

THE
MISSIONARY'S MOTHER,

BY

REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D.

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MISSIONARY'S MOTHER:

A FUNERAL SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. JOANNA LATHROP.

MAY 24, 1851.

BY

REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D.

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“ And being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster-box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it upon his head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her. And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Verily, I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.”—MARK 14 : 3-9.

The life of our Lord upon the earth was now drawing to a close. Two days only remain before his betrayal and apprehension. Yet no one would have suspected it from his calm and cheerful manner. He is a guest at the house of one Simon, whom he had healed of his leprosy, and who was glad to make some expression of gratitude to his great Benefactor. The place where they were met was the village of

Bethany, where Lazarus and his sisters lived. Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead, was one of them that sat at the table with him. Martha was serving at the supper, and Mary too was there; but she saw nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing but her divine Lord. While he was reclining at the table, Mary, who had often sat at Jesus' feet and learned of him—of whom Jesus himself had said, "She has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her,"—came behind him, having an alabaster box of spikenard, very costly, and breaking the seal she poured it upon his head. Not content with this expression of regard, she kneeled down, anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped them with her hair; and the house was filled with the sweet odour of the ointment.

If the suggestions of some biblical critics are correct, this was not the first instance in which the same individual had made the very same expression of her love, veneration and gratitude for her Lord. Once before, when at meat in the house of a Pharisee, there came a woman who "was a sinner," converted and

forgiven by Christ, with "an alabaster-box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed his feet with the ointment." Luke 7: 37-50. Whether it was the same person on both occasions, or not, is of small consequence. Nothing could better express the feeling of profound gratitude and humility, of love and veneration, with which approach was made to our Lord.

Christ himself looked with approbation upon an act which the Pharisee affected to condemn and despise. *Nothing is counted by true love as too good and too valuable to be bestowed upon its object.* Low and selfish feeling may demur, make calculations, and withhold expense; but generous love scorns such an earth-born policy. Some of the company, we learn, were moved with indignation when they saw so large a sum wasted, as they thought, in this profuse application of a costly aromatic at one time. The apostle John, we rejoice to know, has fixed the stigma where it belongs. We should hardly think that it would have

proceeded from Peter, or James, or John. It was Judas who put the question, "Wherefore was this waste? Why was not this ointment *sold* for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein." He was the treasurer of the itinerant family, and was a thief, being accustomed to abuse the confidence reposed in him, by appropriating to himself what belonged to a common stock. He was a thoroughly selfish and covetous man. Incapable of a generous act himself, he was disposed to condemn generosity in others. It is by no means uncommon to judge that liberality wasteful and excessive, which surpasses the measure of our own. But nothing which is bestowed upon our Lord is to be counted as wasted; nothing is to be held too costly which expresses the gratitude and love of the human heart towards a divine Redeemer.

On this occasion Christ would not allow the mind of this humble and affectionate woman to be disturbed by unkind insinuations. She had wronged no one. She had employed

what was her own ; and those who interfered with what did not concern them, and who were for dictating the better use she could make of her money, should not be permitted to censure her conduct. Frequent would be the opportunities they would have of ministering to the poor ; but here was an occasion altogether extraordinary. "If I was dead, and about to be buried, no one would have thought it a waste if, according to the custom of the country, I were embalmed with costly spices. Against the day of my burial hath she done this." It is not necessary for us to infer that Mary was accurately informed of the approaching death of Christ ; but He informs the company that this anointing was, in fact, a preparation for the tomb. Ere the fragrance from that box of nard was exhaled from his hair, the crown of thorns was upon his head, and that head had drooped in death. There was no other embalming of the body of Christ. When the women, bearing spices, were on their way to the tomb of Joseph, they found that their Lord had risen. Why then should any one

grudge what was done aforehand to anoint his body to the burying?

