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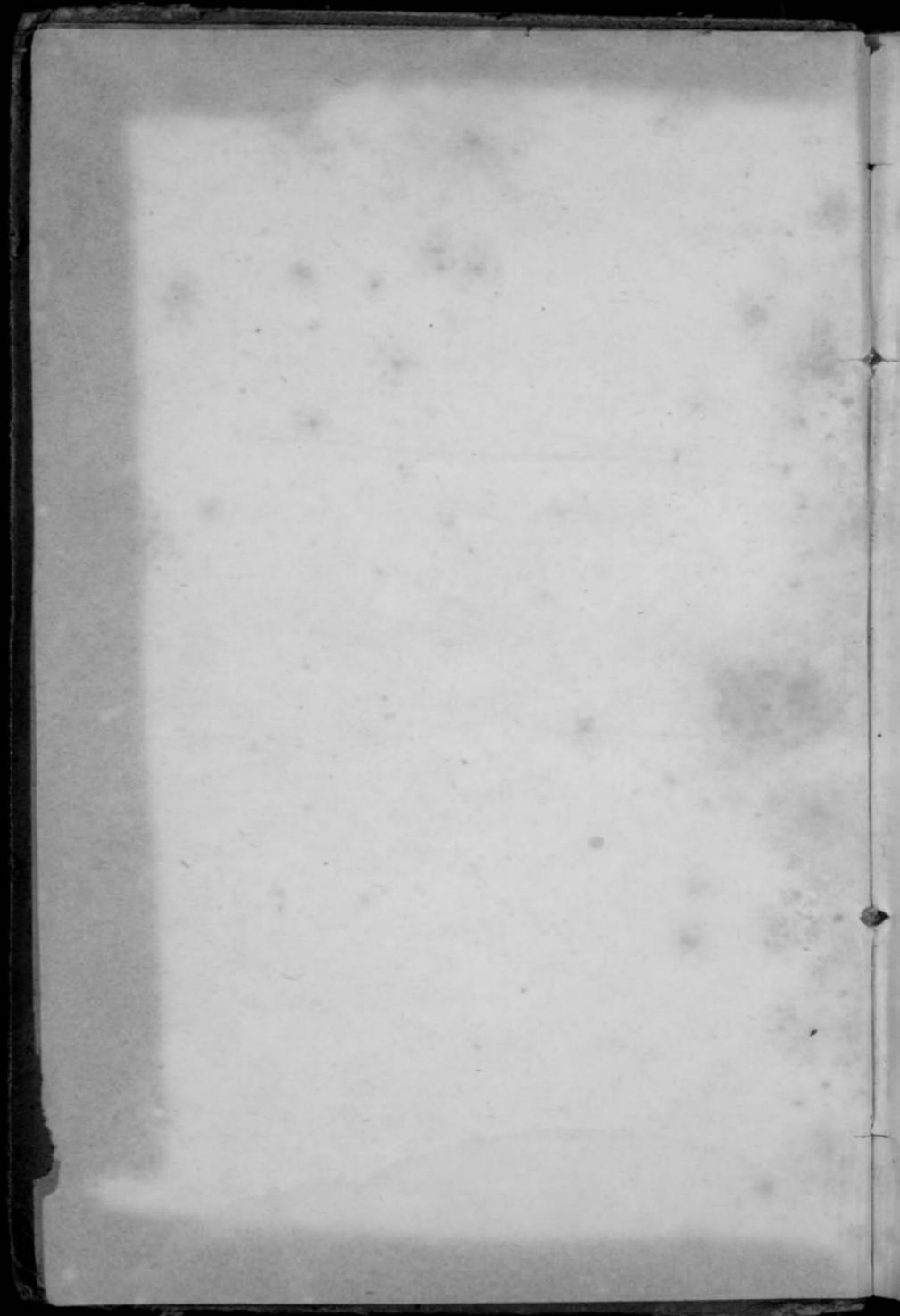
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Mrs D. R. Cooley.



FAMILY LETTERS.

FAMILY LETTERS

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Patten, Mrs. Ruth (Wheelock)

INTERESTING

FAMILY LETTERS,

OF THE LATE

MRS. RUTH PATTEN,

OF

HARTFORD, CONN.



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FAMILY LETTERS

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P.
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P R E F A C E .

As it was the earnest desire of Mrs. PATTEN that something should be written for the encouragement of her descendants, and others, especially the widow and fatherless, that they may be enabled to trust in the wisdom, goodness, and faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God.

Through all this long wilderness, Mrs. P., with her little brood marched contentedly along, hand in hand, unitedly. The subsequent letters will show where her great support and consolation rested, through her various trials in the sickness and death of her beloved husband, in the meridian of life, and five dear children, of which the reader would, probably, be gratified to know more particularly.

As there were a number of incidents and anecdotes omitted in the memoir of Mrs. Patten, owing to the writer not living with his mother, which it is thought best to insert, though not to interfere with the memoirs, only to add.—The death of her eldest son was a very grievous affliction. He was a remarkably intelligent child from infancy—when not two years old he called four young students, who were studying with his father, preparatory for College, into the parlor—they immediately obeyed, and the child, after

taking his infant book and chair, sat down with dignity, and after reading, as he thought, a sufficient portion, arose, and leaning over his chair said, boys, be still, and then began his prayer, with the same expressions his father had used in the morning, though in broken language, like a child—his mother, being in the next room, and hearing him, called to him, thinking it made the duty of prayer too light—when the lads saw how the exercise ended, they were merry, though before appeared very solemn.

When this child was five years old, he was attacked with a severe quinzy, which it was supposed would prove fatal. The mother's anxiety was very great,—she was satisfied his knowledge and age were sufficient to impress his mind and heart with the love of his God and Saviour.—The mother's prayers and intercessions were most fervent for the life of the child, until she could evidence the love of the Saviour shed abroad in his heart, she would then resign him cheerfully. Contrary to expectation, the child recovered. As soon as he was able to walk, he went into the garden to meet his dear mother, with an emaciated form, and anxious countenance, caught hold of her garment and said, pray ma'ma do tell me, what I must do to be saved? The happy results of this inquiry may be ascertained by his subsequent life, and triumphant death, at the age of ten years, which the reader may find in the memoir of Mrs. Patten.

After the decease of this beloved child, the

following Hymn was found in his closet, supposed to be in his own hand-writing, set to music.

“Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
For thousand, thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus,
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and praise divine,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord forever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise His glories high
And speak their Maker's praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name,
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.”

It is presumed that a brief Obituary of the father of the lamented child, whose history is narrated above, will not be uninteresting to the Christian reader. The Rev. WILLIAM PATTEN, Sen., was born in Billerica, Massachusetts, in 1738, His parents were pious, and of respectable standing, and much beloved.

At what time their son became pious, cannot

be ascertained. When a child, it is believed not seven years of age, he composed a sermon on the first verse in the Bible—"And God created the heaven and the earth"—which, from justness, and connexion of the thoughts, excited surprise.

He was docile, manly, regular, diligent, and faithful, and ever discovered a maturity of mind in advance of his years. At the age of twelve, he was admitted to Harvard University, and through the whole of his Collegiate course, he incurred no censure, but was highly commended for his exemplary conduct, and proficiency in his studies.

Within about two years after he graduated, he became a preacher of the gospel, and such was his popularity, that after hearing him one or two Sabbaths, the church and society in Halifax, Massachusetts, unanimously invited him to take the office of their Pastor, with which he accepted, and was ordained six weeks before he was nineteen years of age. He soon after married Miss RUTH WHEELOCK, daughter of the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, founder and first President of Dartmouth College.

When Mr. Patten had continued in Halifax about ten years, his youth, and want of opportunity to study, obliged him to sit up two whole nights every week, which brought on a series of hypochondriac fits, which, by the misjudgment of his physicians, they all thought of the apoplectic kind, and therefore reduced him to death's-door, but by journeying and relaxation he was by a

Divine blessing, in some measure restored to health, though ever after subject to a return of the disease if any extra excitement occurred.

Mr. Patten thought it adviseable, by a party council, selected and called by himself, though much against the approbation of the church and congregation in general, to obtain a dismissal, believing on the whole it would prove beneficial to them, as he was unable to perform parochial duties to his own satisfaction. Soon after returning health and a desire to be employed in his Master's service, induced him to re-settle in the ministry. He was installed colleague pastor with the Rev. Elnathan Whitman, over the South Church in Hartford, Connecticut. He continued in this situation about seven years, when former indisposition returned with increasing violence, especially his failure of voice, so that he could perform no public service, nor even offer a prayer audibly in his family. He languished and declined nearly two years, when, after a life of peculiar trial, he died in great peace, in the bosom of his father's family, at Roxbury, Massachusetts, January 16th, 1775, aged 37 years.

In person, Mr. Patten was above the middle stature—he was well formed, and there was a remarkable dignity connected with ease and grace in all his movements—his countenance was manly, his eye intelligent, and expressive. His voice was clear and sonorous, full and distinct—every tone adapted to the sentiment he uttered. The attention of every one was immediately ar-

rested and fixed when he spake. His sermons were strictly evangelical, and very instructive and impressive. In prayer he had uncommon gifts—consisting, principally, of scripture expressions, judiciously selected and embodied, and very appropriate. He was a diligent reader, and eminent in the acquisition of knowledge, there being but few subjects with which he was not acquainted. He appeared to have an intuitive view of every thing to which he attended, so as not to require a teacher.

He manifested, in all his trials, Christian meekness and submission, and a spirit of forgiveness and prayer, for those, by whom, he considered himself injured. He was entirely reconciled to death, and manifested full confidence to the last in the mercy of God, through the Redeemer, and desired to depart that he might be with Christ.

He left a wife and six children to deplore their loss, and though with little property, felt no anxiety, fully persuaded that the God of the widow and fatherless would provide for them, and desiring that He would be their portion.

Mrs. Patten being deprived of the principal part of her property, by fraud, was enabled to depend entirely upon the promises of God to the widow and fatherless, and these she found fulfilled in faithfulness and truth, although the hand from whence relief came, was not always known, though very acceptable—sometimes from strangers, and in times of the greatest need. She knew who to thank, even her Heavenly Father, from whom all our blessings flow.

The summer after Mr. Patten's death, the elder son, about 12 years of age, was invited by his grandfather, the Rev. President Wheelock, to come to him at Dartmouth College, to which his mother gladly consented, though the trial was great to think of parting with so dutiful and affectionate a son, who had been her companion through a long and tedious journey with his father, and now a favorite with a little invalid daughter—but the good of her son was dear to her heart, and all objections were removed.

When he arrived at College, there was a revival of religion among the students, and within a year his mother received a letter from him, informing her, that by the grace of God, he had found joy and peace in believing, through faith in his blessed Lord and Redeemer. Her heart overflowed with gratitude to her God and Savior.

Mrs. Patten's hands were full—an infant and one sick with a chronical disease, which continued until April 24th, 1776. The little sufferer endured a long confinement, and several extremely painful surgical operations, with exemplary patience, exhibiting an intellect far superior to her years. In her last moments she endeavored to comfort her afflicted mother, and left the cheering consolation that she did not die without hope, though but six years of age—for she had given evidence that she loved the Saviour.

“As the sweet flower that scents the morn

But withers in the rising day,

Thus lovely was dear Charlotte's dawn,

Thus swiftly fled her life away.”

During a protracted absence at College, and teaching a school one year, Mrs. Patten's son returned to his honored mother and beloved sisters,—their mutual affection was not in the least diminished by their long separation. But, alas! an alloy! a vacancy!—when he left home he had four sisters, but now only three!—his dearly beloved Charlotte was gone! gone to rest, as we humbly hope, in the bosom of her Saviour. To be separated from one so tenderly loved, was grievous, but the reflection that she was safe, and happy, was consoling indeed; and as he had experienced the love of a Saviour in his absence, the idea of living together again forever, was delightful.

He continued with his family until spring, when his uncle, the Honorable Judge DAVENPORT, of Stamford, invited him to return with him and spend the summer in his family, and write for him, hoping that he would regain his health; which was very feeble at that time. After his return, he accepted of a Clerkship in the payable office, until he was old enough to commence the study of Divinity, with the Rev. Dr. Hart, at Preston, in 1782.

While many were engaged in the Revolutionary war, and many others preparing for the army, Mrs. Patten united with her family in the cause of freedom, by contributing to the comfort of the soldiers in making clothing, lodging the weary, and nursing the sick, when returning from captivity, and imprisonment, were almost in a state of starvation—none were sent empty away.

Several of her children, Mrs. Patten might have passed off among her wealthy relatives, who kindly offered to receive them, but her children were her greatest earthly solace, and there was still a superior motive that she could pay more attention to their religious instruction and conduct, than she could expect from others. From maternal affection she resolved to continue them under her own care, relying on divine aid for every needed favor. The education of her daughters was chiefly under the maternal roof, and at the native schools in their town, which were well supplied with excellent teachers in reading, writing, arithmetic, lessons in music, and now and then some ornamental works, which were profitable to assist in supporting the family, as no goods of these kinds were imported in war time.

Mrs. Patten was blessed with a natural propriety of manners, aided by a good, superior education; having been one of a select number, under the tuition of the excellent sisters of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, President of Princeton College, N. J.; thus she was amply qualified to lead her children in the path of usefulness. She had a sense of the preciousness of time which ought not to be lost; therefore when they were at work, one was selected to read for the improvement of the others, in theology, history, geography, and other useful studies. She never approved of a large juvenile association—two or three select friends would do.

By the importunity of a few neighbors, the

eldest daughter began a small school in November, 1785, which continued until spring; but, when it was known that she had commenced keeping school, there was no need of advertising, for the room was well filled with children, though never applied for—nor were any refused for want of funds—but, whenever there was a prospect of usefulness, gratuitous instruction was granted—therefore the country was furnished with approved teachers from this Institution, though they never solicited a place for a teacher, but wherever there were any wanting, application would be made, which supplied, even as many as twelve in one season, sometimes less; during its fifty years continuance, the charity seat was never vacant—the occupants were not exposed, as being dependent for their education, for the depravity of the human heart is such, that had it been known, their associates in high life, would have looked upon them as their inferiors, whereas those in humble circumstances, generally excelled in scholarship, and propriety of behavior, those who were nurtured in the lap of luxury. A widow applied for four daughters—one term each, accordingly she entered the eldest—at the expiration of the term, she come to exchange, but found, as she had previously not been accustomed to study, (though she had a mind capable of improvement, but very slow,) she was advised to have her the second term, and at the end found her progressing very rapidly, and concluded to have her the third term—

she returned well qualified for a teacher in the country, and therefore opened a school, and educated not only her sisters, but a number of others in the vicinity.

Those ladies who have been favored with the perusal of the life of the celebrated Miss Hannah More, may remember that she was one of five daughters. The eldest was sent to a good school, and returned every week to impart to her sisters the studies she had pursued. Their father furnished them with a good library, and they were very intelligent and studious. A number of instances might be produced, but these are sufficient to show that an education can be obtained where disinterested benevolence is cultivated, not only in families, but in society at large.

The time in Miss Patten's school was divided between study, painting, embroidery, and some needle-work. Each young lady had a handsome framed peice on their return home, to present to their parents; as embroider was considered an indispensable accomplishment in those days. Extracts were taken from whatever the young ladies studied, or read, including theological commentaries, geography, history, astronomy, and composition, but more especially letter-writing; a very useful branch of education, though greatly neglected in the female department.

The near and most remote parts of the United States patronized Miss and Mr. Pattens' schools, with the addition of Bermuda, Jamaica, Trin-

idad, Barbadoes, Demarara, Switzerland, England, France, and Ireland.

When the first school had continued twenty-two years, from 1785 to 1807, with good patronage, having educated nearly two thousand. At that time their brother, Mr. G. J. Patten, commenced a Literary Institution for both sexes in a separate building, where those who wished to perfect themselves in the higher branches of literature had the advantage of both schools by an alternate exchange. The lads enjoyed greater advantages than they previously had at academies in other States and countries. Numbers were fitted for colleges, counting-houses, and stores, subsequently some engaged in the sacred ministry, and others in the glorious missionary enterprise on foreign shores. Thus continued these two schools, until September, 1825, when the first ceased, after educating two thousand more. The literary school continued, chiefly, for lads, until 1829, when Mr. Patten was taken off by sickness, having finished the work, as we humbly trust, which his heavenly Father had given him to do. He departed with perfect composure February 17th, 1830, aged 56 years, leaving to his friends the sweet consolation that he was gone to the rest that remaineth for the people of God, through the merits of his glorious Redeemer. The number of his pupils 3,000.

It ought to be acknowledged with gratitude to the Supreme Being, that a goodly number of pupils became hopefully pious during several re-

vivals of religion, under the ministry of the late excellent Dr. Strong, and gave evidence of their sincerity by their exemplary lives. Having formed a cent society for the benefit of the missionary cause, and paid the dividends by retrenchment from their weekly allowances for fruit, &c., which furnished a sufficient proof of their self-denial; for if children are permitted to draw on their parents for the payment of their subscriptions, their liberality cannot be ascribed to their own benevolence. The same rule for clothing—the poorer children must be supplied from their own ward-robos.

“Happy are they who fear the Lord,
And follow His commands,
Who lend the poor without reward,
And give with lib’ral hands.

As pity dwells within their breasts
To *all* who are in need,
So God shall answer their requests
With blessings on their seed.”

Their works of piety and love,
Remain before the Lord,
Honor on earth, and joy above,
Shall be their sure reward.

state of affairs under the management of the late
 excellent Dr. King, and have received of their
 friends by their generous liberality
 formed a sum sufficient for the benefit of the
 society and paid the dividends by re-
 ceiving from their weekly offerings for
 their school, which amounted to a sufficient fund
 to maintain for a children's education to
 draw on their parents for the payment of their
 subscriptions, their liberality could be used
 to their own advantage. The same will be
 the case with the other children that be supported
 by their own friends.

Happy are they who can see
 And know the common
 Will, but not the
 And give well to the world.

As all things within their power
 To do, who are in need
 To that end, answer that prayer
 With liberality on their part.

The state of things are
 changed from the
 time of their
 and the world.

FAMILY LETTERS.

FROM MR. NATHANIEL PATTEN TO HIS SON, SETTLED IN
THE MINISTRY IN HIS NINETEENTH YEAR,
AT HALIFAX, MASSACHUSETTS.

ROXBURY, October 17th, 1764.

My Son,—

In hopes to get a few lines to you by favor of Mr. C., I catch a few minutes in haste, and after the most sincere, parental love, presented to you and your spouse, and your children, I inform you, that since you were here, I have been concerned lest my natural and moral modesty hath rather discouraged than encouraged you; for when you asked me how I liked your preaching, I have just signified that I approved of it very well, in general, without giving you my sentiments so fully as perhaps I ought to have done,—necessity, therefore, seems to be laid on me to give you some further hints of my ideas concerning your preaching. You were, by your parents, early devoted to God for the work of the Ministry. By the will of God, and with the utmost concern, we did all that was in our power to give you all the help we were capable of, and blessed be God, He was pleased to hear the prayers of His most unworthy servants, and gave you a genius for learning, and a studious mind,

so that you made great proficiency in your learning—and we were rewarded as we went along, and after you left College, it pleased God, in his sovereign, wise, and good providence, to put it out of our power to afford any further assistance to you. We could only cry to God for more faith, and that you might find favor in the eyes of the people, where ever his providence should call you. That he would please to qualify you for, and dispose you to, the work of the ministry, and in his own good time open a door for that purpose, and make you happily instrumental in promoting His glory, and eminently serviceable to the souls of men in the world. That he would always accompany your ministrations with the mighty power and energy of His Holy Spirit : and above all, that he would give you his special grace, that after you have preached and showed the way of life to others, you may not be a cast-away yourself.

And behold ! I live to see my hopes almost out-done, for I trust God hath done all this. He hath not only put you into the ministry, but adorned you with special gifts, that make you shine in the world. He hath also given you that understanding that is essential to our religion. He also gives weight to your words, so that they take effect. They fall as rain on the mown-grass, and like dew on the tender herb. Your preaching with us was wonderfully applauded, I have not heard any man so much admired since I have lived at Roxbury. You was preferred to

that so much admired, I might almost say, adored Mr. Whitefield,—they seemed as if they could not be contented without hearing you again.

One of the best judges of preaching among us, who admired you exceedingly, said, he could hardly help sitting down and writing to you in the strain of the Queen of Sheba to king Solomon, when she expressed the happiness of those who waited on him continually. He took notes of what I mentioned to you as a doctrine inconsistent with the doctrine of predestination, and said he believed you did not hold it. I told him, without doubt, you did, for I had mentioned something to you on that subject, and you got your notes and read what you had written, which, for brevity sake, you did not fully explain at that time, if you had, I thought it would have appeared in a better light. He said he did not see how you could deny it, the Scriptures were so full in favor of it. You must not be grieved that I mention this, for you must confess, with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that you have not attained to perfection; there is something of the old man to be seen; we do not expect that even our ministers can be perfect in this imperfect state—we readily grant that they are better judges than ourselves, in general, to distinguish between truth and error; but you must allow us, with the Bereans, to search the Scriptures, and judge for ourselves, and not practice with an implicit faith what we cannot understand. I am far from condemning any man for differing

from us in sincerity, on points not essential to salvation. Upon the strictest search of the Scriptures that I am capable of, I really believe that God never intended, or desired the salvation of one soul more, than He chose to be heirs of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord before the world began; nor do I think there is any thing in the Scriptures, when taken together, can give us any reason to think otherwise. The Scriptures cannot be broken. If we take separate parts, and judge of them literally, we shall soon get lost and confounded. If we would understand Scripture, we must distinguish between absolute and conditional promises. Christ hath said, all that the Father hath given Me shall come; whosoever cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out. He further saith, no man can come to Me, except the Father draw him. And this should encourage, rather than discourage, all to strive; and although God's elect, and none but they, shall finally be saved from the wrath to come; yet, the promises and threatenings in the Bible are not in vain, even to the wicked. For if they were not allured, and deterred by them, perhaps there would be no living in the world; and beside, their state in the future world would be more or less dreadful, according to their moral conduct in this life.

But, to conclude, I refer you to the Scriptures, begging of God to enlarge your understanding therein. The scripture saith that God is not a man that He should repent. As I live, saith the

Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but had rather he should turn and live. God hath made all things for His own glory, even the wicked for the day of evil; and there be some ordained of old to perdition.

Since I began to write, and had almost done, your brother John was seized with a convulsion fit which very much surprized us--we fear what will be the consequence. The rest of us are much as usual, and desire abundance of love to yourself and yours.

I am your affectionate father,
NATHANIEL PATTEN.

Rev. William Patten.

Your noble gifts I much admire,
My soaring thoughts yet rising higher
To the kind Giver I adore,
And special grace for you implore.

What to my God shall I return,
For all his goodness to my son;
As done to me I count the same,
I'll give my *all* to Him again.

ROXBURY, 16th April, 1767.

Dear Daughter,—

I received your kind favor of the 13th instant, for which I thank you. I am going to Boston this morning, to do my utmost to get a capuchin for Mr. B. to convey. I fear you think we have been very negligent about that

matter, but I believe we have been more concerned about it than you have yourself. But there have been too many disappointments here to recite, which would be strange, if they were not common to us.

I received a letter from my son, at Hartford, the same day that I received your's. He writes that the people offer him £450 settlement, and £105 salary, but is much at a loss to know what is duty. May God Almighty make the way of duty plain before him, and lead him into such methods, and cast his lot where he may be most serviceable for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom and interest in the world. He was early devoted to God, to be disposed of, and used, just as infinite wisdom should see best, and most for His own glory. And I may not retract, however reluctant natural affection may be, to his going far from me.—I have learned that local distance makes no great difference. God is able to bring them near that are far off, or put them far off who are near.

My son Nathaniel, came in from sea last Sabbath. All well. We remember yourself and children with concern, and love; recommending you *all* to a wise and kind providence—wishing you health, and prosperity; but especially that your souls may be in health and prosper.

I remain your very affectionate father,
NATHANIEL PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

FROM MRS. PATTEN TO HER HUSBAND AT HARTFORD.

HALIFAX, 19th April, 1767.

Ever Dear Sir,—

I gladly improve this opportunity to write, though I have nothing new to communicate. We are all through the pure mercy of God in a comfortable state of health.

I am very desirous to hear how your affairs are; may God in infinite mercy order all things concerning you, my dear, as shall be most for His glory, and best for us. We have reason to say His ways have all been mercy and truth towards us. Changes we must expect in this mutable state. May we be prepared for every event, whether prosperous or adverse—always rejoicing that our times are in God's hands. Although our house is not so with us as many others, yet may we be enabled to say, He hath established with us, and ours, a covenant of peace that shall endure to the latest generation—that is all our salvation, and all our desire.—That you, dear sir, may have many souls for your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord, is my earnest, and devout request—and that each of us, after having faithfully performed the duties incumbent on us in life, may be indissolubly united in the heavenly world, to join with our dear departed ones, and the whole Israel of God, in celebrating praises for redeeming love forever and ever.

Please to remember me suitably to inquiring friends, and accept of the kindest love.

From your affectionate spouse,

RUTH PATTEN.

The children are asleep, so that they cannot send duty.

Rev. William Patten.

HARTFORD, May 25th, 1767.

My Dear,—

I just now received the very great pleasure of a line from you by Mr. Dunbar. The comfortable state of our family, gives us both great cause of thankfulness. My mind is very much burdened on your account, lest so much more labor and care than you have been used to, or than I fear your constitution will well bear, will prove too hard for you; but, after a long storm, we have passed through. God can, and if it be best for us, He will, send a calm. I hope that we may be able to pass through good, as well as evil report, with a becoming temper. The people here, discover the kindest temper towards me—how long it will continue, I must leave to Him who knows the heart. I have not given my answer, but am waiting for the people to take care of Mr. Whitman's support—their committee is to wait on him this evening for that purpose. So far as I can see, I must settle here, unless I resist a call of providence. Possibly, I

shall not be at home so soon as I expected, but would hope that you may be ready to remove by the middle of June. Better be ready a week too soon, than too late, as I shall bring some company with me, and it will be difficult to make a long stay. I have nothing new to write. I wrote last by Mr. Crocker, of Taunton, which I hope you have received. I have had an ill turn since I have been here, but it was of short continuance. Give tenderest love to our dear div-plank, and accept sincerest affection to yourself. I commit you, my dear, and all ours, as I hope I am every day commended by you, to the tender mercy of that God who is so kind to the evil and unthankful.

I am your truly affectionate husband,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

P. S. I am sometimes quite homesick. I do not know how to think of home, or to write home, with the thought of being kept from it so long. But I trust we shall be together forever with the Lord. Wherefore let us comfort one another with these words.

ROXBURY, January 20th, 1768.

My Dear Children,—

I take this opportunity to write to you. We did hope to converse together by writing, although we could not see each other; but I

think it is almost laid aside, for which I mourn. We once in a while hear from you by the post. We have not heard the particulars of your installment, which mothers want to hear. I hope you are well settled. I pray God to make you a good minister of Jesus Christ. You have gone through many difficulties; I hope you will have them still in remembrance, and be humble. We ought not to be lifted up by prosperity, nor cast down by adversity; but to put our trust in God, who orders all things for the best, for them that love Him. I long to see you all, but must submit to the divine will. I hope the distance between us will not make you forget your aged parents. Your father has been as well this winter as I ever knew him, except one ill turn. I have been very poorly. I would not forget to thank you both for your kindness to J. He followed Dr. H's, advice and got better. We all send love to yourselves, and yours; and desire your prayers for us.

It has been as cold this winter as ever known. I hope you will write the first opportunity. I have many things to say, which I must omit. You will overlook my weakness.

These, from your affectionate mother,

MARY PATTEN.

I just take the liberty at the bottom of your mother's letter, to add my request that you will be so kind as to let us hear, if any thing material should occur relating to your circumstances, whether prosperous, or adverse; for we look on

you as members with whom the whole body hath
a mutual sympathy and concern.

Yours, NATH'L PATTEN,
Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

FROM PRESIDENT WHEELOCK,

LEBANON, February 6th, 1769.

Dear Mr. Patten,—

The first I heard of Wheelock's misfortune, was by Capt. Cushman, and the last account we had was a little more favorable, though upon the whole left little encouragement of his recovering a state of soundness. I should have visited you before now, if I could. It would be long and needless, to relate the scenes I have passed through, which have made the delay of my visit unavoidable. In addition to that which was upon my hands before, God has been graciously crowding my house for some time with convicted souls. The religious concern has now spread through the whole parish. Twenty were admitted into the church here yesterday, (one of whom was daughter Mary,)—four were pro-pounded. There have been near thirty, in the judgment of charity, converted already, since the beginning of this season; and great numbers under awakening. I hope it is yet increasing. The ears of the people in general, are opened to hear the word, Assemblies full, and attention

solemn. If you could leave your family, and flock, and keep *Sabbath* with us, it would be peculiarly agreeable to me, and my people. Through the pure mercy of God, the progress of this work has been such hitherto, that the accuser of the brethren has not been able to form any plausible objection either against the work itself, or the subjects or promoters of it. I much regret that my son, and scholars at college, should not have the opportunity which they might have here, of seeing the most important doctrines of the gospel clearly exemplified. I imagine they would get more of that knowledge which is most useful and necessary for a spiritual guide, in one month, than they can at college, without these advantages, in some years.

We all give love to you both, and yours, and especially your affectionate father,

ELEAZER WHEELOCK.

Rev. William Patten.

ROXBURY, January 19th, 1775.

My Dear Daughter,—

It grieves me to write to you what I know will increase your sorrow; although my own is as much as I can well support under, yet I would gladly take a part of your's if it might ease you, if such a thing could be.

My son, and your dear partner in life, is gone from a world of sorrow, to a state of joy and

peace, forever—and is there waiting to congratulate you, and me, on our arrival at that happy world. He has left us to weep in this vale of tears a short time, when, I trust, all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes. The doctor was here from Boston last Sabbath to see my son, and said he hoped if he could take his medicines, he would get better. He took twice of them that day, but grew worse. Sabbath night, my wife and I, sat up with him all night; he lay very still, took things several times, but breathed short. We thought he would have died before morning. In the morning, Mr. Adams called to see him, and prayed with him, but my son could not speak so as to be understood but a word or two at a time. He seemed to have the use of his reason, except at some small intervals, when he would call for his *dear*. I asked him if he was sensible he was drawing near the close of life; he said he was. I told him I hoped his faith and hope held out; he said with a placid air, O Yes! About half an hour past three o'clock in the afternoon, he fell asleep in Jesus, without the least struggle, or gasp—like one falling into a sweet sleep. I propose interring his remains this day in a tomb built for the ministry.

We pray earnestly that God would be a father to the fatherless, and the widows God,—support and supply all your wants. I must break off for this time, but shall take the first opportunity to write again. My wife and family, join in love

to yourself, and children, with your affectionate,
though afflicted father,

NATH'L PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

ROXBURY, January 24th, 1775.

My Dear Daughter,—

I would fain keep up a free and kind correspondence with you, in your desolate state, by letters. Although we are separated in body, yet we have this consolation, that we may converse with each other in a way that may be a means of support and comfort; and blessed be God, we have a greater privilege than that, viz: we have free liberty of access to the throne of grace through a glorious Mediator, with assurance of being heard, when we ask for things agreeable to the divine will, in the full assurance of faith; there, our prayers may meet for each other, and the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous, availeth much—however mean and contemptible they may be in the world.

In my last, I informed you of the death of your dear consort. He died on Monday, and was interred on Thursday, in the tomb. Notwithstanding his great humility, and desire of a mean burial, he had a very decent and honorable one. His remains lie with all the ministers that have been settled in Roxbury since it was a town, that have died in this parish. There, we laid

him in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to immortality, and eternal life, through Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life. His coffin was adorned with a large plate on the lid, with his name and age, and six large escutcheons with handles. There were eight under-bearers. The pall holders, were the Rev. Messrs. Adams, Gordon, and Marsh, of Roxbury—Howard and Howe from Boston—and Hasen from Dedham. And it was a very solemn day to my family. After the death of a near friend, is a time for consideration and reflection on my past conduct towards my dear son, with sorrow that I did not show more pity and sympathy with him in his distressed condition, instead of urging him to eat, when it was not in his power, for it put him into an agony to mention it to him;—but, I did it ignorantly, with anxious concern for his life and health, not having heard before of any person being in such a state, but since, I have heard of several—Mr. Hubbard and his wife of Boston.—He had no disease but loathing every thing, and so died for want of nourishment—so did his wife; and Mr. Adams said his wife was in the same condition sometime before she died. These all lived very temperately upon all accounts. I believe appetite to receive food, is the gift of God, as much as the food, and we ought to be as thankful for it.

We are greatly concerned for you, but we commend you to that God whose tender mercies are over all his works. I am hoping, and trust-

ing, that He will do more, and better, than we are able to ask, or even think.

My family join me in the most tender love to yourself and family.

From your most affectionate father,
NATH'L. PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, January 27th, 1775.

My Dear Daughter Patten,—

I can only snatch a moment, to join a tear of condolence with you, on account of the great breach made on you, and your family, by the death of dear Mr. Patten, the mournful news of which, reached us last night. The breach is wide on you and your house, and the world have lost a very great and learned man—one of very uncommon natural, and acquired abilities, but we see equally exposed to the arrest of disease and death with all others. Yet, I hope and trust, God has not, and will not, leave you alone. The promises are open to you, a fountain for your full supply at all times, places, and cases. Now my dear, take them for your heritage; you will find they are a goodly one;—in them you have an husband and a father for your fatherless ones—a friend, a judge, an advocate, and what else do you want? that also will he be to you. I have a thousand tender thoughts of you in your great affliction,

and my bowels often move with compassion towards you ; I wish to have it in my power to lighten your burdens, which none but God alone can support you under. I am glad to understand by Mr. P., that you see the faithfulness of God in your trials, and have your eye to Him, to sanctify and remove the same when, and not until, He has accomplished the designs of His grace which you see these afflictions to be well calculated for, and am comforted to hear that you are in such a hopeful way to reap the peaceable fruits of righteousness in due time—indeed, my dear, it is for this end. Keep on, let patience have its perfect work, look at the things which are not seen—the thought that you will, by and by, reap with many fold more than pay you for all. Your cause is in God's hands, He knows, and has a feeling of all He lays upon you, and will not suffer you to be tempted above what He will enable you to bear.

I want much to hear from Mr. P.—do advise me, by a line, of his and of your state as soon as you can. We all give love, most affectionately, to you and the dear children.

I am, with much concern for you,

Your very affectionate father,

ELEAZER WHEELOCK.

Mrs. Patten.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Jan. 27, 1775.

My Dear Daughter Patten,—

I am struggling through many infirmities and burdens, but hitherto the Lord has been my helper. We have been distressed, till a few days past, with a drought which threatens a light farmer harvest, notwithstanding which, the affairs of the Seminary wear a most agreeable aspect. It flourishes against all opposition—the works of God's grace have been indeed glorious here. Your sister Phelps and family are well, and live near me. Mr. Frisbie, in his late journey to the Jersies, left my horse in Lebanon; if you please to send my little William hither upon him with some safe company, I will take him into this school, and do the best I can for him; in this matter suit yourself, and if you choose to keep William longer, I shall likely, if my life be spared, be as willing to take him sometime hence, as now.

The Lord be with your spirit in this tempestuous day. We give much love to you, and yours. I am my dear, dear child—

Your affectionate father,

ELEAZER WHEELOCK.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

ROXBURY, December 12th, 1775.

My Dear Daughter,—

My own troubles do not make me forget you in your desolate state. I long to see you if it could be, but if that cannot be, to hear from

you as often as there is an opportunity, I am now going to move the third time, to make room for our friends, the soldiers. But as it hath been a common observation that one trouble cometh not alone, so it hath happened to me, I think. I wrote to you that my wife had been sick of a fever, since that Mary hath had two turns of fever, first the scarlet, then the slow fever.—I intended to move before now, but Mary was not able. Mr. Jordon understood I wished to move, and he was so kind as to invite me to his house, although he had taken a family from Boston before. We have many mercies to be thankful for, mixed with our affliction. My dear little William Patten sent me a very kind letter from Dartmouth College. I want to answer it, but have had no opportunity.—I suppose you have heard that Rev. Mr. Adams, our minister, is dead.—Your mother and myself are as well as usual. We all join in sending our most tender love and respects to you and your dear children.

These from your most affectionate father,
 NATH'L. PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

FROM PRESIDENT WHEELOCK.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Feb., 1776.

My Dear Child,—

I have neither health, nor time, nor paper to write as I would to you. My burthens are

very great and many, but God is my helper, and He is my refuge. I feel myself constrained to bless his name for the bitter, as well as the sweet cup, and I think of the two, the former the greatest expression of His fatherly loving-kindness.

I think I have a very good account to give you of your son William. He gives satisfactory evidence of a work of grace (I think) wrought in him, and the fruit hitherto appears to be very good. He was one of those who appeared to be savingly changed within a few days of each other. He appears to be as well as common, is studious, and makes good proficiency. I hope he will be fit for College next fall.

I long to see you—accept our love. I am your affectionate father,

ELEAZER WHEELOCK.

Mrs. Patten.

ROXBURY, June 28th, 1776.

