciple of Christ. The Spirit has been abundantly shed upon us, though there are some who, we fear, have slighted his pleadings, and are therefore not among the number who we hope are the chosen children of God. There are nearly fifty who indulge a hope."

In the following extract from the same letter are expressed sentiments of great value and precious interest, worthy to be engraven on the heart of every child. They exhibit a strength of affection and tender solicitude, the exhibition of which must be grateful to the heart of every parent. Emma says: "I imagine you at home enjoying the society of that dear mother you so highly prize. I believe I

shall never fathom the depths of a mother's love, for it seems to me unfathomable. When I think, too, how little I deserve it, new resolutions to be a better child than I have ever been arise in my mind. I fear I am not deserving of such a mother, and indeed of such *parents* as I have. All I can do is to cherish and obey them, and hope to be allowed to soothe and stay their declining years. I begin to feel something of the responsibility which rests upon myself as the eldest, to set a fit example for the younger children; and I hope to be enabled so to do by looking to the true source of help.

"Long may your mother be spared to gladden your heart! And I pray that mine will bless me yet many years."

## CHAPTER VII.

## SECOND TERM AT THE SEMINARY.

EMMA would gladly have returned to South Hadley at the commencement of the second term, but as she had not entirely recovered her health, it was thought best that she should remain longer at home. She therefore devoted a part of her time to study, and a part to exercise, until the fourth week in the term, when her health was so far restored that she chose to return to the seminary, believing that she should be able to pursue her regular course of study. On going and making the trial she was happy to find her hopes realized. After a few weeks of trial, she wrote as follows: "I have found my time well taken up this term, though I am not pressed with studies. I find I can do nearly as much as before I was sick, and I do not think the spring weather so far has affected me with as much lassitude and weakness as usual."

In respect to the revival she writes: "The religious interest here subsided very much

during vacation. There has been one hopeful conversion this week, a case which at the first of the term we thought hopeless. But God seeth not as man.

"How is it at Suffield? I trust you will be able to say when you write next, that there is interest there, and that the Lord has begun a good work."

With this letter she sent a very neat and delicate article to her mother, saying, "As it will be so near your birth-day, you may call it a *birth-day present*." Her own birth-day occurred about the same time, and she added, "I hope you will think of me on Monday, (April 3d) and offer your petition that your daughter's *eighteenth year* may be improved more than her others have been."

The above extracts are taken from the last letter which this affectionate and beloved child ever wrote to her parents. To several of her correspondents at this time she speaks of her birth-day with deep interest and anxiety, and in a manner that indicated a solemn consciousness of her responsibility. To one she says, "I am approaching my seventeenth birth-day, and I believe I am the same giddy creature I

was a year ago. Will you not bestow one thought, and I may add, one prayer, for me on that day?"

In another letter she says, "One week from to-day will be the anniversary of my birth-day. Can it be possible that another year has glided away? Ah! how much progress in aught that is good has signalized it to me? I fear not enough to correspond with the privileges I have enjoyed. May I not hope that as we intercede at the throne of grace on that day, you will join one petition with me, that no more years may thus pass, and I allow them to find me no better?"

"*Perhaps it may be my last birth-day.* I think we cannot have a better opportunity to think of our being called away, than when we reach these land-marks of our existence. But still, who can suppress the thoughts that come of brighter, happier days in store? Having naturally a buoyant spirit, I hope now to pass through this world less affected than others who are more easily cast down. I have even thus early in life found some benefit from this light-heartedness, and why should I not believe that it will sustain me through severer trials in

future years? I frequently think, however, that this spirit may do me as much harm as good, for I fear that by it I am led to forget the importance of spending each hour and moment, so that when we are called to give an account for them we can do it joyfully. When I am seeming very light and trifling, and I find a friend's eye fixed upon me, I think, 'did you but know how I shall repent of this, you would conceal that well-meant rebuke.' And I do repent, and again and again form resolutions to restrain my gaiety, and as often do I find myself breaking them. Pardon so much of *self*, and if ever you see me too gay and trifling, do not pass *too severe* a judgment on my faults."

The buoyancy and gaiety of which Emma here speaks seldom approached to levity, even in her most thoughtless moments. Her cheerfulness and vivacity in youth have, by those long acquainted with her, often been contrasted with her remarkable sobriety in childhood. She loved cheerful society; and with undisguised simplicity and glowing ardor of affection, it seemed to be her happiness to make others happy. She usually bore reproof with meekness, and to those who administered it, she

often expressed her gratitude. The punishment which her parents sometimes found it necessary to inflict upon her, she would often voluntarily recall to mind in her evening prayer in childhood, and give thanks to God for kind and faithful parents to watch over her and correct her faults.

In a letter dated March 27, 1848, speaking of the removal of her father's family from an old to a new house, she says: "How our affections cluster around the spot which we call home! I found that, notwithstanding I had anticipated a very pleasant home in our new residence, I had many sad feelings on leaving the old place." (The family moved while she was at home in vacation.) "Many happy years had I spent there, and although I may have many more in store, still it is enveloped in the dim shadowy future. And *what may happen there* is only known to Him who is acquainted with the transactions of eternity. May we all be under the influence of that Heavenly power who will direct all things right!"

About this time Emma commenced her last composition. She sketched the first draft with

her pencil, but never copied it. The subject was—

"THE SABBATH."

She first glances at the history of the creation till the seventh day, the Sabbath, which God sanctified and blest and appointed as a day of rest, and says: "The beasts of the forest roamed freely wherever they would, and the birds sweetly warbled their first praises to their Maker. The holy day was not then profaned as now by those made originally in the image of God. Methinks I can picture to myself the calm and peaceful quiet of this beautiful garden on that first holy day. Every thing was pleasant to the eye, and all seemed happy. Death had not then entered that beautiful world, nor nought to mar the happiness of any creature. Pain and sickness were unknown. Truly that was a *Sabbath!*"

She then describes the consequences of the fall of man, especially as connected with the desecration of the Sabbath, and speaks of the judgments of God denounced on those who despise it, and the blessedness of those who keep it holy. She then adds, "But there is another

view which renders this day peculiarly delightful to the Christian. On this holy day the Son of God rose from his tomb and burst the bonds of death. Thrice holy and blessed, then, does it appear to him who feels that Saviour to be his God.

“But when these heavens and earth shall roll together like a scroll, and all in them be consumed, then will succeed a long eternal Sabbath. Truly it will be a Sabbath, for we shall rest from all our sins, and praise God who brought us to that blessed time.

“But will all be partakers of the bliss? Ah! no. Those who despise earthly Sabbaths will find too late that by so doing they have forfeited the love of that just God who will condemn them to an eternity of misery. Oh! that we might so live that we shall enjoy the eternal Sabbath of rest.”

About two weeks before the close of her second term Emma was attacked with erysipelas in her face. She immediately returned home, and suffered severe pain, with high fever, for a few days, but in two or three weeks was apparently restored to health, and expressed much pleasure in being permitted to wait upon her

father, who was then suffering under a slight attack of scarlet fever. She also entered vigorously and cheerfully upon making preparations to return to the Seminary.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## \*LAST TERM AT THE SEMINARY. SICKNESS AND DEATH.

