

Only for Jesus
The Penfield Correspondence
1866-1872

Revised Edition
Charlotte E. Mertz, editor

Boat House Books
Silver Bay, New York
2011

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Cover: Many thanks to Manohar Devadoss for allowing us to use his 2001 pen-and-ink drawing of the countryside and environs of Madurai, his home in India, a scene not much changed since Thornton and Lottie Penfield lived there 1867-1872. A century later, Manohar and his wife Maheema spent several years in Oberlin, Ohio, Thornton's home town. From his book *Multiple Facets of My Madurai*, 2007.

“Dearest, my heart goes after you. Can it be that you are really gone! How could I give you up? How could I? Only for Jesus, only for Jesus. The love that binds us to Him will bring us yet together. God bless you. Farewell my darling child.”

*Mary Irene Hubbard
November 24, 1866*

Contents

Foreword	v
Map of Madura District	viii
Illustrations	ix
Initials Used for Frequent Letter Writers	xiv
Guide to the Penfield Correspondence	xv
Preface	xvii
The Penfield Correspondence	1
1866	2
1867	27
1868	134
1869	214
1870	318
1871	369
1872	419
Epilogue	436
History of Missionaries	437

Foreword

Since my very first introduction to the Penfield letters, almost fifty years ago, I have been fascinated by the story they told, not only through the fading scrawls on fragile and often crumbling pages, but because I was able to read between the lines. They witnessed of faith beyond any I'd seen exemplified, of a God more powerful and loving than I had yet met, and of joy in the face of adversity that, in my limited experience, was unimaginable. They created in me a hunger to know more, not only of these extraordinary people but of the God they served and in whom they found such a deep sense of satisfaction. The Penfields' story, though primarily domestic in nature, set me, their great-great-granddaughter and Lottie's namesake, on a course that would ultimately allow me to understand and share their deep, life-changing faith in Christ. Only He could empower their words to continue to minister and speak eloquently of Him more than a century later, to generations whose extent or even existence could scarcely have been imagined at the time the words were penned.

Such a heritage is well worth passing along, to help fulfill Psalm 89:1-4:

“I will sing of the lovingkindness of the Lord forever;
To all generations I will make known Your faithfulness with my mouth.
For I have said, “Lovingkindness will be built up forever;
In the heavens You will establish Your faithfulness.”
“I have made a covenant with My chosen;
I have sworn to David My servant,
I will establish your seed forever
And build up your throne to all generations.” (NASB)

It is important to focus on God rather than on His servants. But God's work becomes apparent largely in the context of His servants' lives and efforts—God's work in and through them, His faithfulness to them, and His continuing work, which He builds on the foundation He had previously laid through their efforts. So we can read and reread these letters and continue to marvel at how He shines through both His servants and their words.

As I worked with the letters over the years, first organizing them and then transcribing many of them from the original barely legible sheets, I often felt overwhelmed by the task. How could I ever get through them all? Should I guess at a word? Did I have the right to insert a word that had obviously been carelessly omitted? Should I change punctuation to make it more understandable? Who was I to tamper with what someone else had written? But eventually my editorial background kicked in and I decided that the purpose of my transcription should be more to help the writer express the intended meaning as clearly as possible than to preserve misspellings, abbreviations originally intended merely to save precious space, inconsistent capitalization, and questionable punctuation, which didn't affect the meaning but whose unfamiliarity made them more distracting or confusing than enlightening. Therefore, I have allowed myself a few liberties with the letters:

1. In order to express the writers' intent most effectively, I have retained the original wording as much as possible, unless words were obviously omitted or utterly indecipherable. In those cases, whenever possible, my best guess for the intended words is included in brackets within the text.
2. When a word was abbreviated, I have, in most cases, spelled the word out in its entirety to prevent confusion.
3. When a writer's style was to consistently omit punctuation or throw in inexplicable marks, I have adjusted the punctuation to help the modern reader make sense out of the text. However, when the same writer clearly intended to use a specific punctuation mark, it was retained. When, occasionally, the intent was uncertain, I took the liberty of making my best, educated guess, based on the immediate context, content of other letters, and what I knew of the writer, the recipient, and the situation involved. Lottie Penfield, in particular, tended to emphasize specific words with underlining. This was a definite element of her style, and the letters lose much of her intent and "voice" if the emphasis is omitted; therefore, I have retained her emphasis in all letters whenever possible.
4. When text was run on in unbroken paragraphs, I have taken the liberty of breaking it into more readable sections, based on topic or chronology. Conversely, when a writer habitually began a new paragraph with each sentence, I have combined sentences into more logical groupings.
5. Much of what I transcribed was from previous transcriptions. In those letters, I allowed myself more freedom in changing what I suspected were typographical errors, erroneously introduced misspellings, and misinterpretation of difficult-to-read script. Names in question are usually given using the most likely spelling, unless the spelling was clearly specified otherwise, either elsewhere in the correspondence or in trustworthy supplemental materials.
6. When I knew that the original manuscript letters consistently used what might be construed today as a misspelling or odd grammatical usage, I usually left it in that form, as reflecting the writing of the period. If there was any doubt, however, as when an "a" might have been misread as a "u" to produce an inappropriate verb form (as "sung" rather than "sang"), I corrected it to assume the writer's intelligence and education rather than to suggest a "quaint" usage.
7. I have taken the opportunity to explain, in footnotes, certain terms, situations, and other elements in the text that might be of interest to the reader or that might raise questions in the reader's mind, and that are not explained within a reasonable reading distance within the text itself. I used several sources for this information. Some have been borrowed from a previous, partial compilation by Susan Davis (1983); other information is courtesy of Charles G. Gosselink, who has experience in the Madurai region of South India, where many of the letters originated; still other information is based on my own research or word-of-mouth family history. The research I have incorporated is an ongoing project. Therefore, if any footnotes should be erroneous, I apologize and am open to corrections, additions, insights, or comments from reliable sources to benefit subsequent readers.

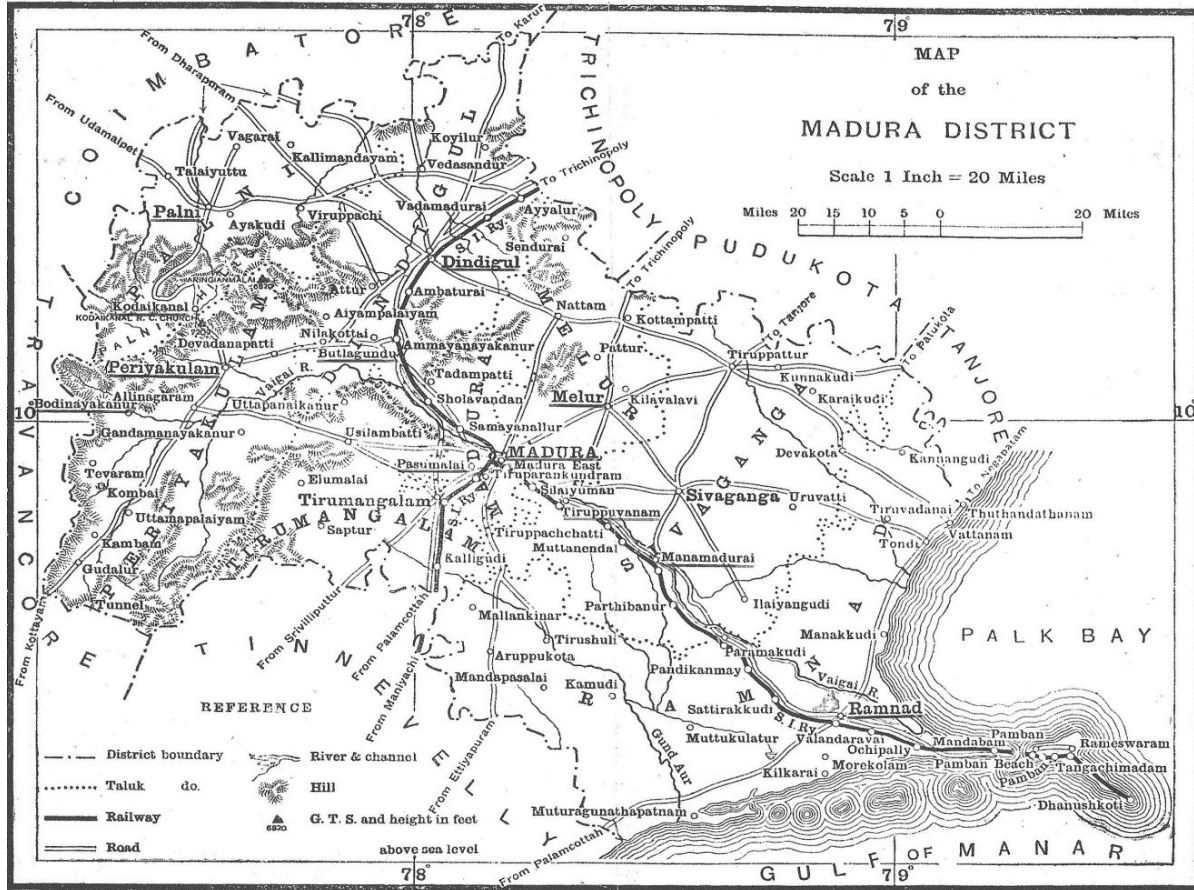
8. To simplify readability, I have transcribed the letters into a consistent format, using the same style and positioning for letter number (when applicable), location from which the letter was written (when provided), date, and opening notes throughout. Many of the letters were written over the course of several days or weeks, and several letters to various recipients were often written during the same span of time. Therefore, with few exceptions, the letters have been organized according to the earliest date of writing within the letter.

