Copy of a letter E. B. Bottec wrote to his Father the day dear Sarah passed away.
12-3 1876.

Dear Father,

That wedding there projected to take place yearly meeting hastaken place and I am not the bridegroom but was able to rejoice exceedingly at surrendering her to Him I had given her up on fourth day evening and felt a great calm no anxiety at the result but a sort of cheerfulness that I could not till what it portended nor what the result would be. On fourth day evening darkness set in (threw were last days nights) strangely I went for the Dr (Benjafield) who gave the brandy milk every hour I two sorts of medicine she sank rapidly till she would die with her mouth open and her eyes closed I turned up but would again rally after night she appeared to get strong on Sunday found I were summoned by telegraph and came down about 12 at night on fifth day she brightened up till noon and that day the stomach began to distend - in the afternoon she opened her eyes very brightly
and insisted on talking in quite a strong clear full voice about the furniture. The trouble was that she was married to a "Rend", which was as empty as when she saw it, while the second of her furniture was crowding the house here and no where to put it. "It was such a stupid thing, that's what annoys me", they were: the 3 months, and 2 baskets always going. "It was wicked to send a young married woman into a house in the country without some sort of furniture" and then she would laugh a bit and make it over, recounting her furniture that was waiting for her, and when she would say "yes I'll be quiet" when asked to stop, and again break out at intervals saying aloud in a hymn slowly softly to her mother and the rest of the "peace that filled all the room" and of the song of the Sabbath. Speaking always in a reverential, flowing manner of Him. Then in the evening the converser wore more frequent times, and her voice quivered with the jerking of her whole frame. Her eyes open to the widest possible looked up and the forehead corrugated with the surprise, and in a loud voice as time at first a shrill she prayed or sang very rapidly. After she went round 1 round, yet there was great variety in the words.
sometimes showing slight culture, but as
decent. I correctly loved in spite of the
frighteningly. If she mispronounced a
word, she would try again and again till she
got it right. She prayed for her dear Parents
and for all — but sometimes she would break
to a whisper; and we could not many names
John was clear enough. I there seemed
great agony of mind for him, but he kept
saying "fight, fight, fight." She said with
increasing emphasis and prayed earnestly
for him — for Joseph that he might not "hurt
himself" evidently — and she would
set out the only ground of acceptance, the ne
reality of beginning early in life in the right way:
said "she had nothing of her own to trust to. She
had been so wicked and must be lost, what
was shall I do?" losing for a little the reason of her
acceptance she repeated "lost" many times in a
horror of frenzy I held her hands that would
keep twisting. Fits of catching at imaginary thing
would come on catching my hair I fear, as if
she couldn't reach what she could see I
often smiling & looking & speaking kindly.
So she passed hours until after 12. All this
delirium showed what Mad passed in her
mind for years. Very little of it known to
any — it was distressing to witness yet made
made us so thankful—amongst it all she once asked me, "for one hour quiet before I go, just one hour," and she always began with "Oh my own gracious heavenly Father the reach thee—such love and reverence I pleading in the tones, the using I shook by the convulsive—The darling, I couldn't wish to detain her a minute all these days, and did only ask if it might be, for an easy passage, for her. At length she left off talking and only quitted being loud at the end of each breath, and in outline these began to get easier, the pauses less frequent. Her mouth more open, the eyes closed, and we soon moved the family of James and Judah. Thus, I soon her arms and hands lost their rigidity, I became soft and pliable, and the fever heat to subside, and she closed her mouth and eyes neatly, and lay her dear head back con-
predly on the pillow and breathed slowly, but more and more soft and smoothly, and I moved the wet cloth from her head. I smoothed the bright soft hair, down seeing her head was a little too bent. I removed an under pillow, and her face and beautiful throat played softly. James stood by me and those
was such a feeling of triumph, that neither of us could believe she would go.
But the breathing stopped for a little, I went on again, presently, softly, more softly, and another little stop, and on more softly, stile, and solemnly came down on me, and it stopped altogether and her face grew bright brighter, and she my heart's life entered into the "joy of her Lord" and a love that felt like hers, used to come to me, came rippling and swelling into my heart.
I stood still — "A Prince" or "my Prince" is her name, and she looked it, and the deep passingly more the look, it for once in her life, her "hour" of utter peace before she departed — and with her my crown. I don't feel it as long as I look at her spirit, but oh, how it is yet so beautiful such a splendor of a little head of white dress, deep green forehead, and softly pencilled from the chimeloth only shows the beautiful side of her face — just as "A Friend" should look.
She is to be laid below Maria, beside her brother George whom in her praying she called to come to see, my precious Georgie — too much of this last causes it. I have the letter I will recite the conditions.
Love to all and Mother — There will be a space side saddle now —

thine

Edward.