WHEN the day arrived for the commencement of the Summer term, there was a violent rain which continued till late in the afternoon. Emma was anxious to be at the Seminary the first day of the term, and wished to go, notwithstanding the severe rain. She was, however, persuaded to wait till the next day, which was the 12th of May. On that morning her father carried her to the depot at Thompsonville, where she took the cars for South Hadley, and they were separated, to meet no more on the shores of time. On the following Monday, May 15, her parents and brother left home to visit friends in Vermont. Emma enjoyed her ride to South Hadley, appeared cheerful and happy, and engaged in all the labors of the school, apparently with her usual interest, vigor, and health.

The day after her arrival at the Seminary she

commenced a letter to a friend, which is left unfinished, in which she says :

"After a short but delightful visit to my home, I am again a member of the Seminary. The beautiful weather, and a fear that my flowers would need my care, were strong temptations to keep me at home ; but on looking into the *garden* of my mind, I was instantly impressed with the importance of its cultivation. So, bidding adieu to all the charms which bind one so strongly to home, I resolutely determined to come hither."

Emma was not urged to return to South Hadley, but was told to act as she thought expedient. The above extract, and other circumstances connected, show that the course pursued was in accordance with her own deliberate decision and choice. Her parents, however, advised her to return immediately home, if she found her health did not permit her attendance upon the duties of the school. The unfinished letter before spoken of was addressed to a friend who had recently gone to a new place of residence, and as it is nearly the last of Emma's writing, the reader may

be interested in seeing some farther extracts. She says:

“How are you pleased with your change of residence? You seem to have sad forebodings on leaving your home. I trust your hopes and desires may be realized, for I cannot think that your Heavenly Parent has directed you where you are, that you should be led aside from the path you have chosen, into the temptations of the destroyer. Not one of his children would thus perish, were it not that they rely on other than Him for aid when troubles assail. But I know that to you this is no unknown source to which you may apply. Then cling to it, and rest in the assurance, ‘Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.’

“No doubt you will find friends who may prove firm and steadfast; but then, though they are kind and you enjoy their friendship, I know that the memory of those who were *first* friends will cling around your heart, and none after-formed can obliterate the remembrance of them. And then you will have the delightful anticipation of visiting your home, and again beholding loved scenes and dear ones; which will surely

be no slight pleasure, either in anticipation or reality. For my part, I think, on one account, 't is pleasant to leave one's home—the pleasure of visiting it again.”

Thursday morning, May 18th, Emma ate her breakfast, and appeared well and cheerful, as usual. While engaged in her domestic work, she felt a little chilly, but did not mention it at that time. She went to her room, and her chills increased. Her room-mate went for one of the teachers, who, on seeing Emma, found that she was sick. So sudden was her attack, that she was even then unable to walk. She was carried to a room designed for the accommodation of the sick, and a physician was called. Emma supposed her disease was scarlet fever, as about two weeks previous she had been exposed to it at home. It, however, proved to be a violent attack of lung fever; and from the commencement to the final termination, there was scarcely the least mitigation or favorable symptom in her case.

On Friday a letter was sent to Suffield, which induced Doct. B., the family physician, to go as soon as he could leave, and remain with Emma till the closing scene. This prompt and kind

action of Dr. B., will ever be a source of comfort to the bereaved parents, and ever be remembered with gratitude.

A letter was written on Saturday to Emma's parents, at Montpelier, Vermont, which was received by them next Tuesday evening, May 23d. With intense solicitation, and in painful suspense, they hastened immediately to their sick child; but she was not, for God had taken her. This agonizing intelligence was in the most tender, soothing, and Christian manner first communicated to them on their arrival at South Hadley. And with all their confidence in Emma's sincerity and devotedness as a Christian, they were surprised, as well as consoled, on hearing of her spiritual exercises, her joy and peace, and her triumphant faith in her great Redeemer. They were soon convinced of the truth of almost the first remark made to them on their arrival, "You have for your consolation everything of a spiritual nature that can be asked."

Her teachers and attendants had, with much care and labor, recorded her expressions as they fell from her lips, during the few days of her last sickness. And it was the wonderful

display of God's rich grace, the illustration of the great and fundamental doctrines of the gospel scheme of salvation, as presented in this record, which induced Emma's friends to permit the youth and children of the Sabbath School, and others interested, to read on the printed page this history of God's dealings with "a sinner saved by grace." In this record of a *young Christian's victory*, it is believed there is proof of the divinity, and reality, and excellence of true religion, such as no reasonable person will affect to doubt.

One of her attendants says: "When I first went in on Friday morning, (the day after she was taken sick,) Emma said she had a very comfortable night—complained of a severe pain in the right side, but in the course of a few hours she was relieved. She expressed much gratitude for her freedom from pain—said more than once, 'You cannot tell how glad I am that my side is so much better.' She said, 'I wish my mother could be here as she was last winter, but I suppose my father and mother have started on a journey.' I asked her if she felt her Saviour near her. 'Yes,' she said, 'He is with me. What *can* those do who have no

Saviour to rest in? Sweet to trust in him.' She made other similar remarks. Fearing she would exhaust her strength, I proposed to read a hymn, and asked her if she thought of any one in particular which she would like to hear. She replied quickly, 'Yes—will you read that beautiful one of Henry Kirk White's, commencing—

'Through sorrow's night and danger's path.'  
That is a very precious one to me; I always love to read it.' I read it, as follows:

1. 'Thro' sorrow's night and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
The soldiers of our injured king  
Are marching to the tomb.
2. There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.
3. Our labors done, securely laid  
In this, our last retreat,  
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.
4. These ashes poor, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise and break  
The long and dr ary sleep.

5. Then love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent dust shall burst  
With shouts of 'endless praise.'

582, Village Hymns.

"When I had read the hymn, she said, 'How sweet,' and soon fell asleep, and slept more than an hour and seemed refreshed. A little before twelve o'clock she wished to sit up. Her side was much better; she thought she could move. She sat up nearly half an hour. While sitting up, I combed her hair and bathed her temples. She said, 'this reminds me of combing my father's head, and brushing his hair on the Sabbath, when he is tired, after preaching.' She inquired 'Who learned you to do it so well? How kind you were to come and take care of me.' About 2 o'clock her mind began to be a little wandering, when she waked from sleep."

Another friend recorded as follows:

"Friday and Saturday, I think, her thoughts were more at home. She spoke many times of her parents and of various things which she enjoyed at her home. Once, on waking from a short sleep, she said she had been dreaming of

seeing her father, but it was not a pleasant dream. She thought he had come to see her, and she seemed to be confined in some way, so that she could not run to kiss him, and could not speak to him. I dissuaded her from saying more, as I feared she was becoming a little excited. She smiled sweetly, and said that she would go to sleep again, and dream a pretty dream.