My Dear Daughter,—

I have now once more an opportunity to write a line to you which I gladly improve, to let you know we do not forget you amidst all our troubles. It is long since I heard from you—until Mr. Callender came from Hartford—I have not seen him—but I hear that he brings us news that God is still refining you in the furnace of affliction; may you come forth in due time a

vessel fit for the Master's use. He says that your daughter, who hath been so long on the brink of the grave, is now fallen into it. He says he pitieth you much. It is a great support in affliction to have near friends to converse and condole with us. But, after all, friends are but creature-comforts, and are only what God makes them to us. Yet, God lives the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and has promised that all things shall work for good to all those that love Him. May you be enabled to apply the promises for your relief and comfort. It is long since I gave you, and my all, to the wise disposal of that God who orders every thing in infinite wisdom, for His own glory, and the good of them that make a good improvement of His dealings with them; and I earnestly pray to be kept from anxious cares.

We have returned to our little habitation, and have some of our children with us. Daughter P. is come from B——, and is with us. My son Nathaniel is confined at Nova Scotia. The government will not suffer him to come away. We received a letter from him this month; they were well, but have spent a very disagreeable year. We long to see you if it might be. We are all, through God's goodness, as well as usual, and remember you, and yours, with love and concern.

From your most affectionate father,
NATHANIEL PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, July 8th, 1776.

Ever Honored Parents,—

I am ashamed to write after so long an intermission, and could not attempt it, if I were not conscious my neglect did not proceed from disrespect, but rather from a multitude of cares, and a disposition, as I do not love letter-writing, to put it off from time to time. I wish sir, you could see it in your way to write a little oftener. You are daily with me. Though absent personally, I long much to see you, and hoped I should long ago, but I am fast tied with the bands of poverty, and pride, which I have found to be very effectual. God has taken much pains, speaking after the manner of men, to humble my pride; but alas! I am sensible, that so far from being thoroughly mortified, I have been a dull scholar indeed in the wonderful school I have been so long in. The dispensations of Providence towards me, and my family, have been very wonderful. God has deprived us of every earthly prop, and has proved himself to be an all-sufficient God—the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless; and though there be circumstances that are not quite so agreeable to nature, yet I desire never to indulge a murmuring thought, for I can truly say, notwithstanding my great afflictions, that God has dealt well with me according to his word. When I set one thing over against another, I have reason to bless my heavenly Father.

Public prospects are, at present, very gloomy, and I fear will be more so. I have some thoughts of my daughters making you a visit in about five or six weeks, if Providence permit. I heard from W. and R. about three weeks ago; they are well, and quite happy—friends are in a comfortable state there. The College is in a very broken state, by reason of the distressing times. There is a prospect of the South Church being supplied with a pastor. One Mr. B., who is now preaching on probation, I suppose will soon have a call. I trust we are not forgotten by you at the throne of grace. The children give duty. They want very much to see their grand-parents. Remember me in the most cordial manner to the several branches of your family, and accept much duty to yourselves.

From your dutiful daughter,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Patten, Roxbury, Mass.

ROXBURY, Mass. July 16th, 1776.

My Dear Daughter,—

I received your kind favor yesterday, for which I give you a thousand thanks. You will not harbor a jealous thought that we forget you, if you consider the deplorable situation we have been in. The very seat of civil war—cannon balls often flying among us, and into our houses. About the 19th of April, we heard the

British troops were coming out of Boston into the country on some hostile design. We thought it likely that they would destroy Roxbury, as they went along. We therefore in a hurry tumbled out what we could of our most valuable effects under fences, or where we thought they would be a little out of sight, as we had not time to remove them far. But it appeared their orders were to go to Concord, and destroy the magazine, and stores there. They went peaceably, until they got to Lexington, where they killed eight men; and then continued their rout to Concord, where they did some mischief, and killed one or two men. Then our people thought it high time to defend themselves. There were a few collected, some say 50 or 60 at first, who attacked the King's troops with such resolution as made them retreat, and as they retreated, our people kept gathering, until they amounted to about three hundred, as I have heard some say, who were in the battle, that attacked the king's troops, at any one time; and yet they fled before our people, for the Lord was with them, and they could not stand before them. How wonderful was it to see 500 men drive 2,000 veteran troops, for twenty miles, who had boasted so much what they could do with the Yankees. After this battle, in which they lost five hundred men, according to the best accounts we could get, I thought they would not dare to come out again. I got our things into the house again, and staid until all the people had removed from the lower end

of the town, a great many for near half a mile above us ; still, I thought there was no danger of their coming out ; perhaps they might take it into their heads to fire their cannon, and spoil our houses, but thought after the first shot or two we should have time to escape ; but one night about 9 o'clock, there was news that the troops were coming out of town ; my son came in and told his mother, he thought she had better get out of the way if she could :—it was very dark and muddy, and no horse to be got, they were all gone ; so she was obliged to travel nearly a mile in the mud, which she had not done for seven years. After that, she said she could not go home again—she could not run away if there should be occasion. Afterward she was taken sick with a fever, and was nigh death, according to human appearance ; but God had something more for her to do or suffer. Afterward Jonathan and I staid until they fired their cannon balls into a number of houses, and one into our store, and two more, one on each side. Since that, every few days they fire into Roxbury, and have shattered some of the houses very much. After we were driven away, we went just up by the middle meeting-house, and hired a store, and part of a house, so that we have as good accommodations as we can expect in these times. My son Jonathan is in very good business—he is settler for the army. We have many mercies to be thankful for, notwithstanding our afflictions. These troubles sometimes have altered the course

of the post-riders;—they can come no further than Cambridge. I have waited to write to you for a long time, and have been seeking for an opportunity, but this is the first.

I am glad to hear that any of your family are in health, and very sorry to hear of the indisposed state of dear little William and Charlotte. May God preserve them by his providence, and form them by His grace, to do special service for Him in the world.

I long to see you, and yours. Why cannot you come and see us when the weather grows a little cooler? I apprehend we are as safe as you are. We are out of the reach of their cannon. They are not about to come out; I believe they have paid pretty dear for their impudence. They had more than a thousand killed, and then five hundred wounded in the battle at Charlestown.

We are all as well as usual, and remember you, and yours, with love and great concern.

Your most affectionate father,

NATH'L. PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

TWO LETTERS FROM THE ELDEST BROTHER—AN INVALID.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, May 2d, 1773.

My Very Dear Sister,—

Not a day passes, but you with yours, have your part in the warmest place in my heart.

I much long to hear from you, but more to enjoy an interview with you in some retired corner. I enjoy, through the goodness of my God, some measure of health, though I find no satisfaction to that degree as when I left Connecticut; since the returns of my disorders are more frequent, and my pains more severe, and my mind more subject to gloom.—What are the designs of my God to me, is a secret. I intended to have seen you this week, had I not received a line with some medicines from Dr. H., whereby I shall not hurry.

The affairs of the family are much as formerly. I find our parent wears the marks of age in his appearance, and a weight on his shoulders almost insupportable. I long to be able to take from him part of his burdens, as he finds but very little help. I conclude before this reaches you, you will have heard of the broken state of our dear sister Phelps, and her family, by the death of our worthy brother, the Colonel—a heavy breach, not only to the widow and the fatherless ones, but to the public, as he was just entering into a large and useful field in a civil life—but he is gone!

What, my sister, shall I do? where shall I go? and into what scenes shall I attempt to enter to serve my God, and the best interests of my fellow men? I could talk with you all night were I with you. I hope friends in Hartford are well.

I suppose my father writes Mr. Patten, there-

fore excuse only with love, and to the little ones as if mentioned by name, with compliments to all inquiring friends, and know me to be without a preamble,

Your affectionate brother,

RALPH WHEELOCK.

Mrs Ruth Patten.

DARTMOUTH, May 15th, 1775.

Dear Sister,—

I find an additional circumstance to my comfort of mind in my retired and secret devotion, that I have a sister so near and dear to me, with her little flock around, whom I can with so much pleasure remember, and hope desires ever to meet at the fountain head, without contradiction, or a mistrustful thought.

I wrote you by Esquire Curtis in great hurry, which I conclude you received, as I now do by Mr. Smith the bearer, a tutor of Dartmouth, of a modest, amiable disposition, who comes in haste on affairs of our father. The oeconomy of our country, and family, are much as they were when I first wrote. Our parent lives with a load daily on his shoulders, which at times, appears insupportable, and no earthly friend to unbosom himself to, as is most agreeable to his natural mind, though, I doubt not, he finds a leaning place at times—all is better. I have but little converse with the house more than a

stranger, and did I not at times find freedom in my nearest approach to the feet of mercy, it seems to me, my trials would be insupportable; but blessed be God, when earthly burdens are greatest, heavenly joys are sweetest. I believe something will yet appear in the plan of our God by and by to the world, now unthought of, though it is only a thought. How are your circumstances? and—I am yet undetermined where to set my stakes for life, but was that concluded many hinderances would arise. I wait on God. Give duty, love and compliments to all, as due, especially to some of our old Christian friends. Write me particularly by the bearer when he returns. I want to converse with you more than is proper to write. Remember me in your nearest and warmest approaches to the throne of grace, and believe me to be as ever—

Your affectionate brother,

RALPH WHEELLOCK.

Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, June 5th, 1775.

What is it, my dear sister, that causes our profound silence? Is it carelessness or indolence or a scene of cares, or a want of love? I hope it is not the latter. I have felt myself reprov'd when I thought of your great trials—the loss of your two daughters, though my information was accidental. We live in a dying world however

hard it may be to realize it. I hope they were prepared, and that you reap the great blessing of sanctified afflictions—they are necessary for us, we cannot grow in a Christian life without them. What a happiness it ought ever to afford us that the perfections of our God are infinite; that His promises to us are sufficient for our support and comfort. May we ever be enabled to rest all that is dear in His hands.

I shall send this by cousin Woodward, he can tell you every thing respecting my family that I can write. Do, my dear sister, let me have a line from you soon, and believe me,

Your sympathizing and affectionate sister,

R. PATTEN.

Mrs. Young.

HANOVER, September 1st, 1775.

Ever Dear Sister,—

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of August ult., and sincerely partake with you in deep sorrow for the departure of our dear sisters. It becomes us to submit, cheerfully, to the decrees of our Heavenly Father. Whatever may be the afflictions, they are all in mercy to those who love Him. Let us feel as strangers and pilgrims here below. Our journey is short, but if we are faithful under Jesus, our great Captain, we shall, ere long enter into the promised land—ere long, become inhabitants of the new Jerusalem, and join with our Fathers, the saints and angels, in the banquet of eternal love and praise.

I have lately visited our brother Ralph W.* His health appears as good except the decays of age, as it has been for many years past, though somewhat unsettled in mind, and occasionally desponding, yet he appears to experience a well grounded hope that in due time he shall enter that rest which is prepared for the people of God, to whom he devoted himself in his early days, and had commenced serving in the gospel ministry.

We strongly hoped, and even expected, that you, or some of your dear family, would have visited us this season. We should be truly happy, could you, or they, come. We rejoice to be informed of your health, and of course anticipate the pleasure of seeing you as proposed, for you have as good a right as the rest of the world to oblige your friends with your agreeable company.

Give love to your family, and make me happy by always hearing of your state and condition.

I am dear sister, yours very affectionately,

JOHN WHEELOCK.

PLYMOUTH, 7th January, 1784.

Very Dear Sister,—

I intended to have written to you last June from the Hague, when I wrote to Mr. Pomeroy, but was prevented by the too early de-

* Partially deranged.

parture of the vessel. A kind Providence prospered us as well as could have been expected—by the friendship of the *Prince of Orange*, his Court, and connections in the United States of Holland. In England we have procured a respectable philosophical apparatus, which is now enlarging, with a valuable addition to our library, by the generous attention of several eminent characters. We left London on the 3d of October, but suffered greatly by a series of violent gales of wind, in one of which, the ship was dismasted and shattered. We were driven into Halifax, Nova Scotia, about the last of December. After the vessel was repaired, we sailed for Boston; but, in a most severe gale of wind, were shipwrecked on the coast of Cape Cod, at 4 o'clock, A. M., on the 2d instant. A lady of New York, Mr. Jarvis of Boston, and several other gentlemen, were passengers with us. None, my dear sister, can conceive of our distress in the horrors of that night. Nothing but death appeared before us. But God was our helper, and deliverer. We think of Him in danger, but too little in prosperity. The lives of near forty persons were saved, though many things lost—among the rest, my *strong box* became a prey to the ocean, and all our money lost, and every important paper, some of which, were of five thousand pounds consequence to the Institution. We have had a very pleasing tour, and I had the happiness to form many agreeable and respectable connections of noble and honorable rank in

different parts of Europe. There has not passed a day but I have thought of you with all the affection of which you know I am possessed. I have not been unmindful of the money which you obliged us with; sensible that it must be consequential to you. I could have transmitted the money from Europe, but as we proposed to return soon, my intention was, in the first place, to cancel your debt out of the money with us, but in that alarming shipwreck the whole was sacrificed to the raging billows. Yet, notwithstanding my dear sister, my immediate attention shall be to that matter, and to do something for your comfort and advantage. You may expect a letter from me soon after my arrival at home. I wish to receive a letter from you as soon as may be with convenience—directed to the College, and informing concerning your health and circumstances. By hazards, and dangers, may we realize the mercy of God, and our dependence on Him. Give my particular love to my cousins of the family, and believe that I shall unalterably remain, my very dear sister, your most affectionate and faithful brother,

JOHN WHEELOCK.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, August 21st, 1785.

Very Dear Sister,—

You think because I have not written before, that you are forgotten, but it is not so, and will never be, unless I should lose the prin-

ciples of affection and reason. A thousand times I was intending to write, and a thousand things crowded in and drove me from the pleasing task.

Your son, Mr. Patten, I hear of with the highest pleasure. May God spare his health, and make him more and more useful. I shall always love him, and the rest of your dear family. Remember me to them most cordially.

Brother R. you have doubtless seen before the date of this. It would have been more pleasing if he had not taken the journey so soon—but he was determined. He will be comfortable at your house. He may at any time have whatever he wants for his comfort or happiness within our power. His orders, and accounts, shall all be answered in any way but hard money, which is difficult, even impossible, to get; except enough for his incidental expenses.

The Institution, under God, is prosperous, both as to its internal, and external state. May He make and keep it a pure fountain of religion, as well as knowledge.

I want much to see you—wish you could journey hither. Your son George must have an education—they say he is a genius. God grant that he may be a good Christian too. I have no time to write Mr. P., pray give my affectionate regards to him. Believe me to be invariably, dear sister,

Your most attached brother,

JOHN WHEELOCK.

P. S. I beg you to write often, and be so good as to wake up Mr. Patten. He has much of my charity as a preacher, but not the receipt of one letter to thank him for.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Nov. 17th, 1806.

My Dear Sister,—

It afforded me great pleasure to receive your favor of the 15th ult., by the son of Mr. Francis. He is a youth whom I highly esteem, as exemplary in his manners, attentive in his pursuits, and amiable in his disposition. He exhibits fair and promising tokens of future usefulness. I wish you to remember me particularly to his worthy father, and also to the Rev. Mr. Flint, to whom I shall endeavor to write before long, as I am not now allowed time.

I rejoice to hear of your good health, and also of the dear children—Mrs. Wheelock and Maria join me in cordial remembrance and sincere love to you, and all of them. What abundant reason have you to bless the Author of our existence, and comforts, for His great goodness, in making you and them so useful? Let us unite in a tribute of praise to Him, whose mercies endure forever. May we always feel our dependence on Him, and live as stewards who must render an account, and as heirs of eternal inheritance.

I remain, with unalterable affection to you and yours, dear sister, your faithful and obedient brother,

JOHN WHEELOCK.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, August 29th, 1812.

Dear Sister,—

I have been long wishing to write you, but could find no favorable conveyance until the present, offered by the goodness of Mr. N——. I greatly regret that you have received no stated account of the death of our dear brother Eleazer. I was less attentive to communicate on the subject, as I understood that some of our friends here had written to you on the subject. Above five years ago, he concluded to remove from this country. You know that in former years he was unsteady and irregular, which reduced his property, but his unfavorable habits were concentrated in himself rather than injurious to others. He was for sometime before he removed, altering his views and practices, and became reformed. He was sensible of, and deeply regretted, his former mode of practice, and manifested a spirit which I rejoiced to consider as comporting with the character of a true follower of our blessed Saviour. Thus he appeared when he removed with his family to the country bordering on the Ohio, near which river, on the west side, he settled at *Boatrun*, a place about 16 miles above *Cincinnati*. There he was industrious, and after enduring great hardships with his dear wife and family, found the prospect of a comfortable living more favorable. During his residence in that country he had been rather infirm, and considerably emaciated. We were happy to hear, by creditable persons

who had seen him there, that he was regular and steady in his conduct, and had the friendship and esteem of the people around him. He taught school at intervals when not laboring on his farm. His health was rather declining, when he received two successive shocks of the apoplectic nature. For some time before his death, he seemed to have forebodings of his departure; he habitually expressed entire resignation to the will of God, and manifested an entire willingness to leave his clayey abode whenever the time destined by divine Providence should come. He familiarly contemplated the solemn scene of dying, and repeatedly spake of it with serenity and tenderness to his wife and family, and gave to them good counsel and advice. On the 7th of last December, while standing and cutting down a tree a few rods from his house, he was seized with the third shock, and fell; his wife was there in sight—came and embraced him—medical assistance was obtained, but all in vain. His children were all soon around him in tears; he cast his eye on one and wished him not to weep; he expired in a few minutes. He left three daughters by the first wife, and six children by his last, being 5 sons and one daughter. One of the former, and all his last children, were with him when he died—his eldest son Eleazer being 19 years old. His widow is a very sensible, prudent, and good woman. They had lived together in the greatest harmony and affection, and I believe, from best accounts, brought up

their children in good habits of order and religion. Such is the end which awaits the living—it is appointed for all once to die. The best and tenderest friends *must* part; happy for those who are resigned to the divine will, who count all things here as loss and dross for the sake of Christ; who have evidence by the testimony of the Holy Spirit, that they are heirs to an inheritance which is incorruptible. I could say a thousand things more, but I must bring this long letter to a close.

Mrs. W., and our daughter, join me in love, and most affectionate remembrance to you and the dear children. We long much to see you and them, and we have been hoping for a visit from you, and some of the family. Our brother, the Major, enjoys pretty good health—he lives at Capt. S's. He and his wife, and his family, are respectable, worthy people, and brother Ralph is well taken care of, and provided for; he lives about eight miles from us, and we have been often to see him. You have doubtless heard of our difficulties here. Things have been for a year, more still. It must be an unceasing consolation to the pious that God reigns, and will protect and support His heritage in spite of earth and hell. We must be firm in his cause. Let us be humble, and trust in Him, and we shall enjoy His favor which is better than life. I never can, nor will, forsake those first principles on which our departed father founded this Institution; but I am a feeble, imperfect mortal, and

continually need divine wisdom to direct, and divine grace to strengthen my resolution. I have not room to enlarge, nor would I be tiresome to you by too long a letter. I hope you will be so kind as to write before long, we shall always rejoice to hear from you, or any of the dear family. I remain, my dear sister,

Your most sincere and affectionate brother,

JOHN WHEELLOCK.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, September 12th, 1812.

My Dear Brother,—

We have been anxiously waiting, and hoping to hear from you this long time. Last week our nephew arrived, on his way to Richmond. He informed us that your health was much impaired, which I feared would be the case after such a trying scene. We are so constituted, that a long course of troubles undermines the constitution. At your time of life, after so long a scene of unexampled prosperity, it is more trying than it would have been in the former part of life. This, my dear brother, is not our rest. By all that we meet with, may we be refining, and preparing for a glorious immortality, where we may enjoy, not only each other's company, but see our dear Redeemer face to face—our dear connections, and the glorified inhabitants, freed from sin and sorrow, reproaches and calumny.

We feel much interest in that great affair

between you and the College, but trust that the Supreme disposer of all things will bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. With Him we must rest all our cares, all our fears. May we ever be satisfied with His decision. O, how much we need humbling; may all we meet with serve to humble us, and to prove us, and to do us good, and to show us what is in our hearts. When you have taken leave of the College, it would be gratifying to your friends to have your worthy son-in-law, the Rev. W. A., succeed you in office. We have an high opinion of him as a Christian and scholar, but we hope you will be reinstated, and continue a great blessing for years to come. We must leave all things in the hands of Him who doeth all things well.

Cousin W. informed us you proposed a journey soon. Where can you be more welcome than at Hartford? Do take sister;—come and spend sometime with us, we long to see you—you have many friends here. Dr. Strong observed it was a general time for revolution, it was nothing strange or new. Should it not be convenient to make a tour this way, will you not write soon. Your views, your comforts, your perplexities—we feel deeply interested in all your concerns.

With the most cordial affection for yourself and yours, I am, my dear brother, in behalf of my children, your invariable friend and sister,

RUTH PATTEN.

President Wheelock.

FROM PRESIDENT JOHN WHELOCK.

HANOVER, October 4th, 1815.

Dear Sister,—

I hasten to acknowledge your kind letter of August 11th, which was long on the road, as it very lately came to hand. My daughter informed us of the very agreeable and pleasant visit which she and her consort made to see you; and it gives me pleasure that you like the choice she made of a partner. I think he has qualities which recommend him, but especially the grace of God as I trust in his heart.

It gives me satisfaction to hear that you received the sketches. They contain the truth, and for this I am assailed and persecuted by the eight trustees. My duty has called me to declare the facts that are published, though I have never owned nor denied myself to be the author. You have, no doubt, understood how the 8 trustees have expelled me from office. But I had far rather be thus cast off with a good conscience, than to have settled matters with them and remain in office by declaring a lie in doing away the sketches as was offered. What may be the result of these things none can say; it is enough for us to discharge our duty, the testimony of a good conscience, and trust in God; He will mercifully accept the humility and faith of his children. Let us, my dear sister, live to his glory, and always rejoice in Him, and that all things will terminate in good. May his loving kindness be always continued to you, and to all of your

dear family. Mrs. Wheelock and I remember much love to you and them. Williams and friends here often mention you with affection. Brother Ralph continues to live at Deacon S's. He is in usual health, and is well taken care of. We want much to see you and yours here. We hope that we may be together again before we shall be called by our heavenly Father to leave these houses of clay. But, wherever we may be, we know that our greatest happiness must consist in being resigned to the divine will.

Dear sister, your most affectionate brother,

JOHN WHEELOCK.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HANOVER, April 5th, 1817.

Dear Madam,—

It is a mournful duty incumbent upon me to apprise you of the decease of your brother, and my honored father, President Wheelock.— It pleased God to take him from the world yesterday, at 12 o'clock. It will rejoice you to be informed that "at evening time it was light," with him. During his whole illness, he was favored with a most remarkable tranquility of mind, having no anxiety respecting his own interest in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, and confident in relation to college difficulties, that the God of righteousness would bring all things right in the end. His confidence was not mis-

placed, nor disappointed. It strikes me as a remarkable providence, that after all his trials, and injuries, your deceased brother should be spared to be restored to the office from which he was unjustly removed, and to have a fair prospect of the complete success of that system in relation to this Institution which he approved.

It is remarkable also, that for a month or six weeks, he should have with him his daughter, after an absence at Pittsfield of four years. Surely there is a God of faithfulness, justice, and truth.

It was so late as yesterday morning, that your honored brother declared that he was rejoicing, and that having faith in God, he was satisfied with every thing, and in his sickness he seemed to be at peace with all men. He prayed God to bless his enemies, having, as he said, no ill will towards them. To your brother James, who called several times, he addressed him as became an affectionate departing brother, and commended him to the divine benediction. It was his wish, he said, to devote all to God, and to the same purpose he exhorted his family. Having no merit of his own, his whole trust was in the merits of Jesus Christ for acceptance with God.

In respect to the nature of his disorder, the physician has considered it a dropsy of the chest. For many months he has been bolstered up on his bed at night. For a few weeks he has had a copious expectoration, which within a few days was tinged with blood. Finally, he quietly

breathed his last. His funeral is appointed to be on Tuesday next. Although his last will and testament has not been presented to the Judge of Probate, I am able to inform you that among his bequests, to his two widowed daughters, one hundred dollars each. To the University he has bequeathed property for the purpose of founding two professorships of mathematics, and of natural and experimental philosophy, and of the languages. To Moor's school, one thousand dollars, for the benefit of indigent and worthy students.

Your letter a short time since, with that of your sons, was thankfully received by us. My dear mother and Malleville, support their affliction with as much fortitude as could be expected.

With affectionate regards to your excellent family, your afflicted friend and nephew,

W. A.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, August 1st, 1817.

My Dear Sister,—

A very long, distressing confinement, will be my apology for not writing before. I have been wonderfully preserved from death by a fall backward down stairs. My neck and back were particularly wounded. Though in a debilitated state, I am better than we had any reason to suppose. We sympathize with you my sister, and

your dear family, for the loss of one of the best of friends. He was indeed very dear to me; I felt deeply interested in all his affairs, and I hope have taken a suitable notice of the kind interposition of a divine Providence in behalf of yourself and yours, in placing your beloved children with you and your son at the head of the University. Though it is true we do not know how affairs will be settled, yet we trust the termination will be favorable. I feel satisfied that all things will be ordered in the best manner. Let us wait and see the salvation of the Lord, and though our dear friend was not permitted to live to see it, yet God will in His own time, and way, restore peace and prosperity to the dear Seminary. May your beloved and worthy son long preside over it, and prove a great and rich blessing. In all the dispensations of Providence may we set one thing over against another, and we shall find the ways of God are equal. Mercies and afflictions go side by side. We were much obliged by the Dartmouth intelligence respecting my dear brother; it was truly refreshing. The Lord hath "brought forth his righteousness as the light, and his judgment as the noon-day."

My children unite in cordial and affectionate regards to yourself and yours, with your truly sympathizing sister,

R. PATTEN.

Mrs. John Wheelock,

FROM PRESIDENT A.

MADAM RUTH PATTEN.—

My Dear Aunt,—We had the pleasure by last evening's mail, to receive a letter from you, which reminds me that instead of making apologies for my neglect in writing to one I so highly venerate, I should immediately assure you of my respect and affection. M. and myself have just returned from a long journey, which, through the goodness of God, has proved very beneficial to her health. Accompanied by some friends, we went to Lancaster, (76 miles,) thence through the Notch of the *White Mountains* to Fryeburg, (60 miles,) thence by way of Portland to Concord, (145 miles,) and home, (54 miles). There is in the *White Hills* a sublimity which cannot be described; we passed through the gap at the best season, while the mountains were white with snow, the melting of which produced several foaming torrents, which we saw rushing down furiously the sides of the mountains; two of them which we crossed were precipitated from the height of several hundred feet at no great distance, and seemed, in fact, to come from the very top of the mountain. In the view of such objects what poor worms of the dust do we feel that we are, and how great is the majesty of Him who planted the everlasting hills. At Fryeburg, we found our friends mourning your excellent sister, Mrs. Ripley, who about a month before was committed to the dust. Mrs. D. who had been unwell, we found in good health. C.

is at an age when efforts are made to draw her away from the protection of her parents, with what success time will disclose. In regard to my own family, the blessing of God is at present with us. Mrs. Wheelock is in comfortable health, but there is reason to fear that our friend, Judge Woodward, although he is able to ride out, yet is not destined to continue many months on the earth. How constantly are we taught, in the providence of God, that we are pilgrims on the earth, traveling to the grave; and how forcibly are we urged to do with our might whatever our hands find to do, for the glory of God and the good of our brethren, and for our own immortal welfare; such, I suppose, is your habitual impression. Blessed are they whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.

The great college question is not to be settled until next February; in other respects we are quiet, our other difficulties being done away. Our friends are increasing in New Hampshire. After a decision we hope to thrive. Uncle J. adheres firmly to the cause which he has espoused. His son, our cousin J. W., this day preached in the meeting-house here, with what acceptance I have not heard, as we have worship constantly in the chapel. With much love from all, to all, I am, with great respect and affection,

Your friend and nephew,

W. A.

HANOVER, August 22d, 1818.

Dear Madam,—

By arrangement with Mrs. Lyman, her daughter Eliza, who has been living with us sometime past, the bearer of this, is sent to your kind care until notice is sent to her friends who will remove her to their abode.

The death of Judge Woodward on the 9th instant, has given us great affliction. The loss to family, University, and the public, cannot be repaired. An eulogy on him by Professor Perkins is to be pronounced on Wednesday. He departed in great peace apparently, wholly resigned to the divine will. I feel myself again admonished to do with my might whatever my hand findeth to do, since there is no work in the grave whither I am going.

My sister, Mrs. Ripley, was early in July at Vallesana Bay, of St Louis, with her husband and children in good health. We are comfortable, but Mrs. W. and M. may be classed rather with the invalids than the strong.

Of your welfare, and that of yours, I had the pleasure of hearing by Mr. Perry. With affectionate regards to your family,

I am yours, respectfully and sincerely,

W. A.

Mrs. Patten.

HANOVER, September 14th, 1818.

My Very Dear Aunt,—

Your kind, truly sympathizing, and affectionate letter to my dear mother, should not

have remained so long unnoticed by me had not my ill health prevented. This is the first day since the birth of my last little girl that I have felt as if I could write a letter, and she is more than seven months old. My dear mother had an illness last fall which proved almost fatal to her, but our God blessed the means used for prolonging her to us; although since then her health has been feeble. She has not yet been out of the house, and I sometimes fear she may not long be continued to us, but I hope when the weather gets so that she can ride, she will gain strength, and perhaps enjoy tolerable health, though I fear she will never be very well. My mother is unable to write herself, but she has been anxious that I should tender to you for her, her affectionate thanks for your dear letter, and assure you of the affection she feels for you, as a sister, and a very dear and faithful friend to my departed father—while many turned against him, you were always his friend. My dear mother is tenderly attached to you, and if possible, feels her attachment increased since the death of her dear companion. She frequently wishes she could see you. I wish you could be persuaded with my dear cousin to make us a visit; will it not be possible for you to come next summer? You will find many friends here, who will most affectionately greet you. Truly you would find this place bereft of almost every relative who once claimed your affection, but others now claim their share, and you would feel a mournful

pleasure in viewing that earth which contains the mouldering remains of those once so dear to you. My dear aunt, cannot you be persuaded to come? you will find the journey short, if you do but once get started. Tell cousin George not to throw any mountains in your way, for they only exist in his imagination; if he doubts my assertion, let him only explore the roads himself, and as to crossing rivers even, he will be constrained to acknowledge the safety of good boats, and admire the convenience of bridges.

It is now more than a year since my dear father left this world of sin, of suffering, and of sorrow, to reap the reward promised to those who faithfully perform their allotted duties while here. His was a thorny road, but he was enabled undeviatingly to pursue his path. The glory of his God was the great point whither his wishes tended. He lived "the life of the righteous, and his last end was like theirs." He is now enjoying the presence of that God whom he served while here below. He will not return to us, yet we are not left without hope that we shall again see him. My dear mother's spirits are good, she is always cheerful, and what time she gives to this world, her little grand-children secure for themselves. They are very fond of her, and she delights in amusing them. She feels that although she has been deeply afflicted, she has many blessings and comforts left, and I cannot but feel happy that I have been providentially instrumental in giving her a son who has secured her confidence and affection.

Our dear cousin, Wm. Woodward's health is very feeble; our fears are greater than our hopes respecting him; yet we cannot but anticipate some relief when the weather becomes more settled, and he should be able to ride, that he may recruit—he has failed much the winter past; his mind appears calm and happy: he feels that God's time is the best, but says nothing of himself.

Cousin M. is well, and we expect Cousin Annette by the last of this month; you probably know her husband is one of our professors.

Uncle J. and family, we know but little about, as none of them are often seen. I have done all that I could to conciliate their feelings, for it is my sincere wish to pass by every thing, and now live as we ought—but they cannot feel right as yet. If you would but come and see us, how much more you would know of us than it is possible to tell in a letter.

Our affairs, as it respects the institution, are yet unsettled. Our confidence remains firm that the cause of truth and of justice will triumph. The others still go on—we find that justice is slow, but we feel that it is sure.

My dear mother and husband join with me in much affection to yourself, and our dear cousins.

Sincerely, your niece,

M. A.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HANOVER, March 9th, 1820.

My Dear Aunt,—

We were highly gratified by your letter, received by the last mail. For myself I receive with much gratitude your congratulations on my appointment to an arduous and important station. The remarkable unanimity attending the election, and all the circumstances which have come to my knowledge, have satisfied me, and my family, that it is the will of Providence that we should live in Maine and not in New Hampshire. There are many things relating to this affair peculiarly pleasant ; a new and growing State, destined to be large and powerful ;—a prosperous college already with eighty students, with near a quarter of them professors of religion—excellent professors and tutors, among whom is an old acquaintance, Mr. Cleaveland, author of a celebrated work on Mineralogy ;—a pleasant village—the warm friendship of the ministers of Maine—tranquility as I trust, and peace. Surely we have great occasion for thankfulness to the wise disposer of events ; and I am laid under great obligations to be diligent and faithful, while I feel strongly my need of that grace, which only can render me so. Already all my books and much of my furniture are deposited at Brunswick, though I do not expect to remove my family before the month of June. Mrs. Wheelock thinks with much cheerfulness of a removal, and we hope she will have strength for the journey. Her health is better than we apprehended

it would be at this time. A visit to Hartford she cannot anticipate ; but to see you and others of your happy family, at Hanover, before we remove, would be a source of great pleasure.

I have prepared for you a small packet, (which I hope will accompany this letter,) containing all the numbers of the accounts of Moor's school, by your honored father, which are in my hands, together with one of his manuscript sermons, which may be acceptable to you. The book of which you spoke, when I was at your house, I was not able to find among the books of the late President Wheelock, or I should carefully transmit it to you. That your last days may be cheered with the constant presence and favor of our merciful Father in heaven, and that His blessing may always rest upon those who are dear to you, is the prayer of your affectionate nephew.

W. A.

Mrs. Patten.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Nov. 13th, 1823.

My Dear Madam,—

Divine Providence still smiles upon our tabernacle. We continue in usual health, although perhaps Mrs. Wheelock is somewhat more infirm than she was a few months ago ; indeed she sometimes suffers considerable pain, and sometimes says that she shall never again leave her chamber. Infirm as she is, it would not be remarkable should she not be spared to us a great while longer. She has, I believe, a good hope of a better and everlasting abode in a world

from which sin and its offspring sufferings are excluded; and her hope rests on the blood of the Son of God. She bears to you a great affection, and you will please to accept the assurance of her love and Malleville's. My wife intended before now, to answer your kind letter, but she became in August, the mother of a little daughter, called Clara Love. Miss Lucia Wheelock, brought to us by her father in the summer, is staying with us, though she goes in a few days to her sister Eliza's in Augusta. James Wheelock is preaching in Lancaster, N. H., with a prospect of settlement. He lately made us a short visit, and so also within a few days did Gen. James Ripley, of Fryeburg, with his wife, an interesting woman. They have, I believe, two children, and have also under their care the two children of his brother and my sister. Judge Dana and family were with us. From Hanover, we learn that Mrs. Searle, with her son, have returned from Indiana. I have thus in haste given you some account of a few of your northern friends. It will always give me pleasure to hear of your welfare, and of that of yours. With affectionate regards to your family, and praying the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ to give you abundant peace and consolation, and to enrich all your family with the treasures of heavenly wisdom and of a blessed immortality, I am, my dear madam, yours respectfully and sincerely,

W. A.

Mrs. Patten.

P. S. Will you please to accept a book for seaman.

TO PRESIDENT A.

HARTFORD, December 13th, 1823.

Dear Sir,—

We were greatly rejoiced to receive a line from you, and for the many favors God has been pleased to bestow upon you, and your dear ones. May your sons be as plants of renown in the house of our God—your daughters as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace—each adorned with every Christian grace and virtue. How much gratitude is due to our kind and bountiful Benefactor, for his goodness, and for his wonderful works, and for the large experience your family and mine have had, which we must feel, and should gratefully acknowledge. May our time, our talents, our lives, our all, be devoted to his service. You, dear sir, have your work laid out before you, which I should think a favor. I need not say we are highly gratified to hear your services are so acceptable; may you be long continued a rich blessing. Perhaps there never was a time when wise and faithful men were more wanted than at present. The minds of youth need great attention beside the customary cultivation at seminaries of learning. The doctrines they receive, they will probably preach, many of them to those who are entirely ignorant; however, I trust, sir, you are sensible of the importance of these things, and the solemn events just before us. Pardon me, dear sir, if I say more than you think necessary—my time is

short—I see, and I feel the want of well informed ministers. I know their task is hard and difficult, but the promise of the great Head of the church, “Lo I am with you *always*, even to the end of the world, is sufficient to cheer and support them through the Christian warfare. Go on, my dear sir, stand in your lot, and be faithful.

I am glad to hear sister is so comfortable. I wish her last days may be her best days, and her last comforts may be her sweetest.

The volume of shipwrecks we thank you for, there are many solemn and wonderful accounts which are interesting, not only to ourselves, but to our neighbors. “O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men;”—especially they that go down to the seas in ships, and do business in great waters, and experience remarkable interpositions of divine mercy in their favor. Can you, dear sir, give me any information concerning the families of my sisters Y. and R., and of my unfortunate brother E. Wherever they are, I hope they will be preserved from the temptations of the world, and become good and useful people.

Remember us cordially to all your dear ones, and other connections in your vicinity. Believe me, dear sir, with sentiments of high regard in behalf of the family,

Your sincere friend,

R. PATTEN,

President A.

BRUNSWICK, February 17th, 1824.