Some of the letters contain, at the beginning, a parenthetical statement of some kind. These comments, and the letter numbers, were often added later by the recipients for their own reference purposes. I have retained these comments because they include additional information such as the length of passage, which may be of interest to today's readers, and to suggest the elements that the recipients thought notable enough to catalogue. Not all letters were available in their entirety; some pages have been lost, damaged, or faded beyond salvage. I have included whatever materials were available and that provide enough contiguous text to either illuminate relationships or advance the story.

I wish to express my appreciation to the Penfields for writing so extensively of their day-to-day thoughts and experiences, and to the Penfield, Hubbard, and Cowles families and their descendants for preserving so many of the letters and accompanying materials and making them so readily available. I also thank Susan Davis for her original compilation of the transcribed letters, a task that had become too large for me to undertake at the time she proposed to take it in hand. Many thanks, too, to all the family members who kept nudging me to continue the work—most notably, Paul Penfield, Jr. Thanks to those who materially contributed information, encouragement, and support—primarily to Chuck Gosselink, who faithfully and generously responded to my long string of email inquiries and to Martha Penfield Brown who brought to light additional letters I hadn't known about and who, along with other friends and family, called my attention to several needed corrections. Thanks to my daughter Carol, who helped proofread my transcription and hashed out with me the appropriateness of certain changes. And thanks to all those family and friends who, at various times, unearthed boxes and boxes and more boxes of old portraits, papers, and picture albums, full of names and dates and places, to connect with events, edifices, and visages, which would otherwise have remained unknown to our later generations. Finally, I want to acknowledge publicly that it was the Holy Spirit who called me to this task, who provided the helpers, materials, and insights needed, and who remained patient but wouldn't allow me to set the work aside indefinitely. My sincere thanks and blessings to you all! May our united efforts continue to touch many more lives for our Lord Jesus.

Charlotte E. Mertz

Map of Madura District



from *Seventy-five Years in the Madura Mission*
by John S. Chandler, 1912

Illustrations



Lottie Hubbard,
ca. 1866



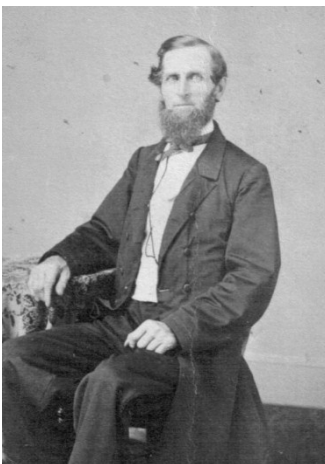
Thornton Penfield,
ca. 1866



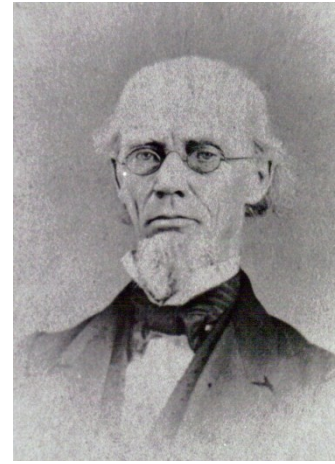
Mary Irena Hubbard
(Lottie's mother)



Minerva Cowles
(Thornton's mother)



Joel Miller Hubbard
(Lottie's father)



Dr. Henry Cowles
(Thornton's stepfather)



Mary Penfield
(Thornton's daughter)



Sarah Ingraham Penfield,
1864, shortly before her
death (Mary's mother)

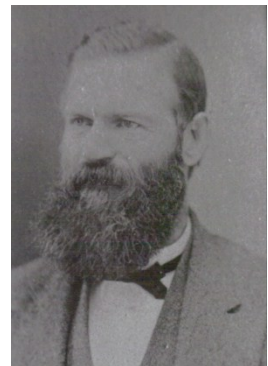


Fannie Hubbard
(Lottie's sister)



The Penfield-Cowles family, 1866 –
Top row, l-r: Thornton Bigelow Penfield,
John Cowles, Sarah Cowles (Little), Smith
Penfield; Bottom row, l-r: Charles Penfield,
Minerva Penfield Cowles, Henry Cowles,
Josephine Penfield Bateham

Sarah Dutton Penfield and Charles Penfield
(Thornton's brother)





Madura Missionaries, 1867: Back row, l-r: Judge Thomas, native Ayah, English nurse, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Burnell, Mr. Penfield; Center row l-r: Miss Smith, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Herrick, Mrs. Chandler, Joseph Herrick, Mrs. Burnell, Mrs. Penfield; Front row children, l-r: Gertie Chandler, David Herrick, Eddie Chandler, Ettie Chandler



Lottie Penfield,
ca. 1866



Lottie Penfield
with Irene and
Thornton Bancroft,
1871



Thornton Penfield,
ca. 1866, as Lottie
best remembered him



Lottie Penfield,
1871

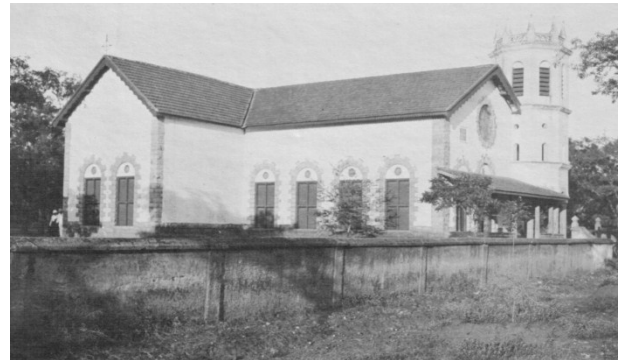


Irene and young Thornton, 1872

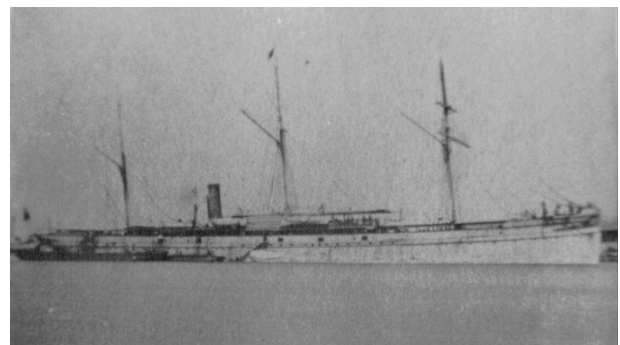
Thornton Bigelow's and Flora's gravestone:
Rev. T. B. Penfield
Missionary ABCFM
Died August 19, 1871
Aged 36 years
"Forever with the Lord"
Also Little Flora
"It is well with the child"



Church at Pasumalie
with rose window
dedicated to Thornton's memory



Viceroy,
on which Lottie and the children
sailed in 1872



... and beyond ...