“ Her expressions at this time were so much like *Emma in health*, that I have been much interested in thinking of them. Several expressions which fell from her lips on Saturday and on the Sabbath, indicated that she anticipated a long sickness. On the Sabbath I was alone with her several hours. She slept at short intervals, and did not seem inclined to converse much. I did not encourage conversation, as I found it fatigued her. Once, during the forenoon, after I had been doing various little things to make her comfortable, she looked at me very earnestly and said, ‘I fear I am to need a great deal done for me. I think I am to have a tedious illness, and it would be so good to be at home.’ I said to her she was not quite well enough to undertake the journey then, and I thought she

might have good care taken of her *here*—that we were glad to do any thing for her, and expressed the hope that she would find so much happiness in that sick room that the time would not seem long. She said, ‘I hope I may: I do hope I shall be prepared for all that is before me, whatever it may be. I know I need more patience—I fear I shall be impatient.’

“ That prayer for patience seems to have been answered. I did not see the slightest indications of impatience while I was with her, in all her sickness. Once only did I hear her express a wish to be well, and then she did not seem to indulge it for a moment. She had been coughing very hard; Miss S. gave her something to relieve her cough, and asked if it tasted good to her. She said, ‘Yes—but oh! if I was only well!’ Some one asked her what she said;—she replied with a smile, and I thought with a countenance beaming with sweet resignation, ‘I was only thinking how good it would taste if I was perfectly well.’ ”

Miss Scott, one of the teachers who was with Emma in her sickness more than any one else, has recorded several pages, so full of interest, that nearly all will be here copied. She says:

"Sabbath morning Emma was sitting up, when Miss Lyon came in to see her. Miss L. said to her, that, although sick, she might find it sweet to trust in Jesus; and that, when she lay down, she might feel that she was reposing upon the arm of God, and that Christ was near her. Emma replied, 'That is a very precious thought.' She said to Miss L. that she had been sick so many times before, she felt that now she needed a double portion of the spirit of God, as it was a great trial again to be sick; but still, she desired to have the will of God done.

"When I went into her room on Monday morning, she said, 'Miss S., I have had a very pleasant dream. I thought I was at home with father and mother, and they were about leaving for Montpelier, when some one brought in a basket of the most beautiful cherries I ever saw. I commenced eating them, and they tasted so real that when I awoke I thought I could taste them.'

"Doct. B. came about ten. When I told her that he had come, she said, 'Oh, I am very glad; how very kind it is in him; he has always been very kind to me. When I was sick

at Bloomfield, he came to see me; and once when I went to have my neck operated upon, he went with me. I can place confidence in him.'

"The physicians came into the room, and concluded that the disease was a severe case of lung fever. After they retired, Emma said she thought she should have a long and tedious sickness, and wished she was at home. A short time after, she asked me if I did not think it might do her good to go to the Springs as soon as she was able? I told her she was not able to go then, and perhaps she never would be, and asked her if she did not feel that she could trust in Jesus? She answered, 'Oh! yes, I would have the will of God done. *I should be perfectly willing to die if my friends were only Christians,* but how can I leave them out of the ark of safety?' I replied that God might perhaps use her death as a means of bringing them to himself, and asked her if she would not be willing to die, if her death would lead them to think on their ways? She answered, 'Oh, yes, but I fear it would do them no good; for only a short time since a young lady died in Suffield, who said before her death that perhaps she was to

be made a *sacrifice* for the sins of the church. After her death there was considerable feeling, but it soon wore away. In a short time another young lady died, which also made a deep impression upon her companions, but it soon passed away. And now I am sick with the lung fever. I am only seventeen. They grow younger and younger, and I fear it will prove as in times past, and no good result. But I must leave them with God.

"After dinner Miss Lyon came in, and Emma seemed very much pleased to see her. Miss L. said, 'I have come to read some precious passages of scripture to you: would you like to hear me?' Emma said, 'Oh, yes.' She listened attentively, and seemed interested.

"I then advised her to try and sleep awhile. She soon fell asleep, and when she awoke, I said to her, 'Is it not sweet to trust in Jesus on a sick bed?' She answered, 'Oh, yes, I hope I do trust in him, and yet sometimes I have fears, I have lived so careless a Christian life. I have not always been faithful to those around me;—but Christ is a great Saviour. What a poor place a sick bed is to prepare for eternity. Oh, if I had not a Saviour in whom I could trust,

and did not believe in a future state, I think I should die from mental agony."

"After a few hours, she requested to see Dr. B. I went for him. When he came in, Emma asked him if he did not think she could be carried home as soon as her parents came. He told her that he could not tell, and that she must not be anxious about it then, for it was necessary that she should keep quiet. After Dr. B. left, she asked me if I thought she could be carried home that night on a feather bed; 'for,' said she, 'perhaps I shall die, and I cannot die away from home.' I said, 'But, Emma, if it is the Lord's will that you should die here, would you not be willing?' She answered, 'Yes, I would submit to the will of God.' This, with the occasion that I have mentioned before, are the only times, during all her sickness, I heard her express a wish that she was at home. Once during Monday she said she wished she had the shower bath which she used at home. Her fever was then very high, and she thought it would seem good if she only could use cold water freely. Monday night I was with her most of the time. She suffered much, and yet not an impatient or complaining word did I hear her utter.

" Tuesday morning Dr. B. came in to see her. She lay with her eyes closed, as if asleep, and the Doctor said to us that when he first saw her he thought she would die. She immediately opened her eyes and said, 'Do you think I shall die?' Dr. B. then went to her and said, 'Emma, we consider you in a very critical state, and yet we hope for the best. But you are in the hands of one who doeth all things well, and who can take care of you; and we hope you trust in Him.' Emma made no reply, but seemed very calm. A short time after, as I was standing by her side fanning her, (her breathing was very short and laborious) I said, 'Emma, do you not feel that Jesus is very near you, and does he not now seem very precious to you?' She replied, 'Oh, yes, I can trust in him. He is a precious Saviour.'

" A few moments after, she commenced praying. I was not able to understand the first few sentences, but as nearly as I can recollect of what I did understand, these were her words:

" 'Oh! Father, I have been a great sinner, a very great sinner, and yet Christ is a great Saviour; he can forgive me, and oh! Father, I trust he has. And now, wilt thou not be very

near to me, and prepare me to pass through the dark valley? Oh, Father, I trust thou art with me—help me to say, 'not my will, but thine, O God, be done.' Oh, Father, bless my dear parents—prepare them for the great trial that awaits them. Oh, Father, thou canst comfort them, and wilt thou not make them submissive to thy will? Oh, Father, I leave them with thee—wilt thou not bless them? Bless the dear friends who are with me now, and who have been so kind to me. Oh, Father, be very near to them, and reward them for their kindness to me. May they all live for thee. Oh, Father, bless my dear friends who are not thine. Oh, bless my dear brother, my adopted brother, and my dear little sister. They have never trusted in thee—oh, wilt thou not lead them now to thee? Oh, Father, do bless them, do make them thine—oh, bless all my friends who are not thine. Oh, Father, wilt thou not have mercy upon them? Oh, Father, do help me to say something that will lead them to thee. Oh, Father, if they should come to thee would they not all be as so many jewels in our crown at last? Oh, Jesus have mercy upon me, and give me, at least, a little corner in thy kingdom above. I



ask not for heaven—I will be content with a little corner, only a *little corner*; *it will be enough to be in thy presence eternally, eternally, ETERNALLY!* I deserve it not, yet I believe that thou wilt give it to me.

