

My mind is still haunted by the scenes of the awful cholera week at Madura. Out of a population of 30,000, abandoned & twenty a day were dying when we arrived, as tho' 60 a day were to die at Utica for 3 or 4 weeks. Out of Mr. Dwight's house and premises 7 died that week, viz. Mr. Dwight, Mrs. North, Mrs. Cherry, two of my servants, & two of Mr. Dwight's. Mrs. Dwight, Mr. Murray, Edwin, Martha, and several others escaped by a hair's breadth. Our attention was so occupied by the care of the sick, leave of absence for a short nap. The house was filled with hurryings to and fro, with mustard & blister plasters, with vomitings & diarrhoea, with hot things, with cramps, groanings, and giving up the ghost. A person would die, in one part of the compound, and be buried, and it not be heard of in the others for two or three days. When the fury had passed over a little, we put away our accumulated bottles, shaved our heathenishly long beards, washed, changed our clothes, ventured out of our dark rooms, beheld the light of the sun, and were thankful. The sick children, too, peeped out and smiled, unconscious of their great loss.

The day before Mrs. N. died, I told her that we had given her up, her symptoms being quite hopeless. She replied that she had come to the same conclusion the day before; that she had committed the children and her own soul to Christ, and was ready. She told me not to be agitated, lest I should have the cholera. I asked whether she had any message for her mother & sister & brother. She answered that she had this message: That she was not sorry for having come to India. She then gave directions about her clothes and the children. She added, that if I should be disposed to marry again, I ought to be exceedingly cautious in the selection of a wife. All these things were said in a whisper, with my ear close to her lips, she being too feeble to speak loud. She soon lost her sight and hearing altogether, began to talk wildly, to toss about, and to show surprising strength. The tossing began to subside into a waving of her head and neck from side to side, with loud groans. These groans the children speak of to this day; little Ann calls them "Ma's crying." Eddy & Martha were at that time on couches in the room, not yet recovered from their dangerous attacks, and Ann had a diarrhoea. Their mother lived about 24 hours after the above conversation. Her eyes & cheeks were frightfully sunken. When she was carried out to be buried, and for a few hours before her death, I had the children confined to another room, hoping to conceal the fact from them for two or three days, till they should get stronger, lest their grief should aggravate their disease; but Mrs. Dwight's children ran in and told them. The two oldest wept; but such things are forgotten by children surprisingly soon; they can not understand what they have lost. — Rev. Mr. Corvance read over her the beautiful burial service of the Ch. of England. Her grave is close to those of Mrs. Cherry, Mr. Dwight, Dr. Steele, under the ancient wall of the city, (now mostly pulled down by the Eng. gov't.) in a lonely but pleasant corner, shunned by the natives as a haunted place. I shall have a cheap stone put up. The children now & then remind me of my promise, that if, on their way to America they pass through Madura, they may all go and see the place where their mother sleeps.

And now you will of course see that one of the very first things to be done, is, to send them home. To keep them from heathenism would take up my whole time. How their grand parents will feel about receiving them, I can not tell; but I have no doubt they will do for them all they can. I have thought of sending only the three youngest, and keeping Edwin five years longer, till he is 12; but this is doubtful. He would be both a help and a comfort to me, but it would not be for his own advantage, in some respects. Whether it is a law of the Board that a certain sum may be drawn for missionaries' children when they are kept by their



