

Mary Morrison: memoir

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Domestic Memoir

Domestic Memoir
 of
 Mrs. Morrison.

To Mary Rebecca & to John Robert Morrison

My beloved Children, The care which your dear Mamma took of your education till the day of her lamented death will, I believe, never be effaced from your Memories, as long as you live. Still I wish you to use means to revenge your Mamma, & pray that you may be enabled, to reduce to practice her good instructions.

(Dear Mamma having been removed so early from Earth to Heaven, by which you are deprived of an affectionate & judicious Mother's care is to you a great affliction. But we must not reprove against God. He can

preserve you & provide for you. Your humble dependence must be on Divine Providence; & praying always that God may be your Helper; you must use means for your own happiness in this world.

You must remember that your Father is not rich; nor will he ever become so. He hopes that whilst you are children he will be able to feed, & clothe, & educate you comfortably. During this period you can do nothing for yourselves. All that he expects of you is, to cherish a spirit of economy - that is not to waste any thing by destroying your clothes or your books; and that you will be industrious in learning what you are required to learn, & so you will save any useless waste of money in engaging Teachers longer than is necessary.

2

You will cherish much higher motives for learning; but I am now speaking of the way in which, as children, you may be industrious & economical. Some children being constantly provided for liberally by their Parents, forget that a day is coming when they must provide for themselves. And although the family be poor, the children imagine that they must live as rich people: & afterwards, when they find that they have not the means, they are unhappy.

I have said enough now on this subject: for I do not wish that you should be covetous; or avaricious; or sordidly mercenary; I only wish you not to be extravagant & wasteful children; & that you will not fancy that you are affluent, & may live carelessly. Be industrious & frugal my children; & the Lord will provide

for you what is most for your
happiness; whether it be little or
much.

For your use, I will now
write out a few circumstances con-
cerning your Parents, & other kindred,
but chiefly concerning your Mam-
ma, with a few extracts from her
Letters: and in these extracts I shall omit
the daily passing occurrences, which were
of no permanent interest.

imitate, my dear Children, your Mother's
Piety, & humility, and benevolent dis-
position: and imitate her affections for
you & for me. Remember China where
you were born, & to which you once returned. Pray
that it may be evangelized. Remember Papa's Study,
Mamma's terrace, Bob's garden & Johnny's bower. —

On Board the Hon. Company's Ship Waterloo, Captn. Abinger.
Jan. 5. 1824. Indian Ocean S. Lat 20°. E. Lon 60°.

Dates in the life of Robert Morrison D.D.

3

A.D.

1782 Jan 5. Old Xmas day born at Morpeth in Northumberland.

1798 — Became seriously religious: aged 16.

1799 Jan 1. Began to keep a journal & to study.

1801 June 19 Entered on the study of Latin with Rev. W. Laid.

1802 — My Mother died.

1803 Jan 7 Entered Hoxton Academy.

1804 May 28 Accepted as a Missionary - Removed to Berlin.

1807 Jan 8 Ordained to the Ministry of the Gospel among the Chinese.

— Jan 31. Embarked for China.

— Sept 4 Arrived in China via N. America.

1808 ^{Married in Canton} Feb 20 Married to Miss Morton when 18 years.

1811 ^{21-accepted Company's appointment} March 5th James Morrison born & died. Mary's life despaired of.

— April 2 Grammar finished.

1812 Feb 29th My Father died.

— June 29 Mary Rebecca born.

1813 July 4 Mr & Mrs Milne arrived in China.

1814 April 17 John Robert born.

1815 Jan 21 My Mary & two children went to England.

— March 9 My Brother Thos died.

— Decr 29 First number of the D.D. printed.

1816 July 1st Dialogues finished. The remaining months of this year were spent on the Embassy to Peking.

1817 Decr 24th Made D.D. at Glasgow. July 26 Viceroy of China.

— 17/18 — Anglo-Chinese College founded. ^{Memoir of the English} ^{Lectures on the} ^{Discovery of Jesus}

1819 March 20 Mrs Milne died.

— Nov 25 Finished translation of the Bible.

1820 Aug 22. My beloved Mary & children returned to China.

1821 June 10 My Mary died.

1822 April 15 Finished the dictionary.

— June 2 William died. Nov 1. Fire of Canton. Burned to sailors.

1823 Jan 20 Visited China. Visited the A.C. Coll. Established the Singapore Institution. Aug returned to China.

— Decr 6. Embarked for Eng on board the Waterloo.

Death

Eternity.

Second period 4 years First period 20 years

Third period 15 years

Fourth

Simplify the preceding —

4

Genealogy.

James Morrison, the Father of Robert Morrison was born in Perthshire, Scotland. He came to Northumberland where a Young Man, and obtained a livelihood by husbandry in the early part of life. His Father before him was also a Husbandman. In the latter part of his life he worked at a Mechanical Trade, & kept several workmen under him. He was a pious man; - he feared God above Man; - he was a man of prayer, Maintained Family worship & required in his children a strict observance of the Sabbath day. He was many years an Elder of a Scotch Church. As long as his Father lived he paid him an annual visit.

Hannah Nicholson, the Mother of Robert Morrison, was a Native of Northumberland; her Father was a Husbandman who lived near Morpeth; & where she was married to James Morrison. They had ~~seven~~ Children: Four Sons & Three Daughters. Robert was the youngest Son.

Genealogy

John Morton, The Father of Mary Morrison, was born at Dublin in Ireland. He was educated in the Medical Profession; attained the Situation of Surgeon ~~General~~^{in Chief} to the Royal Irish Artillery. After the Union he went out in the King's Service to Ceylon: and returned to England by the way of China in 1809.

Rebecca ~~Morton~~^{Ingram}, The Mother of Mary Morrison was born at Limerick in Ireland; where she was married to Mr Morton. They had ~~Eight~~^{Six} Sons, & ~~Seven~~⁽⁶⁾ Daughters. Mary was the eldest Daughter.

Mary Morton, was born at Dublin Oct^r 24th 1791. Mary accompanied her Parents to Ceylon &c. where they remained about seven years: and on her way home, she generously forsook all her friends (with her Parents consent) and married poor Robert Morrison. Mary died in China June 10th 1821.

Genealogy

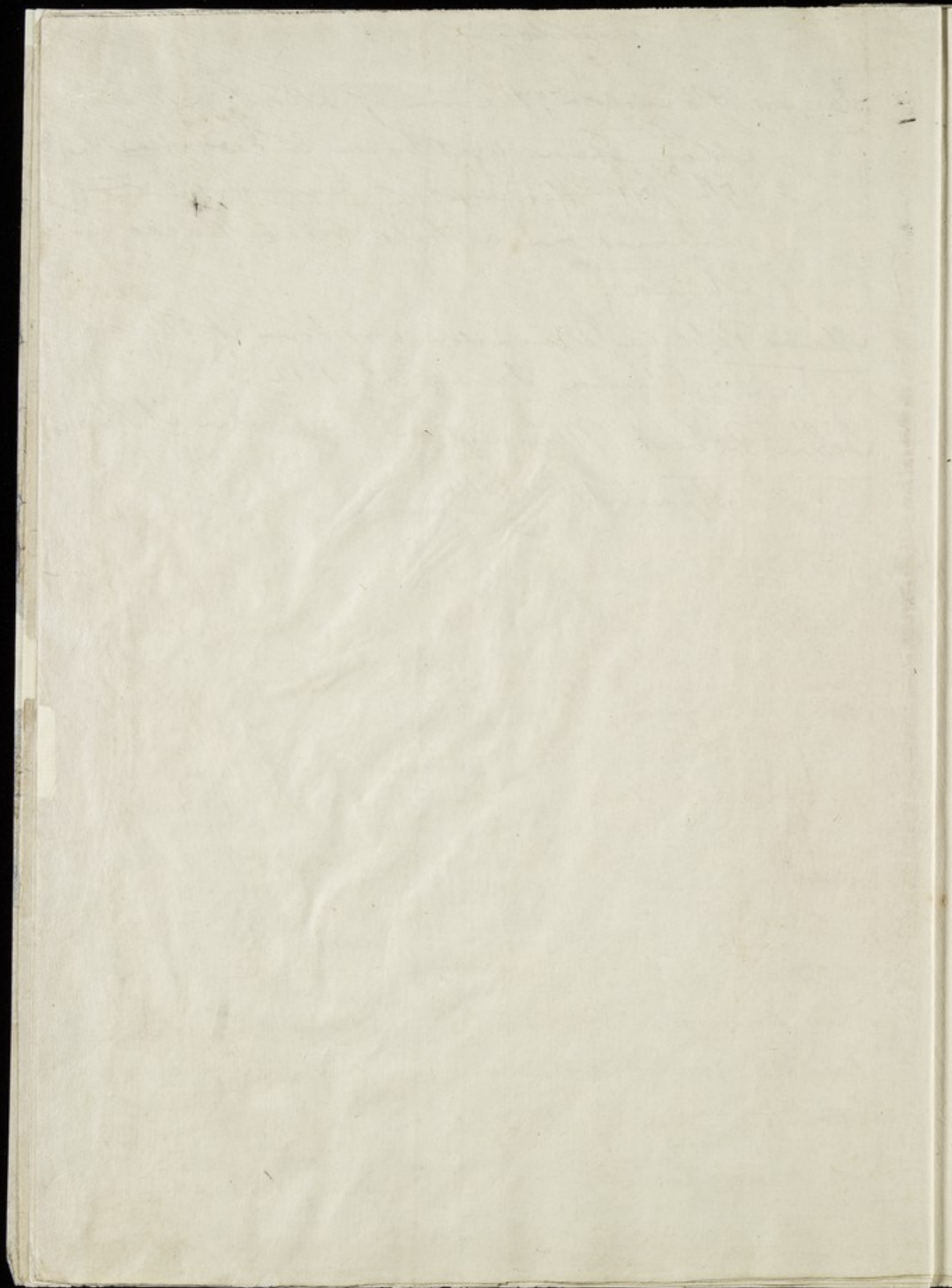
5

James Morrison, the son of Robert & Mary Morrison, was born & died March 5th 1811. His infant remains are interred on a Hill near Macao in China.

