

Dickinson College Archives & Special Collections

<http://archives.dickinson.edu/>

Documents Online

Title: Journal of Charles Collins

Date: 1842 - 1864

Location: MC 2003.6, B1, F6

Contact:

Archives & Special Collections
Waidner-Spahr Library
Dickinson College
P.O. Box 1773
Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

Diary

[Page Break]

President Collins. – We have been favored by the politeness of the author, with the “Inauguration Address, delivered at the opening of Emory and Henry College, Washington County, Va., May 25, 1838. We cannot express our sincere pleasure in its reception, better than in the language of JOHN NEAL, of this city. He says:

We had read it about half way through with singular pleasure, as the work of a strong-minded, well educated man; having no idea all the while who President Collins was; but rejoicing in the belief that he was just the man wanted in Western Virginia, and likely from the opinions, so ably set forth in his opening address, to do much good in his day and generation. But before we had entirely finished, the truth broke upon us; and having made the proper enquiry among those who remember him, we have found out, greatly to our satisfaction, that President Collins is but another of our Portland boys – the son of a worthy mechanic – who have taken into their heads that a pathway is open to the highest distinctions of our Country, even for the lowliest, if they will but take it upon themselves to find it and pursue it. Mr. Collins was education at the Wesleyan manual labor School in [illegible]. He soon became remarkable for his attention to his studies, working hard and to the purpose, and working the whole man, not a part only, until, after a few years, we find him at the head of a Southern Institution of great promise. What encouragement for those who are capable of understanding it! We have only to say now, that this young man - President Collins – will [illegible] be an honor if he lives, not only to Portland, but to his country. - Port. Adv.

[Page Break]

Journal
C Collins
1842

[Page Break]

Sunday Sept 18, 1842

I have for years felt a desire to journalise from time to time my feelings & such events in my intercourse with the world as may be worthy, but have been prevented till now. By the grace of God I will do it hereafter but with no other view than my own improvement mentally & spiritually. Indeed this must be Liber arcanorum animi. On no other plan would I commit my self examinations to paper & on no other plan could I expect to be benefited. May God assist me & bless this feeble means to my spiritual edification. One week ago to day at Yellow Springs I attempted to preach on the charge of Paul to Tim. “Take heed to theyself & to the doctrine” &c. & in the evening listened to bro. Carrell. The Day was one of uncommon liberty & blessing to me, especially in the eveng. when I attempted to exhort the people. My heart

[Page Break]

was melted & I wept before the people. God was with us & some shouted & others wept. I then felt an uncommon desire to be conformed to the image & filled with the love of G. But during the week past thro' a multitude of duties & cares, I seem to have lost ground & the enemy has gained an advantage over me. Blessed Jesus when shall I have the happy art of making all my worldly cares & duties devotional - when shall I be so filled with the spirit of religion, tht I shall do every thing to the glory of G. & thus make every thing tributary to my spiritual enjoyment. When shall I learn to move about amid the wilderness of cares, anxieties & trials & like the bee amid the wilderness of flowers, gather the honey of devotion, alike frm the bitter & the sweet? It grieves me that my heart is so stupid & hard! When shall I do better? When shall I be willing to crucify the world the flesh & the devil? When shall I be willing to renounce the world - its wealth, its bubbles of honor, its comforts & pleasures & live only for

[Page Break]

Christ? Alas, my own heart condemns me! O thou Merciful Savior, whom I hve vowed to serve & to love with supreme office. Make me wht I ought to be. Make me a faithful Minister of thy word fearlessly & faithfully to declare thy truth not in word only but in spirit, in temper & in all my example, that my light may shine before a wicked wrld. Forbid tht a little glittering dust or the idle breath of praise should ever cause me to lose sight of the soul - its unspkable val. & the eternal riches wh thou hast prepared in Heaven. What reason hve I to be jealous of my poor worldly minded, honor loving heart! Alas, is not this my besetting sin? Help me O thou Lamb of G. to watch constantly over myself - to scrutinize my motives, lest while I think I am serving thee, like Achan I shall bury some Babylonish garm. or wedge of gold in my camp & thus bring defeat & ruin upon the armies of Israel

[Page Break]

Wednesday night Sept 28 1842

About 8 o'clock this night, I observed the most beautiful & brilliant meteor which I ever saw. While looking towards the W. it started from a point a little to the S. W. about 25° above the horizon & shot with immense velocity towards the N. extending through a space of 25° to 30° preserving throughout its horizontal direction. Its veloc was so grt tht it seemed like a continuous beam of light, swelled in the middle, intensely brilliant like the light of the Sun & when advanced about 2/3ds of its course the light became beautifully blue tinged with green - like the color of Venus seen through a telescope.

[Page Break]

Oct 23, 1842.

I am deeply conscious of the need of more Divine aid. One of my weakest points & one where the devil most successfully assails me is on the side of passion. Excitable & irritable by nature & possessed of a morbid sensibility, I am prone to dwell upon even trifling circumstances when

they will bear an unfavorable construction & allow them like so many vipers to gnaw upon my peace of mind. How much distress & how much of sad melancholy have I entailed upon myself in this way. Besides this, how easily is my temper roused & how quickly am I made angry. Often is some distress & spiritual darkness brought upon my mind in this way. Pride, alas & her numerous whelps

[Page Break]

have never yet been banished from the heart. When, O Lord, shall I conquer these inbred & carnal enemies? Sanctify me in soul body & spirit, thou blessed Jesus. Drive out from my heart every unholy passion - anger, hatred, pride self will, revenge & whatsoever else hinders the free course of thy spirit And implant there love, meekness forbearance candor & a teachable spirit. In order to assist me in my efforts at self subjugation I here record in the presence of God two resolutions which by his grace I will ever after observe.

I I will never (God being my helper) allow my self to become angry again with any man woman, or child under any circumstances.

[Page Break]

II I will never designedly give offence or hurt the feelings of any body whatever may be the circumstances or however deeply I may be injured.

To keep these resolutions I know that much grace & much prayer will be necessary. But in God is my trust. My past experience too clearly asserts that trials severe await me, but if I put my trust in Him who has promised to stand by me in temptations darkest hour, I know that victory & all its rewards will crown the struggle Blessed Jesus baptize me with a double portion of thy spirit.