“Now, *Oh, Father, Father*, have mercy upon my dear friends, and make them thine; and to thy name shall be all the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

“As soon as she had closed this precious prayer, she said, ‘I must see those of my friends here now, who have not given their hearts to God. Oh, send for them quick, do send for them now—for if you do not, it may be too late. I want to speak to them, now I am able.’

“At this time Miss Whitman entered the room, to whom Emma said, ‘Miss W., I did hope to live and be very useful, and do a great deal of good in the world, but that can’t be. You have had that privilege, but I shall not.’ After a few moments, she said—‘I wish to see my father and mother, but I give it up; but how can I give up seeing my little brother? He is eleven years of age, and has not come to Christ; I want to ask him to come to Christ; I did not ask him more than twice the last vacation; I am

afraid it will rise in remembrance against me.’ She looked at me, and said, ‘Miss S., why do you weep? I could not, if I should try—Christ is so beautiful, *beautiful, BEAUTIFUL*. She turned to a young lady who was standing by her feet, and said—‘Miss R., do you think you have given your heart to God?’ Miss R. said, ‘Yes, I hope I have.’ She said, ‘I want to see E. R., and those who have no hope in Christ.’—Soon, about ten of them came into the room, and stood around her bed. She was much exhausted, and spoke with great difficulty. She seemed to summon all her strength to speak loud. Her voice was sweet and peculiar, almost unearthly. She said to them, ‘I thought I could say something, but there are so many, too many to be without hope. My companions, I have been with you a little while—now I am going to the mansion prepared for me before the foundation of the world. I don’t weep; if I did it would be for joy, I am so happy. I have been very wicked, I am very wicked now; but His mercy endureth forever, *forever, FOREVER*. Do you think how long *forever* is? I know I shall be saved, because his mercy endureth *forever*. Dear girls, you must be where I

am—you must come to this; what would you do, if called with only *four days* for preparation? Jesus loves you—he calls you—will you come to him? Oh, do come to him! Precious Saviour, dear Saviour, he loves the greatest sinner; he will save the greatest sinner. Has the Holy Spirit called any of you during the blessed revival this year? have you grieved that Spirit? Oh, he is so kind, so beautiful, so blessed, do not grieve him! I do not expect a high place in glory, only a little corner.

“Now I want you to tell me who will not come to Christ, for I must bid such good-bye. I shall never see you again. I would offer up a short prayer for you, but I am so tired I think I can't.”

“Miss Lyon, who was standing by, did not hear her, and asked her if she could not offer a prayer for them. She said, ‘Oh, Father, send thy Spirit once more, oh! do send the Spirit this once more; they will not grieve Him again—I know they will not.’ She added a few sentences more, and seemed exhausted. Miss L. said to the young ladies that they might retire from the room. Emma said, very earnestly, ‘I want them to tell me who are not coming to Christ,

for I shall bid such good-bye; but not those who will come—I shall meet them again, and shall only give them a farewell for this earth—a little farewell.’

“After they had gone, she offered up a short and earnest prayer for them, that God would bless to them what she had said in weakness. ‘Oh, Father,’ said she, ‘may I not meet them all in heaven? Oh, make them all thine!’

“When she had finished her prayer, she said, ‘Oh, how many, *many* good Christians there are here, and I shall meet *them all* in heaven.’ She then asked me to send to Suffield for her brother, (meaning her adopted brother, as her own brother was in Vermont with his parents,) for, said she, ‘I must say something to him before I die. Oh send for him quick! Oh, Miss Scott,’ she said earnestly, ‘will you not pray for my dear brothers, that they may love Jesus?’ I assured her I would, and asked her if she had any message to leave for her parents. ‘Oh, yes,’ she replied! ‘Tell them that Jesus called and I could not wait for them to come, for of course, when Christ called, I should not wait for them, for Jesus says, ‘He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.’ Tell

*them that I leave behind me a hope that my spirit has ascended to the bright mansions on high, and that will comfort them more than if I had left them all the riches and possessions that earth can bestow.*

"A few moments after she said, 'If it be the Lord's will, I hope I shall die gently.' After a short time she said, 'Father will be sorry he did not have my Daguerreotype taken.' I asked her if he had not one. 'Yes,' she said, 'but it was not as good as he wished. I should have had it taken last winter, but I was sick, and it was not convenient.'\*

"Dr. B. came in, and she expressed an anxiety that he would write immediately to her friends. He told her they had been written to, and said, that her symptoms appeared more favorable than in the morning, and requested her to keep very quiet and not talk. Soon after

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\* The Daguerreotype, of which the Frontispiece is an exact copy, was taken when Emma was about thirteen years of age. It was a correct likeness of her at that time, but her countenance changed so much in subsequent years, that probably those who became acquainted with her only a short time before her death will deem it in many respects defective.

her room-mate came in, and brought her her father's miniature. She looked at it and said, 'precious father,' and then kissed it. She said to her, 'The Doctor thinks perhaps I may recover even now.'

"During the remainder of the day, Emma said but very little. After supper Miss Lyon came again to see her. I asked her if she would like to have Miss L. pray with her. She answered, 'Yes, very much.' Miss L. then led in prayer, but dear Emma was too weak to say any thing more. I left her about ten, to obtain some rest. Sometime after she said, 'If my parents would only come, I should be so happy that I should die.' The watchers at her request read and repeated some passages of scripture to her, which she said were very precious. They called me about one o'clock. As soon as I entered the room, I noticed a change in Emma. She seemed sinking very fast. Her breathing was short and rapid. Her mind was wandering, and sometimes she would be giving directions to some one to write to her parents, saying she wished to have them write a very full letter and interline it; and in connection with this, she often repeated the name of her

grandmother. I left her again about an hour, and when I returned she was groaning and seemed in distress. I asked her if she was in pain, when she looked up with almost a smile upon her countenance and said, 'Oh, no, I am in no pain!' I enquired, if she was not distressed for breath. She said 'Oh no.' Either faith and patience triumphed, or nature was so far overcome that she knew not how much she suffered.

"After this, she did not seem conscious of what she said, except when I spoke to her, and then she would almost invariably look upon me and answer. Once, when talking, we asked her what she was saying, and she said she was talking to people in the air. She often called for her father and mother, and sometimes imagined they were present, and said, 'why do you not let them come and see me?' Again she said, 'Father, dear father, I love you tenderly, and will you not come and see me at least one moment?'—and then she called upon her mother. At one time she said, 'Mother, mother, do you not think Dr. B. was very kind to come and see me?' Only a short time before she died, she said: 'I hear a sound, what

is it?' I could not but think that perhaps it was the song of the blest choir on high, which she heard, and in which she was so shortly to unite. Soon after she inquired what time it was. We told her it was four o'clock. Again she mentioned her father and mother many times. She then said, 'Oh dear, Miss S., I am so tired I cannot live through this!' I enquired if she was in any pain. She replied, 'No.' Miss Lyon came in. I asked her if she knew Miss L. She turned looked up and said, 'Oh yes.' She seemed in great distress and groaned for some time. A few moments before she breathed her last she said, 'Stop me, do stop me; if you will stop that engine I can get into that train of cars. Oh do stop it!'