Irene and
young Thornton,
1881



Fannie Hubbard,
ca. 1884



Irene Penfield,
1884



Thornton Bancroft
Penfield, 1886



Lottie, ca. 1930

Initials Used for Frequent Letter Writers and Recipients

ABCFM	American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions
CEH	Charlotte Elizabeth Hubbard (before her marriage) (“Lottie”)
CEHP	Charlotte Elizabeth Hubbard Penfield (“Lottie”)
FIH	Frances Irena Hubbard (“Fannie,” Lottie’s sister)
FIP	Frances Irena Penfield (“Irene”)
HC	Dr. Henry Cowles
JMH	Joel Miller Hubbard (Lottie’s father)
MCP	Mary Cowles Penfield (Thornton’s daughter by his first wife, Sarah Corban Ingraham Penfield)
MDPC	Minerva Dayton Penfield Cowles (Thornton’s mother, widowed and remarried to Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D.)
MITH	Mary Irena Treadwell Hubbard (Lottie’s mother)
TBP	Thornton Bigelow Penfield (called “Thornton” after returning from Jamaica; previously called “Bigelow”)
TBP Jr	Thornton Bancroft Penfield

Final or penultimate initials usually reference:

C	Cowles
H	Hubbard
P	Penfield

Guide to the Penfield Correspondence

1866

2

9-12 MITH-CEH; 9-27 TBP-Cowles; 10-2 TBP-MDPC; 10-17 TBP-MDPC;
10-19 Montclair Sabbath School to CEH; 10-21 WWolf-CEHP; 10-23 HPratt-CEHP;
10-23 Sabbath School Class to CEHP; 11-13 Testimonials for CEHP; 11 poem MITH-CEHP;
11-1 NMillard-CEHP; 11-2 MITH-CEHP; 11-6 TBP-ABCFM; ABCFM Application form for TBP;
ABCFM Application form for CEHP; 11-7 NGClark letter of commendation for TBP;
11-7 CEHP-MDPC; 11-8 TBP-Cowles; 11-8 TBP-Cowles; 11-19 TBP-MDPC; 11-24 MITH-CEHP;
11-25 CEHP-MITH; 12-7 TBP-MDPC; 12-24 CEHP-MDPC; 12-24 TBP-Cowles; 12-28 TBP-Cowles;
12-31 TBP-AHill

1867

27

1-5 CEHP-Hubbards (shipboard journal); 1-6 MITH-CEHP; 1-16 MITH-CEHP; 2-3 MITH-CEHP;
2-4 CEHP-MCP; 2-4 TBP-MCP; 3-25 TBP-MITH; 4-13 TBP-MDPC; 4-23 CEHP-MDPC;
5-5 CEHP-Hubbards; 5-31 CEHP-Hubbards; 6-6 TBP-MDPC; 6-16 CEHP - Hubbards; 6-17 TBP-MCP;
7-9 CEHP-Hubbards; 7-21 CEHP-JMH; 7-27 TBP-CEHP; 8-1 TBP-CEHP; 8-1 CEHP-Hubbards;
8-10 CEHP-FIH (enclosure); 8-1 JMH-CEHP; 8-12 TBP-MCP; 8-18 CEHP-Hubbards; 8-29 CEHP-FIH;
8-31 TBP-MITH; 8-31 TBP-JMH; 9-1 CEHP-MITH; 9-6 TBP-NGClark; 9-8 CEHP-Hubbards;
9-21 CEHP-JMH; 9-22 TBP-Cowles; 9-26 CEHP-Hubbards; 10-3 CEHP-FIH; 10-11 CEHP-MCP;
10-18 CEHP-Hubbards; 10-22 CEHP-MITH; 11-8 CEHP-Hubbards; 11-13 CEHP-MITH;
11-22 TBP-Hubbards; 12-5 CEHP-Hubbards; 12-6 CChandler-MITH; 12-12 CEHP-Hubbards;
12-15 MITH-TBP; 12-20 CEHP-Hubbards

1868

134

1-16 CEHP-Hubbards; 2-1 TBP-CEHP; 2-15 JMH-Penfields; 2-16 MITH-CEHP; 2-23 CEHP-Hubbard;
3-30 TBP-Cowles; 4-14 CEHP-MITH; 4-20 CEHP-H.Pratt; 4-24 MITH-TBP Jr.; 4-27 CEHP-FIH;
5-n.d. TBP-NGClark; 5-26 CEHP-Hubbards ;5-28 TBP-MDPC; 5-28 CEHP-MDPC; 5-28 TBP-MCP;
7-3 TBP-MDPC; 7-14 CEHP-MCP; 7-31 CEHP-Cowles; 8-9 TBP-MDPC; 8-25 CEHP-Hubbards;
8-25 MDPC-Penfields; 9-12 TBP-NGClark; 9-26 MITH-CEHP; 10-8 TBP-Cowles; 10-17 CEHP-FIH;
10-17 MDPC-Penfields; 11-9 CEHP-FIH; 11-10 TBP-MCP; 11-10 TBP-MDPC; 11-13 MITH-CEHP;
11-24 CEHP-Hubbards; 11-28 MITH-CEHP; 12-8 CEHP-MCP; 12-8 TBP-MDPC;
12-17 CEHP-Hubbards; 12-29 MITH-CEHP

1869

214

1-1 JMH-Penfields; 1-9 MITH-CEHP; 1-16 CEHP-FIH; 1-29 CEHP-MCP; 1-30 CEHP-Hubbards;
2-8 TBP-NGClark; 2-10 TBP-MDPC; 2-15 NGClark-TBP; 2-24 CEHP-Hubbards; 3-10 CEHP-MDPC;
3-10 TBP-Cowles; 3-23 CEHP-Hubbards; 4-5 TBP-MDPC; 4-27 CEHP-Hubbards; 5-8 CEHP-MDPC;
5-20 TBP-MDPC; 6-7 CEHP-MITH; n.d. (enclosure) TBP-MITH; 6-10 TBP-Cowles;
6-10 TBP-Oberlin Sabbath School; 6-11 CEHP-MCP; 7-13 CEHP-Hubbards; 7-31 CEHP-Hubbards;
8-9 MITH-CEHP; 8-31 CEHP-Hubbards; 9-6 CEHP-MDPC; 9-11 TBP-MDPC; 9-20 TBP-NGClark;
10-5 TBP-Clark; 10-8 CEHP-Hubbards; 10-10 TBP-Cowles; 10-19 TBP-MCP; 10-21 CEHP-MCP;
11-1 CEHP-Hubbards; 11-9 TBP-MDPC; 11-11 CEHP-MDPC; 1-25-1870 cover letter MDPC-MITH;
11-21 CEHP-Hubbards; 12-1 A.G.Howland-TBP; 12-9 TBP-MDPC; 12-12 MITH-CEHP;
12-13 CEHP-Hubbards; 12-13 CEHP-FIH; 12-23 TBP-JMH; 12-26 MITH-CEHP