Mary Rebecca Morrison was born at Macao in China June 29th 1812.

John Robert Morrison was born at Macao April 17th 1814.

=



Z

Mrs Morrison inherited a ^{good} ~~delicate~~ constitution, ^{but a} ~~very~~ ^{but} nervous ^{temperament} ~~which~~ ^{became} in the latter period of her short life occasioned her often much distress; & sometimes extreme anguish. However, in the midst of these sufferings, she had intervals of considerable happiness, arising from the exercise of an acute intellect, improved by much reading; and under the influence of true piety, she esteemed & loved her Husband, & cherished an ardent affection for her children. Her earnest desire was to educate them herself in morals & religion, to bring them up in the nurture & admonition of the Lord. I have overheard her importunate prayers with, & for, her children; & have wept for joy, & admiration, & gratitude to God; who, in the midst of nervous irritability & weakness, assisted her

So

particulars -
effectually by his Holy Spirit.

Mrs Morrison considered that
 it was her Lover & Husband who was
 the human means of fixing her re-
 ligious convictions, & determining her
 mind to leave to the Lord.

Whilst at Ceylon Mrs Morrison
read with insatiate avidity works of ima-
gination, and those false views of life
which novels generally afford. These
^{afterwards} she considered pernicious; & always
lamented that stimulus which they
afford to a vain love of display.

In the latter part of her life, serious
Books, History, Theology, & the Bible
were carefully read by her. During
her greatest weakness, & utmost dis-
traction, she never omitted reading
a portion of Sacred Scripture by her-
self, morning & evening.
The last Books she read through &
finished, just before she died, were

Milner's Church History, & the New Testament.

Dr Morrison being much engaged whilst at home, in writing his Dictionary and translating the S.S. into Chinese; Mrs Morrison, was often left without Society, even when her Husband was in the same House; & still more so when he had to leave home on public business, which occurred in the winter of every year; but amidst these deprivations, Mrs Morrison found a constant resource in reading; by which she was well informed, & had material afforded for conversation, and reasoning which her excellent understanding, & religious principles, rendered interesting & edifying. (Oh! My beloved Mary! how much do I esteem Thee; & how sincerely do I revere thy Memory!)

Mrs Morrison's religious sentiments were evangelical & catholic! She had seen & held the communion with pious persons of the English Church; the Scotch Church; Wesleyans, & Independents. Her opinions inclined more to Calvinism, than to the School of Arminians. Socinians she thought denied the Lord that bought them, & did not deserve the name of Christians; for they refused to learn of Christ.

The sentiments of Dr & Mrs Morrison on almost every subject were similar; but still had shades of variety which enabled them to discuss ^{amicably} ^(or in these cases) the reasons for or against, ~~where~~ ^{where} Mrs Morrison always shewed her usual acumen, & good sense; & on grave subjects thought & reasoned with great seriousness of spirit. Their affection for each other was reciprocal,

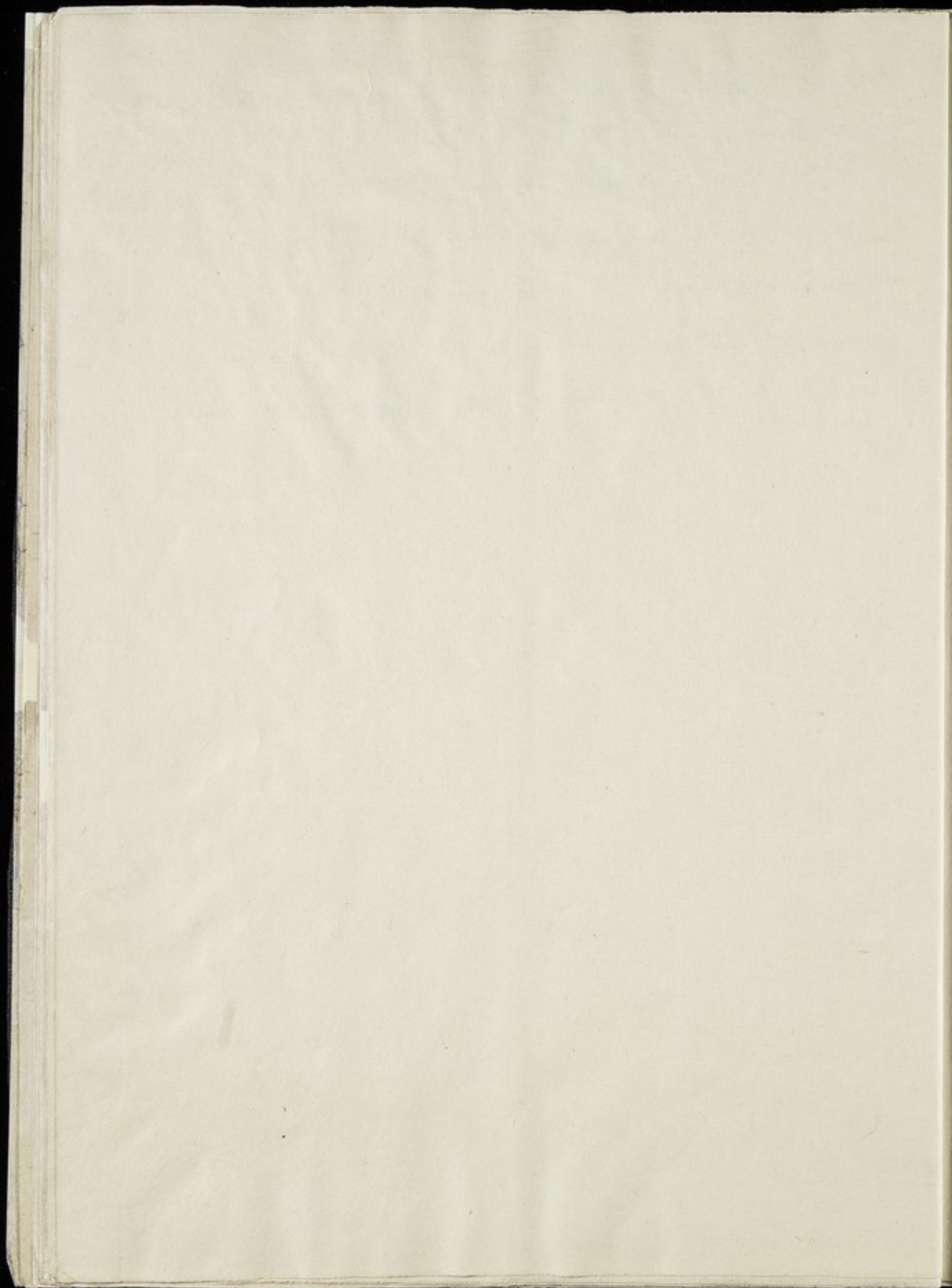
and whenever slight differences arose from passing incidents, or tempers ruffled, they soon hastened to a cordial accommodation; & lived together in great harmony. Mrs Morrison always most

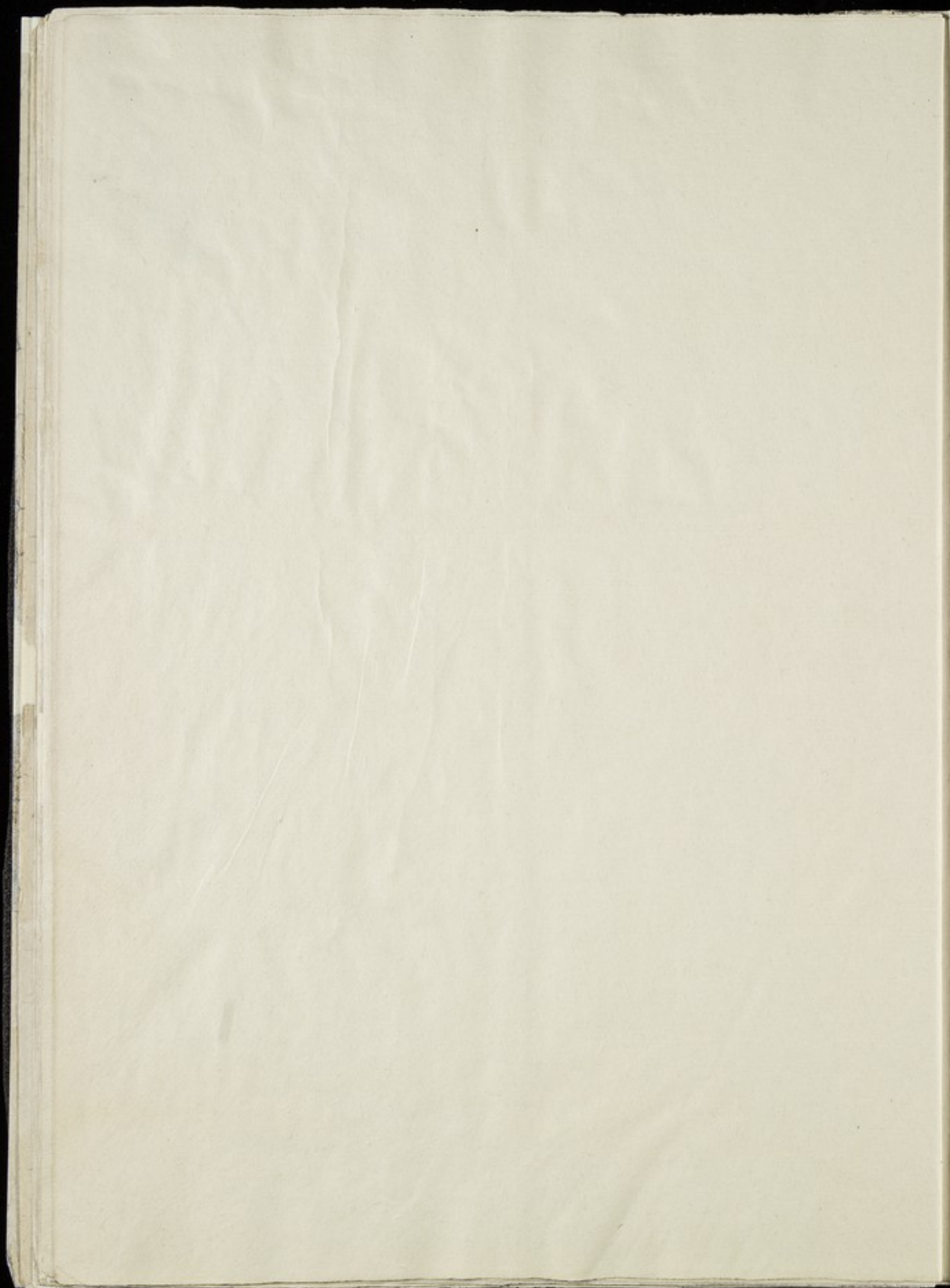
dutifully & religiously sacrificed her personal feelings & comforts, to Dr Morrison's public Labours, in which she desired he might excel; & his success in which, she justly considered her own true honor consisted.