Dear Madam,—

The long continued infirmities of your sister-in-law, Mrs. Wheelock, have terminated in her removal from the world. She died yesterday, about 9 o'clock, P. M., and peacefully fell asleep in the Lord Jesus. During the preceding day, in consequence probably of the progress of a mortification, she suffered very great pain, so as to create the desire of release from the flesh; but at night she was comfortable, and continued so until her death, apparently retaining her senses to the last, and cherishing the hope of immortal salvation through the atoning blood of her Saviour and her God. She rested her hope, not on her own works of righteousness, but on the mediation of Christ. During long sufferings, she was remarkable for her submission to God's most holy will, resigning all dear to her on the earth, she awaited his pleasure.

It was her wish that her body should sleep by the side of her husband's. We propose, therefore, to remove it to the burying ground at Hanover, where it will be placed at the foot of the preceding generation—your parents, as well as their's. How joyful, and glorious the assurance, that Jesus will bring all the dead who die in the Lord with renovated and spiritual bodies to their everlasting home in the heavens, and to the communion of all the redeemed from among men.

May God give you more and more the foretaste of this bliss, and give you, and all yours, the im-

mortal life promised by the Lord Jesus Christ to his disciples.

I am, dear madam,

Your affectionate nephew,

W. A.

TO PRESIDENT A.

February 27th, 1824.

My Dear Sir,—

This day I received the melancholy news of my beloved sister's death;—I thank you for the early information. While we lament the departure of this dear friend, let us rejoice in the consolation she experienced in that holy religion, which was her comfort in life, and bore her superior to the fears of death. I am glad it was in your power to comply with her request, in placing her beside the friend she held most dear. She sleeps among a happy group, I can almost say,

“In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.”

It is but a short time, (if we be prepared,) e'er we shall join the happy company who are gone before, in praising and blessing God and the Lamb, for the wonders of redeeming love forever and ever.

Your dear partner must miss her excellent mother most sensibly. May we long see the

virtues she exhibited, exemplified in each of her descendants. My children unite with me in respects and best love to yourself, my niece, and children. Give a kiss to each, with my blessing.

I am, dear sir, affectionately yours,

RUTH PATTEN.

TO PRESIDENT A. AND LADY.

HARTFORD, December 28th, 1827.

My Dear and Worthy Friends,—

Though I feel a great repugnance to writing, yet I consider it a duty sometimes to take up my pen. We were highly gratified with your charming visit;—hope that your journey home was safe, and prosperous, and that you found all things well. My family, through the great indulgence of our Heavenly Father, are as when you left. Now may gratitude fill your hearts and ours. Our good Mr. Spring was gratified by an acquaintance with yourself, and a branch of my fathers family. He called here a few moments after you were gone, anticipating the pleasure of a visit from yourself, and dear Mrs. A. I hope the next time we are favored with your company, the time will not be so limited. Not long since, a Dr. Huntington, a distant connection of the Wheelocks called here; he had returned from a long journey, and on his tour visited Dartmouth College, to see if there were any descendants of my father to welcome him there, but could find none, until he continued his search

among the dead;—he found nothing there that satisfied him. His worthy, and beloved friend, President John Wheelock, had nothing but a plain slab. He did not think the venerable founder had justice done him. You, dear sir, know his merit. He saw no notice of any other relatives in that land of silence. The amiable mother and grandmother of your dear companion must not be forgotten neither. The Rev. Mr. John Maltby, son to my father, first wife by a former marriage, according to the best of my remembrance;—my father intended appointing him for his successor in the Presidency, as he considered him to be an excellent man; but his untimely death when he was on a visit at Hanover, prevented. (He was the first grown person that was buried in that place.) Neither ought my unfortunate brother Ralph to lie in obscurity. His education and talents were respectable. After commencing missionary labors, in which he felt very much interested, he was followed by an hereditary disease which baffled the physicians skill, and consigned him to suffering the remainder of his days, though he was blessed with resignation to his heavenly Father's will, and his sun went down serenely. As you leave these affairs, dear sir, it is likely they will continue to the end of time. My brother John's character stands very high in this part of the world; he is mentioned with respect, as not only one that was capable, but a good man. I hope, my dear sir, you will see that justice is done to

all our dear friends, and may heaven direct, and bless you, and yours.

My children unite in an affectionate remembrance to yourself and dear offspring, with your sincere friend,

R. PATTEN.

“What though their bodies now entombed
Are mouldering in dust,
A dying Saviour has perfumed
The graves of all the just.”

Allow me, dear sir, once more to request that you will remind our relatives that it is their duty to erect monuments (according to their ability) in memory of their departed friends. You will please to excuse my troubling you on this subject, as I know of no other person on whose influence and exertion I can depend.

Yours truly,

R. P.

Mr. and Mrs. A.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, JUNE 5th, 1828.

My Dear Madam,—

It is in perfect wisdom that God appoints afflictions, and weighty trials, to prepare His servants for that blessed world in which there is no sin, no sickness, no death, no sorrow. All this is familiar to your mind; you will not then be amazed if I should speak to you of the removal of one of my family from the earth—

of the decease of your niece, my dearly beloved wife. On the 15th of May, she was the mother of a dear babe, called Mary Annette—she was doing well—but on Tuesday evening, June 3d, as she was sitting up, she was suddenly seized with great distress, which continued for an hour, and then, at about half past 8 o'clock, her blessed spirit burst away, and entered, as I am persuaded, into regions of eternal light and glory. It was indeed a sudden, and an awful blow, and a fearful desolation has come upon me. Her strong attachment and tender, uninterrupted care—her zeal for my welfare, and for that of the dear children—her warm interest in the cause of Christ, and all the remembrances which rush upon my mind would overwhelm me, were not God merciful, and did He not lead me to consider that she is now drinking of the rivers of pleasure forever more before the throne of God—holy as God is holy—happier than an angel—for she has been redeemed to God by the death of his Son. O, how beautiful is her dead countenance, and what a serene dignity is spread over it, and what thanks can I render for the assurance that this dear form will come forth from the dishonor of the grave arrayed in celestial beauty, in the image of her glorified Saviour. I am aware that I have great and important lessons to learn from this affliction, and I beg your prayers that I may learn them, and that this severe chastisement may be in mercy and not in judgment. If I can but exercise that strong faith in God which

aged experienced Christians often exhibit, and am led to the performance of duty, it will be indeed good for me that I have been afflicted. May the good pleasure of a righteous and merciful God ever go with you, and yours.

I am your afflicted nephew,

W. A.

Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, June 19th, 1828.

My Dear Afflicted Sir,—

We received yours, informing us of the death of your beloved partner, and our dear friend and connection,—a wound deep and large;—to yourself, it appears almost insupportable; but you have many and great consolations. You have good reason to believe that she now rests from her labors, and her works do follow her. You have many that pray for you, and yours, dear sir, and the recollection that this is not our resting place.—We shall all soon join, (if we are prepared,) the happy number in glory—shouting forth the wonders of redeeming love.

“Why should we mourn departing friends,

Or shake at deaths alarms,—

’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends

To call them to his arms.”

It is the lot of the children of men to live in bondage all their days for fear of death;—some take one method, and some another, to ease their troubled minds. There is, blessed be God, a happy few, who are prepared to depart and

enjoy that blessed rest in which we have reason to believe the beloved one we now lament is participating. And now, my dear sir, it remains for us to prepare to follow our departed friends. It will soon be said of us all, they are gone from whence they will not return. If we may leave the character behind us that our departed friend did, we need not "shrink, or fear to die." We should rejoice to do any thing in our power for your comfort, or the good of your dear children. Your cares must be very great and trying, but God is able to support and comfort you, and abundantly sanctify this distressing providence, and learn you to live upon Him, to commit all into His hands. He is, indeed, wonderful in divine perfections. I know, by experience, that He is a faithful God.—Trust in Him for yourself and your dear ones, and you will be safe. Let us pray hard for each other. Give our love to those that can understand; tell them they must prepare to go to their dear mother in heaven. May God bless you in your person, in your family, and the dear institution over which you have the honor to preside.

My family, through the great goodness of God, are in the same state as when you left us. O, my dear sir, our wisdom and strength are weakness itself;—may we keep close to Jesus, and be safe from harm.

That you may ever enjoy the divine protection and assistance, is the prayer of yours, I trust, in the Lord.

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. A.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

Its form was a parallelogram, cut from a dense grove of evergreens. The wild growth of nature had been eradicated, and the surface leveled, which was now covered with herbage of a lovely verdure. Ranges of monuments, rising to a modest distance above the ground, and intersecting each other, separated the whole into equal portions; and pointed out the future tenements of those who projected and planted them. A painted enclosure, rendered more beautiful by the wilderness which surrounded it, and over which the dark trees waved their branches, guarded the spot from all unhallowed intrusion. Already had it been made sacred as the place in which slept the ashes of the wise and good, the philosopher and divine. Two gates opened from the high-way, the one for entrance, the other for egress, when the rites of sepulture were to be performed. At the former of these, I saw the hearse enter. It bore—alas! the sorrowing train, told but too emphatically, what it bore! A widowed father supporting with each hand, a motherless babe, and followed by others, still—a numerous household led the procession. You might see that the polished circle had lost one of its brightest ornaments. Science and literature

were mourners. Among the train were their devotees and teachers. The children of want and sorrow were there. The hand that had ministered unto them was motionless. The voice that had comforted them, was silent in death! You would have said, 'She who hath washed the saints' feet,' has gone to her long home; for the Church and Ministers of God, might be seen in the pensive train—feeling more than ever like "strangers and pilgrims," as they now had one less to accompany and encourage them in their toilsome journey to that "better country." A fellow worshipper, with whom they once took sweet counsel, and went to the house of God in company, was snatched from their society, never more to join them in the "courts below!"

The sable carriage approached a newly opened grave and halted. Its precious burden was taken down and deposited in the narrow house. The wood, which contained and concealed it, inanimate and senseless, was an object of dear and tender interest from the use to which it was devoted, and claimed a parting gaze. The train clustered around the grave with aching hearts and tearful eyes to look their last farewell.—Nature aided their grief—surrounding objects wore a pensive aspect; for though the "king of day" had yet some distance to travel before he should reach the western horizon; still, the thick wood which encircled the spot intercepted his rays, and cast a sombre shade over the abode of the dead, producing what might literally be

called the "twilight of the grave." The group, and the scenery, were a fit subject for the poet or the painter—but a higher inspiration was there.

The bereaved husband stood at the head of the grave which had just taken the new treasure to its trust, the relic of his bosom's wife, and the mother of his little ones. It was a moment of pleasing, painful recollection, of oppressive and triumphant anticipation, according as the thoughts rested on time or eternity, matter or spirit, the orphanage of beloved children, or the freed spirit of their now sainted mother, and the hour when faith whispers, "we shall meet again." To him, no life could be so desirable as that which had fled. The conflicting emotions, the remembrances and forecasts of that memorable hour, can be conceived in all their overwhelming effects by those only who have had similar experience. He uncovered his head—a breathless silence reigned through the sympathizing multitude, whose eyes were now all turned to the chief mourner, that they might read in his countenance the indications of what was passing within. There was a powerful struggle of nature, but faith triumphed. He broke the silence, and said with a voice indeed, but so far mellowed with grief as to convey a sentiment with tenfold effect to the heart: "My friends! may we never enter this grave-yard to deposit a fellow creature, without remembering that the day is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear the

voice of the Son of God, and come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life—and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.”

A thrilling emotion pervaded the assembly; the moral sublimity of the scene, and of its associations, affected every heart. If any had come to the spot an infidel, an infidel he could not have been at that moment—an infidel he could not have retired. He must have felt that the righteous has hope in his death; that to him the grave is not shrouded in impenetrable darkness, nor associated with annihilation or despair. He must have seen the power of faith in the divine promises, to support the soul while suffering from the disruption of the tenderest ties which bind it to the earth, and under the loss of every thing that can render existence here desirable. He must have seen that the doctrine of a resurrection to immortality is suited to man, and that there are times when he must be a miserable being without it;—that there are those who, when they behold the clods of the valley thrown over the dearest objects they have known on earth, do not sorrow as those who have no hope; for, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.—Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

BRUNSWICK, March 18th, 1830.

My Dear Madam,—

Of your heavy affliction I have been apprized this evening, and most sincerely do I sympathize with you, and your daughters, under this distressing bereavement. The severing of the ties which have bound your family together for so many years in happy intercourse must deeply affect you, and in your peculiar circumstances, would seem likely to overwhelm you, were you not accustomed to make the eternal God your refuge, and could you not rely on the faithful promise that all things shall work together for your good. It was a melancholy satisfaction to me, when I left your house a few weeks ago, that I had been favored with an interview with your son, whom I could not expect to see again in this world, though I have hoped still further to converse with by letter, on the high subjects which pressed upon his attention. But death has terminated my correspondence here. In his mysterious providence, God has taken from you the staff of your declining years; but has he not smitten you and your daughters in mercy, in faithfulness and love? I am persuaded that you hear his voice, saying, When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God. (Isaiah 43.) It is indeed a wonderful proof of the truth and power of a

covenant God, that He should sustain, and console His servants under the severity of their trials, and should even make them joyful in Him in the midst of their sorrows. How can infinite wisdom err? How can He, whose name is love, infuse a single needless ingredient of bitterness in the cup which he giveth his children to drink? Though mountains may depart, but His loving-kindness cannot be withdrawn from those who are seeking his glory, and who trust in his Almighty arm. I commend you to the Father of mercies, who doth not willingly afflict, and whose darkest dispensations will, in good time, come out and appear in brightness, as the sun emerging from a thick cloud. And may I not ask you to remember me and mine in your communing with Him who heareth the prayer of the righteous?

While on my journey at Lebanon, I gazed with much interest on the house in which once dwelt your honored father. I repaired also to the grave-yard, and there read the inscription on the grave-stone of one whom you lost in your infancy, as my young children lost their mother.

"Sarah, wife of Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, died Nov. 13th, 1746, in the 44th year of her age—of a character too great and good to be here inscribed." Since that event, through what scenes have you passed, and how long has been your pilgrimage? Who can estimate the value of your hope, that soon your pilgrimage will end by

your entrance into the land of promised rest, and your eternal union with the people of God in bliss and glory?

With great respect and affection, I am, my dear madam, your friend and obedient servant,

W. A.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, March 30th, 1830.

Worthy and Dear Sir,—

We received your very refreshing letter, for which we return you our grateful acknowledgements. We never needed consolation more, though the goodness of God through all our trials has been very great. I trust we have found in some good measure, the fulfilment of those great and precious promises (in our own experience,) which you so kindly recommend to our consideration, and we humbly pray that you, dear sir, "may be comforted of God with the same comfort where with you have been enabled to comfort those who were in trouble." It is peculiarly consoling that our heavenly Father does not infuse a single needless ingredient of bitterness in the cup he giveth his children to drink.

The departure of my son was almost as unexpected, as if it had taken place in the first of his sickness, within the two preceding days his principal physician gave encouragement. I believe his long protracted confinement was a great blessing to him, and us. Never a complaining

word was heard from his dear lips ; he was a pattern of patience, though his sufferings at times were extreme. He gave up his school, and his social intercourse with a numerous circle of friends, without a murmur, but dropped a tear when denied the privilege of walking to the house of God in company with his people, yet expressed a sweet submission to the divine will, and said to his sister sing, "How pleased and blest was I." When temporal concerns were mentioned in his hearing, he would say speak not of them now. He spent most of his time in deep contemplation. We have reason to believe that tribulation wrought patience, and patience experience, and experience hope that maketh not ashamed, because the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto him. He expired like a weary child that finds repose in his mother's arms, without a groan, or moving a limb. Thus our heavenly Father has seen fit to remove our only earthly prop ;—but the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord. During his illness, every gratification was afforded, that his situation would admit of, sympathizing friends, of all denominations, were solicitous to contribute to his comfort. We have reason to praise the Lord for his goodness and for the glorious excellency of his character, and to trust in Him for all we need for soul and body. We shall soon go to our dear departed ones, though they will not return to us. Forever blessed be the

Lord for the wonders of redeeming love, and for the rich variety of blessings we enjoy in consequence thereof. May all that appertain to our dear families be partakers of that fulness of joy, and those pleasures forever more, that flow at God's right hand. We were much gratified to hear from the habitation of my dear and honored father, from the silent abode of my beloved and honored mother. I recollect many things respecting her which have proved beneficial to me through life. It is probable your dear offspring may be able to say the same many years hence of their dear departed mother. We were sorry it was not convenient for you to visit my son at N. P., it would have been very agreeable to us all. My son and grand-son from Providence, made us a very acceptable, though mournful visit, the week after my son's decease;—we employed a friend to write immediately,—had the post arrived in season, one or both of them would probably have been here at the interment of the dear departed. No near relations were present, except the widowed mother and three bereaved sisters; but divine support was granted, through the solemn scene, beyond all expectation. A number of clergymen attended, and a numerous circle of friends and scholars formed a procession to the burial ground, where the coffin was opened that many who had not opportunity to bid a sad farewell, might now, for the last time, behold their friend, their teacher, and guide of their youth.

“ ’Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave ;
 He gave, and blessed be His name,
 He takes but what He gave.

If sovereign mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too,
 That strikes our comforts dead.”

Let us praise God, my dear sir, for the great blessing of hope,—may we patiently and prayerfully wait for the salvation of God. Not seek great things here below for ourselves or our dear ones : hath not the Lord said, seek them not. Riches oftener prove a curse than a blessing to their possessors ; from my own observation, through a long course of years, and the concurrence of others, I have reason to believe the statement correct.

For several days, as strength would permit, I have been penning this scroll, which, I fear will be tiresome ; it may be the last communication you will receive from me. Should I be so happy as to reach the heavenly shore, shall I bear the gladsome tidings that you are daily growing in grace, and training up your dear children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, heirs of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.—That the dear Seminary under your faithful guidance is rapidly increasing in knowledge, human and divine, and that from

thence, streams are continually flowing, which make glad the city of our God!—A line from you, dear sir, would be peculiarly acceptable at any time:—we hope to see some of your children when you next visit this region:—our best love to them, in behalf of the family, most cordially yours,

RUTH PATTEN.

I desired my grand-son to inform our relatives of our late bereavement, but have heard from none but yourself. When observing that I had lost my only prop, I did not mean to imply that I was not still blessed with every aid, and consolation that the most affectionate of children could afford. As my son was the only male resident in the family—my youngest child—it was natural to hope that he would continue until I had finished my pilgrimage. But, though the Lord slay me and mine, still I will trust him and praise his name.

“And when every blessing’s flown,
Love Him for Himself alone.”

And now, my dear sir, farewell; the Lord bless you, and keep you, lift the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace, prays your aged and decaying friend of ninety years.

R. P.

President A.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Feb. 15th, 1776.

Honored and Very Dear Mother,—

As I cannot do any thing for you, I write often, (as you desired,) to let you know my health and situation; I have enough to tell you of to fill a sheet of paper; as I have but this, I must just write in brief. Since I wrote you, my dear mother, I have been through many scenes; God has been pleased to let me see, in some degree, my sad situation. I felt somewhat troubled in my mind, for this some time; but God lately has been pleased to take away one of my dear classmates by death, which seemed to quicken me to seek an interest in Christ. I felt very uneasy in my mind for some time, but one afternoon more so than common, things looked very melancholy. I saw I had rejected God; my sins were as many as the sands; I had rebelled against an Holy God; my heart was like a rock; hell was opened to receive me; and the devils were waiting my departure; those sins and convictions were accompanied with despair, and filled my mind with the greatest horror; but I was so impressed with the presence of the blessed Jesus; and I heard the gracious invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, how precious this invitation, and how condescending and gracious did Christ appear. He was the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Oh! how have I rejected His precious calls, and turned a deaf ear to all His invitations; but now I desire no other but

Him; nor to be in any other hands. Oh, the inexpressible joy, to be in the arms of Christ. My dear mother, I believe I cannot continue, for it would take a day to tell all I want to. Do, mother, often remind my dear sisters of seeking an interest in Christ. I long to say more, but other business calls me away—give my love to my dear sisters, and duty where it belongs, and accept much duty from, honored mother, your ever dutiful son, (age 13 years.)

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

I desired your prayers for me, my dear mother, that I may be preserved from temptation, or that the Lord would be with and deliver me when tempted. All this paper filled with thanks would be but a poor recompense for the kind, good, and maternal letter you sent to your unworthy, but grateful and obedient son. W. P.

HARTFORD, July 10th, 1776.

My Very Dear Son,—

I received your kind letters, one and another of them, for which I heartily thank you; and I desire to bless my God, for the good news therein contained. O, my dear, take care that you are not deceived. You have a subtle adversary to deal with, that is used to deceiving souls; and a very deceitful heart, as well as an alluring world. May God evermore be at your

L & C.

right hand, and enable you to press forward toward the mark—to make your calling and election sure. It is my earnest desire and prayer that you may be made a great, and a rich blessing in the world,—endeavor to live humble, watchful and prayerful. God is in infinite wisdom distributing mercies and afflictions, in great abundance towards me and mine. May they be sanctified, and we be enabled to say, from their happy effects, they are mercies indeed. O, my dear William, we have had a great and wide breach made in our little family. Dear Charlotte is no more—she is gone! never more to return, though we shall soon go to her. She died the 24th of April, about 9 o'clock in the evening, in the full exercise of reason. She had been for some time gradually declining, and that day had been very ill—had coughed and raised very freely till about half past eight; was then taken with a choaking and worrying with the phlegm, trying to get rid of it, but to no purpose. She looked up just before she expired, as I was walking the room, and with a cheerful air said, Mama, don't be afraid, I hope I shall cough it up by and by, but, alas! it soon proved fatal; she expired in my arms, in a moment, without a groan or a struggle. But, blessed be God, I am not left to mourn without hope; she was, during her whole sickness, till about five weeks before her death, much terrified with the thoughts of her own dissolution—could never hear anything about

it without its evidently affecting her health, but I have reason to hope that God had, in mercy, manifested His power and grace, and worked, without any extraordinary means. She told me towards the close of life, that she loved Christ with all her heart—she loved Him better than any thing here, and that she was quite willing to die ; she believed she should go to Heaven when she did, and ever after appeared calm and comfortable. May we be enabled, my dear, to sing aright of mercies and judgments, and be preparing for our own dissolution ; learn all those important lessons we ought to learn ; be excited to gratitude for mercies received, as well as humbled under the righteous frowns of heaven. We long much to see you, and hope it will not be long first. I have so much to say, that I do not know what to say first. I hope if your grandfather, and Mr. S. are willing, you will come this vacation—however, I must refer it to providence. I want much to hear how father got home, and how he is. Your uncle is here, and is comfortable ; he joins with me in presenting duty and love to father, brothers, and sisters,—accept much love to yourself, from your affectionate mother, till death,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. William Patten.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, September 22d, 1776.

Honored Mother,—

With great joy I received your letter by Mr. Ripley; I heartily thank you for the kind instruction therein contained. I find it truly as you say, I have a very subtle adversary, the devil, to encounter. May it please the Lord to give me courage and patience to wait upon Him for every mercy which I need, and enable me to depend upon Him alone for strength and deliverance. There is, as it were, an ocean of sin within me. I am utterly insufficient to overcome the least sin of myself,—the Lord enable me evermore to look to Him for help and deliverance. I can take the word of the Psalnist, "As for God his way is perfect, the word of the Lord is tried, he is a buckler to all those that put their trust in him." Psalm 18 : 31. I rejoice to hear that my dear sister departed this troublesome world in so great peace. I hope she has gone to the Heavenly Canaan, where all tears will be wiped from her eyes. May God, of his infinite mercy, through Jesus Christ, bring us thither at length to enjoy an happy eternity with him and his elect ones from every where.

Do, my dear mama, often remind my dear sisters of their latter end; there is no comfort in this, or in the world to come, but in God alone. Ah! my dear sisters, how ungrateful are we to the Lord, our Maker, who constantly preserves us in being, not to improve our first days in his service; truly there is no such joy as

to serve God. Come, let us set out in earnest after the Lord, and Jesus Christ our blessed Redeemer.

Please to give my love to my sisters, and accept much duty from, honored mother, your dutiful son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

AN ADDRESS FROM W. P. AGED 13, TO S., R. & M. P.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Sept. 22d, 1776.

My Dear Sisters,—

I am now set down to write you ; I hope you will forgive my not writing you in so long a space of time ; I want to have you write me ;— I am not very well sometimes, though at others I am pretty well. This life is very uncertain ; we are under the greatest obligation to live devoted to the service of the Lord and Redeemer. What is the reason we do not set out in earnest after an interest in Jesus Christ ? Do we think that we shall have a more convenient opportunity ? When, do you think, that time will come ? To-morrow, or next year ? We have no time promised us but the present ; “ now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation.” Or do we think that we are too young ? We are not. God has given us but just time enough to prepare for eternity. Are we afraid that we shall not

enjoy our sports and plays with such pleasure as now? Do we find ourselves averse to heavenly things? Alas! is this our case? Only let us consider the end of these things. What is this life compared with an endless eternity? If we should know one or more of us are to go to hell, how earnest should we be. My dear, my dear sisters, do consider, consider where you are going. Do you think to sin a few more days and repent? Should not we think that a person acted very foolish if he should go and build a large house on his neighbor's land, and if he should be told not to do so, and he should answer, when I have built it, I will pull it down again? But do we consider what we are about when we sin? When we read the account of our Saviour's death, we may be apt to think those were very cruel and wicked that crucified Him, (as indeed they were,) but do we think that we crucify him afresh by our sins? Do we think that we sin against Him who redeemed us, and preserves us in being, who can with infinite ease cut us off, and by whose mercies alone it is that we are out of hell? The time is soon coming when each one of us shall be called to give an account of all things done here in the body. There is a glorious Redeemer offered to us if we will only accept of Him as he is freely offered to us in the Gospel. Do let us consider of these things before it be too late.

But, my dear sisters, I must draw toward a

close;—write the first opportunity. Give my duty to mother, and love to George, and accept much love,

From your affectionate brother,

WM. PATTEN.

HARTFORD, October 13th, 1779.

My Very Dear Son,—

When I consider how welcome my letters are, and how much gratitude you express, I cannot avoid writing, though I have nothing new to say. I most heartily thank you for the dutiful, charming line, by Mr. L. You cannot write too often—a letter from you revives me when I am sick, and comforts me when I am well—I keep them with some others for cordials in time of need. I am sorry to hear from time to time of your indisposition, those symptoms you mention I am well acquainted with from my own experience, they are distressing, but not dangerous. Endeavor to keep your mind fortified; exercise as much as possible, and look to God when you are yourself for deliverance from those bonds. I hope God will deliver you in his own due time, and way. You are daily on my mind. I have traveled the road before you, and felt every symptom I have ever heard you mention. I grieve to hear the College is in such a broken state; may that Almighty power that has raised

it out of nothing, still preserve, and increase it. Your uncles E. and J. arrived on Friday last, set out on Saturday, and expect to return in about three weeks, when I hope to replenish your wardrobe a little. My dear, continue to write as often as you can to

Your most affectionate mother,
RUTH PATTEN.

NEWPORT, October 4th, 1790.

Honored Mamma,—

I have left the writing for several weeks past to Mary, and hope she has gratified your wishes on every subject. I should think it time to resume the correspondence did not necessity compel me to it, that you might have some information of our state. At present I am the only one who can send the expected letter, Mary and George, went on Friday last, to Bristol, and do not think of returning till Wednesday or Thursday of this week. G. was not able to walk to the boat, though it is nearly two months since his confinement. He is very much reduced, but is recruiting, and I hope will be able before long to pay a little attention to study. He is very patient under the indisposition; he has his wishes gratified, which are but few, and the family are in order and peace. I feel myself lonesome, but intend when not engaged in study, to be abroad. We are in some uncertainty re-

specting the future circumstances of the family, aside from the general changes and uncertainty of temporal subjects. I do not see any prospect that George will go to college unless Mary returns to Hartford; this rests, under providence, entirely with you;—you mention a hope that the family will not separate. Perhaps it would be inconvenient for Mary to be with you; if it would, and you think it necessary that we keep house, I shall be willing, and happy. George would have been well fitted for the third year, had it not been for his sickness. He was then entering upon a course of studies which are of considerable importance, and had a peculiar reference to that standing. Still, I think it probable that he would be accepted, considering his sickness, and that he may after his admission become acquainted with those studies; but should he enter only one year forward, which I think he might do at Providence, or Dartmouth, the disappointment of a year is small, in comparison with the long advantages which may be derived from an education. Should it be thought best for him to go to Providence, it will be necessary for Mary to return soon. The vacation at College ends in a week or two, and he should offer himself for examination when the state of his health may admit.

I have made some inquiry for a tenant; I fear it is not probable that I could let out the house to any advantage this winter; in that case, the con-

tribution will but just answer George's expenses and my own; but should I find a family with whom I could live in the house, I might then be able to reserve something for you. I beg, mamma, that you would take all these circumstances into consideration, and if upon the whole you would have Mary return, that you would give us information of it.

The society are very peaceable. There has been no uneasiness expressed at any of my discourses since you left us, and yet I have been serious, and have endeavored to declare truths most interesting to my hearers. They are very kind and respectful to me in their conduct, and have rendered our circumstances very comfortable by their attention. Mrs. Channing's family is much depressed at the loss of Miss Gibbs. Betsy has been confined a great part of the summer;—Nancy is much indisposed;—the rest of the family are as usual. My sister needed the tour to Bristol; her health has been injured by the care of the family, and by the long confinement of George. I received a letter from her after they arrived; both of them were in good spirits, and George was better for the excursion. My brother attended meeting the Sabbath before he went to Bristol, and public thanks were returned for him. I think, with you, that we are under the highest obligations to the divine Being for the continued course of His goodness to the family, and for the late expression of it in His saying to

you and to me, "Weep not." As I am carried along in life, I feel a greater confidence in the providence of God, and by His grace I see a greater glory in His word, and my wishes are more entirely involved in the desire to have spiritual blessings and the favor of God for my portion. Beautiful is the expression of our Saviour, that the kingdom of heaven is like a pearl hidden in a field, which when a man hath found, he selleth all that he hath that he may purchase it. I desire your prayers for me, and your counsels, and that you would believe the family have a sincere affection for you, that they have much of the children in them, and though you are absent, that they feel a tendency to cower under your wings.

Mr. Smith, and wife, of the united brethren, have made me promise to express their love to you. Mrs. Bennet, and aunt N. desire I would give you their love. Mrs. Luther, indeed all the good people, appear sincerely to regard you. Marcy is often here, and we do not forget her. Frelove says that you are more like a mother to her, than a mistress. I shall be very happy if I have answered the inquiries in your last letter. I wish you to write soon; that you would give my love to my sisters; my respects to Mrs. Ledyard and family; my regards to all friends.

I am your dutiful son,
WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

NEWPORT, November 30th, 1790.

Honored Mamma,—

I have been in a state of great anxiety for several days, occasioned by the apprehension that my sister left New London the day she mentioned in a letter I received from her, and that she was exposed to those severe storms which have succeeded each other almost ever since. But I have been rendered happy this morning, by hearing from Miss Marchant's correspondents in Norwich, that my sister had been in that place, and had proceeded in a stage. My heart rejoices so in this information, that I almost forgot I was alone. George left me in very good spirits. The Monday after his departure, he writes me that he was admitted to the senior class—that he was agreeably disappointed in the place—and expresses high satisfaction with his circumstances. He wishes to pay you a visit in December vacation, but I think it will be better to defer it, as he may be detained by the weather from returning at the close of the vacation, which is very short. Mrs. Channing, the mother, has been confined since last Wednesday, with a pleuratic fever. There is so little hope of her recovery, that the family are continually in tears, and they have sent for Henry from New London. Duchess says that her mistress desired her, should the disorder prove fatal, to remove with her family into my house;—I have therefore provided no assistance as yet, and enjoy a little more than the name of help in Phebe. I have

dismissed the little girl who wishes to have me married that she may return to the family again. I pass my time as happily as could be supposed, and am more free from melancholy than I expected. After Mary left me, I wrote on the subject, "Though I be absent in the body, yet am I with you in the Spirit." I considered the nature of mental intercourse, and observed, that it is unnecessary for persons to be miserable, since they have minds.

Phebe is all life, and though full of mistakes, means to do as well as is possible. I thought it would contribute to her happiness, and was indeed but an act of justice, to give her a little entertainment for her friends on Thanksgiving day. I accordingly provided one, and all of them appeared very grateful. When I returned in the evening, they requested me to make a prayer with them, and were very attentive to a comment on the chapter from which I preached. The society express much regret at my circumstances, and are very kind to me;—I believe they have a disposition to relieve my wants, and would contribute more than almost any other society under their embarrassments.

I am your affectionate and dutiful son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

I desire my love to my sisters. I am in great haste this morning, and must omit a number of subjects. We received with gratitude all the articles you mentioned.

NEWPORT, December 6th, 1790.

Honored Mother,—

It has been a cause of great joy to me to hear of M.'s arrival, and I return my humble thanks to God, her preserver. I hope her society may be a greater blessing to you than it is a loss to me—which is a very benevolent wish. I should indulge an anxiety for you, in your circumstances, were it not contrary to my principles and resolutions. To be distressed for the accommodation of my person, appears like interference with the Divine care. A distrust of Providence, implies in my view, that the mind has presumptuously taken the place of Providence; that it has laid the government on its own shoulders, which, to created being, is an insupportable burthen.

Mrs. Channing is dead! On Saturday last, in the crisis of her disorder, she expired. I feel this loss with peculiar sensibility. She was a sincere friend to me, and there was no house in town which seemed so much like home, as that, and which I expected so frequently to visit in exchange for solitude.

By accounts from George, he appears to be very happy;—he thinks he is a good junior. He is treated with great friendship, and has, hitherto, been gratified in every request for supplies. He is not unmindful of you; I have two letters from him to the family, which I shall forward by Mr. C., as they are too large to be sent in the mail.

As the Misses Channings are in great grief, I have not delivered M.'s letter.

I desire your prayers for us, and am, with sincere love to my sisters, honored mother,

Your dutiful son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, May 30th, 1791.

My Very Dear Sons,—

Though I know I have reason to bless God continually on your account, and to trust in Him for all future favors, yet this unbelieving, anxious heart, does not rest as it ought. Your situation is very critical. It is probable before long, if you should live, the most judicious will advise you to retreat, and yet my heart recoils at the idea. I have a great affection for your people, and I believe they have as great for you as they can have for any faithful minister. Their case is melancholy indeed—it is so here, but there seems to be a different complexion; we have reason to hope that our foundation is more according to Scripture. I humbly hope you may continue to have a spirit of prayer, and that God would comfort you, lead and guide you into all truth. It is wonderful to see the aids of Providence. When we trust in the most High, and lean not to our own understanding, whatever He intends,

will be pointed out, and some time or other, we shall see it best, I doubt not. May we frequently meet at the throne of grace, not only for ourselves, but each other, and the church, which has long been defiled with the world, and be inclined and enabled to espouse her cause for her Redeemer's sake. Oh, my dear son, it is a time of great security—health, peace, and plenty, prevail. There has not been more than eight funerals, and a few sick, since I returned. It is probable we shall not sail along in such an easy manner long; however, none can tell. May we be prepared for whatever heaven allots. There was considerable of an earthquake here two weeks since; we were much surprised, but like silly sheep, we soon felt secure again.

Poor Dr. B.'s family, we pity them. I have thought if I had a son that traded in slaves, and could not be reformed, I should be content if he lost his life. What numbers W. has caused, no doubt, to die a thousand deaths! We leave him in the hands of God.

I rejoice that George improves his privileges so well. May God perfect begun goodness. Mr. H. says somebody has been scaring him. He thinks him a very good child, but G. thinks himself a very bad one. Mr. H. says he has so much modesty, and sensibility, it will be a guard against the dangers of youth. However, my son, your mind is mine with regard to security.

Your sisters join in the warmest love, that our

heavenly Father may continue that harmony that subsists in our family, and shed abroad His love in our hearts, is the daily request of your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. Wm. and G. Patten.

HARTFORD, September 7th, 1792.

My Dear Son,—

Let us all unite in thanks to our great Preserver for his goodness to our dear George. O! that his life may be spent in doing good. Has he not been given to God from his infancy? May he devote himself to Him in his riper years. Why did you not let me know he was sick? You wrote me he was not well, I supposed it to be a cold. Do not you think, my son, if he could have a horse it would complete his cure to visit Hartford? Mr. J. informs us you intend he shall enter college. I fear if he should go before he takes a journey, his health will not be restored. If you can furnish him to come hither, we will to go thither. But what do I write? Your expenses are great; how gladly would I assist you, were it in my power. I hope some door will open to prevent your breaking up house-keeping. Have you ever let Dr. Sentor know what you think of. He is a great friend, and perhaps will feel himself neglected if you do not. How do you wish to accommodate matters? I wish you would

write me. If I do not hear from the President soon, I shall inform him that I shall dispose of the bond, to assist George in his education. If I am prospered, I shall have something to spare. I trust when all your affairs are settled, you will, if possible, afford us the great happiness of a visit. If you go to Providence, I should think the worst of your way was past. If it so happen that Mary does return, I would not have her come further than New London or Norwich, or Providence—we can bear at least the latter part of the expense. I hope you will keep up good courage, exercise prudence, and live in love;—do George, attend to your health, exercise as much as possible, and follow the doctor's advice; beware of the evening air. Do attend to your brother's advice, and get all the knowledge you can, spiritual and temporal. He is able to instruct, and enlighten you. May you, my son, be faithful to the trust that God has honored you with, in giving you a seat with the honorable corporation. That heaven may grant you all that light, and assistance that you need, is the constant prayer of your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

My love to all friends.
Mr. Wm. and G. J. Patten.