1870

318

1-1 MITH-Penfields; 1-4 CEHP & TBP-Hubbards; 1-18 TBP-MDPC; 2-3 TBP-MCP;
3-11 CEHP-Hubbards; 4-11 CEHP-MCP; 4-12 TBP-MDPC; 5 MITH-CEHP; 5-10 TBP-MCP;
5-30 TBP-NGClark; 6-7 CEHP-MDPC; 6-10 TBP-MDPC; 6-12 JMH-Penfields; 7-18 TBP-MDPC;
7-26 CEHP-MDPC; 8-1 TBP-CEHP; 8-5 CEHP-TBP; 8-11 Penfields-Cowles; 8-n.d. TBP-Cowles;
8-15 CEHP-MDPC; 9-9 TBP-NGClark; 9-23 MITH-CEHP; 9-23 TBP-MCP; 9-27 CEHP-MCP;
10-13 CEHP-MDPC; 10-13 TBP-MDPC; 10-20 MITH-CEHP; 10-21 TBP-R.P.Ellis;
11-10 TBP-MDPC; 12-13 CEHP-MCP; 12-13 TBP-Cowles

1871

369

2-1 CEHP-MCP; 2-13 TBP-MCP; 3-1 CEHP-MDPC; 4-12 CEHP-MDPC; 4-12 TBP-MDPC;
4-14 MITH-Penfields; 4-17 MITH-CEHP; 5-14 TBP-MDPC; 5-18 CEHP-MDPC; 6-20 CEHP-TBP;
6-28 CEHP-MCP; 6-28 CEHP-MDPC; 7-17 CEHP-MDPC; n.d. MITH-CEHP; 8-12 CEHP-MDPC;
8-19 TBP Jr.-MDPC; 8-21 EChester-CEHP; 8-21 EFTracy-CEHP; 8-21 SChester-CEHP;
8-23 W.Tracy-CEHP; 8-24 JRendall-CEHP; 8-26 HZilva-CEHP; n.d. HETownsend-CEHP;
9-n.d. SPollock-CEHP; 9-11 SPollock-CEHP; 9-24 CEHP-Cowles; 9-26 CEHP-Cowles;
n.d. Tribute to TBP by HCowles; 10-5 WBCapron-CEHP; 10-6 FIH-CEHP; 10-6 JMH-CEHP;
10-8 MITH-CEHP; 10-9 WBCapron-HCowles; 10-13 MDPC-CEHP; 10-26 NGClark-HCowles;
10-29 (false start10-1) MITH-CEHP; 12-4 MITH-CEHP; 12-9 CEHP-MDPC; 12-24 CWSlate-CEHP

1872

419

n.d. ASavariammal-CEHP; 1-12 MITH-CEHP; n.d. JMH-CEHP; 2-4 CEHP-MDPC; 2-20 CEHP-
MDPC; 3-8 CEHP-MCP; 3-8 CEHP-MDPC; 4-4 CEHP-MDPC; 5-8 CEHP-MDPC; 5-25 CEHP-MCP;
5-31 CEHP-MDPC; 8-24 CEHP-HCowles; 9-2 CEHP-HCowles; 9-23 CEHP-Cowles;
10-1 CEHP-MCP; 11-6 CEHP-MDPC

Preface

Thornton Bigelow Penfield was born October 2, 1834, to Anson and Minerva Dayton Penfield. In 1838, Anson died in a work-related accident. Minerva was remarried in 1844, to a widower, the Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D., who was a professor at Oberlin College, in Ohio.

When Thornton (or “Bigelow,” as he was then called) was twelve years old, he wrote, “Dr. Scudder asked me to become a missionary and go to India and help him; and I intend to. T. B. Penfield, April 19, 1846.” Like all the commitments he made, he took this intention seriously.

In 1858, he married Sarah Corban Ingraham. She had been born in the West Indies, to Elizabeth Hartson and David Stedman Ingraham, one of the first American missionaries to the freedmen of Jamaica. After their marriage, “Bigelow” took Sarah back to Jamaica to work at the Oberlin and Brainerd mission stations, under the direction of the American Missionary Association. It was there that he was ordained into the ministry. And it was also there that their two daughters were born—Mary in February 1860, and Ellen (“Nellie”) in July 1862. Nellie died in August 1863. For the sake of her failing health, Sarah, with little Mary, returned to Oberlin, Ohio, where Sarah died the following April (1864). She was not yet 25 years old.

Jamaica had served as a valuable training ground for Bigelow Penfield. But after Sarah’s death, he was still convinced that the Lord was calling him to India, under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. As he traveled among several cities on the east coast—Boston, New York, and Washington, working and visiting with family and mission friends, he met a young woman named Charlotte Hubbard. Her family, like his, was deeply committed to missions, both foreign and domestic. “Lottie” had attended Mt. Holyoke Seminary in South Hadley, Massachusetts, for a time but had not completed a degree. With her parents’ permission, she arranged to return with Mr. Penfield (by then, using his first name, Thornton) by train to Ohio to continue her education at Oberlin. This would give them an opportunity to further their acquaintance and to allow Lottie to meet Thornton’s family. While she attended Oberlin through the summer of 1866, Thornton used the time to convince her that she should accompany him, as his wife, to assist him in bringing the Gospel of Christ to the people of India. As India was considered unhealthy for children, it was understood that Thornton’s six-year-old daughter Mary would remain in Oberlin with her grandparents.

The journey to India would be long, uncomfortable, and dangerous. The Suez Canal not yet having been completed, the usual route to the east was by ocean around the Cape of Good Hope. An alternative route was through the Mediterranean, then overland to the Red Sea, and by water again from there, through the Gulf of Aden, and around the southern tip of India to Madras. Overseas communications would be slow, at best. Missionaries to foreign nations expected to remain in the field an average of twelve years before returning to America. Thus, even aside from the question of marriage, involvement in foreign mission work demanded a serious commitment of its own. Lottie understood, and she agreed to go.

It is here where we pick up the story in their own words.

The Penfield Correspondence

1866

MITHubbard to CEHubbard

Montclair, New Jersey
September 12, 1866

My dear precious daughter,

Yours of the 7th came to hand yesterday. I waited to see what your father would say at evening and shall mail this in New York today. I write at a venture, not knowing if it will reach you. You have probably received my two last ere this one on Saturday, and the others on Monday, the latter containing twenty dollars. Whether you will think best to carry out my programme there laid out or your own, as given in your last, I cannot tell. You must do as you think best.

There is one great deficiency in all your letters, which we cannot but notice. You do not say one word as to whether your feelings are really changed toward Mr. Penfield but leave us to infer that, which should not be on so vital a point. However, I hope, as you say, you will have no cause to repent your choice. Mr. Penfield is unspeakably happy, no doubt; I wish I could be sure of the same for yourself. Is that "indefinable something" taken out of the way? That was what alarmed me and led me to fear that you had acted more from a sense of duty than from the dictates of a loving heart.

I want you to see Mrs. Bateham¹. She is a woman whom I highly esteem, and besides, it will add to your happiness abroad to be acquainted with each other's friends.

I wrote Mrs. Fuller some time since, have received no answer, but supposed you would have heard from her ere this. Her husband's name is William. I do not think it important to go there, nor to the fair at Elyria unless you wish to very much. You know you have attended many fairs. This may be something extra, however. Mr. Penfield will probably receive a letter from your father today in answer to one from him, in which your father says that we are looking for you this week. You can go from here to the meeting of the Board², and without taking that big trunk along. When the meetings are through, it will be the best chance you will have to go to Bernardston and Brattleboro. It would not do to leave the country without just calling upon those friends.

How slowly letters go and come from here. We have written you, in almost every case, by the very next mail after the receipt of yours, and we did not lose a moment in answering the one which said you had made up your mind. We were so startled we could not keep still. I sat up in bed, though scarcely able to hold a pen, and wrote. I am writing in bed now. How glad I shall be to see you and have one quiet visit, and then I shall give you up to God and the world.