[Page Break]

Sunday, Jan 1 1843

For some days past my religious enjoyments have much improved. Private prayer has been more delightful, my class meetings have been seasons of refreshing to me & others, also the prayer meetings - & I have been enabled to covenant anew with God to love & serve him better than I have done for years. Alas, what coldness of heart what stupidity, what formality have marked all my religious exercises for years! It has all been head work rather than heart work. But thanks to my blessed Jesus, my covenant Savior, I hope it will not be so with me for the future. Here once more would I record my solemn vow henceforward to dedicate my self soul & body to God

[Page Break]

Blessed Jesus, aid me in this work of self consecration. In my own strength it is impossible. In thine, I am mighty to fulfill all righteousness. Come in, Come in, thou Heavenly Guest, clean purify my heart - sanctify me wholly soul body & spirit & prepare me for thy great & coming

day. Alas, what pride, what envy, what evil desire what selfishness, still lie concealed in this heart to which I invite thee. O that I could see my vileness, that I had that tender conscience which warns of the first approach of sin - that I had such love for thee & thy cause, that Zions prosperity were my greatest desire - that my own souls salvation pressed with greater weight upon

[Page Break]

my heart - that I could feel more deeply for the souls of others. When O when shall I be a true Christian & worthy of the name. I mourn, I weep but my heart is so insensible! O Jesus, in thee is all my hope.

[Page Break]

Sunday Jan 15 1843

Why should not I record my trials & discouragements as well as my comforts & successes? Last Sabbath I had a happy day & uncommon liberty in preaching from the words of Peter "May the time past of our lives suffice as to have wrought the will of the Gentiles." My own soul was enlarged in pleading for God & I may record it as one of the most precious seasons since I have attempted to preach. But since then I seem to have lost ground - I have not had the same precious seasons in prayer, but hardness has taken hold of my heart & my sky has become clouded. Merciful God, pity my distress & lift upon me once more the light of thy countenance. What can I do without thee? My prayers are but idle words & my resolves but threads of tow.

[Page Break]

My heart is sad. I go about with dejected mean, saying "when shall I find him whom my soul loveth"? But still find no relief. Blessed Jesus, where art thou? what is the hindering cause which delays thy chariot wheels? why am I cast down & my soul disquieted within me? O show me the cause some cursed root of sin I know is yet lingering within me. Make me deeply humble - show me all my vileness - let me see myself in all my iniquity - forbid that I should cover up my sins or keep back any part of the price. O Come, thou only Savior, come cleanse & sanctify my soul. Why do I groan in this bondage? Thou canst set me free - canst cleanse & make me wholly clean Like poor blind Bartemius, I cry, Jesus thou son of David have mercy upon me

[Page Break]

Aug 14, 1843. It has been a long time since I have opened my journal. God has brought me safely through many labors & many scenes of trial & danger since then wh I ought to hve faithfully recorded. The more I see of the world the more I am convinced tht it is not in worldly honors or wealth or the successful prosecution of favorite plans, or the enjoyment of the comforts & luxuries of life to make the soul happy. I am sure that I could be a wretch indeed, even thought

I had the power & success of Alexander or Napoleon, the knowledge of Socrates or Newton, the riches of Croesus or the sensual delights of Epicurus. There is an inward thirst after something more real & spiritual

[Page Break]

than all these - a thirst which cannot be slaked by any of the waters of earth

“As the chased hart amid the desert wastes

Pants for the living streams; for him

Who made her so pants the thirsty soul

Amid the blank of sublunary joys.”

It is this panting of the soul after Him who made her. It is a yearning of the spirit to return & commune with its great parent & feel itself covered like the young & tender bird, with the wings of Divine love & goodness. We cannot be happy estranged from God. Oh that I feel more of this inward panting after God - this spiritual thirst for the river of life wh flows forth from the throne. But my leanness - oh my

[Page Break]

leanness! The riches of heavenly graces drop around me like the dews of Heaven & yet my soul drinks not the precious draft. I see the goodness of G. but do not feel. Why, oh why this spiritual apathy! Merciful G. draw me closer to thee & let me taste once more the sweetness of thy indwelling presence - the joy of the witnessing spirit. With this I shall be happy tho' a beggar, without it, miserable, tho' a king.

[Page Break]

Sept 6. Our Camp M. closed to day. Some very precious seasons but not so good a meeting as we have enjoyed there for several years past. There was as much preaching as usual & perhaps as good, but I think not so much praying. The Church is too worldly minded. Prayer is wht makes a good meeting. We may listen to angels & yet if our hearts are hard - & we do not pray & earnestly beg for the presence & blessing of God it will avail naught. Oh that the great Head of the Church would revive his work among us more gloriously May Trigg was converted & no doubt a good case. Her evidence seemed very bright. May G. keep her feet from falling. Paul Longley preached his first sermon yesterday P.M. He

[Page Break]

gave us a very good sermon, but was perfectly exhausted before he got through. May he be strengthened & beamed among us a burning & shining light.

Sept 13th. I am accused of being a proud & ambitious man. As it respects pride, I fear there is a great deal too much of it in me. I often find it working within me disturbing my peace. But if

pride means an inordinate self esteem; or an unreasonable conceit of one's own superiority in any respect manifested by a vain & boastful air, I think I may plead "not guilty." As for thinking highly of myself or ever dreaming that I possess superiority of talents, they are the opposites of my general feeling. I do not believe that anyone who knows me has

[Page Break]

a more humbling ~~view~~ sense of my incapacity than I myself. So far from soothing my heart with the flattering reflection of superior talents & attainments, my reflections are generally most humiliating self reproaches. Slow to comprehend - compelled to master every thing at a great expense of time & toil - often compelled to feel my incapacity to accomplish at all what others do with ease, I find but few occasions for self gratulation I am painfully conscious of manifold deficiencies. My natural reserve is is often construed by the world into evidence of pride. Because I am by nature too rigid in my feelings or because it not congenial to my conscience, to stop & mingle in every [easy?] crowd or company & laugh & be jolly with every

[Page Break]

one, it is set down to my pride! For conscience' sake, I often force myself into conversation with men in whose way I am thrown, because without it my silence would be set down to my pride. Every simpleton & idealess old woman think they have a God's right to make their own feelings & conscience a rule by wh to judge me. Gracious God, pity both them & me. If there is anything in my air which smacks of pride, I do not know it.