It was the wish of her heart to aid him in efforts to evangelize the heathen; & to convey divine truth to them, ^(she) attempted, more than once, to acquire the Chinese Language, but her nervous weakness would not permit her to fix her attention on a subject so little attractive at the commencement, & requiring such patient & toilsome application.

Mrs Morrison was much esteemed
& respected by the Native Chinese about
the Mission House; & by all the
inhabitants of Macao who knew her:
for she was humane & benevolent;
and considered, & relieved, to the extent
of her ability, the case of the poor.

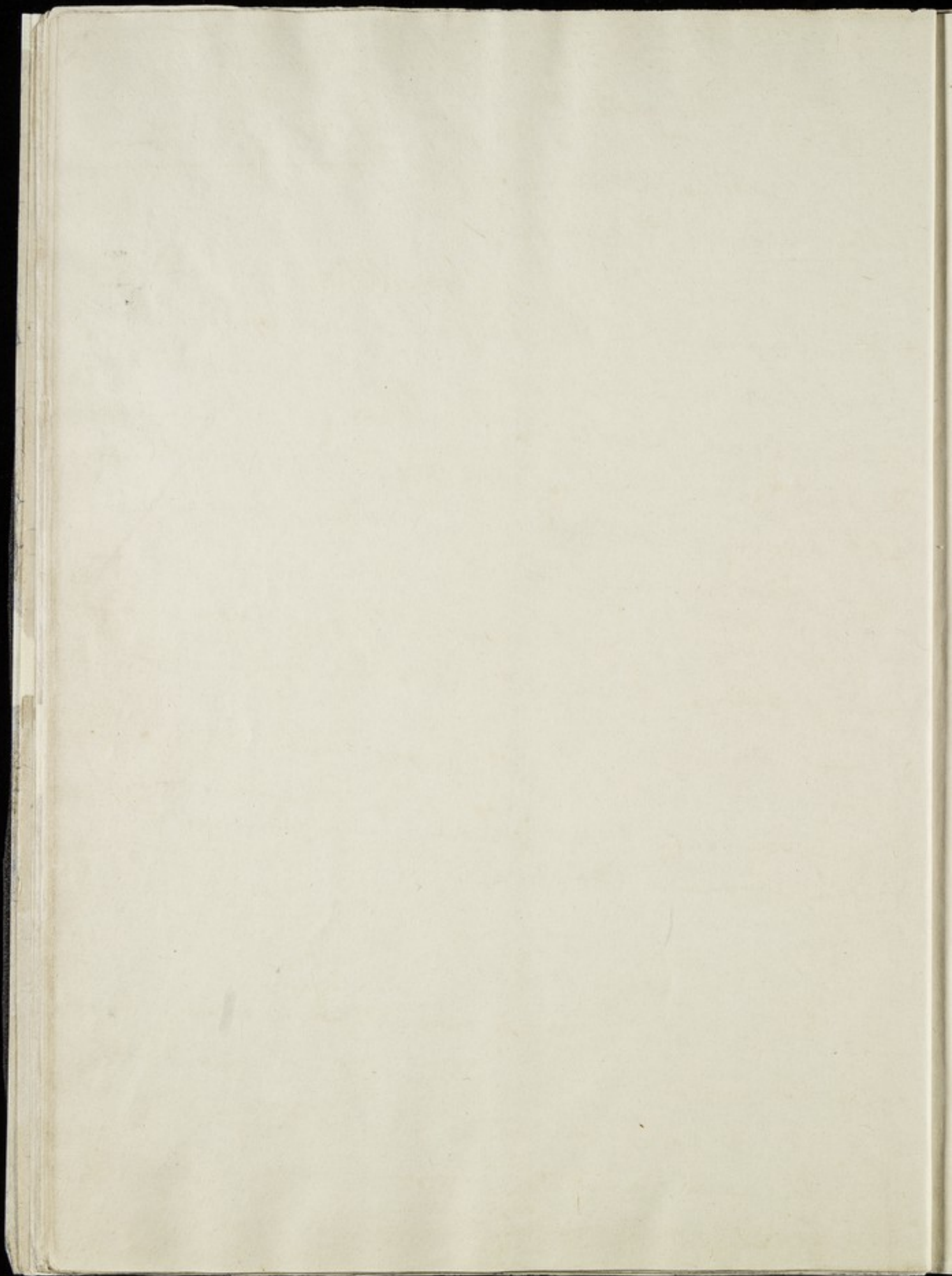
James
Morton
18





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A Number of Blank Pages Follow,
which have not been Photographed.



14
Zhaats, Dr.

— To Dr Morrison, Canton
Macao April 6. 1812.

My beloved Husband /

I write a few lines by
Mr Thomas who is going up in a fast
boat this evening —

I have suffered a
great deal yesterday & to-day. I have prayed
& put my trust in the Lord, & have at times
felt divine support. —

Hope to see you
my Darling Robert. Pray for your dear
Mary —

My Robert, I love you. Adieu
my own dearest, best & only love.

I am always Most affectionately yours

M. Morrison

I can scarcely lay down my pen — my
own Love. Adieu.

Z

Jan 18. 1812

— "I am not quite composed — but
hope through my exertion & the Lord's blessing
to pass a comfortable Sabbath. I hope
I shall have a letter from you to day.
My Love. Your good letters are a great com-
fort to me" — I

love you very much." — Adieu my-
dearest Robert; with the utmost affection
I remain, Ever yours
M. Morrison.

2
Same date

— "I don't know one person here
who comes up to my idea of a real
friend. I believe they are very seldom
to be found any where. One's own con-
nections are generally the only people
who are interested in our welfare — &
even not always then. O how soothing
it is in the midst of distress to look up
to the Lord as our Almighty Friend!

O that you would come to me, if
it was only for a few days — but I
will not distress you, my Robert, by
asking of you, what is next to impossible,
I fear — I trust that I shall, with the
Lord's help keep up well till your return.
I trust my darling Love, that I shall
then be well & happy. I wish I

15

was as well as you, I often think, yet
why should I murmur at what is my
lot & the Lord's will that I should bear.
Lord teach me to suffer without a
murmur. I am weak, helpless & in-
soluble, yet it is astonishing what exertion
the mind is capable of with the Almighty
blessing.

=

From Dr Morrison

Canton Oct^r 30. 1812

My ever beloved Mary / My headache
terminated ^{after a period of} ~~very~~ very great pain. ~~It is~~
I am better this morning. You are
my love always in my thoughts: you
are very dear to me. — You are
indeed a very "old woman" of 21. The
best of blessings rest on dear Mary!
— Do not be too venturesome in car-
rying Rebecca. To your other good qua-
lities add docility. Yield your own
judgment sometimes to that of friends.
I like your remarks respecting the

Different States of mankind very much
Those who possess this world's good things
Should consider themselves as Stewards,
& the poor should demean themselves
with gratitude. — Adieu my
beloved Mary. I am always your
own affectionate Husband

R Morrison.

From Mrs Morrison
Macas Dec^r 29. 1811

— I do what I think the best. The Lord
guide & protect us both. — The Lord is our trust
& strong tower; whom or what then shall
we fear. He is ever nigh to those that
call upon him in faith, through a
crucified Saviour. —

Dec^r 24. 1811

— I love you my Robert dearly. O that we
may be happy continually together, with the
blessings of our Lord on all that concerns us.
Yes, my Love, I trust my health will be re-
stored. No other wish have I except to be more
weaned from the world. If I had not the
one great drawback (ill-health) which is
So

16

distressing to us both, I should almost be too happy. This unhappy disorder often interrupts every comfort I possess, & they are many. Yet it is our Heavenly Father's will & we should be resigned to the dispensation. Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord & not receive evil also! Alas, my pious humble thoughts too often are but momentary. O for constant veneration & humble submission.

— I fear we shall have no increase of income by the change of affairs. I no more than yourself my Roberts, covet money; but I certainly wish to have sufficient to keep our minds free from the fear of running into debt — Whatever arrangements be made, I trust we shall be content, trusting in the Lord.

— I feel now much more indifferent to the disrespectful treatment of the world: yet it is pleasing to feel complacency towards every one, which, though we may not be angry, one cannot do, when they

inspire us. Religion is the sure way of
keeping our minds in a pious calm.
I wish my love always to feel the
influence of a Christian Spirit; but the
proud natural spirit too, too often de-
feats my intentions. In the power
of the Lord alone, we can subdue every
proud & rebellious thought, & exercise
our good ones. May every blessing
be with you & the Lord prosper the
work in which you are engaged.
Believe me my beloved Robert

Your ever affectionate wife
M. Morrison.