¹ Mrs. Bateham was Thornton Bigelow Penfield's elder sister Josephine, who was married to Michael Boyd Bateham. She and her first husband Richard Cushman served for a time as missionaries in Haiti, where he died. Mrs. Hubbard may have known Josephine through their mutual interest in various missionary causes or in other social reform movements in which they were also active.

² American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, headquartered in Boston, Massachusetts.

I cannot write more—too tired. Drop a line to your father in New York to let us know when to expect you.

The Lord guide you with his eye.

Ever your loving mother,
M. I. Hubbard

TBPenfield to Cowles

Pittsfield
September 27th, 1866

Dear Mother and Father,

You will please direct your next to me, care of Rev. James Herrick, Brattleboro, Vermont, where I hope to be by the middle of next week or soon thereafter. The Board closes its sessions tomorrow, and Lottie will then go with Brother Herrick³ to Brattleboro, where she has some cousins. I am expecting to go to Boston for over the Sabbath.

I am not sure whether I have told you that we are disappointed in going, as we had hoped, by the 15th or 20th of the coming month. Dr. Clark⁴ says that the next opportunity of which he knows is not before some sixty or ninety days longer. Perhaps not before January. We both feel it to be something of a disappointment, though we know it will all come out right one way or another. I expect to have an interview with Dr. Clark early in the coming week and ask, most respectfully, the reasons for not sending us by steamer when time is such an item both for us and for those in the field who are breaking down beneath their burdens. Still, I have very little hope of gaining my point. In the event of our having to wait till December or January, it is a serious question how I had better spend my time. I wonder if it would be agreeable to the good people of Colebrook (isn't it?) where Father supplied the pulpit for a few Sabbaths, to have me preach for them two or three months. The Lord will direct, I am sure, in the way which will most glorify his own Holy name, and in that way, when found, I shall delight to walk.

We had a very precious meeting of missionaries this morning. I believe that, as a class, they are the happiest of mortals, because most fully consecrated to Christ and His cause. We rejoice to join so goodly a company and pray that the mantle of the most devoted of those who have fallen (no, have risen to the service of the higher sanctuary) may rest on our shoulders. We are both striving after greater likeness to Christ and, I am sure, will be helps meet to each other.

Our deepest joys in and with each other already partake of this character. O Mother, I do thank God for such an one as Lottie proves herself more and more to be. I know we shall be most happy together and in our work. Our love to dear little Mary, as well as to all the dear brothers and sisters.

Your loving son,
Thornton

³ James Herrick was intending to return with his family to the Madura Mission in South India. Thornton and Lottie hoped to accompany them to India.

⁴ Dr. Nathaniel George Clark was the Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

33 Pemberton Square, Boston
October 2nd, 1866

My dear Mother,

The Prudential Committee are now in session and Dr. Clark has just stepped out long enough to tell me that my request to be sent the 24th of this month by steamer to England is sure to be granted. I understood him to say that the vote had already passed. So it is not in vain that I have come to Boston. Once in England, we will go on by steamer if we can get anything like reasonable rates; otherwise by sail. If by the former, we shall be in India much sooner than we had anticipated. I am getting used to turning pretty sharp corners, as you say.

I received your letter (which was sent to Pittsfield) just as I was about leaving the city for Boston. I have mentioned to no one but John Morgan that Smith⁵ intended going to Germany next year; and I believe he had learned it of Smith before I told him. Dr. Clark thinks I will be granted \$900 for outfit, on account of high prices and premium on gold. He proposed \$1000, but I said the former was all I wished. He thinks my friends in Roxbury and Auburndale will give me a melodeon.

I am busy as the day is long and have only tomorrow, at present, in which to go on with preparations for departure here. Thursday I go to Brattleboro, Vermont, and Tuesday of next week to Montclair, New Jersey, where you will please direct your next, or to 137 Broadway, New York, as heretofore. If all things go as they now seem likely, we shall probably be married about the 15th or 16th and come on at once to Boston. I wish I had time to go to Ipswich but must postpone it till I am in Boston next.

Love to you all, and especially to darling little Mary⁶.

Your loving son,
Thornton

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Claremont [sic], New Jersey
October 17, 1866

My dear Mother,

I see by your last letter that you are still under the impression that we are to sail by the 24th of this month. This leads me to think that I have not written you, as I thought I had, since the last change in our plans. When I reached Brattleboro, Vermont, where Brother Herrick has been staying, and told him the decision of the Prudential Committee, I learned that he could not get ready to sail so soon and that he had requested two weeks longer. This has been granted, and we are to leave Boston the 7th of November. We have purchased the greater part of our outfit and sent it on already.

⁵ Thornton's brother Smith Penfield.

⁶ Thornton's daughter Mary was living with his parents in Oberlin, Ohio.

We are to be married one week from yesterday (the 23rd) and wish you all could be present. It is to be quite an affair. Both Lottie and I preferred something more quiet, but the friends here, who take quite an interest in getting her ready, have insisted upon its being in the church. Then friends from abroad who are to be present are to return with us to the house to enjoy the cake etc., etc. The same evening, we start for Washington. The following Tuesday we have a reception for Montclair friends; and the next day, a farewell meeting in the church, in which the pastor, Mr. Millard, hopes to be aided by Mr. Brown of Newark (who also is to assist in the wedding ceremony) and Dr. Clark, our Secretary. Thursday following (Nov. 1st), we expect to leave for Boston.

We are sorry to hear that Sister Sarah D.⁷ is so unwell, and hope that the fever has left her before now and that she is on the high road to health more firm than before. Our very kind regards to her and assurances of brotherly and sisterly affection.

About those rubbers. They fit me very well and, if Charles is pleased with the arrangement, he may take the price of the rubbers out of the \$5.00 which I paid to Lizzie Bateham⁸ for him. One year's subscription to the Loraine County News will nearly use up the rest, I suppose. It may be directed to the care of Rev. N. G. Clark D.D., 33 Pemberton Square, Boston. If anything is left over, please turn it to some good account for my little daughter, to whom both Lottie and I send a great deal of love. Will you please inform the brothers and sisters of our plans. We wish that they could one and all be here the coming Tuesday. Perhaps Josephine could tell us how we could best improve a few days in sight seeing in London and Paris. The latter place it is doubtful if we shall have time to visit, but we may.

Lottie desires me to thank dear little Mary for the nice bookmark she sent and to assure her that she prizes it very highly. I am sorry to learn that your troubles have returned somewhat and hope they will soon leave entirely. I shall not, I suppose, receive anything for Mary from the ABCFM⁹ until I reach India. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard send affection to you all and hope if you cannot come now and see them, you will yet do so if ever it is possible.

Your loving son,
Thornton

Montclair Sabbath School to CEHubbard

(With zinc trunk from S.S.)
Montclair October 19th 1866

Dear Miss Lottie Hubbard,

You will please accept the trunk accompanying this as a parting token of love from the Sabbath School of which you are a member.

⁷ Sarah Dutton Penfield was the second wife of Thornton's brother Charles. Because all three Penfield brothers had married Sarahs, and their step-sister, Sarah Cowles Little, shared the name besides, they always had to specify to which Sarah they referred.

⁸ Lizzie was probably a daughter of Josephine and Michael Bateham.

⁹ The ABCFM paid missionaries a salary and added an extra amount for each child's support; Thornton intended to send Mary's portion to his parents to help cover her expenses.

It is but a token. The real affection of our hearts (deepened by the self-sacrifice for the Master you are making) and the memory of your cheerful face with us, we delight to still keep and shall warmly cherish. We most tenderly sympathize with you leaving parents, sister, home, and church associations, and sorrow much to part with you, but are comforted for you, as well as for ourselves, in the promise of Him that is Yea and Amen: "Shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life¹⁰." That you may realize its fulfillment, we shall often pray.

[Montclair Sabbath School]

WWolf to CEHPenfield

(Copied and sent me by my old teacher William Wolf when I went to India, 1866).