As to ambition, in a certain sense would that I had more of it, "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Was St Paul ambitious? Oh that my soul were ever in the stretch to obtain the richest honors from God & to do all the good in my power. But if

[Page Break]

ambition be used in a bad sense - an inordinate desire for power or distinction little scrupulous of the means, it is a base slander. Few men in my opinion labor less for popular applause. There are few in whose motives, self aggrandisement does not constitute a larger ingredient. Never have I labored to be thought great in the eyes of the world or to leave a great name when I am dead. The thought of being utterly forgotten when I am dead & gone plants no pang in my heart. Let me but keep in Jesus & be treasured in the hearts of a few - I ask no more. If I have thus far through life shown more than common energy of character or applied myself with more than

[Page Break]

common devotion to my duties, it is very unjust that my motives should be judged & set down as sinister. Is it that mankind are so profoundly selfish that no man can be believed to toil hard & labor long with any other motive than self - self love - self aggrandisement? An abstract sense of

duty - a love of duty - a strong desire to acquit one's self unto God & thus taste the delights of a good conscience & self approval - these as motives to exertion seem quite beyond the comprehension of the mass. Yet if I know my own heart these are my predominant motives I appeal to the great searcher of hearts. If any other feelings than these actuate me, they are secondary

[Page Break]

& transient. - I was told last night that when at the Wesleyan University my ambition came near killing me. The idea was that I came near studying myself to death. This is not in any sense true. My sickness was not caused by study, but by my confinement in a close room, heated by a coal stove & by a very bad cold taken at the time when the inclemency of the weather prevented my taking any exercise out of doors. 10, 000 thanks to God that I escaped that season of peril. To him be all the glory.

Oh that my soul were kindled with holy ambition - with a fervent [goal?], constantly impelling me to greater exertion. I am in far greater danger of dying through sloth than toil.

[Page Break]

Pity me oh merciful God. Enable me even forgetful of self to labor with a single eye to thy glory. Elevate my soul above the captious judgements of the world. Fill me with that sweet peace that holy tranquility of soul which flows only from an inward consciousness of a pure & upright heart.

Sunday Nov 26/43. - It has been a good while since I wrote in hoe librum & several events have occurred which might have afforded matter for a paragraph. The Conference in Abingdon which commenced (~~in Abingdon~~) Oct 4, my address dld. before the Literary Association of the Preachers & my second ordination. On many asscs. it was to me a solemn & interesting session. The

[Page Break]

meetings were generally very good. One young bro. M - R -. preached a sermon which was very much admired. I thought it very fine, but was pained to discover that he was sporting in borrowed plumage. The sermon was one of Dr Buntings & may be found in Suddard's Brit. Pulp. Oh what a pity that a really promising young man should thus deceive! But the practice is quite as pernicious to the preacher himself as to others, nay far more so.

The last ~~Saturday~~ Sunday in Oct. I met the Rev Noah Baldwin at the Stone School House according to previous appointment, to discuss Baptism. A great crowd had assembled - not more than 1/3 could get into the house.

[Page Break]

This B. is a sort of champion among the Baptists & as he & old Mr Colby had been very much in the habit of in their sermons of indulging in low & unchristian insinuations against the Methodists & the College I was anxious to meet him before his own people. He made but a sorry figure. Poor man, he told the people he knew but little & was sorry for it, & so were we. If he had known more, he would have made a more respectable defence. But the truth is the positions taken by our Bap. friends are quite untenable.

Last Saturday the 19th I preached in the Presbyt. Ch in Abingdon for Mr McChain from Mac. 1c 6v

[Page Break]

To day the 26th I attempted to preach in the Chapel from Job 14c 14v. "If a man die shall he live again"? The doc. of immortality is profoundly interesting. What do all the arguments of infidelity amount to which aim to show that the soul is material? or what do all the arguments on the other hand amount to which go to prove that it is immaterial? They both fall far short of the real question. In any view, immortality is the gift of G. & he can make matter immortal & spirit mortal just as easy as the other way. Those questions, so much mooted in the discussion of this subject, appear to me to have but very little to do with the matter.

[Page Break]

April 20 1844. On Thursday my darling wife & child left me for the North. A long & perilous journey & my heart aches with anxiety for their safe arrival at Liberty, where they will visit a week. To My Heavenly Father I devoutly committed them, the morning of their departure & often have I since. The last two stormy nights - so dark - the roads so slippery & traveling over the mountains! May God preserve them & in due time bring us to see each other again. Sweet to me indeed has been the conjugal relation. A fountain of happiness far greater than my expectations. God be praised - to him I am a debtor for all. O that I may have grace to do all his will.

[Page Break]

May 12 Heard bro. Chrismond preach to day in the Chapel. He is a pious & devoted man as well as good preacher. May God crown his labors with great success on this circuit. O how much self-denial, how much zeal in the cause of God & sacrifice of feeling as well as worldly interest are necessary to sustain the Methodist itinerant! I fear I could never endure it. May the great Head of the Church give me grace for every duty. O for that devotion of spirit - that entire self-consecration which pants to do the will of God alone. This is the proper state for the Christian & especially for the Christian Minister. Jesus Master, help.

[Page Break]

Sunday May 19 1844 Preached to day at Lebanon Camp Ground (Bro Chrismond's two days meeting) from Rev 3c 20v. "Behold I stand at the door & knock" &c and had some tolerable liberty. But the Congregation seemed cold & impervious to the word. Oh for the heavenly unction. What can the preacher do for God unless his own heart is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his work? Lord Jesus grant me a double portion of thy spirit & qualify me for this great work of calling sinners to repentance. The most solemn vows are upon me, but who is sufficient for these things? O my leanness - my utter worthlessness in this holy cause!

[Page Break]

It is now more than four weeks since my dear wife & daughter left me. How lonely my hours & sad! Precious to me far beyond all earth besides are they - without them I should be miserable indeed. How great the void in my enjoyment which their absence causes. Blessed Jesus, watch over them in mercy, fan them with the sweet breezes of health, pour into my Harriets heart the oil & wine of thy holy consolation & give her strength of body & every needed grace to be a faithful mother to my darling child. My precious, lovely wife, my faithful bosom friend, thou art indeed a pattern wife & thy price far above rubies. May God be with thee, love.

[Page Break]

Sunday May 26. 1844

~~'The groves were God's first temples'; thus hymned the bard who sang of Thanatopsis~~

'The groves were God's first temples' said the bard

Who sang of 'Thanatopsis' - sweetest strains

That ever flowed from Nature's worshipper

And whose loft verse big with thoughts which swell

And cry for utterance in a million hearts

Shall give expression sweet as angel's voice -

Melodious as the lutes of Heaven

To the warm feelings of the pious soul.

'The groves were God's first temples' & methought

As mid the venerable trees I strayed

This beautiful Sabbath, that God was there.