“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.” The highest eulogium ever pronounced (and it was in this instance pronounced by the guileless lips of the Son of God) upon a mortal. Not yet were those opportunities given for doing, out of attachment to Christ, what Christian believers have since done and can now do for the promotion of the Gospel. It was not for Mary to do or to endure what was reserved for Christian heroism in other times and in other services; but her heart was overflowing with love to that Saviour who had forgiven her sins, instructed her mind, raised to life her dead brother, and whose name was fragrant to her as ointment poured forth,—and she *did what she could, to express her gratitude.*

“A good name” the Scripture long ago had declared, “is better than precious ointment.” Mary wasted not her perfume, for her name endureth for ever. Those who honor Christ, will be honored by him. “Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also, that she hath done, shall



be spoken of for a memorial of her." There is no earthly immortality to be compared with that of Mary of Bethany. Kings erect their own mausoleums, and they crumble to ruins. Monuments are raised to bear the names of patriots and heroes, but time grinds them to powder. Books are written by the philosopher and poet, but they are known and appreciated only by a few. But here was an act of simple unobtrusive affection for Christ, and inspiration has put it on record in this undying book ; it is graven as by the point of a diamond in the heart of that History, which is the hope and joy of the world. The Gospel is to be preached to every creature ; and wheresoever, throughout the world, there is one who reads of the death of Jesus Christ, into whatever languages the record shall be translated, on whatever continent or island beneath the stars it shall be read, there and then shall it be read and remembered that Mary anointed the head and feet of her Lord for his lowly burial. Talk of the "trump of fame!" of

"The historic muse, proud of her treasures,  
"Marching down to latest times,"

with the names of the honored and the great—“the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance,” and they who promote the name and cause of Jesus Christ secure the highest and the best honors for themselves. Goodness will be perpetuated in an immortality enduring as that of Christ, for “*He will be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them which believe.*”

It is right, then, that we glorify Christ in his followers; and that we call to remembrance the acts by which they have expressed their attachment to him. An indiscriminate habit of preaching what are called funeral sermons, is of very questionable utility, and may most easily be perverted into serious mischief. Sometimes, however, a case comes under our observation, so peculiar in its interest and so public in its relations, that it would imply insensibility to the lessons of Providence to suffer it to pass unnoticed.

A few days ago Mrs. JOANNA LATHROP, an aged member of this church, was removed by death. Comparatively few of this congregation probably were personally acquainted with her. The infirmities of age have long compelled her

to seek the quiet shades of domestic retirement. Yet the Providential relations which she has so long sustained to the great cause of Christian Missions were so peculiar and remarkable that she should not be permitted to pass from the earth without an effort, on our part, to improve the instructive lessons of her life and death.

It is not my purpose to eulogize the several qualities of her personal character. Were this my design, the subject would be most interesting and attractive; but the spirit of my esteemed and venerated friend would seem to rebuke me were I to enter upon such an undertaking. Above most persons whom I have known, distrustful of herself, shunning observation when public observation was directed towards her, diffident, humble, meek, quiet, like Mary of Bethany she was altogether unconscious of the good she had accomplished, and would have shrunk from that very mention which, now that she has gone, we must, in Christ's name, record as a memorial of her.

The occasion might suggest many thoughts concerning the condition of the aged, amid

their many trials, their memories and prospects, together with our duty to them. A beautiful object is old age, when divested of all petulance and moroseness, adorned with cheerfulness and peace, and sympathizing with all that is fresh and young. We travel far to visit old ruins ; and beautiful they are, with green vines clinging to their sides, flowers springing out of their crevices, the voices of history echoing in their arches, and the soft light of the sun-set falling all over their broken walls ; but this is only an illustration of the higher beauties of old age, when found in the way of righteousness—when peaceful memories and fragrant affections are breaking through the chinks of the falling tabernacle, and the glory of the Lord shineth down upon the white and honored head.

It is one of the greatest favors which an indulgent Providence can bestow, when honored parents are spared to our adult years, so that we can appreciate and return their affection. Filial affection, contrary to common apprehension, is a plant of slow growth. There are so many weeds of passion and waywardness about it in childhood, that it never reach

es its full maturity till the soberness and experience of later years. When those years have come; when we are parents ourselves, and have learned the depth of parental love, as it only can be learned, by experience; then, perhaps, our own parents have gone where they never can be reached by our contrition, or soothed by our filial and grateful attentions. Happy are those to whom Providence has reserved the privilege, in mature life, of ministering to aged parents, and walking before them with a spirit of obedience, veneration and love, more tender, more beautiful than in childhood, because more considerate and voluntary, being wholly removed from all ideas of authority and compulsion.