* one of the commission —
Extract of a letter of Edward Cotton to a Friend.

"Dearest Sarah was ever modest, unassuming, intelligent, sagacious, careful of the welfare of others, quiet, having perfect charity, loving exceeding much, quiet but always able to speak well, with lovely humility; with eyes attuned to love works mostly, but which made slight errors as often as they were quietly lifted—always herself in every situation and I have seen her where there was occasion for truth or hope, as a stranger, or perplexed, sorrowful,retched, hogged, and I saw her killed—she was equal to all. I never heard any murmuring, or one thought of herself, but of every one else. She never remem-bered any thing which had otherwise been forgotten, and it was amazing how she could produce anything that was needed anywhere. How many now-day of her that the guests. She never did the talking, or seemed engaged with the children (whom she loved), and who loved her everywhere and with whom she had great power; yet wherever she came, god seemed to..."
he strengthened—yes, for like "Mary"
the "sot at Jesus feet" and heard
the Word, and he it is who strengthens
the good, in the powers, thus she was
what she was—the pleasurable of all pos-
tible companions in any circumstances,
and thus the ton could "speak in thought."
"Would not it suit us to meet it?" We had arranged to stay some days more, but I saw we both knew it was best to meet that same day, it was done. Joseph drove them to meet it, I rode from there to "Belmont" by the side of the gig, and they went on the second day. The 15th or 16th of July. (E. Cotts came up to Town and saw her on the 15th.) I found the fever had made progress, she did not know me. She told her mother "a stranger was in the room," and I am not sure she ever recognized me. For this she could answer a question from the Dr. and do as she was told yet the question only bored her intellect long enough to answer it, and if she continued the sentence longer than the shortest possible reply, she recanted. I was only let in to see her with the stipulation that I was not to talk to her, or allow her to talk to me. Like a fool, I obeyed, albeit implicitly, because I did not care to test by experiment. I was willing to wait till she was better for her recognition (and she is in the only way.)
expected) to she kept on never sleeping a moment. It was plain by her voice, where she spoke with her understanding and where the delirium came in, that sounded like repeating some thing that she was trying to hear or to remember. She was forbid to talk and was instantly obedient that was native to her. For our sake! I wish I had not asked her to be quiet or more than once or twice. Sometimes she would repeat a verse of a hymn or more, often a stanza that was her to her Mother, never to anyone else, once she looked at her Mother, and said “say it” and her Mother said it. And it was evening disease set in, and she rapidly sank till she seemed to be going but again rallied. I shall not follow the course of the disease on 5 day she became stronger till noon. In the afternoon she opened her eyes very brightly and insisted on talking in quite a strong clear full voice, this she always got “yes I will be quiet” but directly burst out again. She seemed to believe she was married, and at the “Bend” with the house as far as when we two’d
-- while she prose at home crowded with her furniture: "It was such a stupid thing that's what vexes me—they were three smooth and two vessels going (to癫痫) always, it was wicked to send a young married woman into the country without a sedentary worth of furniture"—then she would laugh, and enumerates her furniture, and say again it was so stupid that's what vexes me." I laugh again and promises tome to go and laugh again—there were fits of convulsive quivering, which shook & quivered her bones, but she did not seem to notice them—again at times she would repeat a hymn or a passage of scripture. To mother, slowly and softly she would speak and told of the peace that seemed to fill the room, and sometimes of the love of the Saviour, speaking over in a loving and reverential manner of him—and ever passages showed her mind wandered. She was quieter until Doolitts about, where the convulsive action of staring increased, wore more frequent and severe, and she talked again, now mostly to praying Psalms or prayer—her voice was very low and quivered with the jerking and twitching of all her frame—she would look with wide
open eyes, as if there was something near, but not easily seen and catch at it, lying my hair on face, and catching again, and the spruins would corrugate her forehead till it was little I three colored — but she never needled herself, but uttered praises or prayers as a psalm sometimes sung (which I have heard her do when well). But her voice was strong too a shout — Her Father came and played with her, then and I was standing a little way off, we were speaking whether I should go to meeting (the sittings are always held in the evenings) — dear Sarah said, "yes go" and I went — I told several friends who asked after her, that if they wished to see her they had better come at once, for I did not think she could last much past midnight — I dont remember whether it was then, or some other time, after some persons had gone that she asked, "what was the meeting for ma" — and once I forget when she turned her face to her Mother standing some little distance away and said, "what say ma" who not rephrasing, she lifted her head and said, "what did their say" — looking so anxious to know and obey. Her head was too heavy for her, and it