NEWPORT, September 24th, 1792.

Honored Mamma,—

From the letters I have received, and the information of Judge Marchant, I presume my brother set out for home at a favorable juncture. I shall be happy if he obtain employment in Hartford, as it must afford you pleasure, and be in every respect agreeable. His going to the Indies, must be attended with many inconveniences—in traveling over a great part of the world, and seeing but little of it—in spending much time, and gaining but little profit—the fatigue and danger of being at sea, and continually exposed to sickness and affliction at a remove from all his friends. I can neither think it best that he should enter into trade in any of the Southern States. He has now only grown up a good choice—is of importance—of peculiar importance. Until his constitution be confirmed, his present habit is not calculated to resist, and could but feebly support the diseases of an infectious climate. From human appearance, he would be more likely to find a Southern climate fatal, than any other person of my acquaintance. Hartford, or New York, will, I hope, be the fixed object of his inclination.

The packet sent by Col. Chester, I received this afternoon. The cravat is wrought with such elegance, and is such an agreeable specimen of the ingenuity of my sisters, that I fancy I shall

take the liberty to return in the room of it, a piece of plain muslin, which my sister may embellish for George. Since my brother left me, I have been confined with a cold—the Sabbath was the first of my going out. I am much better to day, and have visited a number of the society. B. S. is very sick. Dr. Hopkins is dangerously ill with the dysentery; his daughter, Mrs. A., was buried this afternoon.

My state is as pleasant as could be expected. I have many trials, yet but few wants;—I rarely feel desponding, and often am clearly convinced that my situation is adapted to my advantage. I am much pleased with the Apostle's remark, that if we endure chastisement, God dealeth with us as with sons; he does not say if we suffer chastisement, the enemies of God suffer affliction; but if we endure, or patiently bear affliction, we have an evidence in that temper, together with the affliction, that God dealeth with us as with children, for the enemies of God though they suffer affliction, do not bear it with patience.

With love to my sisters, and brother, and respects for my friends,

I am, honored mamma, your dutiful son,
WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

NEWPORT, January 7th, 1794.

Honored Mother,—

Since my last letter, nothing particularly interesting has occurred. For your advice I feel many obligations. It is imprudent to place dependence on objects in this life; I have formed expectations, but the accomplishment of them I commit to the divine Being, and pray that all His creatures may serve and glorify Him.

The journey which I proposed, has not yet been undertaken, but it appears expedient, and necessary; I therefore hope to enter upon it soon. Every pleasant day, and fair wind, seems to have a command upon me; but the idea of being on the other side of the ferries at this season, is not agreeable.

The society had a meeting the 1st inst. As it was voluntary, I hope it will be successful. It is said they were well disposed.

Do, my dear mother, remember me in your prayers, that I may be quickened, and kept from the power of sin and temptation—that by divine aid, I may be a faithful witness for the truth as it is in Jesus, even until death.

With love to my dear sisters, and brother, I am your dutiful son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

NEWPORT, February 5th, 1796.

Honored Mother,—

I believe the progressive manner in which we obtain a knowledge of the world, is the reason that we think as we become older, that mankind become worse. I often apprehend that the inhabitants of this town depreciate, but when I read the Scriptures, I find a representation of them in the natural character of the human race, and conclude that I was before ignorant of them, and did not fully understand the Scriptures.

The false virtues of complaisance make a great show on earth, and deceive the mind; but I choose more plainness, and more honesty. The village, I should for this reason prefer, to the city, were it not for the melancholy thought, that the difference which is for the advantage of the former, frequently consists in a want of opportunity to know, and to express equal depravity, but not in goodness of heart. Goodness of heart, I think the greatest blessing. With it, a person wants neither wisdom to act well, nor riches to express benevolence. I am surprised to observe how great a part of the folly, and all that is displeasing in men, results from a want of goodness of heart. I have to complain of no particular imposition or injury I have suffered, but I make these remarks because the idea often occurs to me.

A number of persons desire their respects, and

love to you, and the family. The weather has been very variable this winter, especially from heat to cold, but it is at present a time of health.

I am your dutiful son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.



NEWPORT, March 8th, 1796.

Honored Mother,—

The reason you gave for not writing, was my excuse for not addressing a letter to you. In my intercourse with my brother, I mentioned every thing in which I supposed you would feel an interest, and was quieted in not receiving a letter from any of the rest of the family, from the persuasion that he would relate whatever incidents it might be proper for me to know. I found, however, by the receipt of your letter, that I had failed of much happiness, which I might have enjoyed. I was always instructed by your writing, and grateful when you favored me with your attention in this way; but I did not think a letter from you would give me so much pleasure as your last produced.

A disregard to the gospel has become very general, and in some instances, very insolent, and blasphemous. But one great purpose is answered by it, that the friends of the gospel are reduced to a new necessity of being decided, and the difference between a believer and an un-

believer, becomes more obvious. I have long confessed that mankind by nature, are totally depraved; and it is pleasing to reflect, that without any increase of real depravity, their being permitted to act out more fully their evil nature, is designed to show the necessity and beneficial effects of the influence of the gospel. By divine grace I am entirely convinced of the truth of Christianity, and though I dare not adopt the language, "Though all should be offended in Thee, yet will not I." I am certain that my conviction of the truth of the gospel is founded in original testimony, without any relation to men, and if I fall, it must be simply from depravity, and that I cannot plead as an excuse the want of light, or the influence of example.

It distresses me much, that I have given so great occasion to you, and my sisters, to extenuate what is wrong. In many instances I have not manifested the common affection of a child, much less, one that becomes a disciple of Christ. But I will not be guilty of the injustice to think that you do not forgive me. How happy am I in the persuasion that you love me, and pray for me. Surely no son, or brother living, is more highly blessed. I am sensible that my situation is trying, and critical; I feel an absolute necessity of the divine direction, and support, and I am not left without testimony of the truth of the promise to St. Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I consider it a great blessing that I am

situated near Dr. Hopkins. He treats me with truly paternal affection, and he is one of the most enlightened, and faithful counsellors, I believe, in the world. Madam Osborne, I visit weekly; she has adopted me for her son;—so you see, my dearest mother, that without mentioning any more, I am in a better situation than the Psalmist, who complained that he was “as a sparrow, alone upon the house-top.”

I am very happy to hear there is a particular attention to religion in your society, and that my brother is pleased with the conference. It is my most ardent desire that the work may prosper. Many under religious concern, seem solicitous to know *how much* they must do to please the Lord, without giving Him their hearts? But the *heart*, is what He requires, and that only will please Him; and the person gives him his heart, who submits to His will—who acquiesces in the terms of the Gospel. But I have been so accustomed to writing my brother, that I forgot but that I am addressing him.

With my best love to my sisters and brother,
I am, your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

APRIL 30th, 1780.

As the letter to Mrs. P., containing her son's account of his wonderful escape from drowning, while a member of College, is interesting, it will be copied from his journal. I accompanied my

uncle, the new president, forty miles above the college, and after fording wild Ammonoosuc river, lodged at an aunt's about a mile beyond. In the morning, which was Sabbath, it was necessary to re-cross the river, to attend public worship. With this object in view, in company with my uncle and aunt, and several of the family, we set out; but when we arrived at the river, found that it was much swollen by the copious rain which had fallen the preceding night, and the dissolved snow. Several of the party crossed in a small boat; but as it was still possible, though difficult to ford the river, it was expedient for some to attempt it, and lead the horses that were dismounted. Of this number, I offered to be one; but in the stream, my horse on being checked, crouched, and was overthrown. The rider precipitated into the water; I immediately regained a standing, but found it impossible to resist for a moment the force of the current. I was again overwhelmed—by repeated struggles to obtain a footing, I caught a few gasps of air; but the intermediate times of being under the water were longer than I could suspend my breath, and caused very great distress. I was soon carried into deep water, and then, from the necessity of it, thought of swimming, to which exercise I had been accustomed, without fatigue, or even sensible effort; I rested on the surface of the water; but I had not proceeded far, before my strength entirely failed me—so that I could not move a hand or foot to save the

universe. As *I* lay on the bottom of the river, my pain abated; but the bed was hard—from the necessity and nature of the sleep into which *I* was falling, and the inextinguishable desire of being awake to life—*I* reflected, that *I* must now breathe, or breathe no more! But finding the attempt useless and distressing, *I* continued voluntarily to suspend my breath, and soon, all sense and consciousness ceased. On first return of thought, *I* imagined that *I* was on the bed where *I* slept the night before, and it was now a dark and stormy night. The scene through which *I* had passed, occurred to my mind, and *I* supposed it to be a dream, and that it had drenched me entirely with a cold perspiration. *I* resolved to start, and thoroughly awake, that *I* might be certain it was a dream. As *I* made the attempt, *I* felt that *I* was weak, and concluded *I* would not fatigue myself more, as *I* should naturally awake in a moment or two. On this *I* perceived a glimmering of light, and heard the clapping of hands, seemingly at a distance, but rapidly approaching; when at the time it should have reached me, *I* found *I* was lying on the shore, surrounded by weeping friends, who were striking my hands, and attempting by friction to restore to animation. *I* was told that *I* had been in that situation fifteen or twenty minutes. Though *I* saw and heard and felt, my sensations were those of distress. There was but a spark of life, in a body of death! serving

scarcely more than to evidence its desolation ; still there was a joy, a great joy in being again alive, and this blessing was confirmed by a restoration, ere long to health and strength.

My mind for sometime previous, had been in a state of darkness and conflict, and the danger into which I was then plunged, impressed me as a judgment. The consternation of the scene, and especially of this impression, precluded other thoughts, but immediately on my rescue, and finding that I was a subject of mercy, the name of Christ occurred to my mind and produced an exultation far superior to the joys of restored life ; and I thought if one had only reminded me of it in my distress, it would have caused me almost to leap from the water ; at least, it would have given wings to my faith, and rendered me triumphant.

It was then my determination, that if ever I should attend the dying, I would speak to them repeatedly of Christ, that the sound of His name, should be mingled with their sufferings of body and mind, and should be the last they heard in this state of sin and mortality. "He is a rock," all else is wave and darkness.

WM. PATTEN. (aged 17 yrs.)

After fruitless efforts to rescue the sufferer, the horse being frightened at his struggling in the river, a young gentleman took another horse and plunged into the place where it was supposed he had sunk for the last time—putting his hand

down at a venture—seized his loose coat, which was providentially unbuttoned, and floated near the surface of the water; by that the apparently lifeless body of his friend, was drawn to the shore, and though distant from any dwelling house, the Lord was pleased to bless the means used for resuscitation. Forever praised be His holy name.

HARTFORD, June 7th, 1780.

Is it you my dear, my thrice dear son, that have been, as it were, entering the world of spirits and called back? Why was you not permitted to enter? I hope because that great, that merciful, that good God—has some great work for you to do. May your spared life, be devoted to his service, and you be made a great and rich blessing in the world. What proofs have we, not only from the word, but providences of God, that it is of infinite importance for us to stand, with our loins girt about us, and our lamps trimmed and burning; and may we see to it, that we have oil in our lamps, ready for the coming of our Lord and Savior. Our dear uncle Davenport, sojourns with us, and was our mouth to your great Redeemer and Preserver, to render our most hearty thanks for your life, when in such eminent danger. Did I inform

you of your brother George's being preserved in almost as much danger? if I have not, I am much to blame. In the beginning of Dec'r. he went down to see H. W,—they went on the bank of the river to play, which was a little frozen, in attempting to get some ice to throw; his feet slipt, and he went in where I supposed it was over my head, and in a most gloomy place; but that most merciful God, had prepared a stick, and some places in the rock, that he was enabled to extricate himself. O, that this remarkable, as well as all the dispensations of Providence, may be sanctified to us, that we may learn all those important lessons, designed by the Father of the human family. I believe, my dear, it will be best for you to come home before commencement, and spend as much time as you can consistently with your studies. We will try what we can do for you; we all feel anxious to see you. The Lord be with your spirit, and grant you all needed salvation, light and direction. Accept a still larger share of love, from your most affectionate Mother.

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, April 20th, 1784.

My Dear Son—

I desire to bless God that I am permitted to write you after so long an illness. I have seen

much of His goodness ; may I be enabled to live answerably. We have been looking and longing to see you this long time, till now ; we shall rest till the election, when I trust you will not disappoint us. With regard to my advice, my dear, I am entirely unable to advise you. I do not know the circumstances of either people. I endeavor after my imperfect manner, from day to day, to beg all that light, assistance and direction that is necessary for you. Be very careful to live near to God, to cast all your cares and burdens and fears upon His directions, in a humble manner, and He will direct your steps. You are not quite ignorant of the trials attending a minister ; and especially among a gay, irreligious people ; however, you must not fear to go wherever God, in His providence, calls you. Put your trust in Him—His grace will be sufficient for you at all times ; may that ever be the case. You are under very peculiar obligations to devote yourself to the Most High. It has been my most ardent desire, that my son might be a bright example of piety, as well as other qualifications for abundant usefulness. God can do every thing for us, His dear church, and for the world, which they need—blessed be His name. The children join in the most tender love with your

Affectionate Mother,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten, New London.

NEW LONDON, 9th May, 1784.

Honored Mother,—

I am writing after meeting—is it wicked? Not if I write in a suitable manner. I had this afternoon, a large audience; my subject was the *stormy wind*. I was very unwell in service. My head ached—I thought I should have become crazy in prayer. I trust I am thankful that I was kept from any material mistake. This is the fifth Sabbath since I have been in this place. I am situated in, I dare say, the most agreeable family in the city. I am treated with the greatest kindness. I think there is a prospect of my tarrying here through the summer, if my health will allow of my being attentive enough to my studies, and if my performances meet with approbation. O, mother! how important is the situation! I tremble at the reflection. I would with all my heart, comply with your command, to be at home at the election, if it were in my power. If I do, this pulpit must be destitute, and the whole town without preaching, for I am the only one who can perform that service in the place, except an old gentleman, who, it is believed, is incompetent. But I could return the day after the election, you will tell me. If I could, I should be unable to preach, for I have both sermons to make, almost for the next Sabbath. I am to exchange with Mr. Parsons, of E. H., the Sabbath but one after election, which place is half way home. Mr. Shaw, the gentleman with whom I live, will be going to H. then,

and I expect to bear him company. You may expect us Tuesday, May 18th; I shall leave you on Saturday. Mr. S. has made me a present of a suit of superfine black broadcloth, to which he has added a very handsome blue great coat, a hat, &c. I long inexpressibly to see you. Give my love to all my friends who shall attend the election. I would write my sisters had I time; give them and G. my love.

I am your dutiful son,

W. P.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM PATTEN, NEW LONDON.

HARTFORD, July 8th, 1784.

My Dear Son,—

I received your kind favor by Mr. N.—may Heaven a thousand fold reward your tender care in the best of blessings. I have been favored with a line, by Mr. Pomroy, and have seen him since. He informed me that you appeared very happy, and gave good satisfaction. O, my dear son, how much have we to thank God for! Why should you be the one solicited to supply so good a parish, and stationed in so good a family and with so great a benefactor? I might have gone back to the first moment of your being left fatherless—how completely has God fulfilled his promises—how has He planned all our affairs—let us still trust in Him for all that light and as-

sistance, strength, direction and supplies, that we need, with care and diligence, to acknowledge Him in all our ways. Where and how is Mr. Steward?—Do write me, if you know. Remember us in an affectionate manner to the family in which you reside, and believe me,

Your ever affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

HARTFORD, 25th October, 1784.

My Dear Son,—

I received yours by Capt. L., for which I return my most sincere thanks. I hope your health is restored, as you wrote nothing about it.

How wonderful is the generosity of your worthy friend, Mr. S. I sincerely wish he might be rewarded a thousand fold in spiritual, as well as temporal blessings; and may you, my dear son, be enabled to make suitable returns to Heaven for such distinguishing favors. I wrote the particulars of our prospects not long since; we have been, through the kindness of Heaven, prospered, and are well supplied. Do not be anxious for us; take good care of your health, and that Heaven may bless and prosper you, is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate mother.

R. P.

Please remember us in a proper manner to the family where you reside. Adieu.

Rev. William Patten.

NEWPORT, September 7th, 1785.

Honored Mother,—

I am this morning in the greatest haste. I sincerely thank sister for her most agreeable letter. I expect the day after to-morrow to set sail for New London. I have received a very pressing invitation from that place to return. My situation has been very agreeable ; God has given me favor in the sight of this people. I am in a straight between two—it may be possible that I shall see you this fall. I must attend commencement—and if I return to this place again, which is unanimously wished, I shall have leisure to visit you, as Dr. Stiles is to spend the vacation here.

I am sorry not to hear that you have received two half-joh's which I forwarded before my last letter, by Mr. B. Can they be lost ?

I long to see the family—my dear mother, my dear sister, my dear Miss A., and though I have said dear so often, I must add my dear George.

I am, honored mother, your dutiful son,

WM. PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

NEW LONDON, 16th November, 1785.

Honored Mother,—

When I heard that you were about to remove, I longed to go to your assistance ; but I could not leave this place with any degree of conven-

ience. I am happy that you have obtained a comfortable situation, and it will afford me still higher pleasure should Providence improve me as an instrument of making it secure. I expect in the morning to set out for Newport; I should have concluded to tarry in this place till after the Thanksgiving, but there is one appointed in Rhode Island, the week after ours, and I am by no means to fail of attending upon that; as Dr. Stiles's meeting house will be completed by that time, and the society would choose to have a discourse adapted to their circumstances; with which, if I should comply, as I must go by water, I must set out this week. The society in this place are very friendly to me—as friendly as I could wish; they would not part with me this winter, were it not their house is so much out of repair that it is inconvenient for worship. They will expect me in the spring. They have the foundation of a new house almost completed; they expect the frame by next May. They go upon a large and very elegant plan—I hope they will be prospered in putting it into execution.

Dr. Stiles honored me with a particular attention, while I was at New Haven. His family, notwithstanding commencement, reserved a bed in his own house for my reception. His society in Newport, are unanimously in my favor, and he himself, says that as for my compositions, *they are well enough*. I hope and pray for Divine direction, trusting that I have yours,

dear mother, also. If ever I have a home, on this side the grave, I am determined it shall be yours, and my sisters, likewise; for it would be vain in me, to think that I could be happier than with you.

Afflictions, mamma endure but for a night; they are light, as well as short. For religion's sake, let us not mourn at last; let us not give ourselves up to gloom while there is sunshine with the shade.

I pray Almighty God to spread the wings of His protection over you, that He may supply your wants, and answer your prayers, and that you, with us, your children, may be among those who, through faith and patience inherit the promises.

I am your dutiful son,
WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, August 17th, 1786.

It is not easy to describe the satisfaction I take in writing to, and hearing from so deserving a son as you are. May God be praised for the privilege. A confused head, and a multiplicity of cares, (not a cool heart) must be my excuse for neglecting to write you more frequently. I have now a direct conveyance, by Mr. R., the bearer of yours. With regard to your plan (my

dear son) I think it truly noble; and I do not know but the best that can be devised. All that has made me appear indifferent to it was, my fearing you would be embarrassed, which, if it should prove to be the case, would distress us all. However, you may try, with your sisters, and see whether matters are favorable. If the times (which I hope will wear a more pleasing aspect ere long) shall permit, they will be ready soon after they hear from you. I am highly gratified by your dutiful and childlike disposition towards your only parent. May Heaven reward you a thousand fold; every one concerned with you, must know the kindness and benevolence of which you are possessed; but prudence, and economy ought to have their weight; they are indeed blessings.

Cousin Emelia, is here this day lamenting the loss of her dear sister Marcy, who died about ten days since, of a consumption; her infant expired a few hours after the decease of its mother, a striking Providence! The rest of our friends are well—the president is near marrying. Brother James (I suppose) was married last Sunday evening, to a Miss K., of Concord. She is of a respectable family.

Remember us all at the throne of grace, and be assured when you are forgotten by me, I shall forget myself. The family unite in love from you ever affectionate mother.

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. W. Patten.

NEWPORT, 14th September, 1786.

Honored Mother,—

I have an unexpected opportunity by Mr. B. I have waited on him to the dwelling, which I hope is to be your habitation; and doubt not but that he will give you a favorable account of the situation which Providence hath been pleased to provide for us. Colonel W. has attended service in the meeting-house. I have had the honor of waiting on him since. He is too much acquainted with the world to *admire* the building; but when I asked his opinion of it, he smiled, and said it was very pretty.

The society are attentive to me, and intimately friendly. All—I believe every one wishes to see you here. Some are doing one thing, and some another, to provide for the accommodation of the family. I think that God has opened the prospect of our being the happiest among mortals. I am desired to propose whether it would not be more expedient for the whole family to come this autumn. I can think of but a few objections; those I suppose you must know, and would have you determine entirely for yourself. I am very happy, mamma—Providence blesses me in my studies. I write my sermons without any difficulty. I do not apply myself more than is entirely consistent with my health; and what shows that it is owing to the goodness of God is, that almost every other sermon that I deliver, is thought to be better than ever I delivered before. The Christians I believe are my friends.

May God humble my haughty heart, and restrain my perverse inclinations, and make me in all things conformable to His will. May He bless my labors, and cause that they may subserve the edification of His children, and be an humble means of bringing in a few of His elect.

I desire my love to my sisters and cousin E., and to brother George. I wish you every blessing, mamma, and am

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

NEWPORT, 24th October, 1786.

Honored Mamma,—

I received your letter dated, September 28th, and directed to the care of Mr. T.; but somehow or other, on the 17th of October, it was in the Post Office at New Haven, and not till last week did it reach me.

I am exceedingly distressed at the account which that gives of the family. Sister S. has been unwell, and is almost discouraged. Dear girl! my heart feels her woes with a pointed sympathy. But why is she discouraged? Has not Providence appeared most remarkably in favor of the family; and is it a time to despair, after we have been brought up as children? Our own unbelief is the only ground of doubt. As for the Most High, He is unchangeable, and his blessings are never exhausted.

My heart would upbraid me, should I mention any one prospect which is opened before us, as the way of relief, when we are allowed to place our general trust in God ; but still as there is a method appointed in which we may hope for a greater share of ease, gratitude obliges me to bring it into consideration. And do you forget, my dear sister, that you have a brother who is but just settled in life, whose situation is in one of the most delightful spots on the earth, and who, in the providence of God, is favored with the friendship and with the love of his people. This brother, though he cannot answer for his future feelings, human nature is so changing, and human goodness is so like the morning cloud, yet, at present would be greatly obliged by the consent of the family to remove to the dwelling which is provided for him, and trust he is willing to answer the expectations which they may form from him.

The very first opportunity that is suitable, I shall with the leave of Providence, improve. If B. comes, I shall send some money and make provision for the family ; or, if I know of an opportunity, I will forward the money first, and request the family to improve an earlier passage. The society, mamma, are very anxious for the arrival of my sisters ; and if a vote were to be taken, I suppose that there would not be a suffrage in the whole parish, but what would be in favor of your coming with them. Indeed, if the whole family can come, I think it would be much the best ; it would save expense, and you

would be in a happier society. This, I shall leave entirely with you, after I have mentioned the circumstances, and my own feelings. I beg that you would write me by the post, immediately upon receiving this letter, and inform me of the prospect of your being able to come; you are sensible that I must make arrangements in some respects, different as the case may be.

I feel gloomy myself, mamma, sometimes. Human life, I know is frail, and prospects uncertain. I should be extremely unhappy if I thought that you would be disappointed at my departure; and yet I cannot say but that an anxiety to serve you, sometimes leads me to fear that you may have too great a hope from those services. Let me, therefore, to relieve the distress of my mind, entreat you, most earnestly to entreat you to remember, that man is not to be accounted of, for his breath is in his nostrils; nor be grieved at the thought—for, in circumstances the most prosperous, our hope is only in the name of the Lord. I write you this long letter, within the limit of a few of those moments in which, I think of you with concern and with love. I desire to be suitably remembered to all my friends. Most affectionately to my sisters, and my dear cousin E., whom I love as a sister, and likewise to G., with anxious expectations to hear from you.

I am, honored mamma,

your dutiful son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

NEWPORT, 9th January, 1787.

Honored Mother,—

Mr. B. sailed from this place before the late storm. I wrote you, and hoped for the arrival of my sisters; but they are detained in Providence. I am thankful they were not exposed to the tempest. I received your letter by Mr. G., and have been in expectation of the other you mentioned. Did you know how much I think of home, and how sensibly I feel the disappointment of being without my sisters, you would write me every week.

I enjoy my health finely this winter; I never was better. My labors are a great pleasure; and including the prospect of your removal, I am very happy. I hope you will come the first opening; the house is ready, and we all await, with anxious desires your arrival; may our hopes be blessed.

I wish my sisters every blessing on the return of their birth days; mine is to-morrow. If I live, I will then reflect upon your sorrow, and the obligations under which you have laid me, and the goodness of God, and will pray that I may live answerably to them.

I send you a small sum of money, and in order that I may know whether you receive it, beg you would send me in your next the precise amount.

I desire to be most affectionately remembered to my sisters and George, and suitably to all

my friends ; ever remember me in your prayers.

With the liveliest affection,

I am, honored mother,

your dutiful son,

WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

NEWPORT, 26th April, 1787.

Honored Mamma,—

Since the arrival of my sisters, I have been so busily employed, that I have been unable to write you. To-day I am in haste, but cannot omit this opportunity.

The prospect I had painted to myself, while I expected my sisters, I find so fully realized, that I am persuaded that the desire of having them in my family, was not the effect of whim, or the sudden pang of love ; and that I shall be more happy, if I can be still further subservient to your interest in prevailing upon you and my sister at home, to accept of the accommodations which Providence hath graciously provided, in this place. I think you will be pleased with our situation ; that you would be happy in our circumstances, and that you would approve in most respects of our conduct. We are highly favored ; I doubt not but my sisters will mention it in their letters. We have every thing that we can wish, and much more than we need. The people are very attentive, and very friendly ; and the attachments of my sisters and George,

must if possible, be as strong as my own. My sisters are, I hope, not displeased with my behavior. I think they rather too readily give up to my opinion; I do not design, however, to abuse their condescension, and am very sensible that it would not add to my real dignity, to show at any time, a superiority to a sister.

George and myself are upon very friendly terms; we rarely have any contradictions, but often feel fraternal sympathy, and forget ourselves in love.

I expect to be at New London the 17th of May; either before or after that, I shall, with the leave of Providence, be at Hartford. I desire that you would write by the post, as often as you can. I beg that you would remember me most affectionately to my sister, and gratefully to my friends, and that you would think of us in your prayers.

I am, honored mamma, your dutiful son,
WM. PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, January 10th, 1802.

My Very Dear Son,—

How can you all keep silence so long? Is it because you are too unwell, or too much engaged to write? or do you suppose we know your situation, or do not care what it is? You desired me to write often. When I took brother W. home, you must suppose I feel less solici-

tous for you ; do let me know by the mail. Mr. R. thinks of going to Providence this week ; if he does not, this will go by the post. We have four young misses who are very comfortable members of the family. Miss Allen, of Providence, has been here but ten days. We have been carried along, hitherto, through the great goodness of God, very comfortably. We are blessed with tolerable health, and comfortable supplies ; we want nothing but a greater portion of true vital piety to make us happy. Our little robin, as her uncle calls her, has scarce a complaint. She has spent a considerable part of her time in play since her aunt S. has been gone ; she does not like confinement, except at painting or embroidery. She has a genius for learning, and I hope will read to you in the Bible the coming spring. She is on the whole, a fine child, and I hope will be a blessing to her parents, to her friends, and to the world. Not any person or thing that we possess, are blessings except God makes them so ; let us trust in Him, for a blessing on us, our enjoyments, and employments. How is the state of your flock ? Are there no more signs of life than formerly ? O, that God would pour out His spirit on Newport, that there might be a great ingathering of precious souls. We thank you, my dear children, for Mrs. Osborne's Life ; what a spirit of piety she breathed, and is, without doubt, enjoying the same blessedness I have desired for myself and family. May God in mercy grant we may

all live and die to His glory. I hope, my dear S., this will be a season of profit to you, as well as of comfort to your dear brother and sister. We hope, God willing, to see you all in the spring. Our Savior, when here upon earth, healed all manner of sickness and diseases. "His power and grace are still the same; and let his name have endless praise." How many times the great Physician has appeared for this unworthy family, and done more and better for us, than we could have asked or thought.— May we put our whole trust and confidence in Him. Your brother never forgets you; he is remarkably comfortable. He with your sisters, join in most affectionate remembrance to you; my dear children with your affectionate mother.

RUTH PATTEN.

HARTFORD, July 21st, 1803.

My Dear Son,—

We feel anxious for your state, my daughter, from whom we had a pleasant visit, and I hope a safe return. She gave us an unpleasant account of your health. We wish, my son, you would exert yourself, by the use of means, which God has provided. It is a duty you owe to the dear church, to your family, your friends, and the world. This is a season that calls for exertion in prayer, as well as examples in piety. God has been pleased to place you in a very important situation, where much instruction is wanted,

as well as pious examples and active benevolence. May the great disposer of all things, give us that wisdom that is from above, that we may adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things, by well ordered lives and conversation.

I hear a good account of my dear grandsons, whom I long to embrace. May the Lord preserve you from an undue attachment to them. I know the unspeakable danger of having our hearts taken from the Great Supreme, and bestowed on some of the enjoyments lent to us in our pilgrimage; you know, my son, I have been severely taught this lesson.

Remember us to our friends, particularly, to Mr. and Mrs. R., and family, and say that we mourn with and for them, and sincerely hope and pray that this sore bereavement may be sanctified, that they may discover clearly, in time, the necessity of having our wills bowed entirely to the Divine will. May God appear for the dear babe, save her, and raise her up to be a praise in our Zion, a blessing to her parents, and the world. You may remember your sister R. was brought very low by the scrofula,—no prescription from the physician did any good;—sarsaparilla, and riding were made the means of her cure. She drank for ten weeks, half a pint, just before retiring at night, and immediately after rising in the morning, to be taken on an empty stomach, made good. Mrs. R. had a similar disorder, and was cured by the same remedy, and was perfectly restored and comforted.

ted in other respects. I have never known it to fail of success when administered in season.

With much love to yourself and family,

I am your affectionate mother.

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. W. Patten.

NEWPORT, July 3d, 1803.

Honored Mother,—

Should you have an opportunity of seeing the bearer, Mrs. S., I should rejoice, as she is an excellent woman. The family is in comfortable circumstances at present. Dr. Hopkins is so much relieved, that he attended meeting last Sabbath, but did not preach. The attention to religion in this town, has much abated. It is a consolation that all things are in the hands of Christ, who "is able to subdue all things unto himself," and who as He has the ability, exercises the determination, to render them subservient to His glory,—“but as yet we see not all things subjected to him.” I discoursed on this subject last Sabbath, and remarked that Christ would subordinate all things to His praise—that it was His object to destroy the finally impenitent, as well as to save the righteous—and that in both, His administration would appear just, and His character great and glorious. July 21st, Mrs. S. left town without my seeing her. We are happy to forward the letter by Mr.

Bartlett. He has made us a very agreeable visit, for which we are much obliged. Mr. B. preached yesterday, two good sermons, and was much approved. He has an agreeable voice, and is a sensible, very good man, and has my sincere wishes for his prosperity.

My wife desires her dutiful regards to you, and best love to sisters and brothers, with

Your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Our missionary society is to meet this day. Our quarterly meeting voted last week, one half their funds to said society.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, October 22, 1805.

I am happy, my dear children, to congratulate you upon the joyful news of the arrival of another daughter, and that the mother and child are so comfortable. May heaven continue to bless and prosper you, spare your dear babes, and make them great blessings in the world, and comforts to their parents, and their hearts be early sanctified. We feel anxious for dear Joseph; do let us know soon how he is. May you be preserved from the pestilence, and every evil that awaits us. I long much to visit you, but my health is so poor, and it is attended with so many difficulties, that I don't know as it will be possible; however, if there should appear to be

a permission, I shall rejoice to improve it. We have ten boarders, at the old price ; expenses have so risen there is very little profit. Notwithstanding the little troubles of life, we have reason to bless God for His goodness and long-suffering to the children of men, and to this family in particular, that we are still spared to each other, and caused to rejoice in His goodness, ungrateful and unprofitable as we are. May Christian love fill our hearts, and we be faithful, humble and fruitful under divine cultivation. It is but a step from the cradle to the grave—and Oh, how important that we should be industrious in the service of our Heavenly Father. I find myself very deficient. May we frequently unite at the throne of grace for each other, and our dear families, that we may be found faithful when we appear before our Judge.

Please to remember me to our friends. My family join in a most affectionate remembrance to yourself and yours, with

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten, Newport.

January 31st, 1806.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

I often feel a concern for you, in these peculiar times ; peculiar in the sense of depression and embarrassment, but not in the sense that God does not govern and exercise a care for

his people. But on this subject, I may well expect to receive instruction from you.

I should be very happy to see you, my sisters and brother. The idea of it is congenial in my mind, to the exhilarating circumstances of spring, and I hope it may then be realized. Still we are frail, and I am not insensible to the higher importance of living prepared to meet, in a state, where nothing shall ever intervene, to prevent our most perfect intercourse. I have often reflected with surprise and gratitude, on the idea you suggested, of the continuance of our family for so great a number of years! We shall not now long deplore the separation, which must take place; and as our duties and trials have been in connection with each other, may we not hope, if faithful, to be near each other in a state of blessedness? Were you no better than you now are, it seems that it would be a happiness to be with you, as I can scarcely conceive of more faithfulness, and affection, and tenderness, than you have expressed. You have doubtless heard from Dr. Hopkins, of the feeble state of mother Hurlbut. We were informed last week, that she was supposed to be seized with a mortification, and the event of her death was daily apprehended. We have scarcely any expectation of hearing by the coming mail, that she is numbered with the living. The change in her disorder has been very sudden, and my wife is much affected by the dispensation; still, she is so fully convinced, she says, of the rectitude and

mercy of the divine government, that she does not wish any alteration of the divine will. Her composure is a great relief to my spirits, and in this instance, as well as in many others, I see reason to bless God for granting me a religious companion.

With our best love to yourself, and sisters, and brother,

I am your dutiful son,
WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, February 19th, 1806.

My very Dear Son,

We have long been looking for a letter from you. We are, through the abounding goodness of God, in a comfortable state—may our all be devoted to Him.

O my son, what is life—a vapor indeed.—How much of the wisdom, and goodness, and faithfulness of our Heavenly Father, do we see in His chastisements which we experience from time to time. How lamentable our condition if correction should be withheld! We may with propriety, kiss the rod. I trust you will not forget us at the throne of grace.

If you should be distressed by war, will you not bend your course this way? You have here a pleasant habitation and a family who

love you well enough ; they all join in an affectionate remembrance, with

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, November 23d, 1806.

My very Dear Children,—

How great is the goodness of God to us, that He has preserved us hitherto amidst many dangers, and made our journey agreeable ;—and that we may hope to see each other in the land of the dying once more, and for the good news we hear from home—“’tis like cold water to a thirsty soul.” We hope to reach home on Saturday ; but for fear we should not, I am writing a few lines ; we hope to cross the ferries, and get to New London, a convenient time to meet the stage.

Your brother’s family are very well, and appear to be happy. They have a lovely family of children. O, that the Lord would grant me the unspeakable satisfaction to see them all walking in the truth—not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds—proving what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. Vain is the help of man. My soul, wait thou only upon God ; my expectation is from Him.

Give my love to my dear good* children, and
accept a large share to yourselves, from

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

S. and R. P.

NEWPORT, November 23th, 1806.

We have, my dear children, just received your thrice welcome and elegant package. What reason have we to call on our souls to bless the Most High, who is so bountiful. May we live as well as speak His praise. Is it not strange that we who have experienced so largely the kind interposition of Providence, should ever indulge anxiety? I have suffered much from that quarter since I left you—however, I trust I was made in some measure sensible of it, and that it is pardoned.

I have been threatened with another turn of the pleurisy, but through divine mercy, am much better. Your brother is in a very poor state of health, and I do not perceive that he gains any relief from medicine. May God mercifully spare and restore him. May we be enabled so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; and whenever called hence, be found at last, among those faithful servants who wait for the coming of their Lord.

*The scholars at Hartford.

"And when that solemn hour shall come,
 And life's short space be o'er,
 May we in triumph reach that home,
 Where we shall part no more."

Which is the devout request of
 Your affectionate mother,

R. P.

R. Patten, Hartford.

HARTFORD, 23th May, 1807.

My very Dear Son,—

We thank you for your three epistles which gladdened our hearts, and for the presents that accompanied the last. W. was highly gratified. He enjoys himself, and has health. We were all disappointed in seeing none of your family this spring; but think your reason sufficient. I am sorry for Mrs. K.; give our compliments to her; I believe she would have been much better out of the reach of her acquaintance. Mr. C. and his mother were here, on Tuesday; he observed he thought it a pity you should involve yourself in so much care, as she occasioned, and asked if I did not think with him; I told him, if you had his income and family. They appear very happy.

We rejoice to hear there is a moving among the dry bones in your neighborhood. O! may it spread over to Newport! O, my son what a charge ministers have! Blessed be God for the

wonderful promises made to them, if they be faithful. How much happiness we lose, by not living above the world; happy for us when afflictions drive, and mercies draw us to the fountain of all good.