Jan 17. 1811

My Love I begin in low spirits to converse
with you, wishing, my Darling Robert, that
you were with me. When I am weak
& helpless, I feel how dear you are to me,
& how much I need your constant care
& love. — My trust is in our almighty
Father, in whom we cannot trust in vain.
Pray for me, my beloved Robert. —

The Lord is my strength & my refuge; what
then shall I fear. I will look to him in
the midst of trouble. Surely he will hear
my earnest prayer, and also my Ro-
bert's for help in the time of need.
— The Lord be with you my Love, & grant
us both our hearts' desire. May he bless us &
preserve us to each other. O how sweet,
how endearing the bonds which unite us.
We are one in sentiment & in every
thing that can endear us to each other.
Farewell, my best beloved Robert. — Your
Letters are a great consolation to me in
your lamented absence.

Jan 29. 1812

— I will with great pleasure learn Chinese
my Love, if, you will teach it to me.
I should like to speak & read it, &c.?

— 31

My spirits are very low & I fear I shall
not soon recover from this fit; but with
the Lord nothing is impossible, & my
trust is in him alone. Pray for me

my Robert. O, when will our prayers
for deliverance be heard? Ah, why do I
murmur! I am indeed a poor weak
helpless woman. Yet too often a rebellious
one. Adieu again my beloved Robert.
Your Mary ever loves you, & would
make you happy if she could. Farewell
My Love! =

+ Mrs Morrison was very partial
to the ~~xxx~~ Hymn, Book I Olney Collection
"Poor, weak & worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend."
She & her Robert often sung it together.

Thurs
My beloved Darling Robert — if I was well
I think I could bear your absence
much better. I am so weak & ill:
& have no one to care for me. You
alone love & feel an interest in me;
& you are absent! O that the Lord would
grant me constant support — The Paper
is wet with my tears; yet why do I dis-
turb you! — I have been reading

two very good Papers in the Magazine for 1809. One a Letter from a Minister, on Submission to the dispensations of Providence: the other, on religious admonition, & recommending Xus to be willing to be admonished by their brethren. I was very much pleased with it. One sentence which I will transcribe, I thought particularly just & applicable to the worldly-minded. "Affectionately to invite reproof is a gracious symptom of a soul renewed; & cannot exist amidst the self-complacency, empty arrogance, & tyrannic superciliousness of nature. There are complicated evils to which believers are exposed, & a sense of which will conduct them to this amiable disposition."

At the end is a verse (I think from Dr Watts Hymns) in which I trust we both join

"O may the righteous when I stray,
Smite & reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head."

- I have rested myself by reading some of the Psalms. I feel better satisfied when I spend as much of the day as I can, in reading the Scriptures & religious Books.

— Thurs. 23^d Jan. 1812. 4 o'clock

— Your sentiments & mine, my Love agree in most things. I think in every particular, as you do, with regard to our income. The pleasure of contributing to the comforts of an aged Parent is indeed great. What do we not owe to a good one! and when we think that had you stayed with your Father, you might have been very useful to him, it is your duty to be so in the way that is in your power. I shall willingly my dear Love, enter into your plan of sending a little in case of need. I believe I have scarcely a wish that is not in unison with yours. If we be granted a young family they will certainly call upon all our care to be able to bring them up as we ought, & to provide for them. To be

able to do what we wish, we must deny ourselves in our wish to be together. We did what we have done for the best, & trust the Lord will continue to bless us. — Adieu my dear Love, with every sentiment of affection I am your own Mary.

2
Jan 19. 1812

It has just occurred to me how happy I am in a Husband, & how thankful I ought to be in having such a good one, while many more deserving wives suffer every kind of ill-usage from bad Husbands. I should not however say this to yourself, but it was the uppermost feeling at the moment while I was thinking of you. Adieu my Love. —

I was very much pleased with, & gratified by, your last letter my Love. As you intend them, your praises serve rather to encourage me, than to make me proud, or careless. While my endeavours to please you my Robert, are approved of by you, I cannot but

be encouraged to persevere in everything
which I know will gratify or please
you. — I am rather too much inclined
to be nervous to be able to sit still writing
at present, so will leave off for a little.
— I love you very Robert always —
I lay down my pen & in a few
minutes long to resume it again. I
feel my heart as it were flying towards
& cannot rest without writing to you,
my beloved Robert! I feel a void which,
I do. My feelings are too much for
me. The Lord preserve us both to each
other, & make us happy & obedient to
his Will.

— I have to stop writing as soon as I feel
nervous & that makes me begin & leave
off so often. Sometimes when I am in the
beginning of a sentence, I am obliged to rise
& keep off the nervous sensation I feel
coming on; therefore it is not surprising
if my letters should be confused & in-
coherent. You must excuse every fault
my love, both in myself, & in my
writing.

Many of them proceed from a diseased mind. What depends upon myself, I shall endeavour with the Divine assistance, to amend; what is occasioned by illness, I cannot always help; but pray to the Lord to deliver me. I am often obliged to write in such a hurried manner, that I cannot wait to put a sentence in proper order, ~~or attend to the spelling~~.

Jan 21. 1811

My beloved Robert I rec^d your very good letter of the 19th. I was not quite well at the time but have strength granted me, to bear up under my complaint. The tenor of your letter is serious my love, & the subject of discussion of great importance, but my mind is not sufficiently strong at present to enter into it here. The death of Cap^t McIntosh^x Alas we do not attend to the many warnings which say to

He was killed by the bursting of a signal gun, on the point of leaving China.

115 "Be ye also ready, for ye know not the
day, nor the hour wherein the son of
man cometh. Mr Roberts was very
much shocked (I hear,) & in very low
spirits at it. Capn M. had been an
old friend of his. None but the ^{righte-}
ous, my beloved Robert, can be said to
be really happy. They trust in their
Redeemer amidst every trial, & in the
hour of death he is with them. Often
have I wished to die the death of the
righteous. The Lord help me to live
the life of the righteous. I must
close this my Love, & with every sen-
timent of affection & esteem,

Remain ever your own
Mary Morrison.

Jan 22. 1812

— I find my Love you are extra-
vagant as ever when you go to Canton:
buying & wishing to buy &c. I thought
you were to be very saving till next
year. You infect me with your
extravagance. You see what it is to have
bad

sample. I forgive you. I know your affectionate motive in getting everything for me that you think can please or gratify me. I am gratified by your ever constant attention. I began in a playful humour & now am serious — My heart melts with affection towards you. You are indeed dear to me. The Lord will surely bless & support us, who are so tenderly attached to each other, & anxious to serve him.

Adieu my ever beloved Robert

2 Jan most affec^y yours

in the most sacred tie

M. Morrison

2

— all I dread is falling into a weak state, as I have often done before — but I will yet hope, for the Lord is the light of my countenance & my salvation. He is my trust & is with me always. I trust in him to bless us with a dear Babe —

Mary
(Rebecca)

2 Jan 11th

I am very sorry

for this — My first feelings on hearing
of the report, & supposing it likely to be
true, was indignation at her conduct;
but on reflecting I thought I should
not judge rashly. The thought that
we are all liable to fall makes me
tremble & humble; at the same time
that I feel angry against such wicked-
ness. I know that it is of grace that
I am what I am, & that I have con-
stant need of Divine support. This makes
me pity, at the same time that I blame
others. I trust I think rightly. I am
so convinced of my own weakness,
that I am humble & thankful
that I am kept from sin — that
I am helped to walk in the fear of
God. Are not these right sentiments,
my Love? But these do not make
me feel less indignation & hatred of
sin of every kind. No, I trust I shall
always abhor it. The Lord support
& guide me. — I hope my Love, you
have spent a comfortable day this
Sabbath.

Committing you to the Lord, I bid you
good night - my ever beloved Robert.

— I cast my burden on
the Lord today, when I felt oppressed - &
prayed for relief - I trust I shall be
heard. —

I am sorry at the manner in
which — are treated because they
are poor. I cannot help feeling for
others as I would for myself. How
soothing to the mind is it in the midst
of trouble, to have an almighty Father
in whom to trust. Without religion
how unhappy should we be.

Farewell my ever beloved Robert,
with the warmest affection!

Remains your own
Mary Morrison

Remember me to
to Love Sam

Jan 11. 1812.

— I am glad that you & the Rev. Mr
Whitfield had some conversation on reli-
gious subjects, & went to prayer together.
Especially wish not to appear of any
party, but to be friendly with all
Yrs

as brethren in Christ. I sometimes
feel a satisfaction (is it right my Love) in
showing, that though I look to Jesus alone
for Salvation, and am hurt at his being
thought slightingly of by many, who profess
themselves Members of the established
Church, yet I am a Christian on
the broad Scale, & feel good will to-
wards all Christians, of whatever
sect. I think, my dear Robert, no one
can lay to our charge any party spi-
rit. We have never shown it in our
conduct, because we did not feel it.
The Lord help us always to avoid even
the appearance of evil, & to walk right-
eously through an evil world all our
days. We are naturally weak, but
with his help we are able to overcome
every temptation that assails us.

2

— Though you praise my Letters
my Love. I assure you that I am very
often ashamed of them. However I am
very happy that you value them. They
are mine, & that is enough to make you like
them. —

Dec^r 21. 1811. Macao.

— How strange is it that those who are the greatest advocates for ~~good~~ justification by good works, are often the very persons who omit their duties both moral & divine & yet call on the justice of God. Then, when they are pressed home with these transgressions, they say "God is merciful" but never once have recourse to the Saviour of mankind, on whose account alone they can obtain Mercy. Indeed their conduct is unaccountable — Their professions & actions are wholly inconsistent. Cowper says.