THE MISSIONARY'S CALL

Reverend N. Brown

1. "My soul is not at rest.

There comes a strange and secret whisper to my spirit
like a dream of night that tells me I am on enchanted ground.

The voice of my departed Lord, "Go teach all nations,"
comes on the night air and awakes mine ear.

2. Why live I here?

The vows of God are on me and I may not stop to play with shadows
or pluck earthly flowers till I my weary pilgrimage have done.

The voice of my departed Lord, "Go teach all nations,"
comes on the night air and awakes mine ear.

3. And I will go!

I may no longer doubt to give up my friends and idle hopes
and every tie that binds my heart to thee my country!

The voice of my departed Lord, "Go teach all nations,"
comes on the night air and awakes mine ear.

4. Henceforth it matters not

if storm or sunshine be my earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup; I only pray,
'God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife.'

The voice of my departed Lord, "Go teach all nations,"
comes on the night air and awakes mine ear.

5. And when I come to stretch me for the last,

in unattended agony beneath the cocoa's shade,
it will be sweet that I have toiled for other worlds than this.

The voice of my departed Lord, "Go teach all nations,"
comes on the night air and awakes mine ear.

¹⁰ Matthew 19:29.

6. And if one for whom Satan hath struggled,
as he hath for me, should ever reach that blessed shore,
O how this heart will glow with gratitude and love!
Through ages of eternal years, My spirit never shall repent
that toil and suffering once were mine below.”

copied by A.R.W., Hillside, October 21, 1866

HP Pratt to CEHPenfield

Newark, N.J.
October 23rd, 1866

To Lottie

on her marriage, and
entrance into missionary life.

Be thou bless'd in thy bridal, - be happy thy choice
Thyself and thy chosen in Jesus rejoice,
And Oh! be it ever the aim of thy life
To adorn with bright jewels, the Bride, the Lamb's wife.

H.¹¹

Sabbath School Class to CEHPenfield

(Letter sent with writing desk – from S.S. class)
Montclair
October 23, 1866

The circle of “constant workers” is about to be broken, and as we look upon you, dear Lottie, as the link about to be separated from the chain, allow us to present you with this token of remembrance, and may its mission be to revive the memory of the happy hours we have spent together, those hours that have twined and chained our hearts to each other. The study of the eternal truths of the word of God, which we shall all hope to pursue, even if it be in very different spheres, will also be an abiding connecting link, drawing us nearer to each other and leading us finally to the home where we may be forever united, in one service of love.

Miss M. Amelia Smith
Miss Carrie Bacron
Miss Anna O. Corby
Miss Fanny Crane
Miss Hattie Pratt
Miss Sarah Mason
Miss Anna Crittenden

Miss Anna Graham
Miss Nettie Bradbury
Miss Anna Graves
Miss Maria Hardcastle
Miss Rebecca Crane
Mary C. Harris

¹¹ Probably Hattie Pratt, of the Montclair Sabbath School class.

Testimonials for CEHPenfield

Montclair, N.J.
November 13, 1866

To us of Montclair who have so long known “Lottie Hubbard,” now Mrs. Penfield, a recommendation of personal character seems superfluous. Reared in a family most eminently Christian, and possessed, herself, of an earnest yet genial piety, of bright mental and social qualities, of an uncommonly amiable and radiant disposition, and of vigorous health, we now know, though we had little thought of ever being summoned to spare her for that work, that she was peculiarly adapted for the noble labor to which God has called her.

In all the qualities of an excellent missionary, we believe she has few equals in the field, and we look forward with sanguine confidence to her life, as that of one who, having turned many to righteousness, shall, at length, shine as the stars forever¹².

That such may be her work and award is the affectionate wish of her pastor,

Nelson Millard

Montclair, N.J.
November 13, 1866

Miss Lottie E. Hubbard, now Mrs. Penfield, has been a member of our Sabbath School for a number of years, and her loving and cheerful Christian nature has won a strong hold on our affections.

When a gift for her was proposed to the school as a testimonial of our love, most heartily was it responded to. Much was our sorrow in parting with her, but we feel much pride and satisfaction in being so well represented on mission grounds by one so eminently qualified for the noble life work to which she has devoted herself. For her safety, usefulness, and happiness, often and earnestly shall we pray our God.

Philip Doremus
Superintendent Presbyterian Sabbath School

Mrs. Charlotte E. Penfield has been connected with my Sabbath School Class for the past eight years.

Her early religious education had been very thorough, and she was always to be found on the right side of every question of truth. She was a professor of religion before entering the class. Her piety was warm and earnest, and I always found her an interested and intelligent Bible student.

¹² From Daniel 12:3.

Her peculiarly cheerful temperament is calculated to win children, and she seems in every way well fitted for a teacher.

Those associated with her as teacher and classmates feel deeply her loss, yet rejoice that the cause of missions has received so bright an ornament and so valuable an acquisition to its lists of missionaries.

Mary C. Harris
Montclair, N.J.
November 14th, 1866

This certifies that I have been intimately acquainted with Charlotte E. Hubbard, now Mrs. Penfield, from her childhood. When quite young, she became a member of the 1st Congregational Church, of which the undersigned is pastor. From that day to this, she has been a consistent and earnest Christian. She is remarkable alike for affectionateness, good judgment, and genuine piety.

No young lady has had better home training, none are more beloved in the circle of their friends, and entering, as she does, with all her heart, on the missionary work, she cannot fail, if God spares her life, to be eminently useful in her chosen field of labor.

I think of no young lady to whom I could give a more hearty and unqualified recommendation.

Wm. B. Brown
Pastor, 1st Congregational Church
Newark, N.J.
November 24th, 1866

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

[Printed, along with the footnote, black ink on white silk, as a fringed bookmark, probably written November 1866]

My Precious Sacrifice
By Mrs. Joel M. Hubbard[†]

Out from my hands, my arms, my sight,
Out from my shelt'ring care;
But in the tender hands of God,
My darling, I leave thee there.

Come close to me, once more, my child;
Receive my last embrace,
While tearfully, yearningly, I gaze,
On that dear, beloved face.

If in the darkness, there were no light,
Revealing the Form divine,
I could not, I could not withdraw my claim,
My daughter would still be mine.

That face, that came like light from Heaven,
To cheer our earthly way,
And brighter, dearer, lovelier still
Has seemed to us each day.

But One I behold with a crown of thorns,
And hands where the nails were driven;
His tender, beseeching eyes remind,
"My life for them was given."

Out of my anguished heart, I cry
To Him, all good, all wise:
Dear Lord, accept the gift I bring,
My precious sacrifice.

Under that gaze, so mournful, sweet,
I sink, submissive, still.
Take, dearest Lord, my life, my all,
And work Thy perfect will.

And still I hold thee; flesh is weak,
And heart-pangs rend me sore;
And I am sorrowing most of all,—
That thy face I may see no more.

So, dear delight of heart and home,
Bright, joyous, loving child:
Remember, when thy mother gave,
Through blinding tears, she smiled.

But go, my darling, on thy head,
I lay my blessing down,
There it shall rest, till both of us,
Obtain the Heavenly crown.

The ebbing life may sooner waste,
The trembling heart grow still;
But rest and blessedness will come,
In suff'ring all God's will.

There let it rest, thy mother's prayer,
Thy mother's hand of love;
Till by and by, that mother's hand
Shall beckon thee above.

[†] Mrs. Hubbard was one of the founders of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, and for many years one of its efficient officers. This poem was written to her daughter as she was leaving home for the Madura Mission in India.

NMillard to CEHPenfield

(Copy of Mr. Millard's remarks at Lottie's marriage, October 23, 1866)

Montclair
November 1st, 1866

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Penfield:

The ceremony, as I have written it out, is, I believe, almost or quite word for word, as on the day of your marriage. May God fulfill all its requests for you, and more. You carry with you the warm hearts and earnest prayers of many here. That you will have trials, I know; but that you will be happy, I know even better; for He who was God in the flesh, and would not lie, hath said, "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." May it be ours to meet here again; but if not here, then in the Still Country "beyond the river." God grant it.