The morning breezes redolent with sweets

And fresh from the dewy bed of flowers

Where erst they'd wantoned through the live-long night

[Page Break]

Swept soft & gentle by & as I quaffed

The rich draughts of this aerial nectar

And felt the tide of life with quickened pulse

Go bounding through my viens, devotion's flame -
A holy inspiration filled my heart.
Above the proud & venerable oaks
Whose tall trunks & giant branches had talked
With the winds of centuries & chronicled
The mighty deeds of ages gone, had locked
In brotherly embrace their umbrageous arms.
The genial Sun poured in his mellow beams
And all around wore Summers loveliest green.
The wild flowers had spread their tiny cups
And the sweet-briar, more fragrant than the groves
Of Judia's spicy ilands had poured forth
Its richest odors on the loitering air.
The winds were hushed save ever & anon
A flitting zephyr or some curling wave
In the air above would stir the tall trees

[Page Break]

Shaking the dew drops from their leafy homes.
The birds were there - Nature's sweet choristers
And from their thousand mellow throats sent forth
Melodious tribute to their maker - God.
The Robin, sweetest songster of the wood
The twittering sparrow & the lark & jay
The Mocking bird & the gay Bob o' link
Whose chattering notes enliven the old fields
And from the vagrant school-boy, wandering by
Provoke the luckless missile - all were there
Swelling the sweet concert of the Almighty's praise;
The Squirrel, self-taught Architect, had ceased
His work in the old trees ~~above~~ & far above
From his quiet window was chirping to his mate.
Tribes of ephemeral insects on the wing
Ecstatic with excess of joy all joined
Their low hum to the general hymn of life
Even the toilsome snail, of Patience meek,
Apt emblem, had crept from out his shell

[Page Break]

And like him of old commanded his bed
To take & walk, was toiling quietly
With awkward pace beneath his ponderous load.

From all around there came a voice of gladness.
“We are happy” proclaimed the wood notes wild
Of all those feathered warblers; the sweet smell
of flowers so prodigal of odorous wealth
Said “we are happy too” & the green leaves
Which whisper to the wind & kiss each other
And the soft zephyrs which came curling by,
The proud old trees above, the velvet grass below
And the bright sun which smiled o’er all the scene,
All seemed to swell the diapase of joy.
‘Twas Nature’s worship - Nature’s temple too
And as I wander through the sacred fane
A holy influence fell soft upon the heart
As moonlight upon the quiet waves.
All care was hushed - the world forgotten
God was there; & as the sound of worship

[Page Break]

Came echoing back from every tree
My own glad heart responsive caught the fire
And with unutterable emotion
Swelling high, to the Invisible Presence
Poured out its orison of prayer & praise.
Published in the Meth Episcopalian 1846

[Page Break]

Sund. Sept 16. This has been a day of more than common spiritual comfort to me. This evening at 3 o’clk at widow Kelly’s - who is now sick & probably near her end - I was enabled to preach Christ from these words “my grace is sufficient for thee”. It seemed as if Ch. was present - my tongue was unloosed to plead for him - many were affected & my own soul was comforted. I have just now returned from our Sund. night prayer meeting & God was there also. The death of Mrs Henderson seems to have made a deep impression on many. God grant that the work begun may spread until every student in College is converted. Four offered themselves for prayer & professed their solemn resolution to

[Page Break]

seek religion. Heavenly Father pity them & lead them on by the influence of the Spirit. Suffer them not to fall back, but make them burning & shining lights in thy cause. May this be the

beginning of good days. O may my own soul be converted anew - baptized anew & filled with glory & God.

[Page Break]

Nov 30. I have just returned from our Sunday eveng. prayer meeting. Oh, how much I need more religion. My resolutions are so poorly kept I am ashamed to form more. Yet may God help me. I want more religion. By his grace, I am resolved to live this week more circumspectly & religiously than I have of late. Jesus, Master, pity, help.

C. Collins

[Note: 31-46 missing]

[Page Break]

Feb 21 1845. I have just recvd. the mournful intelligence of the death of my youngest sister Hannah's death. She died of Congestion of the lungs on Saturday morning the 8th inst at about ½ past 12. Her sickness was very short - she dressed herself the morning before her departure & it seems that none of the family were aware of the near approach of death, as a physician was not called in till the evening previous

My soul is exceeding sorrowful - she was my pet sister - the youngest of the family & in some sense grew up in my arms, so that the cords of my hearts best affection seemed twined more about the child than any other of my sisters. Full half of her life she has been an invalid - has suffered

[Page Break]

from sorrow & affliction here to his bosom on high. Peace be with thy lovely form. It shall rest awhile in its narrow abode but shall ere long come forth renewed & clothed with immortality to be reunited to thy now sainted spirit. I saw thee last Summer then for the last time on earth! I was grieved to see the alarming inroad which disease had made upon thy tender frame & my heart smote me with the fearful foreboding when we bade thee farewell, that we should see thee no more. As memory recurs to thy many acts of sisterly affection - to thy sweet & amiable disposition, my eyes suffuse with tears & my pen refuses to perform its office. How sad this lesson of mortality! Another sister has gone - again the

[Page Break]

grim monster has stalked into our family circle & snatched away the youngest & loveliest of all. Sweet child, may it be permitted me to meet thee again in heaven. Heavenly Father assist. Oh how much I need thy grace - Help me to be holy - help me to labor diligently every day to set my house in order that I too may be prepared.

Sister Hannah would have been seventeen years old the 8th of next March had she lived. Intellectually I think she was more gifted than any of the family - with an extraordinary flow of spirits & a temper chastened by her long affliction into almost angelic sweetness
Requiescat in pace.

[Page Break]

March 25 1847. I have this day sent to my bro - in - law [Marcian?] Seavey Esq \$100 as a present to my name-sake his son Charles Collins Seavey, with the direction that it be invested in some good Bank stock or in some other way so as to yield at least 6 per ct annually & this interest to be annually invested so that when Charles becomes of age he may come into possession of it as a small capital with which to commence the world. It will then amount to something more than \$200. In case he dies ~~it is~~ before he is 21 years of age it is to fall to his sister who is & was a cripple when I was in Portland in 1844 (her name not now recollected) In case

[Page Break]

she should die also, before she comes of age it is to fall to & be equally divided between my sister Jane's surviving children at that time.
May God bless the gift to both them & myself.