"Though various foes against the Ruthembrace
Pride alone all opposes her design.
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest Serpent with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, & kindling into rage,
Would lift the Cherub Mercy from the stage."
How true do we find this every day.
Our proud hearts have perhaps also swelled as
it, though yet we were far from fulfilling
our duty. —

Jan 2. 1812

— Love me always & pray for me,

my darling Love - I fear you will be
tired of my so often repeated fond ex-
pressions of affection. O that I were
well. I fear I should then be too happy
with such a Husband, & every comfort that
I can reasonably wish; I need some draw-
back to wear me from the world.
Yet still I feel my heart cling to you;
though often so ill as almost to wish
to be taken from all my sorrows to the
arms of my Father in Heaven. Yet when
I think of you & am somewhat better:
I cannot wish to leave you. I trust
we shall yet be spared many happy
years to each other, & in a good old age,
when ripe for the harvest, be taken
from this world of care & sorrow, to our
eternal rest in the Heavenly Kingdom. I
fear my own Robert that I made you
my idol, & I yet need chastisement. I am
a poor helpless creature. - I long to hear
from you. I think I can never hear
enough from you. Adieu now my
own dearest Love. I am your ever
affec^d wife M. Morrison

24
Dury? Mass. Dec^r 1811

My beloved Robert

When I came home from Mrs
Moore's I rec^d your letter, & with it, that
from Mr Thomson, & the sermon.
The situation of him & Eliza is a great
trial to them. I hope their wishes may
be gratified. It appears to me cruel for
Parents to oppose the happiness of their
children, when no reason able objection
to a union with their choice (as in
their case.) exists: & yet 'tis (thought) un-
dutiful to marry without their con-
sent. This has been my opinion. yet
I think it is hard to give up one's happi-
ness for life, to a mere whim - for
what else can it be called. I pity
them very much. Perhaps her Parents
may relent. I shall write to her
as I thought of doing before, & which
Mr Thomson's request determines
me to do. —

My first wish, my dear Love is
to assist our aged Father (Mr Jos Morison)
— that certainly is now our duty.

of this is not compatible with decorat-
ing our house, I would most certainly
send myself, to enable us to send
yearly £50 to our Father. Do not
delay a moment. Dear Robert, I
request you, in fulfilling both our
wishes, for I am sure it is as much
yours as mine. —
Decr 20. 1811

— I read yesterday part of a very
interesting little story which contains some
very good sentiments. I transcribe a
sentence from it which you, with
myself will think very just. "The
duties of religion have a powerful ten-
dency to fit us for the duties of life,
& therefore a multiplicity of affairs fur-
nish the strongest arguments in favor
of those sacred institutions by which
pious sentiments are awakened &
moral obligations enforced."

I suppose at Canton, they are
acquainted with your intention. I own
I should like the wishes which I have
expressed to you to be gratified. However

it be, I am sure all will be for the best. Trusting in our God & fulfilling our duty, ~~all will be for the best~~, we should not be anxious for the future. Whether in sickness or in health, poverty or riches - in this is our trust & he will always uphold us to the end.

To his care I now commit you
& remain your ever affectionate
Wife — M. Morrison.

Dec 1811

— What is a day or two's illness compared to the prospect of being so all one's life. I have undergone a long trial - & that I could say that I am purified thereby - but the end is not yet. I know not now, but I shall know hereafter. Yes! I do trust that our Saviour will finally grant us a happy issue out of all our troubles. - Then indeed we should be happy. We should be thankful for the great & precious gift which I trust is in some degree bestowed on us. - It grieves me very sore that you

were so troubled with the headache. Do
not be anxious about me nor Robert -
I trust in the Lord that I shall do well,
I feel my hopes raised. - Yes my
Love, I have made up my mind
to endeavour to bear up ^{under} your absence
as long as it may be necessary. I
agree with you in all your senti-
ments. The Lord is our trust. I

sends the grammar to England
Had you not better finish it en-
tirely & add the Appendix to it before
he does? I wish that the Dictio-
nary were finished. I trust that your
Report will be answered & fully re-
ward you. Why do you depreciate
your talents my Love? I feel
a great deal of honest pride in them
& in my airy Dreams, hope to see
my Robert famous in the world
in a good cause. - The Lord bless
all your endeavours & keep us
both in safety. - I feel fatigued
now & will make this ready for the

Postman. — I am ashamed of these
Letters — you must excuse them.

Adieu now with Love. Committing
you to the Divine protection, I remain
ever affec^t your M. Morrison

Decr 20. 1811

My ever dear Love I rec^d just before I
went to tiffen your very welcome
good Letter of Monday evening. I am
sorry that your headache increased,
but as you are recovered, I now
do not feel much for you. I am

glad you are well & happy, my
beloved Robert. I may you con-
tinue so. I am very much gra-
tified by your Letter. — I pray that
we may be granted health & submission to
the Lord's Will. —

I have been reading some of the Psalms,
and part of Mr Bogue's sermon on the death
of the Brethren Crum & Desfranges — I was read-
ing the night you left me, & it made me

melancholy as it brought to my mind
our parting. —

I feel very much pleased at the Chi-
na-man coming for copies of the Gospel &
I trust that they will be circulated & by
the Lord's blessing do much good. You
might have taken an opportunity very
soon to speak ~~to speak~~ to the man about
Providence & Resurrection when he men-
tioned his hard fate to you. —

Macao is a very immoral place —
& there is a great deal of misery in it.
— It is our duty, & it is pleasing to the
Almighty for us to assist our poor fel-
low-creatures — but we cannot go beyond
our means of doing so. —

The English Comedies are indeed shame-
fully profligate & indecent, & dishon-
our the Country. What idea can foreigners
have of the modesty of English Ladies, when
they appear to take delight in scenes so
shocking to a truly modest woman.
& for Christians to do so, is a proof that
they pay little regard to the sacred insti-
tutions

of their religion, or the commands of the Lord. I think it certainly true, my Love, that those who hate vice, are not clamorous against the vicious, but pity them whilst they condemn them. Those who perhaps if they had been in the same circumstances, would have acted in the same manner as the people they declaim against, are generally, I believe, the most clamorous & the greatest boasters of their virtue —

The idea of making the Church, not the word of God, the rule of faith, is a remnant of Popery; which, I trust, as well as every other error, will in the Lord's good time cease. We have but one Head — even Christ our Saviour. The Church has no right or authority to impose doctrines which he has not given. What we know to be commanded by our Lord that we must follow, if we be Christians. I think (& I believe you do also) that Establishments occasion the

the very reverse of what ^{some} suppose they
do. "Without the influence of the Holy
Spirit (which we are assured is essential
to true religion) no vital godliness can
exist. All will be formality & not the
religion of the heart. — No, my Love
we should not be surprized to find people
yet disposed to ridicule religion, & despise
its professors. What has heretofore been the
case, will still continue to be, till the
Lord himself comes to reign on Earth
among his people. Let us rejoice that
we have some reason to think that we
are among the despised few, who serve
the Lord, imperfectly, it is true, but wil-
lingly.

Yes, my Love. I also bless
Heaven for the Institution of Marriage.
It is a heightener of the comforts of life
as well as an alleviation to the ills
of it. — Oh how happy it is to be
able constantly to place our trust in the
Lord, & to be able to follow the dictates of
reason

given to us by him. —

— The accounts from England are indeed gloomy. I trust, the Lord will, for his people's sake, save England from the invasion of her foes — As it was growing late

I was not able to write to Mr Hardcastle.

Feb 24. 1812 Macao.

My beloved Husband This morning I have been weeping much for your absence & my helpless state. I prayed earnestly for divine support, & for assistance to both of us, to fulfil the important duties which devolve upon us. When you left me last night, I committed you in a short Prayer to our Almighty Protector, & felt at ease. — You are too dear to my aching heart. — My spirits are better & I felt my mind drawn out in prayer to our Almighty Father. In him alone & with his blessing can we hope for happiness in any state. O my Love I trust much happiness is

yet in store for us, & that we will be
able to say "it is good for us that we
have been afflicted" — I wish to make
you happy as you make me. I
wish I could always trust in the ^{Almighty}.
Always have my mind stayed upon
him, & whatever I do, do it to his glory.
He is the only true support under af-
fliction. But alas! When I do not suffer
I forget him. All my resolutions to
serve him come to naught. I pray for
ability to serve him. Adieu now my
own beloved Robert. With inexpressible
affection, I am ever yours

W. Morrison

2
March 10.

— I perfectly agree with you, my
beloved Robert in what you said to me
— with respect to the promulgation
of the gospel amongst those who are
ignorant of its pure & peaceful doctrine.
We most certainly should not be
always silent when the enemies of
divine truth attack religion. Though
one

may not be always an able advocate,
 we can at least be always sincere,
 & uphold faithfully that which we
 know to be right. May the Lord en-
 able both you & me, my Love, to
 act as becomes professors & followers
 of Christ. Without divine aid our best
 resolutions are vain; for we are
 naturally prone to turn aside from
 the path of duty, & to fall into every
 ill. — I have read the one hundred

& forty second Psalm, which is a very
 comfortable one, & teaches us to place
 our reliance on the Lord when in
 trouble. — I believe my Love, that
 losses & misfortunes do many people
 good. Prosperity appears, & really is, the
 worst state ^{for} of the human heart, even
 prone to ill. —

These slights & impolitenesses
 should be indifferent to us. They will not
 add to, nor take from, our happiness;
 yet one cannot help being hurt, at

marked inattention to which I am frequently exposed. I will endeavour to be indifferent to it my love. We are happy in each other & want no increase to our comfort. —

Human nature is indeed prone to ill, & therefore, while we condemn those who fall, we should also pity them, as being ourselves of the same nature, & without Divine aid equally liable to fall into evil. — How much guilt & misery is liable to accrue from it! This world is indeed full of misery. We are continually liable to be deceived in people. — I do not like to dwell on such a subject. It would be very pleasing both to you & me, my Robert, if you could finish a translation of the N. T. this year: but that is I think rather too much to be able to do in so short a time. You have not told me that you have finished Genesis. Have you been doing any thing to it? I should like, as you began, that you could finish it soon.

Feb. 1812.