Most cordially,
Nelson Millard

"Having, my dear friends, given and received a ring as the token of an endless bond, and having joined your right hands in symbol of the holy wedlock in which you are about to be united, you now mutually promise that you will love, serve, and cherish one another; that you will study each other's happiness, welfare, and peace; that you will be patient, forbearing, forgiving toward each other's imperfections; that you will bear one another's burdens, share one another's joys; that, save alone the love and allegiance you owe the Divine Master, you will recognize no other affection so sacred, no other claim so binding, as these you seal in this holy covenant today; that, if need be, forsaking all remaining earthly friends, you will, through evil report and through good report, cleave solely to one another; and that in the household and the world, in sickness and in health, in the storm that lowers and the sunshine that illumines, you will be true and constant to the obligations of this holy bond, loving and faithful to each other, until your earthly pilgrimage is closed by the grave.

"Is such your mutual covenant?"

"I then, in the presence of God and these witnesses, pronounce you husband and wife; and whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

"And may God, whose love is more than all earthly treasure, and who can be to you more than father, mother, sister, brother, home, or native land, take both your lives within His sacred keeping. May He brighten with His smile your every joy, lighten with His help your every load. And above all, may He so bless your life, work, and labor of love that, having turned many to righteousness, you shall shine as the stars forever¹³."

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Montclair
November 2, 1866

My beloved child,

¹³ From Daniel 12:3.

I suppose you are now in Boston, settled in your new boarding place. I hope you find it pleasant and are not very tired after your journey.

I mailed a letter to you this morning, enclosing two from Mrs. Hyde and Lily. Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Green, and Miss Helen have been in to see me today. I had swept and dusted in the parlor, changed things about in the sitting room and made it ready for Mrs. W. to sweep, put up three parcels of cake, one for cousin John's family, one for Aunt Martha, and one for your father's office; stopped and looked at your picture ever so many times, standing on my hassock to get a better view; when Mrs. Barrett came and wanted your father and Fannie to go over and take tea with them this afternoon; and when she found I could not, she ran home and brought me in some nice quince and apple jelly, which I wish I could send to you, and some biscuit; also, some rhubarb wine. It is very good drink, not wine exactly, but drink made of rhubarb, ginger, and sugar. She seemed very kind and sympathizing—was very sorry they had not thought to go out to the gate and see you off, but it did not occur to them. Miss Dodge came in next and brought me three beautiful pears. Before she went away, Mrs. Green came in and brought an album of pictures she wanted me to see—Mr. Green's mother and his sister and her husband, the persons to whom you have a letter of introduction. The name is Jones, I believe. She says they are excellent Christian people. I hope you will find them. By the way, you know you must not fail to visit the Tower, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey. There are other places of interest, but these three are prominent. Mrs. Green says that parasol was Ethel's gift; she wanted to send it to Miss Hubbard and was very much pleased to think she could. Frank was greatly disappointed because she would not bring his little tin cup, but she thought it was too small a thing to bring.

You know I wanted you to have a sitz bath tub. Ask Mrs. Herrick if they can be got out there; if not, I would get one; you will be sure to find it serviceable. Don't forget it. It is nearly time for the train and, as I expect Mrs. Angell, I ought to lie down a few minutes. I did not lie down yesterday nor the two previous days, and I begin to feel pretty tired and sleepy. My eyes ache and I must rest them. My heart is heavy but does not swell so much as yesterday. I hear your father's quiet sobs when he is around, and I know that he is feeling a great grief although he is happy and cheerful. We talk cheerfully, for neither wants to see the other sad.

Well, I was just ready to lie down when Mrs. Green came in again, and before she went away, Mrs. Tucker came. She had not been here long when Mr. Millard came. Mrs. Green took her leave and, almost immediately, Mrs. Angell and Sadie came. So you see I did not want for company. I had laid out considerable sewing for today but have not taken a needle into my hand. I had a nice time with Mr. Millard. Mrs. Tucker went away and Mrs. Angell sat in the sitting room and left me with him alone. I was very glad, for I could talk with him so much better and I could not help crying a little. He said that he had written a note and sent it, with a copy of his remarks at the marriage, to you. He will give me a copy of the same. He said that perhaps your father and I might go out and make you a call, which, of course, was a very delightful suggestion, and then he added, "Oh how I would love to go round myself and see all those missionaries." I should have said that Mrs. Torrey called first. She made me quite a pleasant call, sympathized in our loss, but thought Lottie would do much good and we should by and by rejoice in the sacrifice we had made.

We had a nice supper tonight, and I was able to go out and join the rest at table. The dining room was very comfortable indeed. Mrs. W. manages to have it warmed from the kitchen stove, which is very much in my favor.

I cannot yet find Fannie's money. Has she not found it with her?¹⁴ What gloves were they where she said the money was? If she meant those buckskin ones, it is not in them. I long for your letter tomorrow night or Monday morning. I hope you will give me all the minutiae. I am writing on the piano right opposite your picture. It looks so pleasant to me. Is it all I am to have for ten long years and perhaps more? Well, I thank the Lord the original is my child and that I have loved her so very, very dearly. Mrs. Torrey said, think how much worse her trial was than mine. To have a daughter married as her daughter is, obliged to get a divorce and then to have her husband sue her father for the children! But she does not think he can succeed. Well now, I have finished out my sheet, darling. It is almost nine o'clock and bed time. So goodnight and a kiss to you, dearest.

Much love to Fannie and Mr. Penfield. Don't put off attending to your teeth and pictures.

Ever your devoted Mother,
M. I. H.

I shall begin another letter in the morning.

Saturday morning

Another beautiful morning. I went out into the dining room to breakfast; it was plenty warm. How I did want to see your faces all around the table; but it is best as it is, and I would not alter it.

A letter from Mrs. Slate says that Gennie has not been at all well, and she thinks she had better not go to Boston, and so Mr. Slate will not go. They send you an affectionate good bye.

TB Penfield to ABCFM

Boston
November 6th, 1866
To the Secretaries of
the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Dear Sirs,

Hoping to embark with my wife on the morrow for the Madura Field in India, I sit down at this late moment to make out for her a formal application, which should have been done much sooner if I had known that it was expected. As to the customary form or substance of such application, I am quite in the dark, and get little or no light from the "Manual." You will therefore, I trust, overlook whatever may not be written as you could wish.

I first became acquainted with Miss Charlotte E. Hubbard early in June of this year, and though from the first interested in the simplicity of her character and the buoyancy of her disposition, subsequent and most intimate acquaintance, while detracting not at all from these traits, has developed an earnestness and depth of piety for which I did not give her full credit at once, merely because I did not know her. Her attention had never been called to the question of her personal duty to the heathen, and the struggle was, on this account, the severer before she could willingly leave parents and friends, home and country for the sake of Christ's perishing

¹⁴ Lottie's sister Fannie had accompanied Lottie and Thornton to Boston.

ones. When once made, however, so hearty was the decision, so entire the consecration, that she counts it no sacrifice but a pleasure to go. Her health is, to all appearances, perfect and has been uniformly good from her childhood, as I learn from her parents.

I have requested testimonials from her pastor and such of her teachers and friends as were immediately accessible. Some of these testimonials have, as I hope, already been received at the rooms, and others will, no doubt, come to hand soon.

Believe me as ever,
Yours very truly,
Thornton B. Penfield

ABC FM Application form for TBPenfield

FOR MALES.

Name.