It is not, however, on private virtues, in the present instance, though none esteemed these higher than myself; it is not on general observations concerning age, though for years I have watched the quiet beauty of that sun-setting, that I am now to dwell; but it is of the *mother of four missionaries*, that I purpose to say a few things, as a memorial of her love for Jesus Christ.

Cicero made the very just observation, that not to mention the instructors of distinguished men was the height of literary injustice. I would venture to modify the remark somewhat, and say that not to honor *the parents* of good men and women is a great wrong and a great loss.

The mothers of some of the most distinguished missionaries are already known to the world in excellent biographies. But, for the most part they have attained but small honor on the earth. Nevertheless, it was upon them that the very first brunt and burden of the missionary movement fell with all its force. Strong-minded, intelligent and devout, they had trained their children to live for noble ends; and when those children, in maturer life, surprised their own parents by announcing their purpose to go to the heathen, it was for those mothers, especially in reference to their daughters, to cherish or to crush the nascent spirit of Christian philanthropy.

It has been my privilege for many years to be acquainted with the mother of HARRIET NEWELL, the first female missionary who left

this country for the Pagan world. That mother still survives amid the hills of Massachusetts, in advanced life. When it was decided that her daughter was to go, the whole county in which she lived was convulsed. Her mother was told that she had better follow her to the grave than to the ship. India was a "*terra incognita*." The heathen were regarded as barbaric and savage. There was then no poetry, no romance in the act of going far hence to evangelize them. But mother and daughter were both calm and firm: and though the latter early died, the former was permitted to live, that, here upon the earth, she might see some of the vast results which have proceeded from that act of sacrifice; and watch the immense consequences which have sprung into life from the island-grave of her missionary daughter.

There is nothing in our language more beautiful than the letter which the Rev. WILLIAM GOODELL, missionary in Constantinople,—now on his return passage home, after an absence of over thirty years, and whom I long to see again as the cheerful friend of my childhood,—wrote

a few years since, concerning the character of his godly father. Not to speak of its religious odour, neither Addison nor Lamb ever equalled its chaste and beautiful simplicity and quiet pathos.\*

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\* *Letter from the Rev. William Goodell.*

Constantinople, August 18, 1843.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The intelligence contained in your letter was not unexpected. Our father had attained to a great age, lacking only five days of being eighty-six years old. He was full of days, but more full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. How long he had “borne the image of the earthly” before he was renewed in the spirit of his mind, I know not; but I know he had long borne “the image of the heavenly.”

Though I can look back some forty-five years or more, I cannot look back to the year when he was not living a life of faith, and prayer, and self-denial, of deadness to the world and of close walk with God. This was the more remarkable, as in the church, of which in those days he was a member, there was scarcely one individual who could fully sympathize with him in his religious views. Those great evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, which his own minister never preached, and his own church never adopted into her creed, were his meat and drink. “*The raven, though an unclean bird, brought food to Elijah,*” was a common expression of his on returning from church, where he had been able to pick out of much chaff a few crumbs of the bread of life. His privileges were few: prayer-meetings were unknown; the sum



Mrs. Lathrop was born Oct. 28, 1771, in Norwich, Conn.—a town which has furnished more than one distinguished missionary. Her

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 total, or about the sum total, of his library was the Family Bible, one copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Pike's Cases of Conscience, the second volume of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and the Assembly's Catechism.

But, though his means of grace were thus limited, yet, meditating day and night on God's law, his roots struck deep; and he was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf is always green, and whose fruit is always abundant. Whoever saw him riding on horseback would, if he kept himself concealed, be almost sure to see him engaged in prayer. Whoever should work with him in seed time or harvest would find his thoughts as actively employed above as his hands were below. Whoever of the Lord's people met him by day or by night, at home or abroad, alone or in company, would find him ready to sit down with them in heavenly places, in order to comprehend "what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height" of the love of Christ.

Being the youngest of the family, you can have but an indistinct recollection of the small house on the side of the hill, containing two small rooms and a garret, floored with loose and rough boards, where twelve of us were born; and of the small clump of apple-trees before the door, where your elder brothers and sisters played in the days of their thoughtless childhood. There, with no lock to any door, and no key to any trunk, or drawer, or cupboard; there, where, as I am told, nothing now re-

father, Col. Christopher Leffingwell, was a prosperous merchant of high honor and integrity; and her mother, Elizabeth Coit, was the descendant of a long line of pious ancestors.