"I then gave her some wine, when she turned over in bed, and I said, 'Emma, will you not have some more wine?' but as I was going to give it to her, I saw that she was only gasping for breath, and she soon ceased to breathe. Thus, without a struggle or a groan, did our dear Emma's spirit, sweetly and gently, as she desired, wing its way to the bright mansions on high. Oh, it seemed almost as though I could see the angels sent to conduct her to her new

and happy home in the skies; and I could not but say, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;' 'Their end is peace!'"

"Her mortal remains were immediately enclosed in ice, conveyed to Suffield, and placed in her father's house, and though the bereaved parents were not there to weep, the house was at once thronged by sympathizing and sorrowing friends, who wept and mourned over the remains of one dear to them all. By judicious and unwearied care of friends, the precious dust was so perfectly preserved that not the least change had taken place when the parents arrived the following Friday. The countenance was lovely even in death, and a sweet smile was distinctly marked upon the features, so that the appearance was like Emma in a pleasant sleep. Brethren in the ministry, and others in the neighboring parishes, had expressed a desire to be present at the funeral solemnities, and in accordance with this desire, 4 o'clock, P. M., on the following Sabbath, was the time appointed for these solemnities. At the appointed time a great concourse assembled from Suffield and adjoining towns, embracing many clergymen. Rev. Mr. Ives, pastor of the

2d Baptist Church in Suffield, offered prayer at the house. Emma's mourning companions surrounded the corpse on its passage to the tomb, where the sleeping dust was committed to its fellow dust. At the grave, Rev. Mr. Wood, of West Springfield, Mass., made an appropriate and solemn address. The Meeting House was then thronged, and an able and impressive discourse, happily adapted to the occasion, was delivered by Rev. Mr. Hemenway, some extracts from which will be given in another chapter. The choir with whom Emma loved to mingle and join in their spiritual songs, sung with unusual pathos. In singing "Mount Vernon," commencing,

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,"

several of the choir were so much affected as to be unable to join.

On the following Sabbath the bereaved pastor preached two sermons to his beloved and sympathizing people, from Job, i, xxi: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

Emma's grave is surrounded with a substantial iron fence, at the head of which is insert

ed a marble tablet with the following inscription:

EMMA,  
 Daughter of Rev. A. C. & E. G. Washburn,  
 Died at Mt. Hol. Fem. Sem., South Hadley,  
 Mass., May 24, 1848,  
 Aged 17.

"It will be enough to be in thy presence eternally, eternally."

## CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE, AND FARTHER TESTIMONIALS RESPECTING HER TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

EMMA'S parents have received from her former teacher's correspondents and friends, many precious and comforting letters, from which some brief extracts will be given, not for the sake of obtruding private grief upon the public, but to present valuable thoughts, which it is hoped will profit and comfort other mourners, and tend to inspire youth and children with a desire to "live for God," that when they die, they may rejoice in the sweet "hope that their spirits shall ascend to the bright mansions on high." The first and longest extract will be from a letter written by Miss Whitman, her last teacher. She says,

"I am happy to add my testimony to the display of religious principle manifested in the consistent life of our dear departed friend. Well do I remember the first entrance of our beloved Emma to the Seminary, and my thoughts, as she was committed by Miss Lyon

to my charge. As I looked upon her bright, open countenance, it seemed to reveal to me the depths of the soul, and I saw she would be a precious plant, one which it would be a pleasure to cultivate. My first impressions were never disappointed. That amiable docility which shone so clearly in her countenance, and was expressed so sweetly in all her deportment, endeared her to us all day by day. Her presence with us gave pleasure, and the remembrance of all she did, and all she was, is precious. As I call to mind her whole deportment, I now clearly see that it was the expression of religious principle.

"Although among the youngest of our pupils, she never sought the frivolous and trifling as her companions. While she was in her disposition affable and social, her intimate friends were few and well chosen. Her conformity to all our requests was entire, conscientious and faithful. In the arrangements for our family, faithfulness and conscientiousness is tested most by little things: here she was not found wanting. She was not one to say, or think, that a thing desired by her teachers was of little consequence because small.

"Her interest in exercises for religious instruction, and little meetings for social prayer, was ever manifest. Her seat was not vacant, when her health would permit her to attend, and, when requested, was ever ready to take part in such meetings, and her remarks there often evinced great modesty, yet depth of religious feeling. The Wednesday evening preceding her death, she attended a little daily meeting of fifteen minutes, and led the singing and led in prayer. At that meeting she was a constant attendant, when well, and often led in prayer. Had she passed on in health, we should have regarded her as exhibiting maturity of character beyond her years, and a daily deportment under the direction of strong religious principle, as growing in the Christian graces, and affording bright promise of future usefulness.\*

"But such was not the will of her Heavenly Father. Sickness was frequently an ingredient in her cup, and here especially did she endear herself to all who had the performance of any

\* Emma's mind was fixed on becoming qualified to be a teacher, desiring, in that manner, to render herself useful to others.

office for her. With the most perfect docility did she yield at once to all our wishes, and with patience submit to the pain and confinement of sickness.\* Life to her was bright; her heart overflowed with affection for her friends, and was full of joyful anticipations, yet with sweet, even joyful submission, did she receive the intelligence in her last sickness, that but a brief space remained to her.

"Without this last testimony, we should, from her manifestations, both in health and sickness, have felt assured that religion had the controlling influence over her life. Her character was formed on the principles of the gospel. Yet we are indeed grateful to be permitted to witness such displays of the love and compassion of our dear Redeemer as it was ours to behold in the last hours of this lamb of his flock.

\* Emma's parents deem it a duty and privilege to say that in their opinion, her frequent sickness and ultimate death were by no means the result of her connection with the Seminary. They are fully convinced that other causes produced the effect; and it will ever be a source of comfort and joy to them, that she enjoyed, for a little season, the privileges of that Seminary, and the delightful spiritual influences with which she was there surrounded, and in the midst of which she took her triumphant departure to the "spirit land.

"Death was bereft of his sting. A blissful immortality seemed to open before her. Jesus took her: she slept in Jesus; and none who saw her go can doubt that she is now an inhabitant of one of the mansions prepared by the Saviour for those who truly love and trust in him. The great doctrines of the cross of Christ were her support in sickness, and in the hour of death. Here was all her trust. 'I have been, I am, very wicked,' she said, 'but Jesus is a great Saviour. He has said, He will never, no, never, NEVER forsake those who trust in him.'

"In health, although diffident and retiring, the controlling and sanctifying influence of the same great doctrine was clearly manifest.

"This was truly a lovely plant, but Jesus has transplanted it to bloom in greater beauty and increased fragrance in the Paradise above. She was a pupil greatly beloved, but Jesus has received her into his own school, and it is with joy that we think of her as sitting at the feet of the Great Teacher, and, with a heart overflowing with love, making rapid advances in heavenly wisdom."