I regret, my beloved Robert, that what I know to be true & my duty, should often have so little weight with me. "To pray always & not faint" is, I own, true; & we should find our account in it: yet how often do you ^{often} neglect what is so plainly pointed out to us. O that I could wait humbly & patiently for the Lord's time "But the next hour (I forget the rest) drives all these thoughts away". The Hymn part of which I was endeavouring to recollect, is one of Cowper's, which I admire very much. Adieu now my own Love. I am always your most affectionate wife. M. Mendenham.

— I hope, my Robert, that we shall yet be truly happy. But for one drawback (my illness) we are so now. — I am rather alarmed, my darling love, at the pain in your chest, which you complain of. Do, take care of yourself, & do not study whilst it continues. I am afraid it is occasioned by ~~the~~ your sitting too long writing. — I have not

heard that Low-been has yet sent the
Acts of the Apostles or the Tracts. —

I believe my Love the Chinese doctrine of bearing insults is the wisest plan to follow. They reason very simply & very well. It is certainly the person who carelessly insults us that ought to be ashamed, & not ourselves for bearing patiently with it. As thus also we have a much higher motive for being humble & peaceable.

— I am very much pleased, my Love, that you are pleased with my last Letter. It is certainly worth the pains of taking care to write well to be praised by you — I am very glad my Robert that you do not think I become careless on being praised, but endeavour still more to please you, which I indeed do. — I have just finished my Letter to Mrs Desfranges & send it to Mr Neale — I very willingly excuse your not writing a long Letter when you are busy. With you to be diligent.

March 1812

— How happy you make me, my own Love, by your constant endeavours to please me. I am happy that notwithstanding my continued affliction, which renders me so troublesome to you, you yet are thankful & happy that we are united. It is my greatest happiness, next to the hope of eternal life & piety, through my Redeemer. Yes, my Love, I will try to please you in little things. You do so towards me. Who else is near & dear to us, as we are to each other. The Lord grant that we may indeed be happy in every respect. I wish I was a more diligent & useful mistress of a family than I am. Alas! ill health too often blasts my resolutions, & leaves me without power to fulfil my most important duties. — I am glad that we are agreed in sentiment as well as in every thing else. I am greatly obliged to you, my Love, for putting so many good parts of the Sacred Scripture. They are very edifying. Job's is

stray language, but such as every Believer
would use. It is a happiness to be able
to trust in the Lord even in the greatest
darkness & distress of mind. To be
able always to rely on him who alone
is our refuge, & who can & will bring
us out of every affliction. The Lord
be with you, my own Robert, & with
your ever affectionate M. Morrison

2
1813

My ever beloved Husband

Received your Note of Tues-
day enclosed in Mrs Milne's Letter,
and was disappointed at its being so
short; but do not think, my Love, that
I blame you, or think you love me
less, because your Letters are not so
long as formerly. O no! I have had
too many proofs of your constant
& unvarying love for me, not to be
now fully assured of it.

Our dear Babe (Rebecca)
is at present every thing that I could wish.
She appears to have an excellent dispo-
sition, & will not I think give me

much trouble in instructing her. I
 look forward, if the Lord be pleased to spare
 her to us, to the time when I shall find
 a companion & assistant in her.
 She is certainly a sweet child - Oh
 that I may be enabled to act the
 duty of a good parent towards her.
 Should I have a numerous family, what
 a serious charge they will be to both
 you & me. We are taught that there
 are blessings given us by the Lord, may
 we be enabled to value them as such,
 & my Robert, when I think of my
 children, I feel a deeper interest in
 you. I trust the Lord will long spare
 us to be comforts to each other.
 I should like to live for your sake
 & for that of my dear Babes. What
 should we be without you! How
 often would we wish to turn an
 enquiring eye into the future; but it
 is veiled from our sight; & it is
 better for us that it should be so.

Adieu My dearest Love: believe me
 Your own M. Morrison

March 18th 1844

— My ever beloved Husband, I wish the Lord long spare your valuable life. Spare you to your Mary, to your children & to your work. I wish to devote my life to His service & in contributing to your comfort. Alas! I fear though, that my life will be rendered miserable by the disorder that I am subject to. & that I could be resigned. Sometimes it is at such a height as to be insupportable. If I have before death assurance of salvation through Jesus, & am able to fight the good fight of faith, with what joy shall I meet death! I think I should just like to lay me down & die; but again a thought strikes me, how shall I leave you & my children. I know I should not wish to die now on that account; yet if I considered only myself I should. Watch over me, my Robert. Urge me on to the practice of every christian duty; but be gentle. Pity me! guide me!

— Mr Livingstone walked with me to his House, & our dear little Rebecca was brought down by my desire after tiffin. I spent the day tolerably comfortably. Mrs Livingstone is kind & gentle.

Farewell my Robert
I am ever yours.

2

March 14. 1814

— Rebecca was quite delighted with the shoes you sent her. She is very well. I saw some signs of passion in her today which gave me pain. I prayed, that she might be teachable & meek, & that I might be enabled to set her a good example towards her, bringing her up in the right way. The little Babe in my womb (John Robert) makes a great stir. I fear I shall not be well again till its birth, poor little dear. — I trust I shall be resigned to the Lord's will. I would not indulge sinful regrets, or say what I wish to be, or wish not to be. I pray that my mind may be enlightened.

2
To Miss Scott

My dear sister Ann, Robert & I

feel very much for you in having
late lost your Husband, & trust you
are resigned to the will of the Lord. The
Lord gave & the Lord hath taken away
blessed be his Name! &c &c

2

Nov 10. 1813

— I am now very much pleased my
Robert to have your likeness, though
it is not a very good one. I this morn-
ing found out some resemblance in it to
the one taken of Rebecca, which has
pleased me very much. My dear
child is in raptures with it; hugging &
kissing & calling out Papa. She is con-
stantly learning new words. I trust
if the Lord spares her to us, she will be
a nice little Peatler when you return.

— I am glad Milne has determined
on the Missionary tour, which I hope
will prove beneficial to the Cause. The
Lord is very good to us in this heathen
land. Oh for more thankful hearts.
Committing you to his care, I remain
my beloved husband, your ever
affectionate wife. M. M. M.

March 2. 1816

34

— Dear little Rebecca seems very well this evening. She has not yet cut her teeth which have been troubling her. I sometimes feel great anxiety, when I think how much I shall have to answer for if I do not bring her up well, & set a pious example to her. I feel how unable I am to fulfil my duties without Divine assistance. This I trust will be granted to me. The Lord is indeed very gracious to me. I pray for an interest in the Lord Jesus. He died to save sinners who repent & turn to him.

Mrs Milne's child is a little better to day: (Anelia) it appears to suffer much, poor little thing. —

I have been better & worse at different times. The Lord I trust is with me. My heart is more enlarged in prayer sometimes. What have I to fear when I have an almighty deliverer to whom I can flee for refuge in every trouble. He can drag me out of the deep waters when I am ready to sink. Yes, my dear Love, I am assured that

our salvation, ~~or our love for God~~, does
not depend on our frames of mind,
but in steady practical obedience to his
laws & faith in his gracious prom-
ises. I did indeed feel that I had need
of affliction to bring my wandering
mind to him; but I did not look for
it in the way He has been pleased to
send it upon me. I trust it has some
good effect upon my wayward heart.
What Paul says about the thorn in the
flesh, of which he had to complain, par-
ticularly struck me as Mrs Milne read
it on Sabbath evenings. He was willing
that Christ's strength should appear in his
weakness. I thought it applicable to
me, & felt more resigned. O that I
could always be so! We have been
singing a sweet hymn of Cowper's; the
first lines are —

"My times of sorrow & of joy,
O Lord are in thy hand;
From Thee my greatest comforts flow,
and so at thy command"

I think I have a more steady
confidence

& resigned trust in Providence now
 than I ever had before: but I am
 afraid I deceive myself. I wish to
 devote soul & body to His Service.
 & that these impressions would last; but
 every thing in my mind is unstable.
 My nervous disorder increases it. Now
 & then I catch a glimpse of a large
 view of things - I cannot express my-
 self well what I mean - I see clearly
 for a time, or rather, like the man
 born blind, begin to see things indistinct,
 which I had never seen before. -
 & that I could be a useful & good Christian.
 I am too much inclined to feel self con-
 placency in doing any thing right. The
 disorder that I suffer under, is well cal-
 culated to subvert this & every high
 thought; & no doubt the Lord afflicts
 me in the way that is best fitted
 for me. It is not for high-wrought
 feelings of ecstasy or of fear that I
 wish, but for a steady love to God &
 his ways, that may influence

every thought word & deed; that I may
be enabled to keep in constant practice
the Christian virtues of faith, patience,
holiness, benevolence & every other doc-
trinal & practical duty. —

Poor Mrs Roberts went on board; but
I fear the little child will die as it has
no nurse.

Oh my beloved Mary! many
tears have I shed to thy memory whilst
transcribing these, thy letters to me — How
manifest thy sufferings during the short period
of thy life — yet, how wonderfully was thy
mind supported. — God our Saviour! — His
ways are not as ours: His thoughts are
not as ours. — adored be his Name. I hope
— Oh My Mary! I hope to meet Thee
in Heaven. Thy children are my care —
I shall leave them — but God liveth — His
Providence is my trust.

Oh — how do I miss thee, my beloved!
I fear thou art almost my idol — I seem
when lifting my heart to Heaven, to look
also to thee & thy angel spirit; never how-
ever forgetting that thy spirit & mine must
both be washed in Jesus' blood to cleanse
them from sin.