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mains but an old cellar, which may even itself, long before this, have been filled up; there our godly father prayed for us with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit; there, on every Sabbath eve, he asked us those solemn, important, and all-comprehensive questions from the Catechism; and there, with eyes and heart raised to heaven, we used to sing, to the tune of Old Rochester,

“God my supporter and my hope,  
 “My help for ever near;  
 “Thine arm of mercy held me up  
 “When sinking in despair.”

And there, too, our mother, of precious memory—though, as she died when you were but six months old, you remember her not—there she lived a life of poverty, patience, meekness and faith. There she used to sit and card her wool by the light of the pine knot, and sing to us those sweet words,

“Hov’ring among the leaves there stands  
 “The sweet celestial Dove;  
 “And Jesus on the branches hangs  
 “The banner of his love.”

And there, too, almost thirty-four years ago, we assembled early one morning in her little bed-room to see her die. Her peace was like a river; she was full of triumph; and she was able to address to us words of heavenly consolation till she had actually crossed over into shallow water, within one minute of the opposite banks of the

At the age of twenty-two she married Charles Lathrop, Esq. a graduate of Yale College, attorney at law, and for many years Clerk of the Courts of New London County. At this time neither Mrs. Lathrop nor her husband were professors of religion. The times, it will be remembered, were peculiar. The institutions of religion were generally observed, but there was little of vital piety, and none of those active philanthropies of the church which are the characteristics of our own day.

In the group of children which were gathered about these parents, now more than forty years ago, was a little girl, of twelve years of age, whom they were aiming to educate with

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 Jordan—heaven and all its glories full in view. Precious woman! “*Were my children but pious,*” thou didst often say in thy last long sickness, *how cheerfully could I leave them and go away.*” But what thine eyes were not permitted to behold, have not the angels long since told thee; that the eight children thou didst leave behind, with all, or all but one of their partners, were partakers of that blessed Gospel “*which was all thy salvation and all thy desire,*” and that three of thy sons were engaged in proclaiming it to others? Yes, God hath heard thy prayers, and “*hath remembered his holy covenant,*” as we all are witnesses this day. \* \* \*

the most scrupulous care. We find the mother giving to this daughter a religious book, "Hawes' Directions concerning the New Birth;" and carefully watching the work of God in the mind of her child. One year after, this child, then thirteen years old, and both her parents came together to the table of our Lord. A child of her age was never before known, throughout that region, to make a public confession of Christ; but subsequent events proved that the act was performed intelligently and judiciously. Shortly after, this youthful Christian, with one of her associates, amid much opposition, commences the first Sabbath School in her native town; and it is not long before a desire to engage in Christian Missions is apparent in her reading and conversation. Her father, an intelligent and educated man, is reading in the family the letters of Melville Horne on Missions, a book which for force and life of style is superior to the letters of Junius; Buchanan's Researches, and the Memoirs of Harriet Newell are in this Christian family; and at length the question is brought, by the Providence of God, for their decision, whether

that daughter shall personally engage in missionary life in India. The question was not decided rashly, but with great deliberation. She resolved to go. The idol of her parents, they cheerfully consented that she should go. The feelings of a pious mother on this occasion will appear from an extract of a letter written by her to her daughter on the eve of her embarkation.

Speaking of a friend who came some distance to see her, she writes, "I enjoyed her visit much, because she talked on subjects particularly interesting. My friends mistake my feelings, when they studiously avoid a subject so near my heart as is your contemplated undertaking. I can think of it with composure, and speak of it with much satisfaction. She remarked that this was a cause of gratitude. I am, if I may so say, partially thankful, that is, thankful for the *disposition* which leads you thus to devote yourself. How earnestly have I desired, and how fervently prayed, that my children might be the subjects of grace and instruments of bringing souls to Christ; and now can I claim to choose the place *where* and

the manner *how* they shall serve their kind Master, who has so often heard my petitions, even to have given me the very things I have asked of him? No, my child, I believe I am saved from this inconsistency. I believe I am willing to leave to infinite wisdom to direct in all things; and as you are satisfied with regard to duty, I do not question about it."