The following extract is taken from a letter written by Miss Jennings, one of Emma's teach-



ers at South Hadley. She says: "It is with pleasure that I dwell on her memory—recalling her fair countenance, the true index, as it seemed to me, of her lovely spirit—her gentle tones, that indicated the harmony within—and her ever peaceful, happy demeanor, which none of the sometimes trying changes of school-life were able to ruffle. This appeared to me the legitimate result of an entire trust reposed by a young unblighted spirit in its Saviour.

"While in health, she regularly attended my Sabbath Evening Prayer Circle, and the hour of meeting was apparently to her one of much enjoyment. She evidently understood both her position as a younger member, and her duty as a Christian. Hence she was not forward to express her own views or thoughts, yet she never shrunk from taking a suitable part in the exercises.

"She seemed peculiarly one of those who are 'followers of God as *dear children*.' Her trust in her Heavenly Father seemed unchanging and complete; and this may have been the secret of her uniform cheerfulness. She once remarked to me that she never had the 'blues,' never knew what it was to feel 'low-spirited,'

and I have often thought of it as remarkable. The instance of a person, even in comparatively good health, who can say as much, is, I believe, rare. She was a child in filial temper only, not in understanding. Hers was not an infantile piety. There was a degree of maturity which showed that both mind and heart had been in a healthy, growing condition, and would soon be, if they were not already, able to bear 'strong meat.'

"For what she was I love her, and I would adore the grace of Him who planted in her heart the 'pure and heavenly root,' nurtured and cherished it on earth, and has transplanted it where it shall bloom in more glorious beauty. Her life and death were a sweet lesson, which I have loved to ponder."

Another of her teachers, speaking of her happy death and present blessedness, says, "Oh what bliss is now her portion! And how paltry and base appear all the wealth and glory of the world when placed in contrast. Well may you rejoice, yes, *rejoice*, that Christ's glorious throng of blest spirits embraces Emma; and if glorified spirits can minister to our wants as messengers of God, rejoice that the

beatified Emma, in her spiritual ministrations, is an everlasting gain to you. It is worth worlds to die happily! Let me die the death of the righteous."

The following beautiful and appropriate sentiments are expressed in a letter from another of E.'s teachers: "Jesus wept with the sorrowful—his sympathies are yet alive to go out after his suffering children. He can bind up the broken heart, and give comfort to the saddened spirit. *Rest*—how much is in that word! How earnestly our own souls have longed for it. Emma has gone into *her rest—the peace and the rest of God*. She is already, as we may trust, beyond the reach of sin and sorrow—already with those of whom God commanded it to be written, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, for they *rest* from their labors, and their works do follow them.' In our short sightedness, we wonder that death should so often be permitted to remove the young, the gentle, and the beautiful of earth, and we are disposed to murmur that it is so. But may we not be comforted by the thought that though the

flowers, alike with the bearded grain, fall beneath the reaper's hand, still,

'Tis for the Lord of Paradise  
He binds them in his sheaves;

and those flowers, unsullied by the care and sorrow of earth, shall henceforth bloom in the garden of God, in all the fadeless beauty of eternity? Must it not be glorious for the redeemed spirit to leave this world with the dew of youth fresh upon it, and to enter upon the broad fields of the celestial paradise, with its feelings not yet bowed down by the sorrows of many days, and its swelling aspirations not yet restrained by bitter disappointment? Such glory is Emma's, and though the heart is sad at her departure, is it not a rich consolation to think that fullness of joy forevermore is now hers? '*Fullness of joy*'—we are glad of a little in this world, *there* it is given in its fullness."

Emma's aged grandfather wrote a long and precious letter to her bereaved parents, a short extract from which follows:

"Dear children:—Our grief can better be imagined than described. But I have often said, O how good God is! We see his good-

ness, even in the death of our beloved Emma. How trying to her not to see her beloved parents, that little sister, and those brothers! And how trying to her loved ones to be absent from home in sickness and death; yet it was ordered in great wisdom, that she might feel Christ's presence and realize it more fully. O, such dying is to begin to live!—to get so near to God, and have such intense desires for the salvation of dying sinners—again we may say, How good God is! In no other way could my dear children learn how to sympathize with the afflicted, and thus be made more useful in their public station. How thankful should you be that God has given you such a child! He could do more for his glory by her death than by her life. How thankful you should be that, though young and lovely, she was fully ripe for heaven, and that you have such friends to weep with and pray for you. Though the rod is severe, it is tipped with honey, and though his strokes are heavy, as we sometimes give our children in great love, yet he pities when he chastises those that love him. Then let us cheerfully say, 'though He slay me, yet will I trust in

him,' and as the dear departed one said, so let us say, 'Not my will but thine be done.'"

These are the sentiments of one who has spent a long life of labor for the good of children and youth in the Sabbath School, and perhaps some would be profited by hearing what he wrote to Emma's brother and sister. The following is a part of what he said:

"Dear children, you felt bad when your dear sister was brought home and could not speak to you, and you cried when you thought how much she loved you and tried to make you happy. Think how she agonized in prayer for your salvation: join that humble prayer. There is joy in heaven when sinners repent. Rejoice over your loved one, who spent some of her last hours in praying for you. Oh, seek first the kingdom of God, and you will be happy here, and happy with her forever!"

An intimate friend of the family having learned a few particulars of E.'s death, wrote, asking for further information, saying, "What I have heard has only excited in me a desire to learn more, that my weak faith might thereby be strengthened, and that I might be encouraged

to lean upon that Almighty arm which can so wonderfully sustain.

"In reflecting upon her death, it seems to me to have been a very enviable one; and instead of thinking of you as overcome with grief, I imagine it in a measure swallowed up in praise of the goodness which enabled that *dear one* so to honor her Saviour, and the religion which she professed, which conducted her so peacefully down to the brink of that dark river, bade her contemplate its waves without a shudder, and then so gently bore her over. For her, you cannot but rejoice: she is where she longed to be; her happiness is complete—though I know your hearts must long continue to bleed. I feel that in this Providence there is a voice to me, as well as to all her friends."

One of Emma's correspondents, in a letter to her parents, says, "How delightful the thought of having trained up an angel for glory, and that she is now praising God before his throne, waiting, in company with saints, angels and prophets, to welcome her parents and friends. Perhaps her happy death, and her admonitions, and the circumstances attendant, may serve to draw some of her friends to

Jesus; and will not one soul saved compensate for the trial of parental affection, though it be deep and long?"

Another of E.'s correspondents says, "I have received the sad intelligence of dear Emma's death, and yet I would not call it *sad*—surely not, when we feel that this world has been exchanged for the blest home above, and that she is but another jewel added to the crown that decks our Saviour's brow. So young, so beloved, she hath passed away, ere her heart had known scarce one tinge of sorrow, while all around contributed to promote her happiness. Truly 'tis better to die in life's young morn than to live till each hope is crushed and broken—till the world seems cold and drear, and the lone one sighs for death. Emma leaned not on a 'broken reed.' Though alone when called away, she met the messenger with a smile, and joy that told how welcome the call: though she seemed the possessor of all that could bind her here, yet how gladly did she relinquish it that she might join the angel choir in that bright blest land! Her dying words to her distant parents, how sweet, how full of consolation. May we, like her, be found 'ready

and waiting; then, and then only, will the summons be like joyful tidings, and though far from home and friends, meet death with a smile, and like her say, 'My Saviour called, I could not stay.' Happy, happy Emma!