Have we ever mentioned your aunt Woodward's death, which was in March? She appeared for sometime before her death, to enjoy a Christian temper of mind, which continued to the last. Dr. Betts, at Norwalk, about the same time. He took leave of the world without opportunity to bid his family farewell, after serving God and his generation upwards of eighty years. Our Fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live forever? We have had many worthy fathers, but they are gone to reap the fruit of their labors, and we shall soon follow them. It has been a dying time among us, though not very sickly. Our family have been highly favored with health—our business is still good. God has blessed and prospered us beyond our expectations. May all be devoted to Him.

Your brother and sisters desire their love with mine to my daughter, yourself and dear little ones. W. sends duty and love. That the God of peace may be yours forever, is the daily prayer of your ever affectionate mother,

R. PATTEN.

Mr. William Patten.

HARTFORD, August 3d, 1807.

My Very Dear Son,—

Though I frequently converse with you in thought, yet too seldom can find resolution to write, which is a great privilege, and would be much greater if I could communicate what is in my mind in a satisfactory manner.

What is life but an important state of probation? What a mercy to be faithful to God, our own souls, and the souls we are concerned with and for. Were it man we are to account with, we should have little reason to hope; but adored be infinite goodness, that in and through our glorious Fore-runner we may hope for pardon and protection—a theme sufficient for an eternity. In all our cares and trials, temporal and spiritual, may we have our eyes to Him.

Give love in abundance to your dear little ones and to each a kiss from me,—proper salutations to inquiring friends. Remember us when you can best remember yourselves. That you may have that wisdom that is from above, is the sincere desire of your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, March 7th, 1808.

My very Dear Son,—

We received your very affectionate and consoling letter of February, which gave fresh cause for gratitude. There is no mother so

happy in her children as yours, that I know of. I hope I have the great blessing of seeing them walking in the truth—of seeing them faithful from a principle of love ; I pray we may not deceive ourselves or be deceived.

The goodness of God is truly great in preserving the lives of so many of us, when frequently threatened, and in particular of late. I think I can see much of the wisdom and goodness and faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God. May it be our study to bring forth fruits meet for Him by whom we have been so carefully dressed. But O, my son, what reason we have to cry with the prophet of old, my leanness, my leanness, under divine cultivations,—such fields for usefulness, and yet so indolent and cold, in the most important concerns. May we be enabled to go to the fountain for such supplies of grace as we need, not only that we may be approved and acquitted in the day of Christ, but do good to the souls of our fellow creatures. What a melancholy consideration does it afford, that so many precious souls, insensible of their case, are moving on with time, to the gulf! We have a selection of five children ; they make in general, good proficiency in their different branches, but seldom one that thinks much on the affairs of eternity ! O, that God would pour out His Spirit on us, our families, our people, and our land, which is at present, peculiarly threatened. May the judgments be averted, and all things overruled by infinite wisdom.

With regard to some sketches of my life, I have often wished there were some, for the benefit of others, and to show how little our happiness consists in the abundance we possess. I have thought it good to stand still and see the salvation of the God of the widow and fatherless, and indeed, of all that put their trust in Him. The instances of old and modern times of faith, have not appeared mysterious, if we are blest with the divine presence, we can do and suffer whatever we are called to, cheerfully. O, God, give us from thine infinite fulness, such supplies of grace as we need. I do not know for these some years, that I have any particular desire, with regard to our temporal matters. I suppose it our duty to be industrious and prudent, that we may not only have enough for ourselves, but to assist others that need. But with regard to spirituals, I find my desires are strong to see my posterity walking in the truth, to have them examples of piety and holiness. You know, my son, I have been tried in a great variety of ways, but I think I may say with humility, for my great unworthiness, God has fulfilled His gracious promises to us,—there is no earthly friend or property can be compared, or is worthy to be mentioned.

With regard to our little ones, the eldest, if there is any good to be gotten here, he seems to claim the first attention if it is agreeable. We have a prospect of a charming school the ensuing season; and as soon as it is convenient, shall

you not, my son, if there should be war, turn your course this way? I should think it would be best; it is probable God is about to humble us into the dust; we deserve it. We were rejoiced to hear some traces of my dear brother Maltby, tho' I have enquired by every opportunity; I heard of none, except his only daughter, who lived with her uncle Dorral, who died in Newport. She married a respectable physician, in Charleston; I think she is not living. I fear the public distress will prevent Mr. Woods coming, where he was from. It is a remarkable Providence, that his family should be so unknown in his native country; it is a consolation, that they have our God and many prayers in store for them. May we frequently meet at the throne of grace for ourselves, families, and the dear church, (which the Redeemer appears to be increasing in our place,) and another, and for our guilty land. That the great disposer of every good, may bless you, and your dear family with spiritual blessings, is Christ Jesus, is the daily, earnest desire and prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Give our respects to Mrs. K.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, 27th March, 1808.

Dearest Mother,—

We were all much revived by your last kind letter. I could scarcely realize that I saw

in your own hand writing so long a course of observations. For the blessing of your being so far restored, we cannot be sufficiently grateful. It gives us much pleasure to receive an intimation that you think of visiting us. Any thing that can be done by us to facilitate a measure which may be of advantage to your health, I will afford, as the mutual happiness of your seeing the family, and of our seeing you, I will undertake with cheerfulness. If you wish me to come on, I will enter on the journey. Or if the embargo has rendered money scarce with you, I will forward any sum you may desire. I wish to have you begin the journey as soon as you think the road sufficiently settled, and that you would enter upon it in circumstances most easy and agreeable to yourself. We hope there will not be war, at least, that there will be no invasion. But should it be otherwise, I shall consider the place I procured for the accommodation of my family, after my decease, a providential retreat both for me and them, and shall hope to resort to it. An invasion will, in this case, be less of an evil to me, than to many others, as I should consider it a great alleviation of the calamity, that it placed me near you.

Ruth and W. were desirous of composing as well as writing their letters, and thinking the natural effusions of their minds would be more acceptable, we have permitted them to send them. William suffered a considerable injury in his left thumb by attempting to strike off a stick

with a hatchet. He cut through half the nail with the flesh; but is in a fair way to become entire again. Though extreme thoughtlessness causes us great anxiety; but the Lord is the only keeper of all. We have been happy in seeing Mr. G. He has been able to answer all our questions; and it seems almost as if I had passed an afternoon in Hartford.

My wife desires her dutiful and affectionate regards to you and brothers and sisters, with dearest mother,

Your dutiful son,
WILLIAM PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, May 3d, 1803.

My very Dear Son,—

We were refreshed with a line from you last evening, that there is a prospect of seeing your face with our dear daughter; may you be brought hither in safety. I feel tolerably well when I keep very steady, and not at all exposed; my greatest trouble is commonly in the night season, as also my greatest comforts. I often think of David, though no doubt, a great difference in the height of our exercises. I do not feel it prudent to visit you yet; if Heaven should permit, I hope to before fall. It would be peculiarly agreeable if you could come on next week. Our family is not yet full, and the schools will be dismissed. Your brother's school pros-

pers remarkably. He enjoys comfortable health. The awakening here through the great goodness of God continues; it seems like a gentle shower, or a still small rain. We hope that the great Head of the church has still a more plentiful shower in reserve for us. May Heaven grant among your people and neighbors the plentiful effusions of the Holy Spirit. Awakenings do not appear to be in consequence of extraordinary means or Providence; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. May God be with and bless you, my dear child, and your dear family, assist, strengthen, and continue you a blessing.

My family join in affectionate remembrance to my daughter, and the olive plants, not forgetting Mrs. K.

I am your very affectionate parent,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, 19th January, 1809.

Honored and Dear Mother.—

I have been to meeting this evening, and preached a very long sermon. My text, James 2: 12—"So speak ye and so do as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty." I considered the divine law as the law of liberty, because it can neither be obeyed nor transgressed, but in the exercise of liberty or choice, which is not

the case with any other law—so that this law cannot be obeyed without moral excellence, nor disobeyed without depravity of heart, from which the reasonableness of its rewards and punishments are evident. I was lately much pleased with what I consider the true meaning of the expression, “Who giveth us all things richly to enjoy”—not that God bestows on any one all things as a personal good, but He gives all things to each one, to be enjoyed in the exercise of benevolence. Or, it is the design of God in all things, to lay a foundation for the happiness of His people. In correspondence to this, it is said all things are yours, whether life or death, &c. I have been favored of late, with unusually clear and pleasing views of the truths of Scripture, and hope you will continue to pray for me.

My wife and family desire their affectionate regards,

I am, your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, March 4th, 1809.

My Dear Son,

We were made glad by a letter from you yesterday. How great is the goodness of God to my whole family, while many have fallen in this and the neighboring towns, with the most terrible disorder—my family is still unmolested, —may we be humble and faithful.

There have about eleven died, in this place. I. P. taken Saturday night, died Sunday night. Mr. H.'s only daughter, Dr. Well's wife, and only daughter; this week, three of Mr. J. B.'s daughters, Mr. J. D.'s wife, a daughter of Mr. C. B., a young married woman, and a young Miss near the river. This disease has not reached the north end of the town, which is blessed with unusual health. Your brother went out this morning to make inquiries for new cases, but found none. We hope God has mercifully said to the destroying angel, "put thy sword into its sheath." May the people repent and humble themselves before God.

The Holy Spirit seems to have withdrawn from among us in a great measure; the minds of the people are much occupied in public affairs. The assembly have been sitting the week past; you can see their resolves in the next paper. I hope they will be wise. Your observation with regard to the ark, is, no doubt just. May we trust in Him, who rules the raging seas, and turns the hearts of men as He pleases.

My family join in a most affectionate remembrance to yourself and dear ones. That we all, my dear son, may be divinely directed, assisted, and strengthened in, and to all duties, is the prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. W. Patten.

HARTFORD, August 6th, 1809.

My Dear Son,—

My own health is, through the great goodness of God, better for six months past, than it has been in three or four years. I have often contemplated sketching some occurrences in a life, so full of the goodness and wonderful interpositions of God, to one most unworthy, ungrateful and unprofitable, but there are many difficulties in the way. I hope God will dispose and direct as may be most for His own glory and the best good of the afflicted, the widow and the fatherless. There is no fear to them that trust in Him—may we ever be enabled to trust in Him at all times, even in the darkest hours.

I write as if I did not expect to see you soon ; we shall expect you before many weeks, if you don't forbid us. How is Mrs. K.? Give my best love to her, and tell her if I am ever so happy as to enter the world of glory, it would greatly rejoice me to meet her there ; I often think of her. May God prepare her for whatever is before her. My family join in best love to the dear lambs, with

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. W. Patten.

HARTFORD, 10th September, 1810.

My Dear Children,—

Your letters have been unanswered, not from voluntary neglect, but from pure necessity.

We were glad to hear of your welfare, though we were not a little disappointed in not seeing you the Friday after commencement. William and Joseph were quite sober, when we gave over looking. They enjoy good health, and are very steady at school; it is a time and place of temptation, though I think they improve some in their minds—are more discreet. I think you have an arduous task before you, if you all live to educate your children for usefulness. We want much of that wisdom that is from above, to be much in prayer to God, for his blessing on our endeavors. With regard to the children, we wish you to do as you like; whatever is for their benefit we shall acquiesce in. We do not wish to have either of them considered as boarders. It is not our design to perplex, but to console and to pursue the things that tend to peace. If my dear Ruth will meet me in a better world, I shall be satisfied. O that we might all be prepared for that world of glory, to which all the faithful followers of the Savior will be admitted in due time.

I think it is a false idea that it abates the affection of children to be separated from each other a considerable part of their time. I was grieved to see that the affections of your sons were alienated from their sister; they were inclined to speak freely of her faults, but I forbade their saying any thing about her. I have not heard them since. I know her disposition is irritable. I think she requires great mildness.

You may reflect on the joyful season when you returned from College, after two or three years absence, were our affections in the least diminished? And so it has uniformly been with regard to all this family. I do not mean to persuade, but to rectify, I think, a mistaken idea.

The Northern Consociation meet here next Tuesday; we wish you were here. It is a time of great health, and great security. Pray for us. Mr. Palmer is said to be declining, he is happily resigned—whether in life or death, he has no choice.

The family join in an affectionate remembrance to yourselves and the dear olive plants, with

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

NEWPORT, 13th October, 1810.

Honored and Dear Mother.—

I sincerely thank you for the affectionate and liberal expressions in your last letter; I know it to be the object of the family to console and relieve me; but it would not be proper for them to be at an expense on my account, which I may be able to bear, and by which they may be embarrassed. I can write nothing new respecting my journey. It will be prevented, unless I receive a remittance from Mr. K. I have written to Mr. R., to subscribe on my account at the bank; and it is my intention to take money

from the bank in this place, on the presumption that I shall hear from Mr. K. early in the winter ; should I be disappointed, I can at least, sell the share.

Ruth was much affected with your letter. I hope you will pass a long time together before you meet beyond changes. I am persuaded that religion and Heaven are recommended to her, by the regard she has for you. — Through divine goodness, the family are all well, and desire a dutiful and affectionate remembrance to you, and sisters and brother, and the dear boys, with

Your dutiful son,

WM. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

NEWPORT, 4th March, 1811.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

Though writing is a substitute for conversation, yet it is by no means so communicative. Were I to see you, how much should I have to say? I could continue my discourse from morning till night. But because I have written to you within a few days, I feel at a loss how to make out a letter.

On reflection, there are several subjects of an interesting nature, of which it may be proper to mention. The son of Mr. Champlin, who was sick at Litchfield, and who went from this place to New Providence for health, is now

brought to the grave. His father has returned from Congress, and both he and Mrs. C. are peculiarly affected, and consider that they have lost their greatest earthly comfort, and that they are rich in a sense, in vain. The young man received baptism, and partook of the Supper before he expired, and appeared resigned. It may be, that he was sent from his friends, that he might be prepared for death, as they did not wish that even the subject of religion should be mentioned to him, lest he should be apprehensive of death, and become gloomy. I do not see much evidence that my people become better. They are patient in hearing scripture doctrines, and experimental religion, because they think they are supported by some arguments. but they do not obey them more than if the arguments resulted solely from my ingenuity. I much fear that but few in this place will be saved. I have reason to be thankful that I live in undisturbed peace, and are under the best advantages to pursue my studies, in which I trust by the divine blessing, I make some proficiency. I am in better health than I ever experienced heretofore. My family are in usual health, except my wife, who is still an invalid. I know not that I have scarcely any one to pray for us but you; I hope you will never forget us.

With sincere love to the family,
I am your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, May 27th, 1811.

My Dear Son,—

We were affected with the account you gave us of the situation of your dear family. I feel as if I could not stay here, but must fly to your relief; yet, considering my age, many infirmities, and family, I think it my duty to wait. God is the same at Newport that He is here. I humbly hope and pray that every circumstance respecting yourself and family, may be ordered in covenant love and mercy. We need the chastizing of our Heavenly Father, to speed us in our way—may we ever exercise childlike tempers.

With regard to your sons, I wish you not to feel anxious about them; they have every thing they want, and appear contented, and are steady at school. I have hoped, and do hope still, that your brother will make you a short visit before long. His assistant has been absent for his health about three weeks, and has returned unwell. If he comes he will bring the children with him; if not, they shall, God willing, visit you the first safe opportunity. We wish you to write frequently while your family are in trouble.

I desire, my dear son, to commend you and your dear ones to the care and keeping of Him whose perfections are infinite—His covenant faithfulness, unchangeable.

My children join in most cordial remembrance
to yourself and family, with

Your affectionate mother,
RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. W. Patten, Newport.

HARTFORD, 12th September, 1811.

Procrastination, my dear son, is a strange disorder—'tis to-morrow and to-morrow, and next week, when we think of writing, or visiting, or other duties. Yourself and families are daily on my mind. I feel grateful, I think, for the great goodness of God to your dear ones. May His favors be continued. We have nourished a secret hope that we should see the most, or all of your dear family this fall; we long to see them. May God grant us that favor, if it may be His will. I doubt not but that it may be for the health of my daughter to make such an excursion. I have been sorely afflicted with those nervous affections myself, and know them to be very afflictive. I found riding very beneficial, and not the less for having some cares, if they are not perplexing. How wonderful are events ordered in this state of trial; how often the hand of our Heavenly Father chastening. He gives here a little, and there a little—mercies and afflictions so wisely mixed, and dealt out in such a manner as to do us good. O that we might rely on the divine perfections—cast all our cares and

burdens on Him, who is able to do all that in and for us and ours, that our necessities do, or may require. We have ever found Him a God near at hand, faithful and kind, not dealing with us according to our deserts, but, in great mercy, for His dear Son's sake. Our family is in usual health, and uncommonly large this summer. The children have an opportunity for every kind of instruction; they appear, in general, industrious. How do our little boys conduct? How my heart would rejoice to hear my dear grandchildren were enquiring the road to happiness. What a dead calm! every one seeking gain from his quarter. May the Almighty have mercy, and pour out His Spirit upon us. Dr. Strong has revived, and appears in better health, and more animated than I have known him for some years past. Mr. Ingles and lady, made us an agreeable visit. They put up with us. He was liked as a preacher. My children unite in best love to yourself and yours, with

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, 12th March, 1813.

My very Dear Brother.—

I desire to bless God that I am so far restored as to take my pen, (though with a trembling hand,) to thank you for your affectionate remem-

brance of me when I was unable to remember myself. The attack was very violent; I was deprived of reason for about ten days. Prayers were offered in public and private, and the Lord was pleased to hear the petitions, and restore me so far as that I have been enabled to attend meeting one half day, and return my thank-offering, with the children of God, and unite with them in the Supper of the dear Redeemer. But, O, my dear brother, I need your prayers that I may be enabled to fulfil the increasing obligations I am under to do, and live more for the glory of God, than I ever yet have done. A sense of obligation was the first idea that impressed my mind, when I was very weak in body and mind, and unable to sit up--then Jesus Christ appeared able and willing to assist those who asked. I wish much to see you, and all your dear family. Give my love to them, and remember your affectionate sister S.

Mr. W. Patten.

NEWPORT, March 24th, 1813.

Dear Sister.—

We are all very much rejoiced that you are so far restored as to be able to ride. May your life be continued, rendered dearer by the experience you have had of sickness, and more diligent and useful by the state of preparation in which you have been called to be for eternity. Restored

from sickness, the children of God ought to be, as though they had descended from Heaven, and I hope you will shine in that character till you are actually united to the spirits of the just made perfect.

Patience has its perfect work when it is exercised in many trials, and as long as these trials may be continued. We are not allowed to select our trials, nor to repine at any allotted to us. But those appointed by the Lord, are adapted, if we have patience under them, to bring all our graces into exercise, and to render us perfect. They are expressive of divine care and goodness, as well as of divine authority; and by those who have any sense of the importance of moral improvement and of the blessedness of the divine favor, they would not be exchanged for scenes of the greatest worldly prosperity and enjoyment.

The world has become full of trouble, and it appears a characteristic of the present times, that under the judgments which are inflicted, men do not repent. While careful to profit by them ourselves, what reason have we to lament that so many should exhibit the character of reprobates! But the time will soon come, when the meek shall inherit the earth.

With my wife's and children's love to you,
I am your affectionate brother.

W. PATTEN.

Miss S. P.

HARTFORD, May 14th, 1813.

My very Dear Son,—

We were rejoiced to receive a line from you, containing so much good, not only health, but comfort derived from the precious word of God. The situation of you dear flock, is truly affecting. You have to be prayerful and faithful, and wait the Redeemer's time, to visit your frozen people with the kind, warming, and quickening influences of His Holy Spirit.

In a time of great coldness, notwithstanding the judgments of God are so evidently abroad on the earth, the people will not consider. The bell is now tolling for our eleventh soldier; a number of inhabitants have died in this place and in the neighboring towns, of the common epidemic, with very little warning. The peculiar goodness of God to our family, deserves to be acknowledged with gratitude. May we ever be grateful and faithful in all things. Pray for us, that we may discharge our various duties to divine acceptance. I consider you and yours, my dear son, as part of our dear family. May we dwell upon earth as heirs of the grace of life, and our prayers not be hindered. Remember us to our friends, and most affectionately to yourself and dear family.

R. PATTEN.

Rev. W. Patten.

I have not recovered my health—I feel in myself that time draws towards a close. May my time, my talents, be devoted to that God whom

I have ever found faithful to His word, upon which I trust He has caused me to hope. How many times have we been saved from the destroyers. We are now, full of the goodness of God. May you, with me, praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works. May we meet at the throne of grace, not only for ourselves, but for the dear church of Christ, and our distressed land, that all things might be overruled in great mercy. My family join in most cordial love to yourselves and little ones, with

Your most affectionate mother.

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, September 20th, 1813.

My Dear Children,—

We received yours safely. I hope most sincerely, their coming hither will be for the better. They have come in a time of the outpouring of a spirit of enquiry in this place. In about twenty instances, there is reason to hope they have been brought out of darkness into marvelous light. A much larger and increasing number are making enquiries what they shall do to be saved? O, that we might be blest with the kind and quickening influences of the Holy Spirit in our thoughtless family!—never more so, than the year past, a great cause of humiliation. May we still hope in God, whose perfections are infinite, that He

will, in His own good time, remember us. Dr. Strong is all alive; he has renewed his youth—appears to enjoy better health than for ten years past.

There are revivals of religion in a number of places around us. May we not hope it is the dawn of that day, in which our Glorious Redeemer shall become King of nations, as He is now King of particular saints.

HARTFORD, 1st April, 1814.

My Dear Son,—

We have just received your long expected letter—are pleased to hear you are all comfortable. W. says she does not wish to return, except for her mother's sake; she is sometimes anxious for her; they all feel contented and pretty steady. W. wishes to receive a line from his parents; they enjoy good health, and O, that I could say were all enquiring after the one thing needful. The Spirit of God is still among us; there is a considerable number to be admitted the next Lord's day, when the Sacrament is to be administered, God willing. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God is perfecting praise. There are many children in this place and in Wethersfield, who are hopefully Christians. The attention to religion is quite remarkable—may it spread from town to town, and from land to land, until the world shall be filled with the glory

of God. You did not mention whether the thoughtfulness in Newport increased. May you, my dear son, hear the joyful sound, what shall I do to be saved? and what shall I do to be saved? through your whole society. We see, in families, and societies that the wind bloweth where it listeth. In the families of the Danf—ths, the work has been wonderful. There have as many as eight or nine been hopefully new-born. Our children go—appear pleased and affected—will give a very good account of the sermons; but as they enter on their studies and amusements, the impression seems to pass off—but we hope the day of God's power is near, when the people shall be made willing. May we hope in Him. May your children be blessings to their parents through life, and repay them for all their care, which they can never realize until they are parents. We, through the great goodness of our Heavenly Father, continue much in the same state, as when you were last here. Surely we are monuments of God's mercies. The family unite in best love to yourself and yours, with

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, 3d September, 1814.

We received, my dear son, a refreshing package of letters from Newport, by Mr. R.;

are pleased to hear of your welfare, and that my daughter was so comfortable—may her health be continued.

It seems our expectations are like to be blasted, with respect to your visit, with part of your dear family, but hope the time is not far distant, when we shall enjoy that pleasure.

We do not apprehend much trouble for Newport, if they will be quiet. For my part, I should be glad if all the capital towns would capitulate. 'Tis a pity any more human blood should be shed in this wicked and foolish war, as far as man is concerned; yet without doubt, there is some important purpose to be answered by Providence.

You will receive this by Master W. M., who, I sincerely wish, may be an ornament to the church, and a blessing in the world,—though I think the love of democracy will be quenched in the breast of every believer in the Prince of Peace. I hope you will be a friend and father to him. The awakening has not entirely subsided; our meetings are full; there are a number under concern of mind.

To-morrow will be a very solemn day at East Hartford. There are sixteen to be added to the church; the Lord's Supper to be administered, and in the afternoon, Mr. Yates preaches his farewell sermon. He is going to take the Professorship of Philosophy, at Schenectady College, against the advice of ministers and people. He has been remarkably blest with a great in-

gathering of souls—I believe greater than in this place.

Give my best love to your dear family; tell my children I shall endeavor to answer their letters soon.

That every needed blessing may be granted you, my dear son, is the prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, January 1st, 1817.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

Long have I been desirous of writing you, but indisposition has prevented. Mr. Patten instructs the children in the morning, and I in the afternoon. Our charity school was likely to be entirely given up; I thought my cares too great to permit me to engage in it again, but as no one else would, we made one more effort—formed a new society, and have now twenty-five children under our care. My daughter Ruth, with a number of young ladies, are directresses, who alternately, instruct the children in writing, among other branches of education. We have had two donations of fifty dollars each, and have on hand about three hundred dollars. Though the people in some respects, appear attentive, yet, still the ways of Zion mourn, that so few attend her solemn feasts; there is here and there a traveler. The last Sabbath that Mr. Silliman

was with us, was a gloomy day. Mr. Patten was unusually solemn in his sermon, and fervent in his prayers. Oh! pray for us, that the Lord would raise pillars to this tottering temple—but there is now and then a ray of light that breaks through the cloud. Several of our influential men appear to be under conviction. Mr. Patten never preached better than he has this winter. I have often been much pleased with his sermons, and was happy to find that others were, even those that were not the most friendly. Mr. W. E., junior, observed, that Mr. Patten's Thanksgiving sermon was the best he ever heard in his life. The text was, "Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song." The doctrine deduced was that we are constantly loaded with benefits, and for each we ought to sing a new song.

On New Year's Day we were enabled to form at our house, a female prayer meeting. Since then we have hired a room, where we meet every Wednesday afternoon, for prayer—imploping a blessing on the low state of our church, and that its pastor may be strengthened, and not discouraged. A few weeks since I witnessed a melancholy but very pleasing scene—Mr. Patten admitted the lovely Eliza Vernon into full communion, in her sick chamber;—there were present Rev. Messrs. Man and Hitchcock, Mrs. R. and daughter, who communed with us, though members of the Baptist church. E. is a pattern of submission—a sweet serenity sits on her features. "A mortal paleness on her cheek, but glory

in her soul," which is just about to take its flight to its native skies. Ruth is often with her, and oh, that her mantle might fall on her. Through the goodness of God we have no wants, but grateful hearts;—with affectionate regards to the family, from your dutiful daughter,

H. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, Jan. 9th, 1817.

My Dear Children,—

I received your letter with your son on Friday, and on Saturday your daughter and son-in-law arrived safe. Your prospects, I think, are flattering at present. William has improved much; he appears amiable and discreet. Your daughter and new son are very happy; they are pleasantly situated. She appears to have every thing her heart desires. Oh, that they might all be partakers of the treasures that can never fade.

We have had a favorable winter thus far to transact all business. God has kindly ordered it for man and beast, but in many places the earth has yielded less plentifully than usual.

Through the great goodness of a merciful God we are in a moving state. The death of our dear pastor makes us lonesome—it is indeed a great loss! May the great shepherd of his sheep provide one after His own heart, that may be a real blessing. Dr. Strong recommended a Mr. Burgess;—he has been written to on the subject—his answer is not yet received.

What are we?—what do we enjoy without the consolations of religion? O that our hearts might be warmed with Divine love to God and our fellow sinners! While we hear of many revivals among people less distinguished by the means of grace than ourselves, we have to lament the indifference of saints as well as sinners! Dr. Strong observed he never knew so dull a time.

“Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee!
And thine to us so great?”

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,—
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.”

With best love from the family to yourselves,
and each of your dear ones,

I am, your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, April 16th, 1817.

My Dear Son,—

Yours of the 14th has just come to hand. I am much pleased with your early attention. I received a line from President A—— which I enclose, mentioning the death of my dear brother President Wheelock! What cause have we to

praise God for his goodness and for his care of that dear Institution—for the happiness afforded my dear brother at the close of life—I think his enemies must be confounded;—how wonderful are the orderings of Divine Providence!—in this, exactly as I could wish. May we ever cheerfully and heartily commit our all into the hands of God, to be disposed of according to his perfect mind; hoping, believing, and trusting in his infinite mercy through Jesus Christ, our only Lord.

Our family are much as usual—none of us enjoy very good health; and none, through the great goodness of God, are sick, or in any peculiar trouble of our own. We are grieved for your situation; we should rejoice to have you near us, but as you observed, as long as God supports you where you are, (though it is not by means of the people,) it is best to be still, until he point out some other place. I feel much distressed for your dear church and people; a singular instance! May God in mercy restore them to life, and you have the pleasure to see them built up in the most holy faith.

Our beloved parent is unable to finish this letter. She desires her love to you all, with an assurance that she is still

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten and Lady.

Let us, my dear brother and sister, call upon our souls to bless and praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the

children of men; daily experience assures us that he is kind, even to the evil and unthankful.

The life of dear mother was almost miraculously preserved, yesterday morning, in attempting to ascend the stairs, when about half way up, endeavoring to support herself by the railing; it gave way, and she fell backwards to the bottom. I hardly think it necessary to name mother's request to pray for her, which I presume you never forget to do. Love to the children, your affectionate sister.

R. P.

HARTFORD, 10th June, 1817.

My very Dear Son and Daughter,—

Through the great, the distinguishing goodness of my great Preserver, I am permitted to write to you again. The goodness of God has caused me to be a wonder unto many: it is supposed next to a miracle, that my life was spared. I was enabled to go to the house of God last Sabbath, to offer thanksgiving for restoration, so far as to join with His dear church in commemorating the wonderful love of our dear Redeemer. The season was solemn, and I hope profitable—a most wonderful institution—I seemed to gather strength in the inner and outer man. Oh that my soul might be inflamed with an holy zeal for the blessed cause of the dear Redeemer, and love to the precious souls that are walking carelessly the road to ruin.

It is a time of great deadness with us. We have at present, Mr. H. preaching, lately dismissed from Fairfield—a man towards forty, with a wife and seven children. I fear we are getting into a divided state. Mr. B.'s friends, I presume, will not feel very good natured; however, we hope the great Disposer of all things, will deal more favorably than our fears. We were much refreshed with your letters. I think you may with propriety, acknowledge the hand of God in sending Mr. R. for your comfort and assistance, and likewise the settlement of a good Baptist minister; we hope he is such an one as you can exchange with and take comfort in. As for the other society, we think they will hurt themselves more than you. It is a great pity that so depraved a set, who profess the temper of the Prince of Peace, should make so great a rupture in the church. It appears to me, they are not worth your notice; sometimes entire neglect is more likely to do them good; some live by opposition. The case of your church is very peculiar. Commit all into the hands of the Great Head of the church. May you, my dear children, have that wisdom that is from above. I never was more sensible of the great goodness of God, than in this last confinement. It was what I needed, and every step was mercy. My reason, my limbs, my children, my friends, my mind tranquil—wherever I turned my mind, mercy was new every morning, and fresh every moment. Oh that we were enabled to praise the Lord for

His goodness, and for His wonderful works. Your children are well, and conduct much to the satisfaction of their friends. Your sisters, and brother desire their best love to yourselves and dear little ones, with

Your affectionate parent,
RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, 15th, October, 1818.

My Dear Son and Daughter,—

It is a long time since I have received a line from you, but hope and trust your Covenant God is still dealing kindly with yourselves and yours.

Since Connecticut and Rhode Island have become sisters in so serious a sense, I feel disposed to know if you can sympathize with us, who have made so great exertions to retain our excellent laws and steady habits. May we look to Him who rules the boisterous deep, and trust in Him. We have reason to be very humble, and take the punishment of our sins patiently. It is a time of great coldness and deadness in this place. There is scarcely the voice of enquiry after the way to Zion.

Our minister, Mr. H., appears very anxious, I believe has the good of his flock at heart. May God bless his labors. You have his ordination sermon; he is a man of good principles, and is generally liked, though he does not seem

to bring out of his treasure things new and old. He is young in the ministry. With regard to your children here, they appear happy—little W. P. H. grows in stature, health and understanding; we think he is a promising child—has already found the way to grand-mama's, and sometimes cries to visit her before he is dressed. I believe our daughter feels humbled under her present embarrassment of not having the privilege of baptism for her dear babe. O that it might be an inducement among many others, to prepare to dedicate herself to her God, and Savior. Her mind at present, does not appear to be that way. It is probable Mr. H. would attend the Episcopal church, if she would accompany him—she does not choose to—there are some good appearances; she endeavors to do her duty as far as she is able.

We were much disappointed in not seeing any of your dear family this fall. May there be no bar in the way to hinder the visits of my dear grand-children. Our affection is just the same, with best love to all.

I am your affectionate parent,

R. PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

NEWPORT, October 6th, 1818.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

My congregation continue flourishing; and there is a prospect that a few will be added to the

church. There were more spectators at the sacrament yesterday, than I have observed for several years. I endeavor to preach the doctrines of the gospel with plainness, and we know they are seed, whose fruit is righteousness and peace. But if the kingdom of God should prevail among us, I think it will be after the example of the parable of the husbandman; Mark, 4: 27. It was with much regret that I was obliged to forego a visit to you in September; but a variety of circumstances rendered it inexpedient. William has commenced the study of the law in Mr. H.'s office, and is regular and diligent. He is a fine youth, and were he sanctified, and his life spared, might be eminently useful. All the children have many things in them that are pleasing, and are rapidly increasing in growth and the improvement of their intellectual faculties.

With the dutiful and affectionate regards of the family,

I am, your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

NEWPORT, 17th November, 1818.

Honored and dear Mother,—

Since my last letter, my family have been in usual health. I was not at all pleased with the government of the school to which my children went, and have taken them under my care

for their morning studies, and find much pleasure in attempting to initiate them into the first principles of useful science. I find them all very intelligent, and eager to excel, and their progress is commendable.

You will rejoice to be informed that Mr. Ruggles and his wife have become united to the church, and presented their three children for baptism; the eldest of whom is very serious, if not truly religious. Some in the congregation are thoughtful, but the attention of the people in general, appear at present to be turned away from religion and its support, so that meetings, salary, and singing are on the decline. A dancing school, which is numerously attended, want of business, and some embarrassments appear to be the occasion of this evil.

I received your letter some time since, and regret to hear of Mr. Hawes' indisposition. But few ministers are spared in such health as Dr. Strong enjoyed, and as I have experienced. Could the pleasantness of the autumn have been foreseen, it would have been an encouragement to me and my wife, to attempt to make your family a visit. But we are now permitted in divine providence only to pray for each other, and to enjoy intercourse by thoughts and writing.

With best love to all the family,

I am your affectionate son.

WM. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. P.

HARTFORD, March, 10th, 1819.

My Dear Son,—

If there were no to-morrow expected, then we must improve to-day—a time when letters ought to be answered. Procrastination is a great evil. We received yours of the 23d of February, and shall in due time comply with your request.

We have reason to bless God for His goodness, for His forbearing goodness. May we be led more and more to the fountain from whence cometh every good. May we see a father's hand in the afflictions our children have met with of late. They are indeed humbling, and very trying to lively ambition. May this scene be abundantly sanctified, and be the means of leading their minds to the great disposer of all things, and finally of devoting themselves and theirs to their God and Savior. The Lord knows how to bring His own into the fold. It is my daily prayer, and no doubt yours, that they may be of that number in God's own way. We must leave them, knowing that infinite wisdom will do right. I have been unwell two or three weeks with a cold: a complaint that has greatly prevailed with us, and in some instances terminated in fatal disease. Religion is at a very low ebb. May God in mercy pour out His Spirit, and cause it to breathe on us as in years past. Time urges us on rapidly—O God grant us grace to improve it faithfully. The fire I had reference to, happened a few weeks since, about one hundred

rods south of us. Although the wind had been southerly, it was then directed otherways.—Four barns, one workshop, and several outbuildings were burned—an awful, majestic exhibition,—when columns of smoke and flame arose and appeared advancing toward our dwelling; our Almighty guardian caused a soft breeze to waft the danger from us. The evening was remarkably calm. The fire entered the kitchen of Mr. Pratt's tavern, and was with difficulty extinguished. Several buildings, three times the distance of ours, took fire. Had not people been enabled to use more exertion than ever before in this place, probably the most compact part of the city had been in ashes. Humanly speaking, Church street could not have been saved if equally exposed, as the houses are of wood, water scarce, and the engines all employed in preserving buildings near the fire.

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

Give our best love to your dear spouse and children; a line from them would be very acceptable to

Your affectionate parent,
RUTH PATTEN,

Rev. William Patten,

DECEMBER 5th, 1819.

Honored Mother,—

Sister's letter by Capt. R. has been received. It afforded us great pleasure that she and they who were with her, had so prosperous a journey and arrived in safety. I had before heard that my brother's ill health had interrupted his business, and it would be his only object at present, to make a settlement of his affairs. What we call evil, is often a preventative of greater evil. I hope it will prove so in this case, and that my brother will experience relief from a thousand anxieties, and be both happier in himself and an occasion of greater happiness to his freinds. Divine wisdom has influence in all events. This disappointment will be overruled for good ; and light shall arise out of this darkness. I hope my brother will have grace to submit to the divine will. I feel for him not only as a brother, but in a sense as a son. Many a month have I passed in solitude and thought no sacrifice great to promote his advantage. I have still the same affection for him, and that I do not express it in actions, is owing to his being removed from the sphere of my assistance. If he knows my heart he will not allow me to be ignorant of any way in which I can contribute to his relief or happiness.

Since sisters left us, there has been an increasing attention to religion in some instances. A place for conference has been opened in what was formerly the dancing room, and at the first

meeting about 400 were present. The second meeting is to be next Thursday. A conference is held on Sabbath evening by Mr. Tenney and myself in the meeting-house; and it is commonly filled, and the congregation is very silent. It is expected that four or five will be propounded for admission to Dr. Hopkins' church the next Sabbath. Dr. H. has relapsed much within a few days; has lost his appetite and appears an image of death. He is still calm and resigned, and interesting only by religion. What a pious minister of Scotland once said, appears to be the language of his temper: "I am willing to live or die; if I live, the Lord will be with me; if I die, I shall be with the Lord."