Here is the Christian mother breaking her alabaster box of precious ointment on the head and feet of her Lord. What more precious offering could she bring than a highly educated, accomplished and affectionate daughter? Many chid her, and said, "Wherefore is this waste? Why not give that life to the poor at home?" But the Lord himself, we believe, accepted and honored the oblation.

Mrs. Lathrop accompanied her daughter to the ship, and after having made the greatest sacrifice that she could, she never wished, nor thought, nor dreamed of recalling it. Mrs. HARRIET L. WINSLOW sailed for India, in 1819, and her eminently useful labors in Oodooville, for thirteen years, in connection with the female school in that place, most of the pupils of

which, in consequence of her patient and faithful instructions, were converted to God; and her more than peaceful, her triumphant death are already familiar to the public in one of the most interesting of our religious biographies.

In the journal kept by Mrs. Winslow on her outward passage, occurs the following entry: "When at Andover, Dr. Woods said to me, *Your heart will often ache to see the little folks.* He was right; yet *I would rather see them in Ceylon than in America!*" That wish in substance was fulfilled. Three sisters, in succession, wives of Christian Missionaries, followed her to India, though before their arrival in that country Mrs. Winslow had rested from her labors.

In 1833, Mrs. ELIZABETH C. HUTCHINGS sailed for Ceylon, and on arriving at her new home found only the new-made grave of that sister, who she had expected would welcome her to a missionary life. This sister continued in missionary service for eleven years, till the prostrate health of her husband compelled their return to this country.

With her youngest daughter, the child of her old age, HARRIET JOANNA, whose name

was given her as a memorial of this mother's first gift to missions, Mrs. Lathrop, now a widow, had gone to reside, hoping and expecting to share her society during the remainder of her life. She was the wife of Rev. John M. S. Perry, at that time the pastor of the church in Mendon, Mass. But the piety of Mr. and Mrs. Perry was of no common order. Both were deeply impressed with the duty of exchanging their New England home for missionary services in India. The trial to Mrs. Lathrop must have been severe. But she never suggested an objection to the intelligent convictions of her children. In 1835 she gave this Benjamin of her heart to the cause of missions. Three years did Mr. and Mrs. Perry labor together, and within three days of one another both fell from cholera, brought on, as I verily believe, in the case of Mr. Perry, by the depression and despondency of heart occasioned by the disbanding of so many missionary schools for want of the means of support from home.

Could a Christian mother be expected to do more for Christ and the heathen? In the



following year the last of these three sisters, Mrs. CHARLOTTE H. CHERRY, having evinced an unusual energy of character and fervor of piety in useful labors at home, left her native land for the same destination ; but after a brief residence of six months she was laid beside her oldest sister. - A few days before her death she wrote in pencil, "I think the Lord sent me here ; and though it were but to die, I do not regret coming at his bidding. Many, many thanks to my dear mother, who in my childhood taught me to *prize the Bible*, and to learn many passages from its holy pages which now cheer my fainting spirit. Tell them at home I am not sorry that I came here. Do not let them say I have done much. I have done nothing. It was all the Lord Jesus Christ. Farewell."

Thus has this Christian mother given four daughters to be missionaries to India. Nor was this all. Long after widowhood had shadowed her ; after her three daughters were in the grave, herself at the age of more than three score years and ten, she added also to the number of her costly gifts a cherished grand-

daughter, the child of Mrs. Winslow, born in India, but educated in this country and fitted to be an ornament to any circle, now the wife of Rev. Mr. Dulles, of Madras, and filling the place which was made vacant by her departed mother.\*

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\* At the age of 43, December 3, 1814, Mrs. Lathrop buried her first-born son, Charles Christopher, a member of Yale College, preparing for the ministry, aged 20. June 8, 1819, her daughter, Mrs. Harriet L. Winslow, at the age of 23, sailed for Ceylon, the mission company consisting of Rev. Messrs. Winslow, Scudder, Spaulding, Woodward, and their wives. Jan. 17, 1831, her husband Charles Lathrop, Esq. died, aged 61. May 24, 1832, her grandson, Charles L. Winslow, died in New-York, aged 11, twenty days after his arrival from Ceylon. January 14, 1833, Mrs. Winslow died in Ceylon. In July, 1833, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hutchings, at the age of 20; May 16, 1835, Miss Harriet J. Perry, at the age of 19; and November 23, 1836, Mrs. Charlotte H. Cherry, at the age of 25, sailed successively for Ceylon. November 4, 1837, Mrs. Cherry died at Ceylon, and March 13, 1838, Mrs. Perry died, three days after her husband. In 1834 the three surviving daughters of Mrs. Winslow arrived in this country, and were adopted by Rev. Professor Kellogg, P. Perit, Esq. and C. R. Robert, Esq. and in 1842 the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Perry reached this country, and was also adopted by Mr. Perit. In 1844, Mrs. Hutchings returned to this country, and in 1848 Mrs. Harriet L. Dulles, second daughter of Mrs. Winslow, sailed for Madras.