"I was intending to answer her *last* letter the day I heard of her death.

"Farewell to thee, Emma: I would not recall thee  
Agin to a world filled with sorrow and sin:  
Thy sweet, gentle spirit thus early hath left me,  
To buffet life's storms, yet a while, ere I die.  
And O, may the word come as gladly to me!  
It fell on thine ear like the dew on the rose.  
May my soul hail with rapture the note from above  
That shall end all my cares, my sorrows and woes.  
Thy Saviour, he called thee, thou couldst not remain,  
But hasted away to the bright world on high;  
Though dear were thy friends, and far, far away,  
Yet ye trusted to meet them beyond the blue sky."

From the numerous letters received, a volume of extracts might be taken, containing sentiments similar to those in what is here copied. It has been somewhat difficult to decide on a selection, and confine this volume within the limits originally designed. This chapter will be closed with brief extracts from Rev. Mr. Hemenway's Sermon, preached at Emma's

funeral. The text is in JOHN 14, 2. "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

He first showed very clearly that the gospel presents to the Christian sources of unfailling consolation and support amid the sorrows of this life, and in prospect of death, and the retributions of the judgment, and then happily and forcibly illustrated the following sentiments derived from the text:

1. We are assured of the future happiness of the saints.
2. To Christ we owe all our prospects of happiness in heaven.
3. The text designates those for whom these mansions are prepared.

And in reviewing this subject, he remarks, that the thought which *first* presents itself is, The obligations of Christians to their Saviour.

The *second* suggestion is, The propriety of the language of Paul and other saints, in prospect of death.

The subject may serve, in the *third* place, to regulate our grief under the loss of Christian friends. In illustrating this remark, he ob-

serves, "There is a sorrow in view of the bereavement of earthly friends, which is not inconsistent with entire submission to the divine will, and which the gospel fosters rather than condemns. Apathy is no virtue. Insensibility would adorn the brute, rather than man, ennobled as he is by reason and sympathies and affections. Such is the constitution of our being, that we must feel when those chords which bind us in tender sympathy and strong affection to our kindred and friends are sundered. We ought to feel. Otherwise, how could afflictions work out those benefits which they are designed to produce, and which, when sanctified, they do produce? Christ has himself hallowed those tears of affection which flow at the grave of those who were dear to us.

"But shall we mourn on *their* account, who have left us sustained by an assured hope of a resurrection to eternal life? Shall we lament that God has counted them worthy an early admission (it may be) to the mansions of his love? Shall we lament that their minds are expanded, and that they are elevated to posts of observation, where they drink in knowledge without weariness, and revel with an ever in-

creasing delight amid the wonders of creation? Shall we grieve that sin has no dominion over them, that its every stain is washed away, and they are raised above the possibility of pain, and disappointment, and sorrow? Shall we lament that they are exalted to a more intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of Christ's redemption, and that their voice, without weariness, now mingles in the heavenly chorus, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honor, and power, and glory, and blessing?'

"The removal of that beloved friend may have caused a wide breach in the circle of our earthly joys. Many and high hopes of future usefulness and enjoyment may have been dashed by it. The counsels of piety, and the prayer of faith, which have been so highly prized, are now silent, only as memory recalls, and invests them with life and power. For the loss of these we may mourn, and we may mourn over that moral defilement in ourselves, which subjects all our race to pain, and sorrow, and death.

"In presenting this subject for the consolation of the bereaved brother and sister before me, it is

no part of my object to convince them that theirs is a light affliction. The loss of a daughter in the flower of youth—a daughter endowed with qualities of mind and heart strongly to endear her to ourselves and to others, and to excite the hope of future and extensive usefulness—the loss of such a daughter, under any circumstances, cannot be otherwise than painfully afflictive.

“There are circumstances in your experience, my dear friends, which serve to add, in no small degree, to the bitterness of that cup, of which your Heavenly Father has called you to drink. The stroke was sudden and wholly unlooked for. It was denied you to be present and watch the progress of disease, and minister to the bodily and spiritual comfort of your beloved daughter in her rapid descent to the grave. It was denied you to witness her delightful composure in view of death, and her sweet submission to the will of God, and to listen to the accents of piety, and of wisdom, which the divine Spirit evidently prompted her to utter. It has been appointed you to endure days and nights of distressing suspense, while hastening to the spot where the loved one was

called to enter into conflict with the king of terrors. But it is your consolation to know that every circumstance pertaining to this painful event has been ordered by One infinite, not only in wisdom, but in love.—One who, in consulting his own glory, consults equally the highest happiness of every one who confides in him. It is your privilege to learn from others how kindly your beloved child was dealt with on her dying bed, and how signally the grace of God was glorified by the manner in which she received the summons to depart. The best desire I can utter in your behalf is, that the same grace may be equally magnified by the manner in which you shall bear this heavy chastisement of your Heavenly Father. You cannot but feel that heaven has to you additional attractions, and that your hearts are drawn upward with a force never before felt. My prayer is, that God may bless you in your surviving children, and keep you and them in peace, until he shall see fit to grant you all a reunion with the departed one in heaven.

“The young friend, whose early and sudden departure we to-day, on our own account, not hers, lament, did not defer preparation for death

until certified that there could be no longer respite from his stern demands. Before she had completed her twelfth year, she consecrated her heart to her Saviour, and cherished a trembling hope of acceptance with God. During the last few months of her life there has been evidence, even to those whose opportunity of intercourse with her has not been frequent, of an increased sobriety, and a deepened tone of pious feeling."

After detailing many of the interesting scenes connected with Emma's last sickness and death, which have been recorded in this narrative, the preacher remarked:

"God speaks to you in this providence, my young friends, in accents of mercy. The suddenness of the event! Three weeks ago to-day she was with us in this house, and renewed her covenant vows in the commemoration of the dying love of Christ. The evening before she was stricken down by disease, less than a week before her lifeless remains were returned to the paternal roof, she mingled with her associates, in devotional exercises, as little conscious that it was her last religious privilege in health, as any one of yourselves. Her prospects of

earthly happiness and usefulness were as bright as those which cheer any one of you. And is there nothing of alarm, nothing that excites terror, in the thought that you may as suddenly, and as unexpectedly, be arrested in your earthly enjoyments? In the language of your departed associate, 'What would you do, if called with only *four days* for preparation?' This question is appropriate not for the professedly impenitent simply: it comes with great force to every *young*, yes, to every *old*, disciple of Christ. Have not you, my young brother, and my young sister, much of preparation yet to make for the journey of death? Have you not many sins yet to repent of?—many mistakes yet to rectify?—many duties yet to perform?—much time yet to redeem? Should your Saviour meet you to-day, and summon you to accompany him to the seat of his glory above, are you in readiness to go? Are all your earthly affections held in subordination to the love you cherish for Christ?

"This providence speaks in accents of mercy. The chamber where this young friend has met her end, has been privileged beyond the common lot of man. What a delightful manifesta-



tion of the power of divine grace! Who would not covet, in that hour that shall try his soul, a similar experience? This merciful experience is within the limits of your attainment. The same Saviour who so effectually removed the sting of death in her case, solicits your confidence, and proffers you his presence in your passage through the dark valley. The same grave that opened to her such animating prospects beyond the grave is free to you. 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life.'