Through divine goodness my family are well. Requesting our dutiful and affectionate regards to yourself and family, I am your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

NEWPORT, December 12th.

I failed of sending my letter as I expected, and have now the happiness to inform you that my second meeting at the conference room was large, and that yesterday eight person were propounded for admission into Dr. Hopkins' church, and three unto mine. Of the latter number was Mrs. Mein. The meeting-house was crowded last evening at the conference; there is an unusual attention among the people—may they be led not in haste, but believing.

W. P.

HARTFORD, February 20th, 1820.

My very Dear Son,—

We were made glad by the information in one of your letters, that you were not so ill as had been represented, but still feel very greatly concerned for your health. We want much and we need much divine cultivation. May the means used make our fruit much more abundant.

I am grieved for the state of your dear church and people. The ways of Zion truly mourn. I have for a long time, feared that you were to be a savior of death unto death to many that would fall never to rise again. But it is easy for the great Head of the church to restore the backsliden, and say to dry bones, live. May that be their case soon. Go on, go on, my dear son, faithfully to warn them of their danger, and instruct as you have done these many years, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. It is indeed a trying task, but you must leave the event with Him who worketh all things after the council of His own will. The promises of God I trust will be your support.

We hope, if Providence permit; you will calculate on making us a lengthy visit in the spring.

FEBRUARY 21st.

Since writing the above, Mr. Tenney called and gave some account of your situation. I am persuaded your disorder is bilious, and that to a

great degree—a disease very destructive to the system and often proves fatal. There is a remedy, which has cured in almost all instances where it has been tried. Flake off some hard soot from the chimney back, blow off the dust, put it in a vessel, pour on boiling water, let it stand a short time, pour it off, beat a new egg and a little sugar—take a large wine glass two or three times in a day, if it sets well on the stomach. Sometimes it proves physical—so much the better if it does. I advise you to make hop beer your constant drink. Cider I think detrimental. May God graciously bless the means that may be used for your recovery, or prepare us all for the event. If we may but enjoy the light of our dear Redeemer's countenance, having the oil of gladness shed into our souls, we shall be happy, hardly contented to wait our appointed time. Then how would our hearts leap for joy, at the prospect of exchanging worlds. But O, these unbelieving, cold, deceitful hearts. May God enable us to understand His loving kindness, and put our whole trust in His divine perfections, that whether we live or die, we may do honor to the religion we profess—commit our families, people, friends and the dear church to the care and keeping of our glorious Redeemer.

NEWPORT, 12th April, 1820.

Honored and dear Mother,—

Mr. G. has called on us just before leaving town, to inform us that he left you and the family in health, and that he will take a letter for you. Through divine mercy, my health is restored so that I preached three times on the Sabbath, and once in the week. There is much attention to religion in this place. But all the zeal that appears, is not itself religious zeal, though it shows that there ought to be zeal in religion. My occasional meetings are better attended than they were, but as usual they consists wholly of women. The men appear determined not to exceed attendance on the Sabbath public exercises. It has appeared to me, that the indifference in my society is owing to the want of a regular constituted church. The church is styled the mother of believers; and much advantage appears to result where there is a church from the prayers of the brethren, and their exertions to promote the cause of Christ, and when these are converts, they find in the church, protectors, guides and friends.

We have been called this week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ruggles. Her husband and oldest child died within 18 months past; but the parents were members of my church. Thus we are sorely bereaved; but though the dispensation is so dark, the love of God is plainly manifested in it, as in each who died there was evidence of true religion, and their decease appears

to be blessed to the three surviving children—the oldest of them about 17 years of age, I hope is a Christian. I can as yet, lay out no plan, nor assign any time for my journey to see you.

My wife and all the children unite in love
with

Your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Rrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, August 7th, 1820.

Dear Daughter,—

I received yours, and congratulate you both on your agreeable journey and welcome reception. I do not know but the lonely afflicted family are dead. I heard nothing from them since you left us; gladly would I spend some time with them, were it in my power to mitigate their suffering. People speak kindly of our dear unfortunate young friend. They who were acquainted with the arts of the deceiver, say he had his plans prepared long before he set his hounds upon the innocent victim, of his audacious barbarity; and now he has turned his attention on himself to treat the people with great politeness, so as to get their confidence. What reason have we to rejoice that the Lord reigns. May all his dispensations be sanctified to us all.

May we faithfully discharge the duties of life, which is very uncertain. The remains of Mrs. N. S. were followed to the grave after a short

illness on Thursday. Ten children have to lament their loss. Wheelock will recollect M. B.,—she spent the day with her grand-mother C. yesterday—went to her aunt S. last evening, became very ill—told her aunt there was no happiness in this world, that she could not live in the situation she then was; her aunt told her she did not think she could. She replied, I am not prepared to die. Her aunt said it was never too late to ask. A severe paroxism of distress succeeded and stopped her utterance, and before sunrise the young, thoughtless Maria breathed her last. May she not “have languished and died in vain.”

May the Lord be our inheritance. “Nor can we sink with such a prop, who holds the worlds, and all things up.” With best love to yourself, and dear children and grand-children, from myself and mine, believe me to be

Your ever affectionate parent,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, October 6th, 1820.

My Dear Children,—

Mr. H. and his mother were here last week. The loss of so dear a son and brother, seems to make their cup overflow. O, that the various dispensations of Providence might be sanctified to all concerned. Our friend Mr. H., never appeared so amiable as now. It looks melancholy to see so fine a young man as he is, temperate, and industrious, and we think honest and

virtuous, destroyed by such an old bird. With malicious pleasure, he has displayed all his talents to execute his threatenings to dishearten, by depriving him of wife and children, and making him an exile from his country; but Mr. H. says all is right. Well, he is young; and if he makes a wise improvement of this scene of distress, he may and will, we doubt not, rise to a state of respectability; his friends pity and respect him. J. L. says one would think Mrs. H. has been enough acquainted in the world to see its emptiness. She has lately chosen that good part, that shall never, I trust, be taken from her. Mr. E. C.'s family are sorely afflicted. It is not likely that his mother, wife, or infant daughter will be inhabitants here long. The old lady appears very low. Age, a distressing cough, and many infirmities. Her daughter has for many weeks been troubled with a spasmodic disorder, which is supposed will soon end her days. She appears calm and resigned. She gave her dying advice, and took an affectionate leave of her family not long since. Her lovely child, eight months old, taken from its natural food, after taking that which was not congenial to its constitution, could keep nothing on its stomach; it is now reduced to almost a skeleton; but they are in the hands of infinite wisdom and goodness.

The Methodists appear to be gaining an establishment here. People are much pleased, and I believe profited. Mr. M., their minister, appears to be a worthy character—a native of Ireland. It

is, in general, a stupid time. There is here and there a drop. May the great disposer of all things grant a plentiful shower. We were pleased with a visit from Colonel Arnold and lady, by whom I expect this will be conveyed. They have lost three children out of four;—what a changing world; troubles beset the sinful children of men,—they do not, they will not understand, nor seek after God! Many endeavor to fortify themselves against dejection, but, alas! that will not do; it is not the thing; few make a wise improvement of the dispensations of providence. With best love to your dear children, from myself and mine, believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Since writing the above, mother was seized with the influenza,—for three days past she has been able to set up but little. Pray for us.

Oct. 25th.

S. & M.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

NEWPORT, March 23d, 1821.

Dear and Honored Mother,—

By not hearing from you for a considerable time, we indulge the hope that you are relieved from your cold, and that you enjoy your usual health. Our interest in your life and welfare is not at all diminished by length of years, but in proportion as you approach the time when you must depart, it becomes more sensible and

solicitous;—were it consistent for you to reside with us and share the prosperity and enjoy the attentions of all this part of your family, it would afford us great pleasure.

We are continued in health, and God is graciously pleased to provide for our external wants; but for spiritual blessings on the children, we are left still to hope. The reputation in which they are held, exposes them to many snares from the world, which operates more against than in favor of their seriousness; but they have many cautions and prayers, and your instructions and example are remembered by them with the greatest affection and respect for your character.

The scene of religious attention of which you gave some account, is a cause of great thankfulness; but with me it does not encourage the hope of the speedy introduction of the millennium. There is so vast a portion of the world yet to hear of the Saviour, and so small a portion that have heard of him which believe, that no revival appears to me as yet to indicate that promised rising of the Sun of Righteousness, which is to shine upon all nations, with healing in its beams. Another consideration against this hope is, that much of the present attention to religion is more in show than in sanctification; and not a few of those who become converts, manifest an ignorance of the truths of the gospel, and that they are strangers to its spirit. I long to see those who profess religion, discover Christian knowledge; a Christian temper, and a Christian prac-

tice; to see them humble in their piety, impartial in their charity, and steady and uniform in the disposition to do good. But blessed be God, that of this religion, there are some examples.

My wife and children desire their dutiful and affectionate regards to yourself and brother and sisters, with

Your affectionate son,

WM. PATTEN.

Mrs. B. Patten.

HARTFORD, 17th April, 1821.

My very Dear Children,—

My long silence has not been for want of affection, but for want of health and moderate weather. I have for many weeks been exercised with a grievous cold and cough; of both I am in some measure relieved through the great goodness of God.

We have the pleasure of your daughter's and grand-daughter's company. They both add much to our comfort. We hope our dear W. will find some profit;—there is at this time a great shaking among the dry bones, and several have hopefully been brought into the fold. It is said there never has been so great and good a prospect in this place before, and in Wethersfield. Dr. Beecher of Litchfield, has been laboring with us ten or twelve days, to the great comfort and profit of the people. He was to leave town this morning. We hear there is a great spirit of enquiry in many places; does it not

appear probable that these encouraging appearances are the dawning of the millennium? There have been several remarkable conversions under the preaching of a Methodist minister, by the name of Maffitt. He appears to be one of those sent out into the highways and hedges, to compel those who never attended any religious service, to come in. He is correct in his principles, and much like Mr. Whitefield in his manner of preaching. All denominations appear to be enquiring. God grant that yourselves, dear family, church, and people, may catch the flame, and be filled with holy love and zeal. I intend writing again soon, and more particularly. My family unite in best love to yourselves and dear children, with

Your ever affectionate mother,

R. PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, May 23d, 1821.

My Very Dear Son,—

It is reviving to receive letters, though the intelligence is matter of affliction. We were grieved for the indisposition of my daughter, as her health and life are of great importance. We hoped to have seen you this spring—shall be much gratified by a visit from my daughter and grandson, agreeable to your proposal; the health of both, would, doubtless, recruit by the excursion. Our dear Mrs. H. and little son, are with

us, both well. She wishes to stay and see her mother and brother if they come.

We are deeply afflicted for your declining church. May her great Redeemer and Physician speak the healing word—send his Holy Spirit and awaken souls from their awful slumbers, and say to the dead bones, live. There is nothing but Almighty power we know, that can do the work. O, how much need have we in all our cares, and distresses, to fly to Jesus, the fountain of every good. This life is a good state for probation. We have mercies and afflictions side by side; when we set one over against the other, we shall be compelled to say the ways of God are equal.

Eighty-one now stand propounded for admission to Mr. Hawes' church the first Sabbath in June. Sometime since, it was supposed there were about two hundred under serious impressions. Of late, the work appears at a stand. It is feared that the ingathering of the Redeemer's Kingdom is suspended, and that Satan may be permitted to reign for a season. Our people have sent to Boston for a celebrated Universalist preacher; but Jesus sits at helm, his dear church is safe, and blessed be his name.

My family enjoy tolerable health. I am troubled with a continued cold and hoarseness, but am as well as I have reason to expect at my age. Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

My best love to my daughter and family.—
 May God be with you evermore—my children
 unite with

Your affectionate parent,
 RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, July 6th, 1821.

My Dear Son,—

I wrote intending to send you soon after the death of our brother Steward, but found Mrs. H. had written before me. The removal of our friend is a great loss to this place. His example in life and death were highly worthy of imitation, and I hope will never be forgotten. When summoned to go hence, he did not appear to have anything to do but to die, and that he did cheerfully. He has left his family in easy circumstances. His two daughters came forward sometime before his death and united with our church; he appeared to have a good hope for them. This, the greatest of blessings bestowed upon his children, he mentioned with peculiar satisfaction in his last hours. How rejoiced I should be if that were the case with my dear grand-children!—my heart grieves for them. The younger tells me she has never felt any particular anxiety for future events;—she is a pleasant, industrious, agreeable child; has made herself very agreeable in our family, and a comfort to her sister, who is a feeble piece. She has a fine babe.

We are much as usual. I have been confined myself most of the time for some months past, with a variety of disorders, which is nothing strange for one in my advanced age. My hearing is not very good, accompanied by a hoarseness, which inclines me to be more retired than formerly. I take much pleasure in reading, and contemplating on divine things. O! if this stupid heart were but more in heaven, there would be more perfect enjoyment--sometimes it seems as if the happiness was near. I begin to taste, but it soon disappears. O sin, what a monster! may it be more and more hateful; humility and every grace more in exercise. How is the state of your flock?—we have looked for a visit from you and my daughter, but fear we shall be disappointed. I need not tell you it would give us great joy:—we had a pleasant visit from our dear G. Would it not be better to encourage his reading Theological books? It appears to me they may be the means of giving his mind, which appears tender, a different turn. May God, in mercy, direct. Your charge is great:—we have all passed the meridian of life:—May God forgive our unfaithfulness hitherto, and enable us to discharge every remaining duty to His glory. With a most affectionate remembrance from me and mine to yourself, my daughter, and all your beloved descendants,

I am, your truly affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTER.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, 22d March, 1822.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

We were much rejoiced, and we trust grateful, that our dear daughter was carried through the hour of trial in so much mercy, and that she and her child were continued in so comfortable a state when we last heard from them. There is certainly reason at present to rejoice, and though our anticipations from the world are less pleasing than they have been, yet to such cases, the exhortation of Christ is doubtless applicable;—"take no thought for the morrow, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The Lord has, indeed, brought us into great perplexity and darkness, and His agency must be signally exerted, that his loving kindness and faithfulness may appear; but is he not therefore an object of trust and of hope? They that know his name, will put their trust in him.

We have but little appearance of religion among us. Satan evidently works, not only in the children of disobedience, but in many who profess the gospel. There is an indifference and a disunion, a spirit of covetousness, and of conformity to the world, which has generally been characteristic of this place, and threatens continued and extensive ruin. Mr. Mein has again opened his hall for Thursday evening exercises, but the burthen of the expense falls as yet wholly on him, and there is apparent danger of their soon being discontinued! Pray for us dear mother, that the Lord would appear in his glory

and build up Zion here and elsewhere, until she becomes the joy and praise of the whole earth.

I often feel a concern for you in these peculiar times—peculiar in the sense of depression and embarrassment, but not in the sense that God does not govern, and exercise a care for his people; however, on this subject I may well expect to receive instruction from you.

I should be very happy to see you, and sisters and brother. The idea of it is congenial in my mind to the exhilarating circumstance of spring, and I hope it may then be realized; still we are frail, and I am not insensible to the higher importance of being prepared to meet in a state where nothing shall intervene to prevent our perfect intercourse. With the dutiful and affectionate regards of the family,

I am your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, April 25th, 1823.

My very Dear Son,—

The time is near when we expect to have the pleasure of seeing you, and some of your dear ones. We have had for some time past very uncomfortable weather—it is now becoming more pleasant. I have been afflicted with a continued cold for more than two months—part of the time a severe cough;—through the great goodness of God, it has of late abated.

I understand our dear Joseph has gone to

South Carolina. How happy should we be, had we any reason to hope he had a Friend above, whom he could look too, to direct his steps. If the great disposer of all things should see fit to disappoint him in his expectations, I hope it will be the means of turning his views into a proper channel. There is a great deal to accomplish in the world; we must leave him in the hands of a merciful, faithful, and covenant-keeping God. I should be highly gratified to receive a line from him. O, that every individual of your dear family may be the honored instrument of promoting the cause of Christ in the world.

How does our beloved William succeed? How I should rejoice to assist, but we are obliged to steer close; we have begun on our bank shares, (in consequence of the dividend failures) that your sisters wished to reserve against the time when they could not help themselves;—not that that we have cause ever to distrust that God who has always taken care, and has done more and better for us than we could ask or think, but they do not wish to be burthensome to their friends.

A considerable attention to religion has lately taken place in Coventry, Lebanon, and several other towns. Mr. Hawes has gone to Lebanon to assist Mr. Ely, who experienced a paralytic shock some time since. May the Lord soon visit your dear people with the plentiful effusions of divine grace. We are still stupid here. It was

lately observed that one year and a half had passed since one addition had been made to our church! O that the ministers of the gospel were more engaged—that they would cry day and night until the Lord build up Zion. With best love to your dear spouse and children, and a kiss for little William and Elizabeth,

I am, in behalf the family,

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. William Patten.

HARTFORD, May 30th, 1823.

My Dear Daughter,—

I was surprised to learn by my son's letter, that you had not received an answer to yours, which I forwarded soon after I had the pleasure of perusing your epistle.

I feel for you in all your cares and trials. Blessed be God, there is a fountain for pardon, protection, direction, and all good. When we are ready, our unbelieving hearts are prone to say, can God supply all our wants here in this wilderness? The clouds look dark and threatening, yet God is there, and orders every thing in infinite wisdom and goodness. We cannot alter anything for the better. Shall we not rather be thankful for past favors, and trust in his precious promises for all we want. Let us be still—go forward, trusting, hoping, believing in

that God who is true to His covenant though we are not.

Dr. Flint has of late been quite an invalid—goes out but little, appears dejected, and unhappy. About 60 of his parishioners have signed off to join the Universalists, who are building a splendid church south of the State House. Many other buildings are going up;—much animation expressed on every subject but religion; with regard to that, the wise and foolish virgins are alike slumbering.

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's-love,
And that shall kindle ours.”

Let us both hope, and quietly wait for the salvation of our God. David says, those that know thy name, will put their trust in thee. Have we not known his name, and found him to be a faithful, covenant-keeping God?

My son, I feel grieved for your flock; I greatly fear they are devoted to ruin. May God mercifully appear for them, and pour down upon them a mighty rain of righteousness.

My dear son and daughter, as to your temporal concerns, I have been looking and waiting for an intimation from divine Providence for your better accommodation; but unless the path of duty be made very clear, I think you had better continue where you are. If your sons should be able to take care of themselves,

your present income would support the remainder of your family.

As Mr. K. is partial to the climate of your isle, perhaps he would choose to have his wife continue there were you to remove from thence; and you may possibly find it difficult to obtain a better support, taking house-rent and other circumstances into consideration.

We anticipate much satisfaction in the promised visit in June or July. I have many things to say. I am unacquainted with your dear family—can you tell why?

With a kind remembrance to them from me and mine, not forgetting dear little W. and E., I am, as ever,

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, January 11th, 1824.

My very Dear Son,—

We were all rejoiced to receive a line from you by the last mail, not suspecting the cause was my neglect. It was impressed on my mind that I had written last. We have nothing new to communicate; we remain in the same state as when you were here—our enjoyments and prospects much the same. Would to God they were better—that we had more of heaven in our dwelling. In all we do and suffer, we need a firmer trust in, and entire submission

to the will of our heavenly Father, who, we know, does all things well.

Your state, and that of your family and church, occupy a great part of my thoughts. I never forget you daily. Mr. H. has spoken of your church; I told him if God had placed you there to be a savior of death unto death, I did not know as we had anything to reply. He observed it was a trying case. I told him you considered it so, and I believed you endeavored to be faithful in the discharge of your ministerial duties, and I trusted would have the reward, if not the success desired.

It would greatly rejoice our hearts if you were placed near, or with us, but we must wait the dictates of Providence—we cannot go on safely without divine direction,—well our time is short; may we stand in our lot, and be faithful even unto death. How is our dear W.? Are her prospects any brighter? May the peculiar dispensations she has experienced, be sanctified to her, and may she dedicate herself to her dear Redeemer. I feel comforted that she is with you. I find by the newspaper, that William has removed to Providence; as his sphere of usefulness enlarges, I hope his desires and endeavors to do good will abound, and be crowned with signal success. I am glad our dear Joseph meets with encouragement. I trust he has not forgotten to speak as well as to write. I believe it is about two years since I wrote him a long letter, and have received no answer. I did not mean to

dictate concerning the employment of your daughters; they must do as you think proper. Dr. Beecher's two daughters, from Litchfield, have lately commenced keeping school in this place; they attend only to the solid branches. Concerning my dear ones, I earnestly make only one request above all things, that *I may see all my posterity walking in the truth.*

The family join in most cordial love to yourself and yours, with

Your affectionate parent,

RUTH PATTEN.

Several of Dr. Watts' Psalms have been peculiarly comforting to me, such as the

17th, Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove;

28th, Soon as I heard my Father say,

63d, My God, permit my tongue—

84th, My soul, how lovely is the place.

116th, What shall I render to my God?

And parts of many others, as occasions require.

NEWPORT, 28th January, 1824.

Dear and Honored Mother,—

We lately received a letter from you, which is replete with all those sentiments of affection, and of interest in our family which we know you possessed, and are sure you will retain as long as your life shall be continued. I was especially gratified that you have me and my family, and the church and congregation with

which I am connected, so constantly on your heart before God, and I have no doubt of the efficacy of your prayers; but there is reason to believe, with respect to the church and congregation, they will be answered by "the return of your peace to you," for, by some late resolutions of the society, their desolation appears to be decided. Their total indifference to religion is alarming. For the future, they wish to be released from all engagements to provide a salary, except what they may be disposed to give voluntarily. They assure me this is not owing to any disaffection to me, but to the reduced means of the society. But their inability consists in their want of will; for, if not the wealthiest, they are the second wealthiest society;—three presidents of our principal banks, several flourishing merchants, and other men of substantial estates and in business. But they think salary is not necessary where a minister is known to have any other resource. It is almost as difficult to convince a congregation that he is entitled to a salary, as it is that the sun is black. I have returned them for answer, that my feelings do not admit of my receiving anything which is not furnished freely, but that my duty to my family requires, if I cannot obtain a support in this place, that I should seek it in some other. It is probable, if my life should be continued, my ministry among them will cease very soon. I hope providence in opening so wide a door for my removal, is preparing for my settling with a people of more

religion, and with a church which may alleviate, as well as share my labors: This would induce me to remove though I should not obtain more salary.

My family, through divine mercy, are all in health. My wife, and all the children, desire their dutiful and affectionate regards to yourself, brother and sisters,

With your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

NEWPORT, June 3d, 1824.

Dear and Honored Mother,—

I have delayed answering your letter, because I had nothing until this afternoon decisive to say on the subject of the Sandwich Islanders. Dr. Austin had abandoned the hope that either of them could be detained. They had left their school in this town, and gone to work on board a ship, which is to sail on a whaling voyage in about two months. I have seen the most promising of three, several times, and he consents to go to Cornwall, and is indeed anxious for it. He is very remarkable for intelligence, and in the proficiency he had made in learning the English language, and in reading and writing, and his disposition is very kind and generous, and he has no bad habits or propensities—is very industrious and grateful. I do not know of any heathen whom there is more encouragement to educate.

I have not yet been able to see the Captain, but presume he has no authority to detain him; and if it be your wish that he should be sent to you, he will probably be ready to take passage with Capt. Smith when he returns to Hartford. Capt. Smith did not call till he came from Providence, and as the wind was fair, he expected to proceed immediately for Hartford.

The articles were delivered in good order—the bookcase was not marred, and the butter was excellent. We were all very much obliged by the various and valuable testimonies of your friendship and liberality, and my children desire their thanks to my brother for the books he sent to them, and the little children were much pleased with their story and picture books, and figs and raisins.

My people appear glad of my return, and treat me with much friendship; but are disconnected from my exertions to provide for my support. We are still visited with the divine chastisements—a very affecting instance occurred this morning. Mrs. Sophia Philips, the only one of the Ruggles family who remained in the society, and was married about eighteen months since, and was a most amiable and interesting woman, expired! She took a cold a few weeks since, which brought on a fever, during which, she was delivered of a child, and for several days was extremely ill, so that the three physicians who attended her, despaired of her life; but she recruited, and was considered in a sense, out of dan-

ger;—contrary to the hopes of all her attendants and friends, a sudden change took place, and she died! “At such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man cometh.” This dispensation has probably broken up a family in the society, as her husband is a Baptist, and came to us on account of his wife.

My family, are all through divine mercy, in usual health. William is with us, attending the General Assembly, with which he has the business of presenting three or four petitions. George returned to college yesterday, as vacation was out; but whether to improve or not, I do not know, as the college is in disorder. More than ninety of the scholars have petitioned the corporation for a redress of grievances, and a meeting forthwith to be called. It is thought the President, if not some of the professors, must be removed. With the dutiful and affectionate regards of my wife and children, to yourself, brother and sisters,

I am your dutiful son,
WM. PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HARTFORD, June 22d, 1824.

My Dear Son,—

We were much pleased to hear you enjoyed such good visits wherever you went. May God make them a lasting blessing. I believe it would be much for the health of your

dear family, if they were placed in a different soil, and cultivated in a different manner;—I greatly fear for Newport, but should greatly rejoice, could I hear that the spirit of the Lord was poured out on that neglected people. O, my dear son, may your heart be more and more warmed with divine love, and an holy zeal for the glory of God, and the salvation of immortal souls. Your case, and that of your dear family, and flock, occupy a considerable portion of my thoughts. May God enable you to deliver your own soul, and have mercy on all. What responsible situations we are in! Blessed be the Lord, we have a God whose perfections we may safely trust for pardon, protection, and direction. The further we advance in life, the more we shall feel our need of such a powerful helper. Blessed be God for the gift of his Son.

Your brother has not sold his property as we hoped; they did not agree in the price. On the whole, I suppose they preferred the place formerly occupied by Capt. Jonathan Seymour, and are now making arrangements. We had a pleasant visit from Mr. Man. He appears sound and prudent. Mr. Vaill spent the night with us—he is the same as when you knew him. Mr. Stone is now in town—is very much pleased with the intelligence contained in your letter, and says they will receive as many heathen scholars as you think proper. He intends writing you. For fear he will not have time, and the youth lose the conveyance by Capt. Smith, I have con-

cluded to write by the post. We will with pleasure accommodate whoever you may send, until a conveyance offers to Cornwall, which is regularly once a week. With best love from me and mine, to yourself, and all your dear ones,

I am your affectionate mother.

R. PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, February 1st, 1825.

My very Dear Son,—

We rejoiced to receive a line from you yesterday—the first since you were invited to ordination. The day was still and solemn. Mr. Hawes delivered the dedication sermon. We have now a sufficient supply of ministers—people I believe are satisfied. The new congregation appear like a new married couple. Their house is perfectly neat; aisles carpeted—no gallery, except a small one above the pulpit for singers—and just such a minister as they wanted. I think at the South, they have a proper man for them; he tried the law until his heart was smitten. Having gained considerable knowledge of human nature, connected with strength of nerves, he appears peculiarly calculated for their minister. Poor Mr. F.!—it appears his life is nearly concluded—he boards with Mrs. J., nearly

opposite his former dwelling. He has avoided making observations on what is past, present, or to come; appears pleasant, and polite. Your brother spent an hour or two with him not long since; he said he never saw him more agreeable. But now the scene is changed—we must leave him in the hands of his Lord and Master, and earnestly pray for him.

With regard to your dear family and flock, I do not see any way so eligible, as to place implicit confidence in that kind, over-ruling Providence, that hath fed and clothed us all our lives long; and we humbly trust, given some of us, the richest blessings of his grace; and we sincerely hope, will bring all our dear ones into his fold. I pray for divine direction and protection. If your case were as plain as Mr. Bassett's, we should not hesitate. With regard to our dear W. we hope that God, in his holy providence, will prepare him for more important usefulness; his talents appear too good to be spent in the law; that business in this town, will not support itself;—it is a continual anxiety to get friends and keep them, and a great temptation, especially since the business has greatly decreased. However, I hope God will make the path of duty plain. In ancient times, He was a never failing refuge to those who trusted in Him;—in the practice of holy obedience,

“His power, and grace, are still the same,—
And let his name have endless praise.”

I have but one great wish for myself and posterity, and that is, that our faces may be set directly Zion-ward—there is nothing else worth striving for. O, my dear son, we need strong faith, and great humility. May our whole dependence be on our glorious Redeemer, since God hath appointed Him a Prince and a Saviour, and through him, is reconciling the world unto himself. I feel much affected with our situation;—there is a large family of us that will ere long be called out of time. May we be faithful. You have a pleasant family—I hope they are doing well. I find it very difficult to discharge my duty to satisfy myself; sin and guilt beset me, but blessed be God for the great atonement made for sinners. May we go to the fountain daily. Our mercies are innumerable—may we not pass over them in silence. Your sisters and brother are kind and affectionate—attentive to my wants, and the wants of the poor, which is a great comfort to me. Few families, I believe, live in so much harmony as ours. I thank you, my dear son, for the great tenderness you express for your widowed parent. I presume you have not forgotten the dying charge of your dear father, to take care of your mother. May God bless, and reward you all. Your sermon, in Israel's Advocate, is much admired—we were glad to see it. Mr. Rogers was in to-day, he is surprised that your people have done so well, since there is but a handful of them, and but few Christians among them,

With best love from me, and mine to all yours,
believe me

Your ever affectionate mother,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. William Patten.

HARTFORD, March 15th, 1825.

My Dear Daughter,—

Your kind letter, and present, were very acceptable;—the cloth is excellent—the shoes superior to any I find here. May the Lord reward your attention. I feel for you both, in all your sorrows, and in all your joys. The state of your family, and your flock, are truly affecting. I have been hoping, and praying, and looking, this long time, to see what would or could be done, and yet still it is dark!

We do not feel satisfied with dear William's situation. I have hoped, and still hope, that God would point out more plainly the path of duty, and prepare him for some nobler employment. I suppose our dear J. is attending to chemistry, a choice that is agreeable, and may be useful. It is my earnest desire, that amid all his critical investigations, he will not fail to pass the strictest scrutiny upon his own heart; observe its complicated qualities with their various tendencies and operations, and endeavor by divine aid, without delay, to make them all subservient to the best purposes. As for my dear G., I wish that he

lived in a Christian land, where religion was fashionable among the young. There seems to be something in the air of Newport, unfriendly to a life of piety. May God, in infinite mercy, grant it may soon be otherwise; a ministerial life there, is truly distressing, unless that divine assurance be realized, "Lo I am with you alway." I do not see what can be done but waiting on God in faith and prayer, hoping, believing, and trusting in His divine perfections. Jesus, when here upon earth, healed all manner of sickness, and all manner of diseases.

"His power, and grace, are still the same,—
And let His name have endless praise."

May we commit all to His disposal with cheerfulness, and perfect resignation to the divine will, whatever it may be. I think it will be well to make the case known to some of our elderly ministers, and ask their advice and prayers. It seems as if Dr. Hopkins' prophecy, concerning Newport, is very near its accomplishment. O, that you might both stand in your lot, and be faithful, even unto death. Indeed, it is a melancholy time with us; we all have reason to be humble for our sins, which are the procuring cause of all we feel, or fear.

I conclude you have seen an account of Dr. Flint's death in the paper. He was interred last Thursday, after several week's illness. Mr. Robbins of Windsor, preached his funeral sermon, from St. John, 9th, 4th. I must work the

works of Him that sent me while it is day—the night cometh when no man can work. His character was represented in a fair, and honorable light. The Lord knows them that are His.

I hear from Cornwall, that a youth from Oneida, shortly expects to join the Foreign Mission school, who was destined to bear the name of Eleazer Wheelock, which justly deserves to be honorably transmitted to future generations.

There has another revival of religion commenced at Cornwall; a Chinese, and namesake of that beloved missionary, Henry Martyn, is considerably awakened. The prayers of Christian friends are requested for them, that when we consider their future destination, and the incalculable benefits that may result from their becoming pious before they return to the habitations of cruelty, and their idolatrous relations, we cannot be too solicitous for their conversion.

With a kind remembrance from myself, and mine, to all your dear household, believe me, my daughter,

Your truly affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Mrs. H. Patten.

NEWPORT, January 29th, 1826.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

I received a letter last week from brother, by which I was distressed to learn that you were

severely affected with a cold. I hope, however, that it is no more than the complaint which has been so general in the country since the chilly and unusual rains of the season. All my family have been visited with it, so that not one of them was able to attend public worship to-day, except myself, and I was frequently interrupted in speaking by a cough, but, in divine mercy, all of us are much relieved, and hope that, ere long, health will be restored to us. I am as anxious to make you a visit, as you can be to see me; and I intend, with the divine leave, to improve the earliest suitable season for that purpose, but at present, the riding and weather are unfavorable. I am not yet convinced that it is best for G. to be fixed at West Point. To commence another four year's course of study, and then be qualified chiefly for the army, it does not accord with my views or wishes. He has, however, made application himself, and procured many letters of recommendation; and if he should receive permission to go, it may be well for me to acquiesce, though I have done nothing to promote the object.

Should there be anything remaining of the last quarter's rent, I wish it may be appropriated to you, and it will give me pleasure to minister to your wants, if you will give me the slightest intimation of any.

I hope Mr. Wilcox is better; give my love to him, and say, we should be very glad to see him, and if he should wish for an exchange, that I have

no objection to it, though he should preach but half the day.

My wife and children, desire their dutiful and affectionate regards to yourself, and brother and sisters, with

Your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, March 11th, 1826.

My Dear Son,—

We received your truly affectionate letter just after forwarding mine to dear C. Your not acknowledging the receipt, made us fear it had been unfortunate.—Should be glad to know if it is safe.

We pity, and pray for you, and love you with all our hearts,—our hope must be wholly fixed on Jehovah. We have reason to be still and humble before God. Your trials are very great, and of such a nature, as no mortal can alleviate, except by prayer and humiliation.

I hope our dear G. will be prospered, though his call seems to be out of our line. I am informed their religious privileges are good at West Point, that they have a worthy chaplain. Your son will have the same God to protect him, as he has here, and perhaps as good associates. I hope the young gentlemen who are to accompany him, have good characters, and that a blessing may

attend them. He may yet be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. We have nothing to do but to follow the leadings of Providence. I should suppose he is now in an unsafe state. The young men at the present day, are far from being profitable. We should be very glad to be acquainted with him before he leaves you. I do not know the reason of the strangeness of your dear children, unless it is age; we try to do them good in every way in our power—perhaps a few weeks spent in Hartford, would be as profitable as in Providence. I trust, God willing, we shall see you this spring. Mr. Wilcox has offered his resignation on account of ill health; his people will not accept it—he is now much better.

It has been a time of great indisposition; a greater number of deaths than usual, and very sudden;—one of them an acquaintance of your daughter, Mrs. Olmsted. She took about three tea-spoonfulls of laudanum, instead of elixer pro.—Did not discover the mistake until it was too late. She was hopefully prepared for her exit. It may truly be said, while here, we are in the land of the dying. May God in mercy prepare us for the land of the living, even for that blessed kingdom, where sin and sorrow, sickness and death, shall never enter. It is a time of great coldness, and trouble of one kind and another. Afflictions do not wean us from the world, nor mercies excite a grateful obedience to our divine Benefactor; without a special blessing from on high, how deplorable is our state!

My family unite in best love to yourself and yours, with

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, February 7th, 1827.

Dear and Honored Mother,—

It always gives me great pleasure to receive letters from you, and the more, as you advance in years, and discover no marks of any failure in the powers of your mind, or your affections; it keeps up, in a lively manner, the impression that my mother still lives. It is indeed surprising, that we should all for so long a time, be secured from the bands of death. May the Lord mitigate the sorrows that we shall, ere long, be separated, by the lively assurance that we shall meet to our everlasting and complete joy in the heavenly state.

An affecting, though not perhaps uncommon occurrence of the frailty of families, is exhibited in that of Mrs. Channing, with whom I boarded when I first came to this town. She, and the last but one of seven children, have since died. I attended the funeral of Mr. Walter Channing last Sabbath; he died in Boston, the Friday preceding, of a paralytic affection. His remains were brought to this place, that he might be interred by the side of his mother, and others of his family. He was an industrious, intelligent

and very useful man; he was distinguished for kindness, and liberality to his natural relations, and was much of a benefactor to our society. He continued to pay thirty or forty dollars towards my salary after his removal to Boston. That he has considered the society in his will, I do not know.

Our state, as a society, is quite discouraging. There is not a man who cares for our prosperity in the sense of attending to it, or making exertions to promote it. There is not only but little spiritual life among us, nor is there even a sense of decency with regard to the repairs of the house, and the support of the gospel—everything is tending to ruin, and without the gracious interposition of God, will soon end there.

It is remarkable that the gospel should be so much more successful among the heathen in the Sandwich, and other Islands, and in other places, than it is among those where it has been long preached. Dr. Hopkins repeatedly observed, that the indifference of those in general, who had long been favored with gospel light, might be punished by the removal of the gospel to the heathen;—but the prospect is very fearful to those which are now called Christian lands.

My wife and children unite in dutiful and affectionate regards to yourself, and brother and sisters, with

Your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, March 1st, 1827.