With these facts in view, it must be admitted that the life of our departed friend was too remarkable not to receive from us more than common notice; especially when I add, that though she actually did so much, she never seemed herself to think that she had done anything uncommon. Never did she allude to her personal sacrifices in the way of ostentation of her own sensibilities. Far, far from this. Nor was there any expression of regret and repining at what she had done. Though her affections were strong and tender, the offering she made was so cheerful that there was no tinge of bitterness and sorrow left behind. One of her missionary daughters was spared to return to her widowed mother; and no one who has seen the peculiarly tender affection with which the aged parent leaned upon the child whom she had scarcely dared to hope that she should see again, could doubt at what a cost her several sacrifices had been made. But the beauty of it all was the entire unconsciousness which

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Mrs. Lathrop, after Mrs. Perry sailed, resided with her daughter, Mrs. Hallock, in New-York, where she died May 15, 1851, aged 79.

she exhibited of the greatness of what she had done. There was no dream of popular applause. Her attachment to Christian missions began before any measure of popular favor was bestowed upon it. With her it was all a matter of calm and intelligent principle. She did "what she could" to testify her love for Christ; and never thought of the mention which would afterwards be made of her well-doing, any more than Mary of Bethany was selfishly acting for an earthly fame. Faithful in the first instance, other opportunities of fidelity were afterwards afforded her; and by an easy and natural process the promise of Christ was fulfilled in her: "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and he shall have more abundantly."

Surviving her husband and four children, she reached the borders of fourscore years. It seemed as if God had permitted her to live long enough to see for herself some of the blessed results of her own life. She had seen the missionary cause, once so feeble, swell into vast dimensions. She had seen the schools and churches in India, with which her children

were associated, blossoming like the rose; and the beginnings which she had planted, like the banyan tree of that fragrant island of the east, sending down new roots, and spreading out new branches in perpetual reproduction and fruitfulness. The graves of her children still preach in Ceylon. Like Anna of old, she was herself waiting for the coming of her Lord. "A widow indeed, and desolate, she trusted in God, and continued in supplication and prayer night and day." Her chamber was like that described by Bunyan in the House Beautiful, which was called PEACE. Here the aged pilgrim sat and sang. The Word of God lay open before her, and her time was passed in prayer and communion with God and the ransomed. There was neither terror nor triumph; but Christ's own legacy, PEACE. Whenever the infirmities of age allowed, she was at the house of God; and some of you may have observed that she was here at our last communion season. Thence she went into her chamber, like aged Jacob, laid herself down, and on the 15th of this month fell asleep. The last words she uttered in the possession of her fa-

culties, were those familiar lines, indicative of humble faith in God—

“The soul on his bosom that leans for repose,  
“Is safe from the rage of its bitterest foes ;  
“That soul, though all hell should in vengeance awake,  
“He'll never, no *never*, no NEVER forsake.”

A “Mother in Israel” was she ; filling up a long and useful life with humble and modest piety. Discretion and kindness, mingled sweetness and firmness, the utmost delicacy of feeling, and an instinctive refinement of manner, domestic diligence, and habitual devotion, were her truthful and preëminent characteristics. Forward to do every act of kindness to others, retiring and reserved only in reference to herself, gentleness and dignity were in her so rarely combined as to form one of the loveliest specimens of female character which the religion of Christ has ever nurtured. The end has come, and this shall be her epitaph :  
“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD ; *and wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached, this also shall be told as a memorial of her.*”

The most important reflections suggested

by these incidents, are those connected with *the influence and the rewards of pious mothers.*

Here is a group of children under the care of an intelligent and Christian mother. Delicate in feeling, yet firm in principle, she is training them up in accordance with the Word of God. One after another they are brought into the church of Christ. The mother is spared to see her eight children, and all her grandchildren who at the time of her death had reached years of understanding, walking in the ways of the Lord, and several of them connected with public agencies of the church. What greater reward could a Christian parent enjoy? What a comment is here on the everlasting covenant of God. What encouragements are these for parental fidelity.