"With our departed friend many of you were very intimate. She was the depository of your most sacred thoughts. She has taken them with her to the bar of God. O, may it be your aim now so to regulate your every action, your every word, your every thought and feeling, that you may, in God's own time, meet in peace, to part no more!"

## CHAPTER X.

### CONCLUSION.

In closing this brief Memoir, the writer feels impelled to address to the reader a few plain, practical thoughts. His object in writing this has been mainly to aid in accomplishing the great object which lay near to Emma's heart—the *eternal salvation of dying sinners*. For this she labored while in health, for this agonized in prayer on her dying bed. This led her to say she would "be perfectly willing to die if her friends were only Christians." This led her to summon all her strength, when panting for breath in her dying moments, to plead with her impenitent associates to give their hearts to Christ, warning them that death was near to them, and asking them what they would do, with only *four days* to prepare for death and the Judgment. It was this great and noble desire glowing in her breast, that made her almost forget herself in her endeavors to save others. Her most distressing fear in her last hours, was that her death would not be sanctified to the

spiritual good of the living—would not be the means of leading her impenitent friends to seek the salvation of their souls.

To each impenitent reader, I would say, my dear friends, listen to these solemn warnings—let not these death-bed scenes be lost upon your spiritual interest, and be dread witnesses against you in the day of final trial. O what will you do when death comes, if Christ be not your Saviour, nor heaven your home! You may have the same blessed hope, the same heavenly consolation and support vouchsafed to Emma; you may gain the same glorious *victory* which she has won, and which a great multitude with her in heaven have gained. You have the means of grace, you have calls, entreaties, warning and admonition, the strivings of the blessed spirit; and will you resist all and perish forever? What is there that can compare with the priceless value of your deathless soul? When you come to die, would you not give ten thousand worlds, if you possessed them, to obtain the blessedness of dying in a sweet, joyful, and well grounded hope of a blissful immortality?

“Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord  
Thy offerings well may spare;  
But give thy heart—and thou shalt find  
Thy God will hear thy prayer.”

The warnings of heaven, the entreaties and prayers of the dying, your own tears, and hopes, and prayers, and resolutions, all combined, cannot save your soul. No; nothing short of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. “Go penitently and humbly, and cast yourself on God's mercy; trust simply and wholly in the atoning blood of the Lamb, and you secure the great salvation. You may be a great sinner, but Christ is a great Saviour; and he says, “He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.”

Young Christian, are you ready to lie down and die? Is your lamp burning brightly? When Emma came to die she took a solemn review of her Christian life; she mourned that she had not been more faithful to her vows. Much as she had felt, and labored and prayed for God's glory and the good of souls, she saw that there was no hope for her but through the boundless mercy of God in Christ. And by reliance on that, she was accepted, blest, sancti-

fied, glorified. You have read the story of her triumph. It is written that you may be blest, and God honored. Much of what she said in her last sickness was so evidently the dictate of the blessed Spirit, that it is in a measure common property, to be used for the spiritual good of the living. It is not to eulogize the dead, but to echo the voice of God through her dying lips to you, that we thus address you—not to speak in her praise, but to magnify that wonderful grace of God which was manifest in her. In contemplating the scenes here described, do not eternal realities rise up to view? You have followed Emma through the changing scenes of life; you have travelled along with her as she joyfully descended to the valley of death, through which she passed undismayed, and with seraphic flight soared away to the "mansion prepared for her before the foundation of the world." And while you gaze after her, does not *eternity*, with all its incomprehensible greatness, seem to overwhelm you, and are you not solemnly resolving, by divine grace, to dedicate yourselves anew to God, to live for Christ, for heaven, for the salvation of those who are, with you, hastening to the retributions of the

great day? A triumphant, happy death, the glory of God, the salvation of immortal souls—these are objects worth striving for. "A sick bed is a poor place to prepare for eternity." And O, forget not, dear young Christian professors, that what you do will soon be done; for the "night cometh in which no one can work."

Are you a teacher in the Sabbath School? Bear in mind that soon you will meet your precious charge at the judgment seat of Christ. Have faith in God; labor expecting success; believe that even children may be trophies of divine grace, and be so filled with love to God, and longing for heaven, as to feel that it will be enough, it will satisfy the desires of the immortal mind, to be eternally in the presence of God. It is not by your own wisdom or strength that you are to succeed in your efforts, but by the Spirit of the Lord. The love of Christ glowing in your breasts, with pure, ardent love for souls, are essential qualifications for your great work. These, with unceasing prayer for the divine blessing, will make your labors a blessing to the church and the world. God will smile on you in your work of love;

angels and the spirits of the just in heaven will smile on you. The prayer of the church is, "God speed you, and bless you, in your good work." If faithful but a little time, you shall shine as a star in the firmament with those who have turned many to righteousness, and you shall have many "jewels" in your diadem of glory. Happy, thrice happy, when you shall hear your Judge say, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

Then, if you can look back upon a short or a long life of toil and labor, of trial and suffering, of anxiety and prayers and tears, and see that you have been the happy instrument of saving a soul from death, you will bless God forever that you have been permitted to live.

In the solemn providence we have been contemplating, we hear a loud call to parents to train up their children for God and heaven. These objects of our love, in whom our hopes and affections centre, and to whom we cling with almost unyielding grasp, may soon be torn from our embrace; and when they are taken from us, it may furnish us some satisfaction to know, that they were here respected and

beloved. But how meager this consolation, compared with a cheering evidence that they are loved by the Saviour, and are blessed with the purity of his presence in the eternal kingdom of bliss. This will dry up the mourners tears, and though death may make dreadful chasms, which neither time nor earth can fill, yet there is joy unspeakable in the belief, that though our children are *gone*, they are not *lost*. New bonds will then bind our souls, and draw our affections to the heavenly world, where, if faithful unto death, we shall meet to part no more.

Let us be thankful, and bless the name of the Lord, that in this vale of tears, there are sources of consolation opened before us in God's word, free to all, and adapted to all the changing scenes through which we may pass on our journey to the grave; and may God, by his grace, enable us so to live, that we may die the Christian's death, and finally gain the *Christian's victory*.

TO THE READER.

The writer of this Memoir, not having opportunity to examine the proof sheets, regrets the appearance of several typographical errors. The following are the most important: p. 50, 6th line, insert 'the' before 'next'—7th line, for 'solicitation' read 'solicitude.'—p. 52, 3d line, 1st stanza in the hymn, for 'The' read 'We'; p. 73, 2d line, for 'teacher's' read 'teachers'; p. 80, 3d line, insert 'so' before 'happily'; p. 82, 5th line, for 'home' read 'her'; p. 83, 16th line, strike out 'over'; p. 94, 8th line, for 'grave' read 'grace'—13th line, for 'depository' read 'depository'; p. 95, 7th line, before 'agonized' insert 'she'; p. 96, 5th line, for 'friends' read 'friend.'

There are a few other errors which the intelligent reader will at once mentally correct.