My Dear Son,—

We were much refreshed by your very welcome visit—there were some things painful related in it, yet you appear comfortable. The state of our family calls for a heart-felt gratitude from day to day. The goodness of God is peculiar to us;—while some are falling continually on our right hand and on our left, we are, strange to tell, all spared—our comforts preserved, our memory and faculties. That we should enjoy the means of grace, and hope of glory, may our hearts be filled with an holy zeal for the cause of our glorious God and Saviour;—the condition of poor dying sinners, we pity. Yours is a discouraging situation, to preach to the dead. Mr. Hawes says he would not stay. I told him Providence had placed you there, and supported you—had you an intimation to go, you were ready and willing at any time to obey; that I believed you endeavored to be faithful, though I feared your preaching would prove a savior of death unto death to your people; God grant that it may not to your family too. We are pleased that your dear ones are in so prosperous a state. May the God of grace prepare them for a more durable state of happiness.

I was sorry to hear of Mr. C.'s death; may the living lay it to heart. We have witnessed many similar scenes of respectable families almost extinct. I have waited a long time to write something about Mr. S., but we are still

in the dark—he was to have been here in January. I believe he meets with trouble in A. I heard to day his Installation was appointed the week after next. He preached here four Sabbaths—was liked well, but not admired.

March 20th, Mr. S. has arrived—to morrow he takes charge of the North Society. I think there was a resolve passed in Dr. S.'s society, that they would invite no ordained minister on probation. Mr. S. was dismissed before he preached here. Remember us all affectionately to your dear family, wishing we may all have a joyful meeting in a better world.

I am, your truly affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, September 17th, 1827.

My very Dear Son,—

We should have been happy to see you, with some of your dear family, and even now when a stage comes into Church street, have you in mind. It is far from certain you will have an unbroken family to visit—we have been for a number of months sick and debilitated. R. is very lame, and M. is afflicted with nervous debility; we fear the consequences. Your brother and sister S. are the best of us; I hope the representation of our unpleasant situation will not discourage; except the want of health, I think

it never was pleasanter than now, nor the people more friendly. Our good neighbors, Mr. E. Colt and Mr. David Porter, are no more. We find it very convenient to have seats hired in Mr. Spring's meeting-house for those who are not able to walk to ours. Mr. Spring always reminds me of my dear Joseph—he is no handsomer, but rather straighter. O, if my dear grandson had that ministerial spirit, how much good he might do. The hearts of all are in the hands of the Lord. Mr. S. was in trade some years before he was a minister—is now a humble, devoted man. It is indeed a very dead time in this place, though there are showers around us;—there appears to be more of a spirit of prayer than formerly. In God's own time we hope for a plentiful one.

How does your school succeed? We rejoice that there is such an establishment;—remember us to those who have the care of it; we wish them prosperity in that highly commendable employment. We were pleased with Mr. and Mrs. G. We congratulate you that you have another daughter added to your family; may she be a blessing to you all, and both become ornaments to the church, and blessings in the world. The field is opening wide for usefulness; give our best love to them; we wish them the best of blessings. Mary had the unexpected pleasure of meeting them on her way to Brooklyn; she had a pleasant visit. I hope ere this, you have the satisfaction of seeing all your dear children

around you—a happiness I hardly dare hope for in this world; but O, could I rationally hope to meet them in a better, I could easily acquiesce in a temporary separation. It is my earnest prayer that the precious revivals of religion in this State may extend to yours, and that your beloved children may, voluntarily, offer themselves as the first fruits the Saviour calls. O, persuade them

“To make but trial of His love.
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.”

May we not hope to see you, and some of your dear family soon. I have a great deal to say to you, but am unable to write any more at present. I want to write to my dear Wheelock too.

We had a very pleasant visit from President Allen and lady.—Spent but one day here, which was the Sabbath. In the morning, he preached an interesting sermon for Mr. Spring, from 2d Corinthians, 5th, 17th;—“Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature—old things are passed away, benold all things are become new.” In the evening, for Mr. Hawes. He wanted to see you very much, but it was not in his power; he was obliged to be at Andover the third day after he left here.

Why does not my dear daughter write me? I think she owes me a letter. With best love

from me and mine, to yourself and yours, believe me my dear son,

Your affectionate mother till death,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, October 4th, 1827.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

From a line written at the close of brother's letter, I have felt a great solicitude for you, but not having heard since, I hope your disorder has abated. I should be much obliged by particular information from some one of the family concerning your state, and that of my brother and sisters.

We have such unquestionable proofs of the goodness of God, as to justify a confidence that all His dispensations are influenced by infinite wisdom and mercy, though the reasons of them are involved in clouds and darkness. It is a consolation in the changes and trials of the present life, that all the Lord requires of us is, to submit to his will, and exercise an obedient temper; then all things together will work for our good; we shall be accounted faithful, and receive a glorious reward through the merits of our great High Priest.

I desire to thank God that your peace of mind is so constant, and so great. You know in whom you have believed, and He is able to keep

that which you have committed to Him, even yourself and all your interests. May He grant that you may recover strength a little before you go hence to be here no more; but may He especially be the strength of your heart, and your portion forever. Happy will be your change, beyond expression, when you are relieved from all the cares, and wants, and sorrows of your pilgrimage, and partake in that fulness of joy which is in the more immediate presence of God. To Him I fervently commend you, and am, dear and honored mother, with love to my sisters and brother,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

NEWPORT, January 10th, 1823.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

I have been waiting with anxiety several weeks for a letter from home, as mine of November last has not been answered. Sister R., was then on a journey for her health, but I have not heard of her return, nor of the influence of exercise, and new scenes upon her; but indulge the hope that, with the divine blessing, it has proved beneficial. It would give great pleasure to know that you are as well as usual, and that sister M. continues convalescent, since her return from Brooklyn, and that sister S. does not fail under the cares which devolve upon her. On these

subjects, and on others that are interesting, I hope that you, or whom may write, will be particular. There is a very great torpor with respect to religion in all the churches and congregations in town. There is, I believe, more attention in mine, than in any other. One was added to the church last Sabbath, and there is a prospect that three or four more will come forward soon, all of them females. The church has an acquisition in the attendance with us, of Capt. Chapman, husband of the woman whom you lately saw who is willing to assist us at the Lord's Supper. He is very well disposed, and has much zeal. Mr. Guild attends with the other church.—I presume through the influence of Mr. T. That Church is still occasionally supplied by Mr. T. but how long it will continue to be is uncertain.

I have been reflecting with seriousness on the birth days of three of your children, which occur in succession the 9th, the 10th, and 11th of this month. I have expressed my thanks to the Lord for your instructions, your kindness, your watchfulness, and all the expressions of your maternal faithfulness and love, and prayed that we may all meet to rejoice with you, and to bless you in the heavenly state. With the dutiful and affectionate regards of my wife and children to yourself, and sisters and brother.

I am your affectionate son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, January 20th, 1828.

My Dear Son,—

I feel a great propensity to write, though I have nothing new to communicate, every thing continues as when we last wrote ; we have the same misfortune with our tenants as you had—before the first quarter had expired, business failed, and they were obliged to remove.

I find the world is full of disappointments, but a living man has no cause to complain. I fear T. is a ruined man ! It is surprising that he should owe so much in this city ;—to one a thousand dollars, and to many others, some more and some less. It is sad indeed when a professor of religion thus becomes a stumbling block ; but we must leave him in the hands of Him who judgeth righteously.

It is indeed a melancholy time ; our ministers are alarmed ; sin abounds, and the love of many waxes cold ! though I believe there are many praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in God's own time—we hope for a blessing—great hopes are formed concerning the rising generation, that the Bible classes, Sabbath schools, and various other modes of instruction, will be attended with a divine blessing. Already some good appears to have resulted from these privileges. Our ministers are taking great pains with children and youth. Mr. Hawes, has lately preached a number of sermons on Sabbath evenings to young men, which were admired, and I fear that was all. Mr. Spring has appointed a commit-

tee to inquire into the state of his church; himself and two deacons were chosen; they found two evils prevailing—stupidity concerning religion, and deficiency in Christian friendship and intercourse with each other. Mr. S. appointed a fast, and requested the church, exclusively, to attend. Every Thursday afternoon, Mrs. S. has a prayer meeting, consisting only of ladies. Mr. S. on Friday afternoon, for gentlemen. On Friday and Wednesday evening, a conference for all classes. He appears very much engaged; may the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hands.

I long for the prosperity of your dear flock, and humbly pray that you may be blessed not only with a shower, but with a mighty reign of Righteousness, and that my beloved grandchildren may be brought in as the first fruits. O, my son, there is a great responsibility resting upon parents, as well as ministers of the Gospel. May we all (the residue of our days) be faithful unto the death, for verily in many things we have offended, and in all, come short of the glory of God.

What is the state of your school? Do the instructors answer your expectation? God grant it may be carefully nursed, and be a means of great good, not only to Newport, but to the world. I think it a good, and necessary plan.—We abound in schools, among the rest, one of the Lancasterian, calculated for the instruction of six or seven hundred children.

I long to hear and converse with you all, but

the time is short. May we through sovereign grace, receive the approbation of our Judge, and go to join the happy company that are gone before.

With best love from me, and mind to yourself
and yours, believe me, my dear son,

Your affectionate parent,

RUTH PATTEN.

I am glad, My dear son, that my letter was detained, that I may acknowledge the receipt of your very affectionate line by Mr. Gilpin. I know not when my mind has been more solaced by any communication from an earthly friend. The mention you make of the expressions of maternal love and fidelity, reminds me of my deficiencies—I hope God has pardoned them. If any duties have been performed to divine acceptance, and proved beneficial to my dear ones, He that hath said where there is no might, He will increase strength, shall have all the praise. I think myself highly favored in having my children spared to me, and that they are so desirous of promoting the comfort of their aged mother. Especially do I rejoice that I may hope to meet them all in glory. January 16th, this day, is the anniversary of your dear father's death. Though the preceding scenes were distressing beyond description, yet blessed be God, divine support and consolation were mingled with the bitter cup, and that precious promise was verified to the dear departing companion of

my joys and sorrows, "that at evening time, it shall be light."

" His wearisome head is at rest,
His thinking and aching are o'er,
His quiet, immoveable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more."

Mr. Gilpin gave us a very good account of your school. Would it not be well for you to go in occasionally and make a prayer, with the children, and address them in a fatherly manner? I cannot but hope through divine grace many will be fitted there for eminent usefulness in the world.

We greatly rejoice that there is a moving in your society. May the number of enquirers greatly increase. I should think the addition of Mr. Chapman would be an essential blessing to your church and people. May you, my dear son, have that wisdom that is from above. It is a very great charge to be a minister, and in so critical a state as yours. Paul may plant, and Apollos water to no purpose, if God do not bless their endeavors.

Yours, as above,

R. P.

Just as your sister R. was to commence her journey, the succession of a rainy season rendered it impracticable, but her divine Physician has in a great measure, removed her malady and the family are now enjoying their usual state of health.

Mr. W. Patten.

NEWPORT, February 13th, 1828.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

From the line written at the close of brother's letter, I have felt a great solicitude for you. But not having heard since, I hope your disorder has abated, but shall be much obliged by a particular letter from some one of the family, informing me of your state, and that of brother and sisters.

We have heard that Mr. Taylor of N. H., is to be invited to the new church in Hartford, in place of Mr. Wilcox. Will you inform me if there is still a fear that Mr. Wilcox will not be able to continue his ministerial duties? Dear man! I know of no one in whose welfare I feel a greater interest, or whose place I think it will be more difficult fully to supply. But the Lord regards and will promote the welfare of Zion.

I never knew more deadness and general discouragement than reigns in this place. It is enough to make one sick to converse with the people. They are beyond the influence of advice, and will unite in nothing that is necessary as a remedy.

I preached in December, a sermon at the departure of about twenty colored people, for Liberia, in Africa. That sermon has been sent to Boston for publication, and I expect it will appear soon, in the Hopkinson Magazine. If it should, and you do not take that work, I will endeavor to send a copy.

With the dutiful and affectionate regards of

my wife and children, to yourself, and brother,
and sisters,

I am, your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

NEWPORT, 27th February, 1828.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

Your letter, a few days since, was very gratifying to me ; and I should before this time have returned an answer, had you not expressed some encouragement that my brother would write soon, in which case something more might have been necessary, than I have to communicate. I am much rejoiced that you are in so good health, and that my sisters are, in some measure, relieved from their complaints. With respect to disappointments, we should not deserve the name of christians, nor should we be fit to live in this world, unless we had patience to bear them. The remark of Mr. Elliot is very good—"To have a use for every thing that God bestows, and to want nothing that He denies." Indeed, disappointments are necessary for our moral improvement. I can recollect none, in which an inordinate love of the world or improper dependence on it, has not been reprov'd. I never feel so full of vigor, so free from fetters, as when I can triumph in the want of that which appeared essential to my happiness. This is

spiritual life, and a happiness that is above the changes of the world, and therefore safe. My attention has been arrested of late, by the instructions of the passage "For his brethren did not believe in him," which refers to the proof they gave of their unbelief, in saying to Christ, that there was no one who wished to be known, that did not show himself. This implied that they considered the character of Christ as consisting in what was external, whereas, it consisted in the exercise of grace, and therefore, might be manifested in humility and sufferings. To judge of Christ by external circumstances, shows a regard for circumstances, rather than for him; and for the same reason that he is respected when in glory. He is despised when in abasement. Many do thus confound external circumstances with the character of Christ, and are therefore, offended in his cross. If we look at his moral excellence, and regard that, we shall then be prepared for trials ourselves, and shall at all times, grow in grace, and the severer the trial, the more shall we display the Christian temper, in bearing it with meekness.

I am sorry that I cannot inform you of any new addition to my church, but appearances in several respects, continue favorable. The congregations are unusually full on the Sabbath, even when the weather is not pleasant; and there is a general candor and seriousness.

The family are in the same state as when I last wrote, excepting that J. is gone to N. Y.

I have heard from my children there, and from G. within a few days; and they were in health. G. writes that in his examination he did not miss one question. He seems to conform to every situation in which he is placed, and I can yet form no opinion of the profession to which he is most suited, or to which, if his life should be spared, he will be inclined. I have yet no visible ground to hope that either of my sons will adopt the ministry, and it would relieve me from great anxiety, and sorrow, if I could believe they would be influenced by religious motives, and not by a regard for the world, in any profession. I see with you, the frailty of life, and the transitory nature of temporal good, and am deeply affected with the thoughtlessness which gives no heed to the invitations of mercy, and the joys of immortality! May the Lord of his infinite mercy, awaken my dear children and others, and sanctify their hearts and cause them to serve and enjoy him.

With the dutiful regards of the family to you, and love to brother and sisters,

I am your dutiful son,

WM. PATTEN.

I have borne your request in mind, respecting my father's life, and still hope for the pleasure of seeing you, and obtaining what further information may be necessary.

Mrs. R. P.

HARTFORD, August, 1st, 1828.

My very Dear Son,—

We received yours of July 25th, and rejoice to hear that you are so comfortable, though your dear spouse has been afflicted, she has not been given over to death. May God continue his favors and grant us wisdom and grace to improve them to his glory. Mr. Spring appeared much pleased with his visit at your hospitable mansion. I was surprised that you had not received an account from us of Mrs. Allen's death. I felt anxious to inform you, and likewise to have you see the letter he wrote while her remains were with him. He is truly an afflicted man. She was an excellent character; has left eight children, the youngest not a month old. I pray God, this trying dispensation may be sanctified. He is placed as a city on a hill, much beloved and esteemed. I trust you will soon receive the letter I alluded to by some private conveyance.

Not only ourselves, but our people were greatly refreshed by your late visit; we hope you will repeat it, with some of your dear family in the approaching autumn. I wish you would transcribe what you have written in memory of your dear father. I mentioned it to President Allen, when he was here. He said he was preparing another biographical volume, and should be glad to receive it. We feel much interested in your dear flock and institution; are they well provided for? May the lives and health of the in-

structors be precious in the sight of the Lord, and may they be blessed with that wisdom that is from above. Our hope of the recovery of Newport, depends under Providence, on that establishment. You mention that many strangers are with you. God grant they may be enriched with the treasures of divine love before they leave your delightful island.

We are still in a very dead state; our ministers mourn over their stupid flocks. Mr. H. seems rather impatient; he had a formal invitation to supply Park street church, in Boston, two months, that Mr. Beecher might journey and recruit himself. After taking advice, it was judged expedient that Mr. H. should decline accepting the proposal. He is now, I believe, in New York. Dr. Spring supplied his pulpit last Sabbath afternoon. The heat this summer, has been powerful. I never have felt its effects so much; however, we are all in a moving state through the great goodness of God, though it is a time of trouble with very many. Mr. E. Perkins has died in a sudden and surprising manner; no danger was apprehended until the morning which preceded the evening of his death. This is the first instance of mortality that has occurred in that family for more than forty years. The remarkable overflowing freshet is an extensive calamity that saddens the hearts of many. The loss of property is estimated at two million of dollars. The husbandman had almost felt assured of a rich harvest with many others who

depended on that, for the support of their families, when, in one night, their hopes were blasted. The doings of the bank have distressed us. We are still in the dark—how much more we have to suffer. But we hope in that gracious Providence by which we have been sustained through many difficulties, that we shall not be forsaken now, when our strength faileth.

With our best love to yourself, my daughter and children,

I am your affectionate parent,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, 30th September, 1828.

My Dear, very Dear Son,—

We should have been happy to see you with some of your dear family; and even now, when a stage comes into Church street, we have you in mind. It is not certain that you will have an unbroken family to visit some future time. Your sister Ruth, is very lame—was unable to go with her sister to Brooklyn. Mary had a pleasant visit there, but has returned very much afflicted with nervous debility; we fear the consequences. You brother and sister S. are the best of us. I hope the representation of our state will not discourage you.

Mr. Spring always makes me think of my dear Joseph; he is no handsomer, but rather

straighter. Oh, if my son J. had a ministerial spirit, how much good he might do. The hearts of all are in the hands of the Lord. Mr. Spring was in trade some years before he commenced preaching. He now appears to be a humble, devoted man. It is indeed, a dead time with us, though there appears to be more of a spirit of prayer among some, than formerly. May the Lord visit us in his own time with a plentiful shower of divine grace. Many around us appear to be enjoying that unspeakable blessing. May it extend to dear Newport, and your beloved children voluntarily offer themselves as its first fruits.

Accept our congratulation that you have another daughter-in-law added to your family. May she be a blessing to you all, and unitedly blessings in the world, and ornaments to the church. The field is opening wide for usefulness.

How does your school succeed? We rejoice that there is such an establishment. Remember us to those who have the care of it, and say we wish them prosperity in their highly commendable employment.

My children join in love to all, with
Your affectionate mother,
RUTH PATTEN.

We have lost our good neighbors, Mr. Elisha Colt, and Mr. David Porter.
Rev. William Patten.

HARTFORD, October 14th, 1828.

My Dear Son,—

I have been waiting this long time, to receive your letter by Mr. Mann. I think it probable that he has sent it, and that it is visiting on the road. I am glad you have seen him, and hope his visit will do him good. I should be sorry to have him leave this part of the world—such men are wanted. I think the subject you are writing on very important. Do what thy hand findeth to do with all thy might. Delays are very dangerous—they cause a multitude of needless thoughts and often great anxiety, where time and thoughts might be better employed. O, my son, may we pray against procrastination, in the great and important affairs we and our dear ones have to attend to in life. May we all consider that when time ends, there is no more to be done. I am aware, let the night be ever so dark, we ought to encourage ourselves in the Lord our God. We have many praying souls here, and I trust in our land, that are interested for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and that God will answer in his own time and way. Let us trust in the Lord, and do good, and wait in faith and prayer.

We have more instances of mortality than is common. I conclude you have been informed of the death of our useful and worthy friend, Mr. E. Perkins, which has made a great void in this society—it was sudden. President Allen wrote me by Mrs. Mann, a very affec-

ting letter, concerning the sudden death of his wife, which I wish you to see. She was much beloved, and I believe justly, too.

President Marsh, of Burlington, lost his beloved wife recently, in a hectic. I enclose you the paper containing an account of it. She was daughter to my brother James. Two weeks since, we had a visit from himself, his son, and daughter. He sold his property at H., and resided with his daughter Marsh. He has but one daughter unmarried. They thought themselves too happy in their new establishment for a long duration, and so it proved. My brother, his wife and daughter, now make a part of Mr. M.'s afflicted family. He has two sons. We have all reason to rejoice in the happy exit of our dear cousin. Your uncle James' dear son is settled in Canterbury, in this State. He appears to be a devoted, interesting Christian minister, is married and has four children. Your uncle appears to have received great benefit from his affliction. Mrs. Wheeler, his eldest daughter, died not long since. She left several children—was a very amiable, exemplary woman.

I rejoice greatly, that your schools flourish, and that the teachers are recovering. May the Lord abundantly bless instructors, and instructed. O, that my dear descendants might all be made wise unto salvation, that they might be clothed with humility, remembering that God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

Give my love to your wife and children.—
Your brother and sisters unite with
Your affectionate mother,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. W. P.

HARTFORD, April 21st, 1829.

My very Dear Son,—

Your affectionate letter of April, excited joy and grief. Your situation is truly humbling. May the dispensations of our Heavenly Father be abundantly sanctified, and we be directed in the path of duty; but it is of great importance that a minister and his family should be examples of piety. The dealings of providence are very dark, yet we know that Infinite wisdom cannot err—whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth; while he knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.

You thought before you entered the ministry, that you could persuade ALL to believe the Gospel; but experience has taught otherwise; though I doubt not my dear son, that you have neglected no means you thought best calculated to promote the salvation of your family and people, and the great end of your ministry; yet it is thought by some, that the beginning of light, in Newport, commenced with the establishment of your dear school; but the millennial light is fast approaching. May we and all our dear ones, by faith,

hail its meridian splendor. There is a considerable awakening in this place—nearly twenty have united with the Baptist Church, but none with ours as yet, though we hope some are in a state of preparation. Should I feel able, at some future period, I will write you further particulars. Mrs. H—s is very ill with a complication of diseases.

We rejoice that our dear W. has become the living mother of another living and perfect child. O that laws of gratitude may be written on her heart, and that her household may be sincerely devoted to their God and Saviour. I trust dear M. has recovered before this. May you and yours be rich blessings in the world.

We anticipate much pleasure in the visit you encouraged us to hope for in your letter. With best love to your wife and children, believe me, in behalf the family,

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN,

Rev. W. Patten, Newport.

MAY 13th, 1829.

My Dear Son,—

Would it not be better to visit your people before you come to Hartford, and see what effect it will have. Rev. Mr. Smith, from your region was here lately; he appeared very friendly to you, and thought it highly necessary to the prosperity of the churches, that you should continue in the station wherein the Lord hath placed

you. We must all expect tribulation. What was the divine command to Jeremiah, "Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, shalt speak; be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord; thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee, be not dismayed before their faces, lest I confound thee before them."

My son, you engaged to settle in Newport without my knowledge or approbation. I now have been reconciled, only as I considered it as a dispensation of Providence, from which infinite wisdom could produce beneficial results. Since you are there, let me entreat you, not to quit until Providence shall very decidedly point it out. Your promised visit we are in hopes of realizing very soon. Dear Mary Anna, we trust, will accompany you, as you mentioned her coming. Indeed, I long to see all your dear family once more. Rev. Mr. Nettleton is in town; his religious exercises are very interesting. There appears to be an increasing attention to religion. O, that all our dear ones might be happy sharers.

Indisposition forbids my enlarging. My best love to your wife and children; that God would direct and bless you all, is the prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Bring the manuscript of your father's life.
Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, July 16th, 1829.

My very Dear Son,—

I feel revived by the cheering prospect before you, particularly as it relates to the important subject of affording instruction to all the dear destitute children of your island. Their souls are as precious as ours, and yet how sadly have they been neglected! Alas! for their parents! Doubtless many of them are no more, and many in a state of hopeless vice. That their offspring may be rescued from such a degrading condition, no efforts ought to be spared. Mr. Guild forwarded your affectionate letters to your sisters and brother, and called here to-day. We are much pleased with him, an interesting intelligent man—probably will succeed well in the duties incumbent on him by his late appointment as a teacher.

I rejoice in the addition to your congregation. May the house and table of the Lord be filled with proper guests. Your church be increased with all the increase of God and the influence of divine grace be granted abundantly to your beloved family and people. I cannot but hope that you will “see good according to the days wherein you have seen evil”—that the beauty of the Lord our God will be upon you, and that he will establish the work of your hands.

I have deferred writing from indisposition. The cause is not removed; but I could not let

so good an opportunity pass without writing a few lines. May the will of the Lord be done. We do not love to give up a visit from you this summer.

With best love to yourself and yours,
Your affectionate mother,
RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. W. P.

HARTFORD, December 21st, 1829.

My very Dear Son,—

I think of you and your dear ones daily and almost hourly, but it is very difficult to write, people calling at all times, and a great deal to do. Through the infinite goodness of our Heavenly Father, we are yet prisoners of hope. Your brother is still very low—sometimes recovers, and then very low. There does not appear to be any fatal disorder, but general debility. He has ever exercised great patience. I never heard him complain, though he often weeps. I believe the Almighty is dealing kindly with him. In the first of his sickness he said he had been a fool; he has given up all his business and appears cheerful. We have seen a father's hand in all we have been called to suffer. Though cast down, we are not destroyed. Many comfortable circumstances attend us, and

O, blessed privilege, each one is permitted to say,—

“ My spirit looks to God alone,
 My Rock and Refuge is His throne,
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on His salvation waits.”

Though sometimes, it is with trembling hearts, it is guilt, my dear son, that makes us afraid. ‘ O when shall sin and sorrow cease, and all our souls be filled with peace.’ I hope when the important end of this trial is answered, he will be brought out as gold seven times refined. We know that the Lord doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, but for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness.

I rejoice to hear that God hath granted you a few drops of mercy. O that they might increase until a mighty reign of righteousness shall prevail and every house become a house of prayer, and every heart a temple in which the Holy Ghost shall delight to dwell.

Remember me and mind to your wife and children, not forgetting the dear little ones, Tell them their aged grandmother prays that God would grant them the best of blessings. We should rejoice to see you and yours, whenever it is convenient. Let us hear from you by Mr. W.

I am, your affectionate parent,
RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

HARTFORD, May 5th, 1830.

My very Dear Son,—

I cannot tell you what pleasure your letter gave. O, that the goodness of God might lead us directly to him at all times. The time is so short, when we expect to see you and some of your dear family, that it is hardly necessary for me to write. We are much as when you left us—all our affairs nearly in the same state. I think when your son William makes us another visit, something will be done. I have a longing desire that the trying dispensations of providence may be sanctified to all our dear families, and that we might see the wisdom, and goodness, and faithfulness of our Heavenly Father in all his dealings with us.

I hope we shall see our dear George when he returns from West Point, and that he will follow the example of his departed uncle G. J. P., in industry and affectionate benevolent efforts for his fellow immortals. It has been frequently observed, there could not another one have been taken that would be so much missed. Blessed be God for his goodness. Let us all prepare to go to him, since he will not return to us. May not one of our dear ones fail of the grace of life. It is my daily, and I may say hourly prayer that they may be interested in that covenant of grace, that is well ordered in all things and sure. As that is all their salvation, may it be all their desire.

I have received but one letter, a very affectionate and consoling one from my dear Whee-

lock, since she joined the numerous circle of widows. May sweet experience prove that the widow's God is hers, and a father to her fatherless children. I would say to her,

"O make but trial of His love.
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide."

I have written once, and would write again, did I know where to direct. Give my daughters best love, with mine, to your wife, and family, and believe me, my dear son,

Your affectionate mother till death,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

My Dear Son,—

I wrote the first part of this letter some days ago, but hearing of no private conveyance, and having nothing new to communicate, I laid it by, expecting to see you the last of this month, but as I have just received your welcome letter, which says nothing of the journey—we fear it is given up. If it be the case, it will be a sore disappointment. Dr. Tenney will be here this week; what shall I tell him? O, that it were in our power to do you good. It is a great consolation that we may feed upon the promises that as our day is, our strength shall be. You and

I have experienced enough to make us believe, they are from a faithful God. We wish you to make what use of us you think proper; send as many of your dear ones as you think will be contented. We will make them as happy as we can. We hope our dear William will not be left in the hands of corrupt men, where his mind will be poisoned. O, my dear son, how much wisdom we need from above—there is every grace we need. We rejoice that the Spirit of God is moving in Newport, and that even two are brought into the covenant, and that there is a prospect of more. O, that it might enter your dwelling. This is a time to break off from the world, and seek a new road that will lead to happiness. We have indeed a dead calm with us; a melancholy prospect. We have many praying souls who, I hope will be heard and answered; the Lord owns and blesses the means of His own appointment.

Remember us to Mr. Stevens, and say we hope the dispensations of Providence will be blessed for his everlasting good. Our best love to his daughter; tell her we rejoice that she has the light of God's reconciled countenance. May she go on from strength to strength, and from one degree of grace to another, until she shall arrive to the measure of the stature of a perfect one in Christ Jesus—having the following passage of divine inspiration, happily exemplified in her own experience, whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not,

yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. We are grieved for the death of our worthy friend, Mr. Fowler,—a heavy loss to his dear family, deprived as they are of both earthly parents—may they choose a Heavenly Father for their protector and guide. That the other leading members in your congregation should be so encompassed with infirmities, is cause of humiliation; should teach us to cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils; not to trust in an arm of flesh, but in the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength and salvation. The Lord can clear the darkest skies, can give us day for night. Blessed be his name.

Mr. Edward Danforth, died very suddenly about a fortnight since; was at work in his garden all day on Tuesday, took cold, the next Tuesday was buried. His sons from New York, disposed of the farm, and removed the family into this city. Your sister Mary would write, but her nervous system is so disorganized that she cannot arrange her ideas; unless she can be persuaded to journey soon, I fear her health will be irrecoverable.

And now my dear son, once more, farewell. The Lord bless you and yours, lift the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace, is the fervent prayer of

Your aged mother,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, July 25th, 1830.

Honored and Dear Mother, —

Our letters by Dr. Tenney, we presume you will receive at the close of the week. I could wish the memoir had more to recommend it to your approbation, but there is opportunity to amend it. I send that by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, who is agent for the Education Society. He has been with me several days, and preached yesterday afternoon; has engaged much of our affection, and was approved as a preacher. He leaves us this morning to attend a conference of our churches at Patuxet near Providence, where he hopes to form an auxiliary society. It is not necessary I should go with him, as there will be enough without me for counsel and address, and as it is inconvenient to me, from the consequence of a slight indisposition, by which I was confined several days, but from which I am somewhat mercifully relieved.

Mr. Cogswell wishes to converse with you, from his respect for your character, and for that of your father and brother. He is a graduate of Dartmouth. With the dutiful and affectionate regards of my wife and children to you, and dear sisters,

YOUR SON,
WM. PATTEN.

Mrs. Patten.

HARTFORD, October 28th, 1830.

My Dear Son,—

I have had a desire to speak to you for some time. Having again experienced a kind interposition of Providence, in the restoration of my usual health, for which I desire to praise God and realize my increasing obligations to live more to His glory than I ever have. O, my son, the time is short; what we do must be done quickly. Let us lay aside every weight, and the sins that most easily beset us, and run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus. His promises have been wonderfully and punctually fulfilled. O, if all the widowed handmaids would but trust in Him, they would feel themselves and theirs safe under His care.

Our spirits must look to God alone,
Our Rock and Refuge must be His throne.

Let us wait on Him in faith and prayer. O, that we might see the dispensations of our Heavenly Father sanctified. His providences are truly humiliating; but our dear W. does not seem to understand the necessity of submission. She looks back to the time that she spent in luxury and ease, and does not feel disposed to be satisfied with any thing short. Obedience is an important duty to our Heavenly, as well as to an earthly parent.

O, my dear son, let us look up to Him who has the hearts of all men in His hands, for a heavenly

temper of mind, for a sanctification of all the comforts and crosses we meet with, and for wisdom to direct us through the remainder of life, which has now almost come to a close, and that our dear ones may inherit the same blessings, enjoying a divine support through life, and that our dear absent George, whom we have long expected to see, but now have given up all hopes that he would once more visit his aged grandmother and aunts. It is our devout request that the Almighty would ever protect and bless him.

Your sisters join in a most affectionate remembrance to you all, with

Your sincerely attached mother,

R. PATTEN.

Rev. W. Patten.

NEWPORT, November 9th, 1830.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

It is a common confession that though it is delightful to receive letters, it is irksome to write them. As this is not owing to want of affection, I do not know how to account for it,

unless that letter-writing is a mode of conversation, and it is so much easier to speak than to write, that when the latter is substituted for the former, it is a burthen. In connection with this, there must be a selection of circumstances which requires some study. But in receiving letters, neither of these difficulties occur; for the selection is made, and unless the writing be bad, or the ink pale, the facility of reading is almost as easy as that of hearing. I have had the pleasure of receiving two letters from home within a short time; one from you by mail, and one from sister R., by Capt. Gates. I had before heard by William, that you appeared restored from a late indisposition, in which I rejoice. I sympathise with sister S. in the hurt by which she is confined. Such a dispensation is designed for others as well as for herself, and I hope there will be a readiness in all, to give her that assistance which she may require, and that the Lord will bless her with patience, and cause her to find it good for her to be afflicted.

I have not heard from my daughter H., except by your letter; whether she stopped at Saybrook, or proceeded to Brooklyn, I do not know. I am sorry she is so much depressed. She does not appear of a temper to derive consolation from the consideration of all events, as connected with the government of God and a future state. My heart yearns over her and her dear children. O, may the Lord be merciful to them, and be their God.

Mary Anna returned the 1st instant. She had invitations from several families, and expects to spend the winter with her friends in Brooklyn. I did not know of her engagement to Mr. H., till within a few days. I believe till then, it was not positive. It is still in some measure, a secret. We all approve of her choice as very judicious. He has but little property, but he is diligent, and sensible, and pious, and very kind. We have reason to hope that both are subjects of the divine blessing. From such, "the Lord will withhold no good thing." There is reason to expect they will be married in the spring, and live at board.

George left us more than a week since, for the Michigan Territory—a thousand miles distant. He is lately let loose from a rigid discipline, and does not appear to know how to use his liberty. His heart is in the army, and in the world. I hope when he arrives at his station, which is in the solitude of a frontier, that he will have more reflection and stability. I am happy to be informed that the company at the fort is regular and religious. He intended to visit you and my sisters; but other excursions made it too late. I agree with you, that the life of my sisters has been one of toil; and they have a right to dispose of their property according to their judgment. So far from complaining of this, my family are under great obligations for their liberality though life to us. Could I see you by wishing, I should be with you every day.

My family are in usual health, and things go on in the society and town, much as usual. But how astonishing are the events taking place in the world! "That which is spiritual is not first, but that which is natural." By the revolution in nations, in connection with the distribution of the Scriptures, the way appears to be preparing for mankind to be brought into the liberty of the sons of God, and for righteousness and peace to reign.

With the duty and love of my wife and daughters to yourself, and sisters,

I am, your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

HARTFORD, February 28th, 1831.

We were refreshed and grieved on the perusal of your dear letter, my son. The affection manifested, was truly consoling, while we regretted the mistake that caused your needless fears. I have had no fall, and we are all very comfortable, through the great goodness of that God and Saviour, who has led us through the wilderness thus far, who still watches over us, and we trust, will not forsake us to the end.

Our boarders left us just as the extreme weather commenced, so that we could retire to our warm room; we have plenty of wood and coal, and sufficiency of other necessaries.

Above all, we humbly trust the divine promises are verified to us, that when His people are detained from His house of worship, He will be a little sanctuary to them, and that we shall have cause to bless God to all eternity, for sanctified afflictions. When the design of our great Preserver is answered, we hope He will enable us to go up to His house and declare His goodness, though our retirement is sweetened by many precious seasons of enjoying that favor which is life, and loving kindness which is better than life

We are full of the goodness of God. There is an uncommon spirit of enquiry among us, what they shall do to be saved? Previous to this, the church appeared to be reviving, after a long lethargy; while she was speaking, the Lord heard, and sent an answer of peace. O! that converts might soon be multiplied, as drops of morning dew. There are now a number of ministers, and their delegates from the neighboring towns, on a four day's visit to our churches. Fasts and prayer meetings are appointed as preparatory for the solemn transactions of the week. Religious service is now performed in many parts of the city, day and night. The people appear very attentive. May the Lord remember Newport, and cause a glorious work of grace to commence there and extend through all the region round about.

We rejoice to hear of our dear George. O, that he might be inspired with a holy desire to

sing of salvation, giving glory to God and the Lamb. To all my beloved descendants I would say,

“O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.”

When you write to your dear George, tell him that although he did not call on us, we remember him with affection, and exhort him when he next writes, to give a description of his situation. Tell him he must write soon to his aged grandmother, or it will be too late.

I trust our dear F. has returned ere this, and that your accomplished and interesting circle of daughters are striving to excel each other in acts of filial affection, beneficence, and good will to all. May we all be enabled so to discharge the duties of life, as we shall wish we had done, when the parting hour arrives.

You must not fail, my son, to visit us this spring—“hope deferred, maketh the heart sick.” Remember us affectionately to your spouse, and other dear ones, not forgetting a large share of love to yourself. Pray for us, my dear son.

That you may be faithful until death, is the prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

R. PATTEN,

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, March 11th, 1830.

Honored and Dear Mother,—

Miss Stevens is a little revived, but is not considered essentially better. Her patience and calmness, resignation and hope, continue. I have much pleasure in conversing with her.

I cannot forbear to mention a pleasing view which I had of that text which I have had. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The pure in heart will not only see God as He shall be manifested in future, but they will see Him as He is now manifested in His works, in providential dispensations and in His word. Confining our views to things as they appear, they are inanimate, or at best the movements of a vast and complicated machine; but seeing God in them, gives to every thing a meaning, and the meaning is exhibited, that infinite wisdom, goodness and mercy may be followed with devout gratitude.