[Page Break]

April 21 1847. Last Saturday the 17th inst a most horrid tragedy occurred about 5 miles from here. An old decrepit negro "Jem" belonging to the widow Jones was cruelly murdered by Henry Jones (son of the widow) & Jona S Edmundson, by whipping him to death. Verdict of the coroners Jury in the case "Murder in the first degree." The facts in the case appear to have been these. Jem had been a very good & faithful servant to Mrs J who was early left a widow & had been her chief dependence in raising her children. In this service & its exposure he had grown old & become crippled & useless on a/c of Rheumatism, so that for a year or two he had been hardly able to put on his clothes. His wife Hannah, a free woman lived on the river about a mile off & Mrs J. had given Jem up

[Page Break]

to Hannah on the condition that she should nurse & take care of him. These two old folks had borne a very good character in the neighborhood & scuffled along so as to support themselves - Jem still doing considerable work for his mistress in the way of mending shoes when able. Young Jones however believed or pretended to believe that his rheumatism was counterfeited &

determined that he should work at home on the farm. He accordingly with Edmundson went to Jem's house & drove him home. He then said "he would make him work or kill him." He then stripped him naked - tied him by the hands & feet stooping over a fallen tree, the poor man being unable all the time to resist & they then proceeded to whip him with a cow hide & oak paddle

[Page Break]

the old man crying all the time "God have mercy." These inhuman wretches it seems became perfectly desperate & so cut & beat & kicked the old negro that he died on the spot. Tis said that the cow hide made furrows deep enough to lay a finger in all the way from his head to his feet. There is a great deal of excitement & indignation in the neighborhood - Jones & Edmundson have fled - but whether they will be pursued & brought to justice is doubtful as they are very respectably connected. Poor old Jem - he was a good man & I trust & hope has gone to heaven where his murderers have but poor prospect of getting

[Page Break]

Oct 3d 1848. On Sunday evening last Oct 1st I married in Blountville Ten. M Rev Abel J. Brown of the Lutheran Church to Miss Emily L. Teeter daughter of the late Jacob Teeter of Washington Co. Va. This was a case of marrying a deceased wife's sister. Notwithstanding the Canon of the Presbyterian Church prohibiting such marriages I can find nothing either in the Scriptures or the nature of things against such connexions. The McQueen case in N.C. & the subsequent action of Presbyterian Synods & Assemblies in relation to this matter, so far from convincing me that they are wrong, only show how religious bodies may sometimes make

[Page Break]

themselves ridiculous by going quite beyond the Scriptures & reason too. The text Lev. 18c 18v on which their Church Canon is based to my mind simply interdicts one form of polygamy. The right of a man to take two sisters to wife at the same time. The phrase "during her life time" clearly confines the prohibition to the life time of the first sister & by clear implication permits & approves of the marriage of a second after that. No state so far as I know prohibits them except Virginia & her law I think must have been transplanted from England in the Colonial

[Page Break]

days. England must have got her Statue law on that subject in the days of Popish ascendancy. ~~whose~~ In the corruptions of Popery that law had its birth. It has no better foundation than the Popish law enjoining celibacy in her clergy - a law which is tyrannical, unscriptural & the fruitful parent of licentiousness among those on whom it operates.

Such marriages, I believe are common in all the states.

[Page Break]

Dec 22, 1849. The College Session which is now drawing to a close has in many respects been pleasant & prosperous. A good number of students - good deportment - & better than all a good state of religion among the professing students & in the month of Oct a blessed revival of religion. Many of the best students in Col. became converted & I trust, sincerely & irrevocably dedicated themselves - soul & body - time & talents to God. May the Great Head of the Church call many of these precious young men to labor in his vineyard.

But on the other hand, I have been called, personally, to endure more mental suffering since the session began than during all of

[Page Break]

my connexion with the Col., now nearly 12 yrs. Unhappily, for me & the Col. some of the men whom I called to labor with me have proved themselves utterly unworthy of my confidence. The legislation of the Trustees (procured by them) though now reversed, for a time ~~procured~~ caused me great unhappiness. The reaction already begun in the Board, I trust will go forward until all the machinations of D - & W - are fully exposed & they find their proper level & proper place. It would be a blessed relief to me & in my opinion a great blessing to the College if they could be got rid of. Until

[Page Break]

this is accomplished, I see but little prospect of peace or prosperity.

May God give me strength & grace amid all my trials to bear myself like a Christian - to exhibit Christian tempers & by superiority of virtue & piety to triumph over every spiritual & carnal foe.

[Note: 62-66 missing]

[Page Break]

March 6. 1850. I have this night made a decision of no small importance - I mean the declination of the Presidency of Greensboro Female College N. C The tender had been under consideration for some weeks - the post an honorable one - the salary offered \$1600 per yr & the keeping of a pair of horses & house [unit?]. This together with the prospect of improving the situation of my family in the matter of society & the education of the children has had great influence with me & the reasons for accepting seem very strong. I may yet regret this decision. I shall never expect a better offer in a pecuniary point of view, but in view of all the circumstances, with deliberation & prayer, I have made

[Page Break]

the best decision I could. If regrets come hereafter, they will come without self reproach. I love E & H. It has grown with my growth & strengthened with my strength. Without boasting I may point to its prosperity & high reputation with just pride. True, my situation here is not favorable for study & literary improvement. Our neighbors are few & distant & some of my Colleagues are men whom I look upon as utterly unworthy of my Confidence. But this evil I hope will pass away in due time & affairs go on again with former smoothness
May God help me to do right in all my trials. Thanks to God for the assurance which these offers bring that

[Page Break]

I am favorably known abroad & that my services are desired. I sometimes regret that I did not accept the offer two years ago of the Newark Institute. March 12 1851. For a long time past I have had a desire to put on record some place a pledge with reference to Almsgiving. The was called to my attention by the following pledge or covenant clipped last year from the Lions' Herald, & which I here insert
"Pledge or Covenant
Believing that system in Almsgiving is needed by the Church; that it accords with the teachings of Scripture, tends to

[Page Break]

growth in grace & is pleasing to God; I engage that I will, either in writing or otherwise determine on some proportion or per centage of the income which God in his providence shall give me, which I will on the first day of every week or month or at such other stated period as I shall designate sacredly set apart as a fund for charity, either in money or other materials or by entering it on a benevolent account to be disbursed by me from time to time according as the various objects of benevolence shall seem to require."
God has greatly blessed me in things temporal & I here record my gratitude & sense of obligation. It seems to me that it would be easy to become rich, but I have no desire for this. An easy competency for myself & family is all of this world that I

[Page Break]

desire. May God save me from the love of the world - its wealth or its honors
In the spirit of the above Covenant which I hereby adopt, I will hereafterward set apart for religious & charitable purposes one tenth of my salary; which at present will be \$100. This with humble gratitude to God I offer as an offering to his cause & pray that I may have liberality of

soul enough to increase it. In order to have some what of definiteness in its distribution the following plan is laid down subject to such alterations as ~~the case~~ circumstances may require, except that the sum of \$100 annually shall not be diminished. It is God's tythe, solemnly [deorted?].