My letters bring to my recollection many
 names, now numbered with the dead Roberts,
 Mrs Roberts - their children: Brampton, Pary
 Milnor, Mrs Thomas, one of the Moors,
 &c &c The Milnes - Mrs de Frances &c
 and many in altered circumstances (Apr
 & Mrs O Brian, the Cottons, Manton,
 Ephraime, Sir George &c
 Baboon: Mossat &c I feel &c
 Bosanquet, Ruyth &c Roff &c Mr, Coyle &c Peck

Feb 23. 1814

My ever-beloved Robert I sent you
 a long letter yesterday - Mrs Milne's
 child (Annelia) is getting well & about
 now, & is very good tempered. An entire
 change has taken place on her.
 Our little Darling (Rebecca) is cut-
 ting more teeth, but she looks very well.
 I can perceive in her now, a great
 resemblance to you my Love, & I feel
 more love to her for it. She improves
 in speaking - My nerves are strangely
 affected - My mind, I think, becomes more
 & more exalted & estranged -
 Pray for me my Robert. I would not
 send

this now, but in hopes you may say
something in answer which may have
a good effect on my mind. Adieu my
Robert. Yours very affectionately
M. Morrison.

Lord's Day Feb 20. 1844

My ever beloved Husband

To day we are 5
years united. & may we constantly
unite together in doing the Lord's work,
& be thankful for the mercies we
have recd, & be resigned when our
gracious Father afflicts us. — Our dear
child is very well. I now feel no plea-
sure in the Society of ^{the people of my own denomination} — they are
not suitable for us. I wish I were
well; but perhaps it is better for me
that it is otherwise. O that I may
be continually resigned. — It is
gratifying to my heart, my beloved
Robert, that you are so careful of
your Mary's comfort. I am very
much pleased with the letters you
have sent for Rebecca; they are
very neatly done. — I fear I have
made you my idol. Alas! Love for you
& Rebecca occupy that place in my heart
which ought to be devoted to Him. That

Hymn of Dr Watts expressing the warmth
 of love for the creature, is now running
 in my mind. Such is the love I feel
 for you both. I am a poor weak crea-
 ture, the Lord will, I trust, pity & help
 me. Together with the complaint I am
 subject to, & the still greater one of sin,
 I fear, my dear love, I shall never be
 of any use; but a cumberer of the
 ground. Strange that I can never get
 up to what I know. With naturally
 good talents, & when reason has the
 sway, a tolerably enlarged mind; yet
 from nervous weakness, I am one
 of the most pitiable, helpless crea-
 tures on earth! —
 Mrs Milne & I have been sitting at
 work. Mrs Unistons has sent Rebecca
 a Canton toy, which she is very much
 amused with. Mrs Milne wishes to
 know when a ship will sail, by
 which she may write to her husband.
 O intercede earnestly with the Lord in
 my behalf. Adieu my ever dear
 Love. May the Lord ever be with us, &
 as you say, sanctify to us all our af-
 flictions & mercies. O that we may be
 enabled

to bring up our children in the fear
of the Lord. She is a sweet infant.

Adieu again my Robert. I am
yours with the warmest affection
M. Morrison

Feb 12. 1844

— I wish you, my Love, to send down some
large printed Letters for Rebecca, soon as possible,
in the manner I mentioned to you. She can now
repeat the Letters one by one after me, & looks
up in my face to see how I form my
mouth when I pronounce them. She tries
to do the same, little Charlie! He has been
very good, & is more & more amusing
every day. — Mrs Milne & I went this
morning to call on Mrs Roberts, who was very
unwell. (Mrs Roberts the Chief's Widow went

to England & died) 5 Jan 5th. 1844

— It is hard for us to be separated for
so long a time, yet again I think, how
much harder is the lot of many. We
must have some drawback. O that we
could faithfully serve the Lord, trusting in
him, & then we should fear no evil.

Yes, my Love, all my high-raised
expectations from the world I have found
were ill-founded, & I trust the little ex-
perience.

I have had will prove useful to me in future. It is better not to mention people's names. When talking between ourselves we can speak our sentiments, but it is wrong in every sense of the word to backbite them.

Our dear Babe is quite well. She grows on my affections every day. I feel happy in you & her, & in the expectation of my other little Darling.

This, my Love, I recollect is your birthday. I wish you many returns of it. You are to-day 32. Perhaps you would forget it if I did not put you in mind. Who would think, my Love, that such an old married woman as I am should receive such love-letters. You are constant in nothing but your love to me. — I have not time for more.

Mrs Milne is not very strong, although she enjoys pretty good health. — Mr Zeeman called. (Mr Zeeman was a Dutch Supercargo who attended Mrs Morrison's funeral, & died himself a few weeks after.)

— The time will soon pass away.
my

Robert, when you may return to your
Mary & your Babes. In them & in
each other with piety, we shall find
happiness. amongst the worldly we can
find none. If you should see it your
duty to give up the situation you have
here, & go to Java or to Malacca, I will
be cheerfully ready to comply with your
wishes. I feel in doubt myself what is
best to be done. If the Lord grant me
health, I think I could be happy any
where, ~~or~~ in any circumstances - that
is, if you & my children are spared
to me. I pray that I may be en-
abled devoutly to follow the path of duty.
— our dear Rebecca is just
as usual. good, well, & amusing. Mrs. M^r &
& her little Amelia are quite well. — My
remembrance to Mr. M^r. Adieu my
Robert.

— Dec^r 25. 1813

— I think, my Darling, my love
for you increases. It is such as now is
likely to make you happy, by my doing
all in my power to study your will &
comfort — not that foolish kind of love that
only serves to make people miserable.

I have caused you a great deal of anxiety & trouble, & now I wish to make up for it. O that I felt more love to the Almighty, and gratitude for his precious gifts, then I should be truly happy. But I fear I love the gifts, more than the gracious Giver. This is a weight on my mind, when I reflect; but, as I too often do, when I forget this, I feel that I am almost too happy - too rich in earthly comforts. O that we may be long spared to each other & to our children, & that they may be spared to us.

The accounts from Olakeste relative to the Mission, are very pleasing & encouraging to the Missionaries there, as well as to those in other Stations, to go on persevering in hope; & to Christians in general. Sooner or later, the Lord will bless the work of his devoted & diligent Labourers.

Dec^r 17. 1813

I have been hammering at my brains these three days to try & make out two Letters to please myself, but they are such particular ones that the anxiety I

feel to make them just such as I could
wish, prevents me from doing it. I
have written two or three copies & the more
I examine them, the more I am out of
humour with them. I wish you were
here my Love to advise me. I was a-
fraid to write till I sent them up; but
I thought if you scolded me, I would
rebeliate. You see of what a spirit I
am. — Rebecca awoke soon
after I wrote the above & has been very
playful. Adieu my Robert.

2
It is useful to bring the
work of Salvation to our minds. I have
often thought within myself how prone
the human mind is to rest on its own
works, instead of trusting entirely in God,
& doing all that we do to his glory, & the
good of mankind. O for the love &
devotedness I once felt to God & his ways
— there is no peace to be found but in
them.

I was reading a very excellent
Paper last night, my Love, on trusting in
God. It is in one of the Vols of the Yr Observer.
O that we ^{all} could trust more in him, &
love him more devotedly. How

many comfortable promises are there in Scripture for those who humbly wait on him. — Mr Manning sent Mrs Milne & me a Note offering to take any Letter to you or Mr Milne. — Our dear Rebecca has very high spirits. You will be quite delighted with her, I think my Love when you return. She is such a good Child. — My interest in her & love for her seems to become deeper & deeper. You are both most dear to my heart, which is too much taken up with you, I fear.

Dec^r 6. 1813² On my returning home from my walk, I met Mr Ball, who gave me his arm & returned with me. He sat down for a quarter of an hour & talked of Mr Roberts. Mr Pearson, he said, thought that Mr Roberts was sensible of his death (approaching) all the morning, for when he called in, he gave a faint smile, as much as to say "all is now over", and when just dying put out his arm to embrace Mrs Roberts, & then held his hands on his breast, as if in prayer. —

O may you my Robert, be spared to me. Very often a dread hovers over

any mind that you will be taken
from me. I look on my Child &
think, what if it should be made father-
less! The Lord, I trust, will not afflict
me with so heavy a trial. But what-
ever he is pleased to lay on us, we are assured
that if we be resigned & trust in him,
he will support us under it. How
many sweet promises has he given
us! Oh that we may be more mindful
of them. It was only last evening that
we were walking in the garden, & on
seeing Mrs Roberts' Child, I could not
help thinking how soon, in all proba-
bility, he might be left fatherless. I
pitied him, poor boy, as he clung to me
& seemed unconscious of the state his
Father was in - (The Boy afterwards

died in England) - The use of affliction
is to draw our minds from this world
& to prepare us for a future state of
existence. Mr Roberts' remains were

buried this morning (Nov 24) at 9 o'clock,
in his own garden. Mr Robinson (the Dutch
Chief since dead) who called here to-day, said
it was his own request that it should be
so. (Mr Roberts was the English Chief when I arrived
in China Apr 1807)

Nov 22. 1813

41

— Oh my love you will be greatly shocked to hear that the dreaded event of poor Mr Roberts' Death has taken place! It has put me in such a state that I can hardly write. Alas! we must all come to this. In the height of health, we are in the midst of death. We know not when our Lord cometh —

— I trust that the disturbances in China will make room for the spread of the gospel. I always thought that something of the kind must take place before such an object could be brought about; I mean before it could be generally known, or publicly professed; not that ~~but~~ many individuals might not live under its divine influence. With the Lord all things are possible, & he will overthrow every obstacle in the way of his Missionaries, when it is his will that their labours shall prove successful. Perhaps the time is not far distant. We are assured that his time is best. — Our Babe is mercifully continued in health, & is all I can, for the present, wish her to be. We have in her great cause for joy & thankfulness.

Oct^r 31. 1813

Mr Milne left us to return to his Chinese
Studies on Friday. He kept himself as busy
as he could ~~for~~ while he was here: for the last
few days he was quite in a hurry to get
away to them. — The Pamphlets which Mr
Myers (of Calcutta) sent, I keep with me a few
days, that I may look over them. I send
you two Letters from Mr Marshman & Miss
Myers. I wish you, my Love, to be careful
to do all in your power to answer her
request.