It is surprising that simple truth is sufficient in every thing to excite interest, excepting in religion. If I inform a man that he is an heir to a hundred thousand dollars, it is sufficient to awaken his feeling without my making any exclamation to excite his joy; but when I speak of the most important concerns, a total indifference is exhibited. Dear mother pray for us.

I am your dutiful son,

W. PATTEN.

HARTFORD, July 3d, 1831.

My very Dear and only Son,—

Just as we were looking for the stage, hoping and expecting the arrival of one whom we longed to see, we received a line from you. The good news it imparted, was indeed cheering to our souls—your family comfortable and your dear daughter so agreeably provided for. May they be lasting blessings to each other and to the world. Blessed be God, that “Joseph is yet alive,” after being in such imminent danger. May his spared life be devoted to his great Preserver. We have been listening for good news from him ever since the awakening in New York. I think his situation well adapted to promote thoughtfulness, and aid him in the path of holiness. O, that our Heavenly Father would pour out His holy Spirit on your dear family, and people. It is now a great day of God’s grace in many, very many places. My earnest desire and prayer is, that Newport may share in this inestimable blessing. I have had much comfort, my dear W., in contemplation. May you, as well as I, see the wisdom and goodness and faithfulness of God, in all His dispensations, however trying, and be enabled to devote ourselves and ours, to that God who hath promised to be the widow’s God and Judge, and a father to the fatherless. We know that He is able and willing to do all that in and for us that we need. May we continually look to Him with faith and prayer.

"Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
 Tumultuous passions, all be still,
 Nor let a murmur'ing thought arise ;
 His ways are just, His counsels wise."

O, my dear son, I cannot tell how I long to hear the blessed news that a spirit of enquiry has entered your dwelling. As to Hartford, we fear the harvest is past ; but few, compared with the multitude, are on the Lord's side. May the Lord of the harvest direct to, and bless means for the promotion of His glory, and the good of souls.

Our shepherd is gone to Europe for his health, but has left a good substitute, a young man by the name of Dickinson. We are lonesome—only one in the family except ourselves. Your sister S., has not been able to retire or rise in the morning without assistance, for seven months. She is patient and cheerful. There is a perfect harmony among us, as every one does what she can. God is pleased to make our confinement comfortable. We have always cause to bless His holy name, and to trust in the infinite wisdom of His providential dispensations.

Thus far had I written, my dear and only son, under the date of June 1st ; but hearing you were coming on soon, was fearful the letter would miss you on the road. We received your epistle of July 11th, with joy. Those who are not gladdened by your presence, are not worthy of the privilege ; we are gratified that your family and people unite with us in appreciating that

blessing. That our dear ones, generally enjoy health, demands our grateful acknowledgements. May our Heavenly Father sanctify to my dear Charlotte all her indispositions. We live in a world of trials,—some of one kind, and some of another; may they teach us that this state of probation, should be improved in the wisest and best manner. Time passes still and rapidly—we live in hopes of better times, but alas! death or age, overtake us before we are aware. Our hopes are not realized. There is nothing worth living for, but in serving God and doing good. What a great thing to be a parent! I feel the responsibility, notwithstanding we have been long enough in that station to learn all the lessons that can be learned. O, that we may be more faithful and humble.

We are preparing our bedroom at the house appointed for all the living. That we may ever be enabled to live in habitual preparation to depart in peace, is the daily prayer of

Your ever affectionate,
though decaying mother,

R. PATTEN,

Rev. Wm. Patten.

NEWPORT, July 11th, 1831.

Dear and Honored Mother,—

After a fatiguing journey, on Friday I arrived in Providence at sunset; and the next af-

ternoon returned in the steamboat to my family. I was right in judging that my presence might be important. My pulpit had been supplied for the two Sabbaths, but one half day, and no supply was engaged for the morrow. The whole family were glad to see me, and said that my absence of two weeks had seemed like two months. Yesterday there was a smile on the face of my congregation in general, and as the weather was pleasant, the audience was respectable.

I reflect with great pleasure and gratitude on my visit to you, and my sisters. I assure you that my filial and fraternal feelings are not abated, but increased by my separation from you, under your infirmities, and by the decease of my brother, and the loneliness of your present situation. May God graciously sustain us, and when "wafted through life's sea," bring us to the haven of eternal rest.

Nothing especially new has occurred in town since I left. The people do not yet partake in a perceptible manner, of the reviving influence elsewhere experienced.

With the dutiful and affectionate regards of my wife and children, I am your son,

W. PATTEN,

Mrs. R. P.

HARTFORD, July 23d, 1831.

My Dear Son.—

We were highly gratified by your and your daughter's visit. I hope and pray that a similar

precious experience, exhibited by our beloved M. may spread through your dear family. O, how great is the goodness of God to poor sinful mortals! And how great the blessing of hope—that we may have access to the throne of grace in and through our glorious Redeemer. I have no strength except what proceeds from that source,—not only daily, but hourly, may our whole dependence rest on His glorious character.

I received your two very acceptable letters, announcing the kind Providential care that conveyed you safely to your family and people, and caused you to find all things well. I humbly trust that those occurrences, which we dreaded as unfavorable, will terminate to the furtherance of the Gospel. The Harpsichord, we think is best calculated for sacred music,—we hope the hearts of yourself and spouse will often be cheered with the songs of Zion, accompanied by the pleasant voices of your children. I consider that as one of the most interesting exercises of devotion; were our time frequently thus employed, repining and discontent would give place to joy and praise.

Yesterday an important subject was attended to by a delegation of the Clergy, to make arrangements that every destitute family in the United States may receive the Holy Scriptures. O, blessed God, hasten the time when they shall all become wise unto salvation, when the dear Redeemer shall have the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for

His possession. I thank you for the pains you have taken to supply us with books ; I hope they will do us good. Charnock seems like an old friend—my guide and companion in sickness and health. Hopkins' works are an inestimable treasure. O, how insignificant do our little selfish concerns appear, when compared with those great and important scenes that must soon open to our view. Alas! for my poor grand, and great grand-children. My mind is occupied for them and others, by night and by day. Sometimes I fear the Lord hath shut out my prayer ; perhaps some accursed Achan troubles my soul, that He will not hear ; if that be the case, may I bring it out, and slay it before the Lord immediately. O, my dear son, can you think of no means to awaken the attention of our dear impenitent ones from their awful lethargy, before they sleep the sleep of death, when it will be forever too late ! They cannot neglect religion at so cheap a rate as many others, for our divine Redeemer hath said, "that servant who knew his Lord's will and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." I feel as though my time here was short, and long to die, as did good old Simeon, saying, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. The religious excitement in this place, is thought to be increasing. About 47 in Mr. Hawes' congregation, it is believed will soon make a profession of religion, and 200 are hopefully inquirers. Mr. Spring appears wide

awake ; his church and congregation increases ; a considerable attention in Mr. Linsley's parish ; I have not heard to what extent. The Methodists and Africans too, are favored with a few drops of mercy—may the Lord increase the shower of divine grace to a mighty reign of righteousness, until every house becomes a house of prayer, and every heart a temple in which the Holy Ghost shall delight to dwell.

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.”

With dear best love to yourself, your wife and family, from me and mine ; believe me, my son, as ever,

Your truly affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Wm. P., D. D.

HARTFORD, August, 20th, 1831.

My Dear Son,—

We received yours of August 2d, and were much pleased to find you were all so comfortable. Oh how great is the goodness of our Heavenly Father ;—we are much as we were when you left. Your sister S. is no better of her lameness ; but still continues cheerful and patient. We are repairing and preparing for

our rest, which cannot be far distant; the bedroom* is finished, and it is said, well done. It does not seem so lonesome when I think of my dear son George being lodged there, and the names of all my beloved departed ones inscribed on the monument.

“ Why should we tremble to convey,
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.”

Are we not tending upwards too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
 That keeps us from our love.

I hope you will be able to visit us in the fall and see for yourself. I feel grieved my dear children are so prejudiced against Hartford—we had a pleasant visit from our dear J. He appears out of health. He does not seem to think that death is the greatest evil that can happen to us. O what a call have we for faith and prayer, that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon us, that our souls may live; what is the difficulty? has there not heretofore been too much solicitude that your dear ones should shine in the world? Providence sometimes grants us the prevailing desires of our hearts, even though they should prove injurious to our best interests. O,

*A lot in the grave-yard.

how difficult to overcome the pride and selfishness of our depraved natures. We do not forget the morning and evening remembrance of our dear descendants—but, alas! it is all in vain, O God, unless thy Spirit deign to breathe. No human aid can save from death—death of the soul, heart-rending word. Children, come now, turn to the Lord.

That your house of worship is not better filled than the Unitarians, is a proof of the reigning depravity of the times.

When David was in perplexing circumstances, he encouraged himself in the Lord his God. To the same refuge, we are invited to resort, unworthy and helpless as we are. But guilt makes us afraid; we are conscious of having forfeited the covenant love of our Heavenly Father—having known our Lord's will, we have not done it, therefore we deserve to be beaten with many stripes. But blessed be God, there is pardon and plenteous redemption for all that apply with penitent and contrite hearts. May ours be such, my dear son.

I believe that your suspicion is well founded; that the heresy will pass for a nine day's wonder to the great astonishment of the faithful. The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice. He will not fail to defend His own cause. It is probable the authoress will not continue much longer, being very much out of health—all the summer absent in pursuit of it, without success, I believe.

Mr. Dickinson, the young minister, who sup-

phes the Center Church, it is supposed will continue here until Mr. Hawes' return, which is expected in April; letters have been received from him stating his arrival at Liverpool. Mr. D. appears to give universal satisfaction. Since residing here, it is said, he has had two calls which he refused. One from Burlington, Vt., the other from Boston. The Free Church will probably be supplied by the city missionary, for whose support they are now raising funds. I believe they have not selected, but expect they will employ some young man, who will be content with a small salary. It would very much rejoice our hearts, should Providence open a door of usefulness for you somewhere in our region. We want to have your last bedroom near ours.

With regard to the revival, appearances are not so encouraging as when you were here, though we humbly trust there is a goodly number in each congregation, who are pressing into the kingdom. Dr. Perkins is blessed as are many others in this vicinity. Four day's meetings are, I may say, continually in operation, and attended with signal success.

I hope dear C. has recovered her health ere this. Does she realize that she has not written her aged grandmother since her return from the South? I thought she would have many interesting circumstances to relate concerning our cousin Stevens and others.

With best love to yourself, my daughter, and each individual of your dear household.

I am your affectionate mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. William Patten.

HARTFORD, September 25th, 1831.

My very Dear Son,—

I was contemplating earnestly to request you would come and see what happiness we are enjoying in spiritual and temporal blessings; but the great Disposer of all events has seen fit to bring a new affliction upon us, by suffering your sister R. to endure a trying scene from a fall, that endangers her life as well as her limb. God has doubtless some important purposes to answer by this peculiar dispensation towards us; perhaps that our Christian graces, if any we have, may be made manifest, and I humbly trust the result will prove this desirable effect is not wholly unaccomplished. I began this letter when your sister's state was alarming, but concluded not to finish it until some more decided opinion could be formed. I think she has been enabled to exercise faith and patience, wonderfully. The Doctor says, the limb is doing very well—ascribes this almost miraculous recovery under Providence to temperance—he says, she is just 25. We are favored with a very interesting and hopefully pious young surgeon from New York, Dr. K. He says all his

faculty can do, is to assist nature. He sits with admiration over the wound, about two inches in length, made by the bone passing through the flesh, viewing the several veins and nameless particles, approaching to reunite and perform their accustomed functions. Truly we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and that our souls know right well. "What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits? We will take the cup of salvation, and call on the name of the Lord; we will pay our vows, which our souls made when we were in trouble."

O, my dear son, I wish we could feel more freedom at the throne of grace for your dear children--what is the clog? Do persuade them to come to Jesus now, while it is a day of grace, an accepted time, a day of salvation. I feel that my time is short, and fear that I have been unfaithful in times past. Forgive me, my dear children, if I have, and cause my aged eyes that are filled with tears of sorrow for your perilous state, soon to weep for joy that you have passed from death unto life, are no longer conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of your minds, proving what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

How is dear Charlotte? Is she able to play on her piano? or has she lost her taste for that employment? Do you not fear it will prove an unprofitable purchase? Miss H. More who has written so ably on female education, observed that the accomplishment required a greater sac-

rifice of time than it was worth. Time flies silently and rapidly away, and should be improved usefully, and for the most important purposes. Soon, very soon, old age will approach, if death does not prevent. An acquaintance with the Bible and Mr. Newton, would instruct, enrich and entertain the mind, infinitely more than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. "Those that honor God, He will honor, but those who despise Him, shall be lightly esteemed." You see, my dear son, how the Lord can bring good out of evil by your late trial with Unitarians.

"Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come, make His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care."

We always rejoice, when we hear of any thing to the comfort and advantage of yourself, your family, or people—are glad an addition is to be made to your church; may it be increased with all the increase of God. With regard to leaving Newport, your presence would add much to our happiness, yet, in such a case, doubtless wolves would come in not sparing the flock; therefore, I think it inexpedient to leave the station Providence has assigned you. Our trials may be sharp, but they cannot be long;—

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

Give my best love to our dear Wheelock, and say, I really long for a good lengthy letter from her. Perhaps I shall write no more—my strength fails, and the cold weather almost paralyzes my hands. Remember me to your wife and dear ones. God grant that thou mayest be faithful and abundantly successful—"lift the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace," is the prayer of thy aged but not forgetful mother,

RUTH PATTEN.

Rev. Wm. Patten,

NEWPORT, October 13th, 1823.

Dear and Honored Mother,—

It appears that you and my sisters are called to trials, to see whether "you will count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations." But I am persuaded that through divine grace, your faith will not fail; but in the exercise of it through patience, that "you will become perfect and entire, wanting nothing." It would seem to a natural view, that your age and infirmities and the confinement of my sister S. were evils sufficient, and that the attention and labors of my remaining two sisters, were necessary as assistants, but the Lord, in infinite wisdom, has seen, and ordained differently, and there are no circumstances in which He is not able to sustain; there is no evil which He is not able to overrule for good. I can form no opinion of the

manner in which you are furnished with the requisite help.

Any thing that can be done by me or any of my children, we will cheerfully undertake. I request that you or some of the family will write by the first opportunity; and every week, while you remain in so distressed and critical a state.

I forget whether my letter from George, informing me that he was recovering from a severe attack of the fever and ague, was received before my last letter to you. I have heard nothing from him since.

The intrusion of Dr. C., into my meeting house, to deliver two lectures, has been overruled for great good to our church. It is repro- bated not only by the religious, but by those who have a sense of courtesy, and what belongs to a gentleman. It is my intention to write him particularly on the subject.

My wife and children desire their dutiful and affectionate regards to you and my sisters. With my sincere sympathy and prayers for you,

I am, your affectionate son,

W. PATTEN.

Mrs. R. Patten.

I was truly grieved, my dear grandmother, that another affliction was added to one of your number. It would seem, humanly speaking, as if you had already more than you were

able to bear; but there is consolation in the affliction, that He, without whose knowledge a sparrow doth not fall to the ground, can give strength equal to your trials. I would, if it were in my power, be feet to the lame; but I have imperious duties that confine me where I am. I fear aunt M.'s health will be inadequate to the triple duty she has to perform.

She has much, very much to contend with, but she has likewise strong hopes and consolations. Afflictions have a design, and not unfrequently we see why they are sent; but I must acknowledge that this one is beyond my comprehension. It would seem, as if the Christian graces, faith, humility, and patience, were never more fully developed in any human character, than in the one who is now called so fully to exercise them. Oh, may He who is abundantly able to make her bed for her, kindly grant her such lively views of His love, and condescension, as shall enable her to say "It is good for me to be afflicted." You all are daily remembered here, at the throne of grace, and I doubt not in due time "you will reap, if you faint not."

R. W. H.

Mrs. R. Patten.

Extract of a letter written by a Home Missionary, Rev. J. H. Woodward, to his aunt, Mrs. Patten.

SHRIBON, April 21st, 1802.

“I have found Dr. Strong’s advice a source of much happiness, since I have entered the labors of a missionary. When we are disposed to go to God, whatever our situation be, there is to be found a never-failing spring of joy.” Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. I have thought that I have taken much delight in reflecting upon the sovereignty of God, that He was the Governor of the world, directing all the concerns thereof. Resignation to His will, Madam, is one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian character. Holiness of heart will produce resignation; without it, there can be none. I must tell of an occurrence at Louisville, when I was there. A young woman had lost a darling child; on the day when the child was buried, she complained of her unsubmitive temper, and appeared to be more tried with herself, than with the loss of the child. The day following, God brought her where she should be—to feel that she was not able by her own strength to make herself submit, but said she was willing since God was able, and had a right to do as he pleased, that He should choose correction to make her submissive or not, and the time when He would effect it. She then had found the happiness of being submissive to God.”

The writer of the above, became an early convert to the Christian faith. After leaving college, commenced the study of divinity under the direction of the late excellent Dr. Strong. After a suitable preparation for the ministry, he was ordained a missionary to the new settlements. Being twenty years old, he commenced his tour alone, on horseback, in a most inclement season of the year, as the trustees did not think it best that two should go forth at one time. This stripling went forward, clad in the Gospel armour to meet the Goliaths in sin, and by thy aid, O divine Redeemer, he was in some measure successful.

“ The saints in all that glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 With faith’s discerning eye.

When that illustrious morn shall come,
 And all their armies shine,
 In robes of vict’ry through the sky,
 The glory shall be Thine.”

Mr. Woodward’s endearments and labors were so approved, that the lamented Dr. Worcester was urgent that he should fill a Missionary station at Ceylon, which he acceded to. On returning to his father’s house, he found the family reluctant to part with him ; he was the youngest child, and a great favorite among them. They sat up until midnight to prevail on him to continue in his native country ; but neither tears

nor persuasions could shake the steady purpose of his soul—his face was set Zion-ward—he was ready to adopt the language of the holy Apostle—What mean ye to weep and to break my heart, for I am ready not only to go to Ceylon, but to die also for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when they could not prevail, they ceased, saying, the will of the Lord be done, and they accompanied him to the ship.

Mr. Woodward labored with unabating fidelity, it is believed, until he had finished the work his Heavenly Father had given him to do.

“In hope of that immortal crown,
He did the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

He travel'd his appointed years,
Saw his Deliv'rer come,
To wipe away his servant's tears,
And take His exile home.”

HARTFORD, June 8th, 1815.

My Dear Nephew,—

What a blessing we ought to consider it that the great Judge of all the earth can do no wrong. We may with the greatest confidence and cheerfulness trust in His divine perfections and holiness. We ought humbly to bow before God, who smites, and entreat for profound submission to His divine and sovereign will.

I am informed by Miss Kingsbury, who received a letter from her friend in Haverhill, that the hand of God is laid heavily upon you. He has once more taken from you the desire of your eyes—a lovely woman, not only in your sight, but in the sight of your friends, yet not too good to die! We hope that she is gone to join the glorious flock that is gone before, and is now uniting with them in celebrating the praises of God and the Lamb, for the wonders of redeeming love, for which eternity is not too long.

May you, my dear friend, be led to just views of the divine perfections and consider them infinite. They were from eternity in council, and must stand. It is our duty and our interest to submit, believing that all things are conducted in infinite wisdom and goodness—make a surrender of ourselves, our dear ones, all that we have and are to the hands of that Almighty Creator, Preserver and Benefactor of His people, who we know, doth all things well.

I have just heard of your additional bereavement of two children. Since God is depriving you of more earthly comforts, may you be abundantly prepared to join the company of the blessed. My children all join in cordial remembrance to you and your dear surviving child.

We all sympathize with you—do write soon to

Your affectionate aunt,

RUTH PATTEN.

G. Woodward, Esq.

HANOVER, September 25th, 1815.

My Dear Sister,—

May not my self-reproaches, prevent those from you less bitter, for my not sooner answering your good letter of June last, and for not sooner noticing and thanking you for your friendly and christian congratulations therein expressed. There has indeed been among us a wonderful display of divine power and goodness the summer past, and as we humbly trust, many sons and daughters here, have been turned to God. And my dear sister, what reason have we in our family, to praise and magnify his holy name, in an especial manner, that he has seen fit by His Spirit to visit our household, and to have influenced some of us, at least, as we hope, to choose the good part. Our son, and those of our daughters, have publicly consecrated themselves to Him, whose we all are—and may they be enabled to perform their vow, and be steadfast “even unto death.”

Our only son James, has been in the profession of law for about five years, and was seated by us with prospects in it as pleasing as could be reasonably wished—but he has about concluded to relinquish that for the more honorable and useful profession (as he thinks) of divinity. We want much to see you and your dear family, and if I could have an interview, it seems we should have much to say.

The subject of brotherly love, on which you

touch, is indeed of vast importance, and ought by every means in our power, and on all suitable occasions, to be inculcated, cherished and promoted. Alas! how deficient are some of us in this, as well as other Christian graces.

My wife and children, though they have never had the pleasure of seeing you, often speak of you and yours in language of affection; and we often express to each other how glad we should be, to see that sister, aunt and cousins; but if this is an indulgence with which we may not be favored in this life, it is my humble prayer, that through infinite mercy, we may all meet you and yours hereafter, in those regions of bliss, where brotherly love shall be consummate and without alloy, and where peace and joy shall forever reign. Our love to you and all your children.

Your affectionate brother.

JAMES WHEELOCK.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

NORWICH, June 9th, 1823.

My Dear Aunt,—

I acknowledge the receipt of your letter by Capt. Partridge, and have ever contemplated answering it. Having an opportunity by Mrs. Hayden and daughter from Windsor, who have been here on a visit to their friends, I embrace it with pleasure, to express to you the attachment which I feel for yourself and family, and my best wishes for your prosperity, especially in those

blessings which will afford a consolation not only in this life, but also in the life to come. I have not forgotten the happy circle in which I was once permitted to be numbered, and I trust I am not unaffected at the mercy in which its members have been allowed to partake. There is cause of gratitude to God, particularly that your life has been spared so long, to the church of Christ, to your affectionate family, and to the world. I am persuaded that the God of your youth will not forsake you in old age. His promises which you have found sufficient to support and comfort you in an hour of trial, will also be found sufficient to cheer while the infirmities of age have overtaken you. My prayer for you is, that the divine presence may attend you, and that when you are called to pass the shadow of death, you may be enabled to say in the triumph of faith. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and staff, they comfort me.

Uncle James and his family are well. Eliza was married last week on Monday, to a Mr. Craig, of Augusta, Maine. James is dismissed from Newport, and has had an invitation from Granville, in the state of New York. Whether he accepts, I have not heard. My sister Annette is still at Madison, Indiana—have some hope that she will return to N. E. this summer. Henry is in Ceylon—we heard from him in November. My brothers George and Beza, and

sister Mary, were still spared. I am yet in Norwich, supplying a congregation in the vicinity, and assisting Capt. P. in instruction. I have two children, the girl 7 years old, and the boy 2. Mrs. Woodward desires to be affectionately remembered to you and your children. I intend soon to answer cousin George's letter, to whom I wish for the present to be remembered with all my cousins.

I am, my dear aunt, yours with the greatest respect and affection,

JAMES W. WOODWARD.

Mrs. Ruth Patten.

FOREIGN MISSION SCHOOL,
CORNWALL, Conn., March 29th, 1825. }

Dear Christian Friend,—

I would now take my pen to write a few lines, to inform you and all my good friends I have not forgotten you since I came home; with great pleasure I attempt to express my thanks to the Great God of Heaven and earth, who made all things by the word of his power, that I am placed in this school. I hear the good instruction of our teacher from day to day. He appears to take deep interest in our welfare and prosperity. He endeavors to explain to us every morning and evening the great doctrines of the Bible. I have not made very great pro-

gress in learning the English language. I find it very difficult for me to get the right pronunciation. I try to learn as fast as I can, so that I may soon return to my native country. I hope to be prepared for usefulness to my benighted people. I have not yet embraced the religion of Christ, but this does not prove that I never will. I wish to understand the Bible as I can, so that I may read and judge for myself. I wish to get a good education before I leave this place, and I hope you will not forget me, but pray that the grace of God may accompany me. Our teacher is much engaged to have the scholars learn fast, and he often says to us, in all your gettings neglect not to get that wisdom spoken of in the Bible. I wish to see you very much, but must content myself at present with the idea of seeing my friends hereafter. I am very thankful to my friends for sending me to this school. I hope God will reward them for their kindness to me. I hope my friends will not forget to write often, and let me know how they do. I hope my friends will not forget to pray for me, that I may be thankful to Almighty God, and that I may love Him now. My friends, I have not much subject to tell to you. I feel grateful for your goodness to me, and hope I shall learn fast, so as to be able to write intelligibly soon. I have a letter from my parents and brothers, that tells me soon go home. My friends, I hope you will excuse me for writing so short a letter, and give my respects to all good friends. I hope I soon see

you here again. I hope my friends, to writing for me—I am very glad to hear from my all good friends.

I am your affectionate friend,

HENRY MARTYN,
a Chinese youth.

To Mrs. Ruth Patten.

HAVERHILL, April 6th, 1830.

Dear Aunt,—

I have often called on you and my dear surviving cousins in Hartford, for Christian sympathy and condolence, when the waves of affliction were near overwhelming me; and our Heavenly Father has always inclined your hearts to speak peace to my troubled soul, and do much to bind up my wounds; and now I am called on to pay the great debt I owe you.

A letter from your grandson William, at Providence, gave me the first intelligence of the death of cousin George; and language would fail in describing the sensations that then came over me. I looked back upon him, as it were the pet child of the family and yet the head of the household. I remembered the hearty welcome with which he always greeted me in my "far between" visits at H. I looked back and tried to trace in my mind the fading incidents that transpired at our first acquaintance, and could find but one within memory's reach—that

of embarking with him in a skiff on the bosom of your little river, when swollen by the freshet of the Connecticut.

This first interview was at a time when I visited Connecticut in company with my father, when I was about ten years old. If I am correct as to my then age, forty-three years must have since elapsed; and yet the incident is fresh and vivid in my memory. We took a drift log in tow, and brought it up to the bridge. I have a perfect recollection of his then youthful countenance. You then lived near the bridge.

What a lapse of time! Yet your days were then scarcely half numbered, although you had lived about half a century. It is not strange that one of a family of five, should now be taken away, after such a lapse of years; but it is a strange, mysterious and merciful dispensation of a kind and over-ruling Providence, that four of the five should still survive—that one holding life by so slender a tenure as I do, should still be spared to tell of the goodness of God.

I learn nothing of the state of cousin George's mind at the time of his departure, except that he was tranquil; but presume that he was well provisioned for the passage of Jordan, and that you had a good hope in his death. Thus presuming, and thus confidently hoping, I know that you are kissing the rod that has chastened you.

The days of your pilgrimage, dear aunt, now numbering more than four-score and ten years, are almost finished; and you, dear cousins, are

not far in the rear, and I am following hard after. How it becomes us to examine our hearts and see that we are clothed in the righteousness which is of Christ—prepared to meet the Bridegroom at his coming. Wait patiently, dear aunt, the coming of your Deliverer—He will surely wipe away your tears of sorrow and take you to Himself.

“O, what are all your sufferings here,
If you're counted meet,
With the angelic host to appear,
And worship at His feet.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away—
I know you'll find them all again,
In the eternal day.”

I once thought we belonged to different generations, but somehow they have run into one. “Our grinders cease, because they are few,” and our eyes become dim, by reason of age. Our united generation is rapidly passing away, and another rises to take our place. Let us therefore, dear aunt, and cousins Sarah, Ruth and Mary, (I love to call them by these familiar names,) gird up our loins, watch and pray, trust in the Lord, stay our minds on Him, and He will surely keep us in perfect peace.

I can tell you all, for I know it will gratify you to hear that notwithstanding my utter unworthiness, our Heavenly Father cheers me

with the light of His countenance, and indulges me with a faint hope that I shall be like Him, for I shall see Him as He is. This glorious hope revives my courage by the way, while I in expectation live, and almost long to see the day.

I wish some of you, dear cousins, would take some pains to get some account of my relations at Columbia. I don't know that I have heard from them for twelve years. It would particularly gratify me.

You have probably heard of the death of Mrs. Baglies, who was once cousin Polly Ripley; and also of Mrs. Wheeler, and Mrs. Marsh's, daughters of uncle James, whose last days are his best days, notwithstanding all his trials. My pages are full, as Elizabeth must have the third.

Yours, as ever,

GEORGE WOODWARD.

I feel rather reluctant, my dear aunt and cousins, in taking this last page from my husband, who would fill it much better than myself, and having had but little acquaintance with you; but he being quite desirous, I have consented, and besides I have had but little experience in the school of affliction to what many of my friends have had, and am but illy calculated to offer you that consolation and sympathy, which you, at this time, so much need. True, I have not been left destitute of the token of love which our Heavenly Father gives His children, for I have buried one dear child of nine months old;

but such was her tender age, that I ought rather to have rejoiced than mourned at her departure, believing that of such is the kingdom of Heaven. But you, dear aunt and cousins, are called to drink the bitter cup far deeper; but yet, love is mixed in all our trials—they are precious pledges, and well calculated to fit us for a higher state of enjoyment in our Heavenly Father's kingdom. And when I hear of a saint's being taken home; and considering it as the "Lord's pay day," in which he is to receive his wages, I cannot but rejoice that one more is added to the happy throng that surrounds the throne of God, crying worthy is the Lamb, &c.

How cheering and consoling is the prospect that opens to the view of the Christian, while on the mount viewing the land of Canaan, now and then catching a glimpse of the Celestial city, to you, who have almost taken possession. It is indeed delightful, that many, very many of your dearest friends and connections have already reached their destined port, and are waiting for your admittance, to tune anew their golden harps to the praises of Him who has died to redeem us by His precious blood. If the streams which are continually issuing from the fountain of God, afford His children in this wilderness such refreshing draughts, what must it yield, when permitted to draw immediately from the fountain, to see Him who is the Fountain of light and love himself. But I forget I am writing to those who have been much longer followers of

Christ than myself, if indeed I am one ; but you will pardon me, if I have taken too great a liberty or written too freely.

That your last days may be your best, and your sun set without a cloud, is the prayer of one who is happy in subscribing herself your niece.

E. H. WOODWARD,

Madam Patten, and daughters.

P. S. I should be pleased to hear sometimes of cousin William's family at Newport. Does he enjoy the light of God's countenance? Does he live to see the precious seed sown by him, springing up and bringing forth fruit to the glory of God? Tell me what his children are doing—where and how settled ; and ask him to write to me. We have had no intelligence from our brother Henry for more than a year. At the last dates, he was contemplating sending his children to America for their education. The families of brothers Beza and James are well. Harriet, the eldest child of my brother William, married a Mr. Langdon, of Burlington, in January last.

Again adieu,

GEO. W.

FROM THE REV. MR. WILISTON, OF WEST HAVEN,
TO MADAM RUTH PATTEN.

Mr. Wiliston presents his respectful compliments to the ladies who preside over the Female School at Hartford ; having confidence in their ability, wisdom and goodness, he feels a

joyful assurance, that they will with much pleasure in every way in their power, contribute to the improvement of his young friends now entrusted to their guidance and care.

As one of them is a professed follower of Christ, having as she humbly hopes, a relish for the society of those who have been taught the truth as it is in Jesus, he requests it as a special favor that she may be led to an acquaintance with some ladies of a religious character, who are members of your school, or in the city of Hartford. Since the great revival of religion in your vicinity, he is confident religious characters may easily be found, in a circle of which his young friend may find much pleasure and great improvement.

A compliance with his request will be gratefully acknowledged by his young friend, Miss Candee, and very gratefully acknowledged by himself, who cordially wishes health, peace, and great felicity to the Female School at Hartford, and to the amiable ladies who preside over it, with distinguished reputation.

He subscribes himself their cordial friend and very humble servant,

W.

BROOKLYN, December 15th, 1843.

Respected and Dear Aunts,—

I was surprised to hear that my beloved aunt Sarah had left you—but we cannot mourn

for her. She was as a shock of corn fully ripe ; and after many, many years of cares and sorrows upon earth. How short those years now appear, and how light those sorrows, since she has passed the confines of time, and gone to be with that Saviour whom she loved, and honored, and recommended here, to enjoy his blissful presence forever, freed from all sorrows, pain and sin. And there are other loved ones with whom she is doubtless now rejoicing, therefore we cannot mourn for her, but for those who are left desolate and afflicted. Desolate, did I say? No, my dear aunts ; for what says the word of God,—"none of them that trust in him, shall be desolate." And have you not trusted—do you not trust in him?—yes, I know you do, and now the Saviour will be infinitely precious to you. He sympathizes with us all—yea, in our afflictions, he is afflicted ; hear him then saying to you, "thy sister shall rise again ; I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

I know the tie that has been severed was firm and strong, and closely united. A three-fold cord is not easily broken, but one part has been taken by him who cannot err, while the other two parts are left for the Master's use. O, that the bright example of patience, faith and love, may be improved by us. I should have loved to see my beloved aunt once more. I have often thought my sisters enjoyed a great privilege in living in the same town with you, where they

can have the pleasure of seeing you occasionally—but, I hope we shall all meet in that happy world where friend may mingle with friend in sweet communion. Eternity will not be too long to talk of the love of our blessed God and Saviour, and of divine goodness and mercy bestowed upon us.

My dear husband, I trust, will see you—should rejoice were it in my power to accompany him; and while I feel at such a time an arm of flesh is unavailing, still it is gratifying to receive the sympathy of friends, as this is also a proof of the kindness of our Heavenly Father towards us.

Accept, however, my respected and dear aunts, the sincere sympathy and kind love of
Your ever affectionate niece.

M. A. P. HALTSED.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM W. P., ESQ., TO P., AND M. P.
PROVIDENCE, August 1st, 1844.

My Dear Aunts,—

The idea is so painful, that in communing now with my dear aunts, one of them dearly loved, and whose image, memory always greeted with a most affectionate welcome, has ceased to be of the number, and all her kind interests and sympathies for us are extinguished in death, at least to our perception, that I have found it almost impossible to bring myself to that correspondence with those remaining, which both affection and duty invite and require. But

death has brought such fearful desolation upon me, that you will not think me wanting in sympathy in your bereavement.

My heart bleeds at every infliction of death, and the nearer it comes to those I love, the more painful it is to me, and the less able am I to feel that I can say anything that is alleviating.

The inexpressible gain of a redeemed soul to be disenthralled of mortality, silences the complaint of the bereaved and exalts them to entire submission, but it does not fill the vacant chair, nor restore the dear accustomed face, the kind influences, and daily offices of affection, nor relieve the solitude, nor dispel the agonizing sense of the utter desolation which death has wrought upon us, the living!

These thoughts painful to me, and having nothing consoling to you, have so obtruded upon every attempt I have made to express my sympathy with you, in the departure of my dear and most affectionately remembered aunt Sarah, as to repel me each time from doing what I hoped would be less painful at some other.

The recent death of one for so many years an unconscious member of mother's family, (Mrs. Kinlack,) has forcibly impressed me in contrast with the object and value of life. Who would exchange the death of our dear relative for the life of that poor imbecile! How full of consoling recollections, and cheering hopes, is the contemplation of aunt's character. In fulness of years, and excellence, she is called to the haven

of rest, and to the enjoyment of those treasures which, through a long life industriously spent in their accumulation, she has laid up in heaven. May we there be reunited to her, and to all those who on earth have been dear to us.

It will ever give me pleasure, my dear aunts, to minister to your comfort and happiness by any means in my power, though in what way I can do so, my distance from you prevents me from knowing, unless you exercise the rights of aunts and sisters of my dear father, and inform me at any, and at all times.

Sister Ruth, who will be the bearer of this, ends to-morrow a little visit to us, which, if as agreeable to her as it has been to us, will often be repeated. She can give such minute particulars about us, that I refer you to her for all, and more than I can write. I am not without hope of seeing you before winter.

My wife unites with me in affectionate regards and love to you, and the children send love to father's aunts. Your nephew, W. P.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM COGSWELL, S. C., TO THE REV.
WILLIAM PATTEN, D. D.

CHARLESTON, November 7th, 1834.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—

A short time since, I read with deep interest the memoir of your mother—of blessed memory. She was indeed a most lovely and

excellent woman, and a bright and distinguished ornament to the church. How conspicuously did the Christian graces and virtues shine in her life—in the various relations she was called to sustain, and in the many peculiarly afflictive dispensations and bereavements in which she shared. Her life was uniformly a pattern of piety, and its close was eminently serene and peaceful. Hers was the privilege

“To decay

Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,—
And sweetly sink in slumber with the dead.”

The memoir is not only highly interesting, but is calculated to be extensively useful. Mothers, especially, in training their infant charge for heaven, may here derive important lessons of instruction. Youth, also, may see the happy effects of early consecration to the service of the Saviour, in the subsequent life, yielding so abundantly the peaceable fruits of righteousness. All who have a desire to profit by the example of departed worth, cannot fail to be benefited from a perusal of this little book. The likeness of your honored mother prefixed to it, is a perfect resemblance of her. When I look at it, I think of her sitting in a great chair as she used to do when I saw her at her own house.

* * * * *

My best respects to Mrs. Patten and your daughters, Reverend and dear Sir, with almost filial affection, I subscribe myself yours,

WILLIAM COGSWELL.

Mrs. R. Patten.