1. To the Circuit Preacher \$20, 2. P. Elder - \$5.00
3. in Missions \$20. - 4. Necessitous Cases in Conf \$20.00
5. - Bible Cause \$10. - 6 Miscellaneous \$25.00

[Page Break]

As a proper check against forgetfulness, I propose to keep with my self a sort of account, as follows

[Page Break]

Aug 29, 1857. How strange! This day I have seen in the papers that Centenary College of Mississippi at its late Commencement bestowed on me the honorary degree of D. D. This is now the third time this public honor has been shown me within the last three months - 1st by Dickinson College in June, 2dly by Masonic College in Missouri & now the third time by Centenary College Miss. Certainly I am well Doctored. Oh that I were worthy of such academical compliments. May God save me from pride & make these things additional incitements to real & holy living.

[Page Break]

Sept 22 1837. Last night in prayer meeting there was uncommon interest. The bench was full of mourners & as many more I think would have gone forward for prayers if they had been personally applied to. But we are very weak in the matter of help. Some of the professing students are miserably back slidden & others cold. Oh Lord voice thy work in the hearts of thy people & carry forward this generous work. The promise is of an abundant shower.

[Page Break]

April 17/52. I am this day thirty nine years old. While the return of the anniversary reminds me of the wonderful goodness of God, I find abundant reason for humiliation and sorrow. How little has been my improvement - how slow my progress in divine things - how little good I do & have done in the world - how chill is my benevolence - how feeble is the light of my christian example. O Lord, pity me in my low estate & help my weakness. Help me to draw near to thee by daily effort of pious devotion - by self denial, by seeking the glory of God and forgetting self

- by attending carefully to the least mounting of Conscience - by watching and heeding the voice of thy Holy Spirit - by striving to love thee with my whole heart.

[Page Break]

July 14, 1852. Yesterday intelligence came that I was elected to the Presidency of Dickinson Col. by a unanimous vote at the late meeting of their Trustees in the 7th inst. My name was put in nomination by Bishop Waugh.

The following letter I have this day addressed to

Ths L. Preston Esq

July 14/52

Pres of the Joint Board
of Trustees & Ministers

Dear Sir, Having accepted a call to another field of labor, I hereby tender through you to the Joint Bd, my resignation of the Presidency of Em & Hen Col. to take effect from this day. In thus severing a connexion

[Page Break]

which so long & so happily existed between us, I cannot omit to bear grateful testimony to the warm friendship & support which I have received from the Board in all my official relations. It is matter also of grateful pride that under your foster charge, aided by the ripe scholarship & wise counsels of my talented Colleagues in the Faculty, we have seen Emory and Henry in the short space of less than fifteen years triumph over the most serious financial embarrassments & rise up to an eminence of scholastic reputation & usefulness which is enjoyed by but few. In the successes of the past I read bright promises for the future
With fervent wishes & prayers

[Page Break]

for the continued and still-increasing prosperity of the College, I have the honor to be with great respect

Yr obt svt

Charles Collins"

July 15/52. In pursuance of the above I have sent to the Trustees of Dickinson the following letter of acceptance.

Emory and Henry College Va

July 15 1852.

Prof J. W. Marshall

Secy Trustees Dickinson Col

Dear Sir:- Your letter of the 7th inst is at hand giving official notice tht the Trustees of Dickinson Col at their late meeting, by a unanimous

[Page Break]

vote elected me to the Presidency of that Ins. With a just appreciation of the honor thus shown me, I hereby signify my acceptance of the office. Should no Providence prevent, you may expect me in time to participate in the opening labors of the next Session.

With great respect I have the honor to be

Your obt svt

Charles Collins

Aug 13/52

At a meeting of the Trustees of Emory & Henry College Aug 6 I sent in the following letter.

E & H. Aug 6/52

To the Bd. of T. of E & H Col

Gentlemen: - On the day of yr

[Page Break]

last meeting I addressed a note to you making a tender to the College of my Cabinet of Minerals, Fossils, Shells &c. but through forgetfulness it was not presented. Not expecting another meeting of the Bd previous to my departure I sent the note to Ths L. Preson Esq. requesting him to present it at yr next meeting, but as he is at this time absent it seems best to renew the Communication

The Cabinet is the gradual accumulation of many years. In the opinion of those qualified to judge its value it is worth from \$300 to \$400. As an aid to instruction & a means of illustration in the important Dept. of Nat. Science, its value to the College cannot be estimated

[Page Break]

Be pleased to accept it as a testimonial of my good will to an Ins. with wh I have been so long ~~connected~~ identified & which, notwithstanding my removal I shall never cease to love

With great respect I remain Gentlemen

Yr obt svt

C Collins

Aug 20/52

About the date I recvd a letter from Rev. C. T. Hinman D. D. & Rev W H Collins Stating tht they were a Com. appointed to correspond with me respecting the Chancellorship of the University of Michigan &c. & requesting

[Page Break]

authority to present my name to the Board of Regents with assurances of accepting the appointment should it at this time be tendered to me. In answer I sent them substantially the following

Emory & Henry Col

Aug 1852

Dr Srs

Yr favor of the inst was duly recvd & I hasten as requested to give an immediate reply. In ans to the inquiry whether in case a vacancy should occur in the Chancellorship of the University of Michigan, I would authorize my name to be presented to the Regents with assurances of

[Page Break]

my accepting the post in case they should tender it to me, I am compelled to send you a negative reply. The reason for this decision is found in the fact that I am now in the midst of preparations to remove to Dickinson College, the Presidency of which I have just accepted This fortune of affairs as you will not fail to see so hedges of the way as to forbid my listening to the very honorable proposition contained in your letter.

