

August 27th 1831.

Saturday morning at a quarter before nine the soul of my dear and beloved mother left this vale of tears to join its kindred spirits in the world above. Oh what a comfort to me was it that she died so easy.

May he who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widows God, enable us to rely upon him, and receive grace to help in this time of need. Lord, let this affliction be sanctified to the family.

May^d from this day give myself up entirely to God, that when this earthly pilgrimage is ended I may again meet her where there will be no more parting, and where we may sing praises together to all eternity.

Sunday September 1st. This evening Mr. Hutchinson preached a sermon upon the death of my beloved mother from

Revelations ~~25~~ V. Chapter and 13. Verse. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying ^{unto me} write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from hence

On the death of her mother
Ann Mather
by her daughter
Sarah Benson Mather.

27 August 1831.

-forth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may
rest from their labours; and their works do
follow them. —

September 14th This day I am nineteen years
old. O to what little purpose have I lived so
many years! For what was I made, but to
serve and glorify God? And yet what have
I done, but rebel against him? How justly
might he now consign me to those regions
of despair where hope never comes! But
he has in his infinite goodness spared me;
for which I desire to return him my most
sincere and hearty thanks: Lord prepare me
for all the trying scenes of life! may I
always be enabled to trust solely upon thee,
knowing that thou art too wise to err,
and too good to prove unkind. —