I am glad you take care
of your health — Never mind expense, where
one of so much importance to every one
is concerned. The Lord will I trust con-
tinue you in strength of mind & body,
to go on with your great work. I
can say no more — I am ever yours
most affectionately

M. M. M. S. S.

— May the Lord strengthen you my Love
to go on labouring to his glory, & for the
good of the poor heathen. — Miss Milne
desires her remembrance. — Oh that
I felt more love to my Redeemer, who I
humbly trust died for me a poor worth-
less sinner. Sometimes I do feel thank-
ful for the many mercies my Heavenly
Father has mingled in my Cup.

Sept 11. 1813

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My dear Love / Rebecca walks now. She is quite a little companion to me. I pray she through divine goodness grow in grace as she grows in stature. & long be spared to be a blessing to us. May we likewise be spared to protect her tender youth from the evils of this world: to teach her to look forward, when assailed by temptation, or laid low by affliction, to a world of perfect happiness which is to come. —

We yesterday enjoyed a tolerably comfortable Sabbath. Mrs Milne prayed in the morning, & I in the evening. I must tell you of a sermon which I read yesterday & ^{which} pleased me so much that I intend to copy it out. It was preached in 1805 by Mr Phillips, Minister of the Congregational Chapel at Aberdeen - The text is taken from the Psalm "No man care for my soul" —

(On April 17. 1814 John Robert was born. and I remained at home with Mamma till Jan 21. 1815, when Mamma, Bess & John went to England. From that time, and

Subsequently My dear Children were always
with Mamma & can recollect, and I
trust will recollect as long as they live
her kind & judicious instructions.
When Mamma was in England & Ireland
during the years 1815/16/17/18/19 & part of
1820 she wrote often to me. But I shall
not now transcribe these. One of ^{her} ~~them~~
reads thus.)

"O my dearest Robert! how shall
we be thankful enough for all the
goodness of our God to us & ours. Our
dear Children have continued ⁱⁿ health.
I long to tell you every thing when we
shall meet: but the thought of it al-
most overwhelms me. To return after
so long an absence, & after so much
suffering, in perfect health, with my
little ones, & to find you in health;
O how shall I rejoice! Ought I not to
be grateful to my Heavenly Father?
Can it indeed be, that we shall meet
under such circumstances? God grant
I may find you well my Robert!
I do hope you will find me to be a

help, meet for you: & I hope you will have more reason to love me than ever you had.

^{2 Note}

(Mamma's wish on leaving England found amongst her Papers after her death.)

"Wed^y April 26. 1820 on board the Marchioness of Ely, off the Isle of Wight.

Whether I shall ever again see England or not, my God alone knows. Wherever I may be I would devote myself to his service, & to the good of my fellow-creatures; and I trust I shall be made useful in whatever station may be allotted me on earth, & praise my Redeemer through eternity. May the Angel of his presence go with me, & help me to glorify him in all my ways - May he direct them -

(Aug^t 22nd 1820 Mamma arrived in China. On Dec^r 23rd Sat^y night I took she thus wrote to me in Canton.)

My very dear Robert / I was quite contented when I began the work with you, to show

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(Aug^t 22nd 1820 Mamma arrived in China. On Dec^r 23^d Sat^y night 9 o'clock she thus wrote to me in Canton.)

My very dear Robert / I was quite contented when I began the world with you, to share

"heroically & nobly" (as you say) comparative poverty with you. But much temporal good has been given to us since. May it indeed prove a blessing to us & others. We are all too liable to have our ideas change & enlarge with our circumstances. O my Robert may we be kept humble, & feel that we rely on our Almighty Father, as well for the "bread that perisheth, as for the constant supply of the bread of life," & for that grace which can alone keep us from falling. We have indeed been blessed with regard to our children, circumstances & health. Are these not to be enjoyed as the gifts of a gracious Providence with thankfulness to him? Although we are not to rest in them, but to look to higher joys which shall never end, & which bring with them no kind of sorrow or alloy - and I may be prepared for adversity - resigned to the will of our Father. Whatever changes take place

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with regard to ourselves, our family, or our pecuniary circumstances. How often does death come unawares as a thief in the night, without poor mortals having made the least preparation. Oh may we be found watching!

2 The children have been very good; John has begun three syllables to day. Johnny has begun a letter to you & Rebecca has been trying to get on. I hope to have a letter from you to-morrow saying on what day you will be down. Farewell my beloved Robert. Your ever affectionate wife
M Morrison

2
(Extract from the last letter Mamma wrote)

Macao March 25. 1821

Beloved Robert, The children are tolerably good, & I go on with (what you call) my "never-to-be-too-much-praised" instruction of them. They will, I trust, my Love, gradually improve. I am
pleased

at the questions they ask me at family worship; & they seem ^{very} interested in the explanations. I endeavour to give them of the Chapter they have been reading, frequently asking me to "tell them about it." May He who gave them to us, cause them to be comforts. May they live to His glory. I feel thankful that he enables me daily to continue to instruct them. And I trust he will bless my endeavours. Farewell my beloved Husband ~~Husband~~. I am ever your own Mary.

— Rebecca says she thought she had such a "lot of things to say to Papa", but she cannot now think of them — The grape vine is shooting out.

2

On Saturday evening June 10th Mamma expecting to be confined, put away all her work & books &c in daily use. and did not finish the reading of her usual Chapter & Prayer till about

11 o'clock at night. Next morning she
 rose & dressed, came out to breakfast
 & family Prayer: but was unwell.
 The disease was Cholera Morbus. and that
 evening, being Sunday the 10th of June
 1821, stretched on a Couch with Mrs
 Livingstone; the doctor, & Robert by
 her side, Mary, after one day's pain-
 ful suffering, ceased to breathe — and
 her blessed spirit, it is with good ground
 hoped, returned to God her Heavenly Father.

~

Mrs Morrison died

in the

39th 30th being not yet 30
 years

of her age.

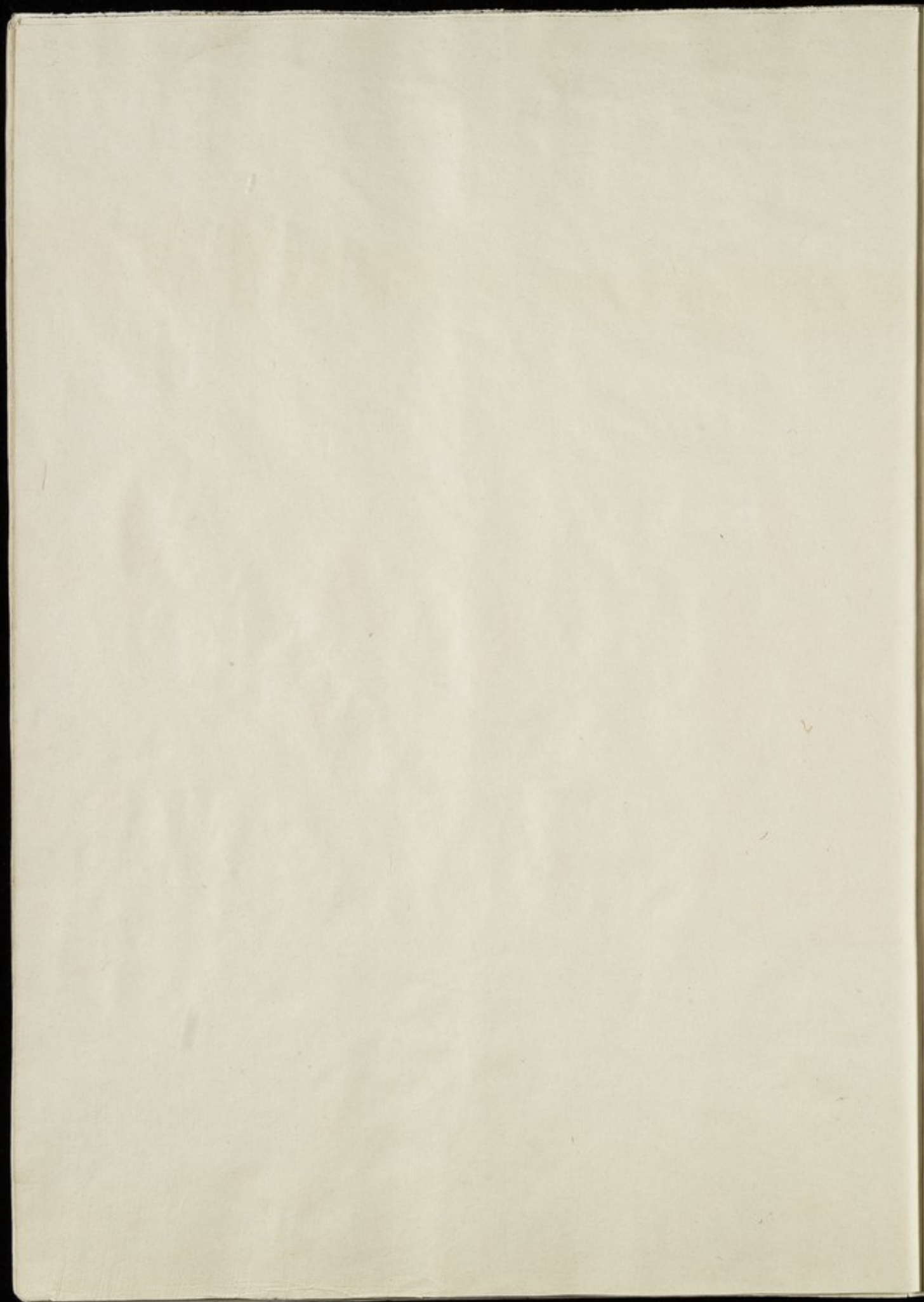
Was interred in the British Factory's
 Burial ground,
 in
 Macao,
 China.

Where a Tomb-stone is erected over her
 mortal remains.

See the
 Epitaph

On a blank leaf in my Family Bible

R.M. Jan 7. 1826



A Number of Blank Pages Follow,
which have not been Photographed.