Permit me to however to express my appreciation of the honor done by your communication & also of the high position to which your partiality

[Page Break]

would call me. Were I free to act in the premise I should comply with your request, feeling as I do a strong inclination to identify my fortunes with yr young but thrifty state & also tht the post is worthy the ambition of a far abler man than myself. Hoping that you may succeed in securing the place so that the Methodist Church may have its proper ascendancy in the educational affairs of a state so Methodistic as Michigan

I remain with sincere regard Yr frnd & bro in Christ

C. C.

[Page Break]

Dickinson Col. Sept 10/52

To put on record my thanks to God for his great goodness is my object now. Through many dangers toils & deaths I have been brought with my family to this place. Started from Emory and Henry on the 16th of Aug & reached Carlisle the 24th, all well. The reception given us by the Faculty & citizens has been very gratifying - first impressions are very favorable. May God give me grace to meet the just expectations of my new position. I stand in a place of fearful responsibilities. The spirits of Durbin, Emory Caldwell &c. still tread these

[Page Break]

consecrated halls. I am even now sitting in the seat so long & so honorably occupied by my illustrious predecessors! In God is my trust. If it is his will, I shall succeed & be both useful & happy here. How wonderful the Providence which has brought me here. It is pleasant to reflect that the place sought me - not I the place. I tore myself from a post of usefulness & honor - from friends who loved me & who thought I was the only man who could give success to tht Ins. Whether I shall find here friends equally devoted to me & whether the new field of usefulness will prove equally honorable

[Page Break]

& useful God only knows. I enter upon it with a firm trust in him. My desire - the ruling desire I hope - is to serve God in making myself more abundantly useful to my fellow men. O tht I may be able to consecrate soul & body anew to the service of the Almighty. Heavenly Father enable me to live hence forward more to thy glory than ever before - enable me to pray more - to watch more - to grow more in personal piety day by day & to keep steadily in view in all my labors the spiritual good of my fellow men. For this let me spend & be spent. Amen.

[Page Break]

Aug 28 1853. It is now a year since my arrival in Carlisle. So far as the College is concerned I have passed through a complete round of experience - have also become quite well acquainted with Carlisle. My administration so far has been pronounced "highly successful." The difficulties of managing the College have not proved greater than what might have been expected - in several instances serious disturbances occurred, but the reins were held steady & the results were of the right sort. It will take three or four years more perhaps to produce all the changes desired, but the past year has removed my

[Page Break]

fears & given me confidence. With the blessing of God, I expect the next year to be more happy to myself & successful to the College. I have however, a very strong conviction that Carlisle is

not a good location for the College. If I could pull it up & locate it somewhere else, I would gladly do so. The moral atmosphere is corrupt - too many idle people in Town - too many taverns - tippling houses - doggeries - too much licentiousness - sin has grown old & bold. If we succeed in getting a Prohibition law, I shall have hope. If not I know not what is to restrain

[Page Break]

or save the rising generations To make the College a safe place for the morals of the students is now the great desideration - more important I think than superior reputation for scholarship. With moderate scholarship & a virtuous heart a man may be both happy & useful. But with the most brilliant parts, if the heart be corrupt, the man is a curse to himself - his family & the world. God help me to labor diligently & successfully for this. What need of wisdom from above - of prayer & watchfulness - of faith, hope, zeal, long-suffering - gentleness & good works.

[Page Break]

Sept 2, 1853. My wife gave birth to day $\frac{1}{4}$ before 1 o'clock P. M. to another son, a fine child & uncommonly large. God be praised for her safe delivery. Thus my cares, responsibilities & hopes increase. With all sincerity I trust, & Christian hope, I have already dedicated & would now hereby dedicate the Child to God. To thee O Father in Heaven would I consecrate this thy gift, that he may live & die in thy service. Enable me to train him in thy nurture & admonition. Early incline his heart to thy service & cause him to grow up a pattern of consistent hopeful piety, that he may

[Page Break]

~~grow up~~ be a comfort to his parents & useful in the Church of God. His name shall be Willbur Fisk, in fulfillment of my purpose to name one of my Children after my special friend & in Token of the affection with which I cherish ~~this~~ memory, of that great & good man.

Sept 10/54. In opening this book again after the labor of more than a year I am affected to find that the last entry records the birth of my little Wilbur Fisk. Alas! the darling child is no more. On the 10th of August last, during the absence of his mother & myself he sickened & died. It is well with

[Page Break]

the child, but oh how hard to repress the swelling tide of sorrow. One month ago to day his little spirit went to heaven. Sweet child - he was indeed a noble child - so manly - so strong & well-developed - so fine a head - so full of promise. Already parental fondness was painting the future with high hopes. But - he is gone. Peace to the child, His little form is in the grave. I shall see

him no more on earth. Heavenly Father, enable me so to serve thee on earth that I may go to the child in Heaven. May this first bereavement lead his parents to think more of heaven & to strive more & more to reach that happy place.

[Page Break]

Nov 11. 1855. This day Sunday, at 9 o'clock A.M. my wife gave birth to a daughter. The little thing is little, plump & pretty & seems to be doing well. Thus my family & responsibilities increase. A new heir of immortality is committed by Heaven to my training. Its happiness & usefulness in life & its eternal state will depend no doubt in great measure upon parental faithfulness. God grant unto us every needed grace that we may train it up for Thee. What care & watchfulness are needed that the young spirit may receive right influences in early life. Heavenly Father, I thank thee for the gift. Already have I endeavored in prayer to dedicate the child to thee. O take it under thy special

[Page Break]

protection. From its birth let it be consecrated to thy self & to thy service that usefulness & happiness may mark its life & triumph in thee attend its death.

Nov 6/56

Prayer.

O God, I am filled with sorrow - unto whom shall I go? My soul is bowed down with discouragements. To whom can I look for help? I am desolate & darkness covers me. Who will build me up & fill my heart with joy? In myself I find no good thing. If I turn to the world, I see nothing calculated to give me that peace & support which I need. My weakness sinks - my strength fails - I am nothing

[Page Break]

- "weaker than a bruised reed," I perish. Help, thou God of Israel. Help thou covenant-keeping God. O deliver from this cloud of trials - this weight of distress which overwhelms & depresses me. Lift upon me the light of thy countenance. Restore thy smiles. Cleanse my soul from sin. Deliver me from the snares of the devil - from the many enemies that lie in wait; that my soul may still rejoice in the God of my salvation - that I may feel that thou art still my friend. How dark & gloomy is life without thee. Dismal, wretched indeed is my condition except God appear in my behalf. To thee O Father I turn. Though I perish still will I trust in thee.