sank back. Another stepped to her not speaking, and she still asked — Ah! she never complained — but that was a pitiful bleat for succour, and the tone must ring in my heart and in my ears till I die — till I die — She was still speaking more loudly and the convulsions were more strong and frequent when I returned from meeting. She was speaking much the same as before going round a good deal, but with much variety in the words — often expressing herself with rare beauty, and earnestly and correctly toned in spite of the quivering — and if she did mispronounce a word she would she would try again and again till she said it rightly, but there was all the time the sound in her voice that told it was being repeated. I could feel it was just the life she had lived showing now the veil of silence was lifted — She prayed for her dear Parents and for all — but often her voice in prayer only whispered, and we did not hear many names — My brother John's name I heard, and there seemed an agony of mind for him lest he should rebel. Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, she said with increasing energy, and prayed earnestly for him.
She would set out the above ground of a
dinner acceptance, and speak of the value
of obedience, from early life said "Willing
of my own to treat it. I have been wicked
and must be lost" this too was just repeat-
ed like as if an abstract truth but the
word lost seemed to possess her and she
said "lost" "What shall I do, lost, lost"
and seeming to lose sight of the reason
for acceptance, she had so lately set forth,
and only seeing there was "nothing of my own
to trust to" she repeated the word lost
many times in a horror of agony but there
was prayer in the tone, and presently she
saw the tangle of the delirious and uttered
thanksgiving for the way. And to again
when some one said her Father had
better go up and lie down - she said "don't lose
me of my Father" and repeated it as if he
were going to leave her and she would be
lost - it was terrible to see - but again
he came to her help & the Spirit came above
the tangle of the fevered, but splendid brain
to the paused hours - came in her nat-
ural voice, and with her understanding
she asked for "an hours peace before I go
just one hour." All her petitions began
with "Oh, my gracious Heavenly Father," with
some reverence and love, in the tone the
words were "Oh, my gracious Heavenly
Father, I beseech Thee," I could put down
many of her sayings if it were any use—
how she said "The need there was to watch
always—momently." and tried hard to find a
word to express more frequently, making a
mistake, and then rectifying it—then she said
she must "work, watch and pray," repeating her
three words:—key many times she repeats
portions of, but not as they stand—"but that
God—give unto the Lord, One kind of
the people, give unto the Lord glory through
unto the Lord, the glory also unto his
name, being an offering come into his
unto the Lord a new song, sing
unto the Lord all the earth. 2nd Sing unto the
Lord, bless his holy name—shew forth his sal-
vation from day to day. 11st, 19th. Blessed,
trust them in the Lord, He is their help and
their shield. 10th A house of Aaron, trust
in the Lord—He is their help and their
shield. 11st Ye that fear the Lord, trust
in the Lord, He is their help and their
shield. (how each word "sings" the sound
of a voice that is still) 9th, 24th, 3rd. The
floods have lifted up @ Lord, the floods
have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mighty above the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. 29. Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength. 2nd. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name—worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. 3rd. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the voice of the Lord thundereth. The Lord is upon many waters. 4th. The voice of the Lord is powerful, the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. 10th. The Lord sitteth upon the flood—yes, the Lord sitteth King forever. 11th. The Lord will give strength to his people. The Lord will bless his people with peace. At length she ceased speaking and only grunted loudly at the end of each breath, and then in a little while became more easy and the convulsions seeming to be less frequent. Her Father said, she is going now down. Summoned the family. I have the letter by me that I wrote to Father the next day, but I have not the heart to copy it—say only we watched the ‘hour of peace’ and her pious departure. Felt the solemnity and the triumph—
It was hard to stand by and see the disease take her body and brain, to stand by with health enough for several ordinary people and not be able to help at all—it had been easier give it all—but to see that calm and calmer sleep—which never was broken and shall only be when that "trumpet shall sound" and the glorified quiet shall be brought back to make that precious body, which they wore a regal look as if it felt the truth—she could almost shout "Glory to God in the highest"—only silence was better indeed all that we as said (and few words they were) sounded like interruption but I didn't hear—and often as I go over those (say centuries) and that is often indeed I come to the triumph at the end. So asquint this beloved sleep or rest.