The true greatness and goodness of men begins at the mother's knee. There is no power in the world to be compared with that which follows the character of a good mother. Though it be silent and insensible as the fall of the dew, it abideth long after the head is gray. It is the *forestalling* of all other influence; the entering in of the strongest love, to prepossess

and mould the character. What would John Newton, or Philip Doddridge, or Matthew Henry, or Jonathan Edwards, or Samuel J. Mills have been but for their mothers, whose sterling excellence, strong sense, sound understanding, and eminent piety, though less notorious, were no less real than the same qualities in their illustrious offspring.

You cannot predict, Christian mother, what God may accomplish through the agency of those children who are now growing up at your side. To you they are nothing but children, but hereafter they will be men and women; and now they are entrusted to you to be moulded and directed for time and for eternity. Be careful that you present the right motives, and educate the right faculties. Shun the ignoble idea that the sole or the principal end of education is *admiration*. Avoid the perilous thought that everything is to be done and learned to gain honor from men. Do not feed pride and ambition; but cultivate humility and benevolence. Instil into their minds the gentle lessons of Jesus Christ. Carry through all parts of their training that great truth which



he has taught us, that to be great we must serve—to be honored we must be useful. These substantial qualities will outweigh all ephemeral accomplishments. Let no part of their nature be neglected; give them every advantage; bestow upon them every aid and privilege in your power, but let this be the one motive which invests all, shines through all, and is infused into all—that you are training them as religious beings, for a useful life, and an immortal crown. There is something better than to shine in the saloons of fashion. There is something better than to inherit patrimonial wealth. There is something better than beauty of feature and grace of person. Best of all is it, when wealth, talents, accomplishments, body, soul, and spirit, are offered a living sacrifice of love to Christ. Beware that you do not teach your children by your own example, Sapphira-like, to keep back part of the price. When you consecrate yourselves and your offspring to God, do it with the whole heart. God will direct in what manner he will employ you and them for his service and glory.

What if worldly ambition should be your

motive in the education of your children, and through your own example and efforts you should persuade them that self-promotion, applause, fashion, and wealth, are the principal objects in life! Let them be paragons of success, "the observed of all observers:" they roll in wealth; they are leaders of fashion; the feast knows them; the dance and revel see them—at length they are missed. The places which knew them know them no more. They are buried with sable show and pageantry. Vacancy is in the circles where they moved, for a while—but the great tide sweeps on, and they are forgotten. No trace of charity is left behind them, as they disappear.

But here is a family of humbler pretensions—humbler, did I say?—nay, rather of higher and nobler pretensions; for though their worldly expectations are small, their aim is for the skies. In the education of their children all things are counted of value, as they bear on a Christian and useful life. Qualified for duty, duty opens before them. They enter upon the ministry of Christ. They engage in missions among the heathen. Un-

known to the thoughtless, laughing crowd, they labor on. At last they are removed by death; but "their works do follow them." In the day of resurrection these humble-minded but godly parents rise from the grassy mounds beneath which they were laid to rest in the shadow of that rural church where they were baptized; their children rise from the spicy groves of India, where they rested from their labors, and their children's children, whether snatched away in early bloom, or in the harvest-ripeness of piety, rise with them; and lo, there comes a long and endless procession of ransomed souls, the Hindoo mother and her child, and a multitude whom no man can number, who in the roll of ages have been converted to God in consequence of those lessons of practical religion which they instilled into the hearts of their children. And all this the result of parental fidelity. Well may it be called "the glory to be revealed."

"Count no man happy," said the ancient sage, "till you see how he dies." I amend the phrase. Count no man happy till you see him beyond death, in the rewards of eternity;

for Christ hath said, "I will honor them that honor me, and he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Parents and children, divided here by oceans, are united now beyond the narrow defile of death, where the sacrifices and the privileges of this life are reviewed according to a true and just estimate. Wait, then, till the harvest, and learn the meaning of that promise, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

THE END.