[Page Break]

March 18 1858. Yesterday at about 2 o'clock P.M. another son was added to my domestic responsibilities. Welcome to the little stranger. There is room for him. God bless him & may he grow up to be a good & useful man. Here O Lord would I consecrate the child to thee. Soul & body, from his birth let him be wholly thine. May I be enabled carefully to train him up for thy service & so plant in his young heart the seeds of piety that they may spring up & grow & bear fruit to the honor of thy name.

[Page Break]

April 17/58. I am this day forty five years of age. Here let me again consecrate my life to the spirit & works of Piety. O God make the future better than the past. I have much reason to thank thee for all thy manifold mercies, but if life were to live over again the experience of the past would prove a profitable teacher. Many things done would not be repeated - many things ~~done~~ neglected would gladly & carefully be attended to. Merciful Father, so teach me by thy Holy Spirit that I may be wise unto salvation - wise to save my own soul & wise to labor for the salvation of others.

[Page Break]

Aug 25 1861. Reopening this old book, I find it a long time since the last entry. What a history has transpired in the intervening space. Then I was in Carlisle. Now I am in Memphis. What motives pulled away upon the roots of my attachment there, till family, interests & all things else were transplanted here! And who can write the history of the last ten months! Born under the national emblem of my country & without ever having removed from her domain, I find myself in a foreign land - a citizen of a new empire! A mighty revolution has swept & is still sweeping over this once peaceful & happy people. A scent of blood is in the air. Brother by brothers hands

[Page Break]

are slain. From the womb of events where two nationalities have long struggled, two distinct nations are coming forth. We shall henceforward be two nations. Different destinies await us. Different characteristics have long since stamped themselves upon the Southern & Northern character. Each in all probability has a different mission to fulfill in transmitting its institutions ideas & literature to the future.

It is sad to think of the seas of blood which are flowing & the wasted treasure. But viewed in the light of history, the struggle thus far has not been greater fiercer or bloodier than we had a right to expect. When has such a nation been born without convulsive

[Page Break]

throes mighty enough to shake the earth! How could such foundations be torn up without shattering the walls of the temple & burying themselves in the ruin! May God override in this matter so as to cause the wrath of man to praise him & the remainder of wrath to restrain.

[Page Break]

Jany 20, 1862. Tuesday morning at about 2 o'clock Sept 4, 1860, our Lily Greenwood was born; on Sunday June 9, 1861, we solemnly dedicated her to God in Christian baptism; yesterday evening (Sunday) we sadly closed her eyes in death at 8¼ o'clock. The Lord gave & the Lord hath taken away. May we have grace to add with the Psalmist, blessed be the name of the Lord. How brief the drama of this short life. She was indeed a sweet, lovely flower. We shall place her to day in the cold grave, but her sacred dust will be in the keeping of our Heavenly Father. Her spirit, pure & heavenly, is already with him, destined to bloom forever in fairer climes. God grant that we who survive, parents &

[Page Break]

children may meet the loved ones who are gone, in heaven. "Willie" & "Lily," our fairest, sweetest & most promising children! But they are safe. We may suffer, & err, & fall into sin & ruin, but thanks be to God these little ones are sure of heaven. They at least are in the Savior's arms. He has taken them to himself.

But my poor wife - what a shock to her - it seems as if her heart would break. This child was specially endeared to her. She was her company - her constant solace - when bowed in sorrow or depressed in spirit she found ever a sweet solace in the company & prattle of the child. She was so lovely

[Page Break]

in her spirit & there was so much sympathy between them. Lily's full large eyes, so eloquent of tender love & intelligence seemed always to answer back to the mothers overflowing love. "My little angel," my sweet "angel" were the only words she could find to express the sense which she felt of her purity & heavenliness. And oh how full of sweet overflowing tenderness was her farewell to Lily yesterday when the vital spark had just departed she kneeled over the little babe & knissed the dead lips of her darling exclaiming "my sweet Lily" in a tone of grief which words cannot express. But she is a heroic Christian mother & God I trust will strengthen her to bear this heavy blow. Heavenly Father, sanctify this bereavement to the spiritual & eternal

[Page Break]

good of all the family. Oh may the children feel that it is God's voice calling upon them to be also ready.

Lily as she now lies in her little coffin, decked for the grave, with sweet flowers around & a white jasmine in her little hands in perfectly beautiful. My heart aches to think that in the brief space of a few hours we must bury her up from our sight forever. She will never say again with her bird like voice, "Papa" "Mamma," "Pretty," "Slop," & other sweet words made doubly sweet as her first successful efforts at speech, & I never shall forget the piteous tones of her lovely voice one night about ten days ago which waked me in the night calling "Mamma," "Mamma," "Mamma," in accents

[Page Break]

of distress as if she was conscious of her need of help, & instinctively calling upon her mother for it. Oh how those tones of suffering entered into my soul. Alas how helpless is nature, thus struggling with disease & death, & how it agonizes the soul to feel that we can render no help when thus called upon. My sweet Lily, farewell. That look of intelligent recognition which you gave me yesterday morning only a short time before the seal of death was given will not soon be forgotten. First she opened her large eyes on me with such a look of tender love & then turned to her mother, with the same expression of recognition - & then it seemed as if the power of nature gave way. She closed her

[Page Break]

eyes & the fearful grapple of death with her expiring energies began. It was a long struggle. From 11 o'clk A.M. till 8¼ P.M. So long did her excellent constitution hold out against the fiery assaults of the dread enemy. Her mother indeed thinks that she was struck with death the evening before, just after a violent paroxysm of coughing, so great was the change in her which she then noticed. It was then that she commenced those nervous motions of her hands & lips which continued without interruption all night
Her disease was Whooping Cough complicated by teething, which caused great irritability of the

[Page Break]

stomach & bowels, so that she could retain no nourishment. How bowels became fearfully diseased throughout & all the remedies used seemed to do no good.
Farewell Lily, sweet child. I hope to meet thee again.

[Page Break]

Aug 30, 1864. To day at about 5 o'clock P.M. my wife gave birth to another son. Ten children thus have been born to us - two have been taken away while yet babes, Wilbur Fisk & Lily Greenwood, while our eldest born, Narcissa, was permitted to grow up to womanhood, noble in character & excellent in promise & then fall a victim to the great Destroyer. Alas what sorrows came upon us in these sad bereavements. But our Heavenly Father doeth all things well. We welcome the little stranger. May he prove a blessing to his parents & all the family. O, God I would here solemnly dedicate him to thee. May he live to grow up a be a useful member of society & of thy Church. Protect him in all the walks of life & shield him in every hour of temptation & danger.