T. B. Penfield

1. Please write out your name in full.
Thornton Bigelow Penfield.
2. Time and place of nativity? Mention the year, month and day; the town, county and State.
Oct. 2nd 1834. Alden, Erie Co., New York.
3. Names and residence of your parents, written out in full? If not living, mention it. State if your father is or was a clergyman.
Anson Penfield & Minerva Dayton. My Father is dead and my mother is now the wife of Rev. Henry Cowles of Oberlin, Ohio.
4. Have they resided in other places since settled in life? If so, where and when?
Harpersfield, Ct., Rochester and Alden, New York, before my birth. Since then, in the last mentioned and Oberlin, Ohio.
5. Names and present residences of your brothers and sisters?
Prof. Charles Henry P., Mrs. Josephine Abia ~~Cushman~~ Batcham, whose first husband was Rev. Richard Cushman, a missionary under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union in Haiti. Her second husband Michael Boyd Batcham was till lately editor of the Ohio Cultivator and is now residing at Painsville, Ohio., Prof. Smith Nelson P., Professor of music and organist at Rochester, N.Y.
6. When and where were you hopefully converted? Was it in a revival of religion?
At Oberlin, Ohio, but so early in life that I cannot remember the circumstances or time.
7. Were your parents at that time, either or both of them, professors of religion? How long had they been so?
Both united with the church some 15 years before my birth I believe.
8. When and where were you first united to the church of Christ? Of what denomination was the church? Who was then the pastor?
At Oberlin, Ohio. About the year 1846 as near as I can now recall the time. The 1st Congregational, whose pastor then as still was Rev. Charles Finney.
9. What induced you to commence study with reference to a liberal education?
I commenced study merely because I had a convenient opportunity. I prosecuted it with a view to the ministry that I might preach the everlasting gospel to the ~~unclear~~.
10. At what academy, or academies, did you study?
Oberlin Collegiate Institute
11. At what college? When graduated? How many years in college?
Oberlin. August 1856. 4 years.

12. At what theological seminary? When graduated? How many years in the seminary?
At Union from Sep. '56 to May '57. Oberlin from May to Sep. '57, Union from Sep. '57 to May '58, Oberlin from May to the last of August '58 when I graduated there.
13. If a physician, where did you study your profession? If a printer, where acquire the art of printing?
14. What length of time did you spend in obtaining your education?
Nine years
15. Were you assisted by charity in obtaining your education? From what quarter? To what extent? In what ways did you assist yourself?
Only in the first and part of the second year of my theological course. American Educational Society - \$125.00. By manual labor, teaching, and city missionary work. ~~I had no regular~~
16. When were you licensed to preach the gospel? By what body? Where?
I had no regular license before ordination. Pres. Finney and Father Heep of Oberlin gave me all I had.
17. When did you decide to go to the heathen, and what led you to think of the subject?
My first consecration was April 19th 1846. I made the promise to Dr. Scudder who that day addressed the Sabbath school of which I was a member.
18. Where, and in what employments were you engaged before proceeding on your mission?
In manual labor upon my father's farm and about the house, teaching district school winters in four villages of Northern Ohio. Geometry – Latin in Oberlin College. City missionary labor, New York and Brooklin. Foreign missionary labor 7 years in Jamaica, West Indies. Pastoral labor nearly one year at Berlin Heights, Erie Co., Ohio.
19. Where and when were you ordained? Who preached the sermon? Who gave the charge? Who the right hand of fellowship?
At the station of Oberlin, Jamaica, in the Spring of 1851. Rev. W. I. Gardner of the London Missionary Society preached the Sermon. Rev. C. C. Starbuck gave the charge to the pastor and Rev. C. B. Venning to the people. Rev. H. B. Hall the right hand of fellowship.
20. Whom did you marry, and when and where did your marriage take place?
Charlotte Elizabeth Hubbard at Montclair, New Jersey, Oct. 23rd 1866.
21. Where was your home at the time of leaving the country?
Oberlin, Ohio.
22. Place and time of making these memorandums?
Boston, Nov. 6th 1866.
23. Miscellaneous notices concerning yourself or your family?

ABCFM Application form for CEHPenfield

FOR FEMALES.

Name.

Charlotte Elizabeth Penfield

1. Please write out your family name in full.

Charlotte Elizabeth Hubbard.

2. Time and place of nativity? Mention the year, month and day; the town, county and State.

August 9th 1844, New York City.

3. Names and residence of your parents, written out in full? If not living, mention it. State if your father is or was a clergyman.

Joel Miller Hubbard and Mary Irena Treadwell.

4. Have they resided in other places since settled in life? If so, where and when?

Yes. In Newark, N.J. from August 1855 to Sept. '58, since then in Montclair, N.J.

5. Names and present residences of your brothers and sisters?

Frances Irena Hubbard, Montclair.

6. When and where were you hopefully converted? Was it in a revival of religion?

In Newark, 1856. It was not in a revival.

7. Were your parents at that time, either or both of them, professors of religion? How long had they been so?

Both of them—Father 25 years. Mother 30 years.

8. When and where were you first united to the church of Christ? Of what denomination was the church? Who was then the pastor?

In 1856—Congregational. Rev. Wm. B. Brown

9. At what institution, or institutions, did you study?

High School Newark—Hillside Seminary, Montclair, Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and Oberlin.

10. When did you decide to go to the heathen, and what led you to think of the subject?

In August 1866. The question of my personal obligatory duty to the heathen was first pressed upon my attention by Mr. Penfield.

11. In what employments were you engaged before proceeding on your mission?

Household employments and teaching a small school in my father's family.

12. If married, whom did you marry, and when and where did your marriage take place?

Rev. Thornton B. Penfield, October 23rd 1866. Pres. Church, Montclair, N.J.

13. Where was your home at the time of leaving the country?

Montclair, N.J.

14. Place and time of making these memorandums?

Boston, Nov. 5th 1866

15. Miscellaneous notices concerning yourself, or your family?

NGClark's letter of commendation for TBPenfield

Missionary House, Boston, U.S.A.
November 7, 1866

Rev. T. B. Penfield and wife, Missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, on their way to Madura, India, are hereby commended to the Christian courtesy and kindness of any whom they may meet. Any favors or assistance rendered them will be properly appreciated and acknowledged by the Board.

N. G. Clark
Foreign Secretary of the A.B.C.F.M.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Boston
November 7th, 1866

My dearest Mother,

The carriage is to call to take us to the steamer in about ten minutes, and I wish to have prayers within this time and so must make my goodbye much shorter than I had expected. We have been prospered exceedingly thus far, though we have had no time to lose.

Josephine's¹⁵ letter, unless waiting for us at the rooms, will be too late to be of service in England.

But I must close with warmest love from us both.

Your affectionate son and daughter,
Thornton and Lottie –

Many thanks for your kind letter, dear Mother—and give much love to little Mary.
Lottie

TBPenfield to Cowles

(Off the coast of Nova Scotia, bound for India)
B.A.N.A.R.M. S.S. China
Off Halifax
November 8, 1866

My dear Father and Mother,

I was disappointed in getting a letter from Josephine yesterday before sailing, or any of later date from you than the one in which you alluded to my mother-in-law's letter. I suppose I shall be obliged to wait till reaching "India's Coral Strand" before I can hear another word from you. It will be hard, for I had not anticipated so long a silence. Of course, I would have known it must be so, if I had thought of it at all.

¹⁵ Thornton's sister, Josephine Bateham.

Well, I can write you if I cannot hear from you, and so I send from Halifax the first from your “special correspondents in India.” We have had a most prosperous beginning of our long voyage. Neither of us feel at all uncomfortable or the worse for having entered Neptune’s dominions. I never am very sea-sick, and present indications are that my darling Lottie will suffer no more than I. However, we can scarcely tell yet, as we are having the finest of weather and a tolerably smooth sea. Nova Scotia is discernible along the horizon—a low lying land, as it appears, though this may be due to our distance off the shore. The most noticeable feature, as yet, is its white cliffs. We are to remain at the city, as we learn, some two or three hours, and purpose going on shore for a part of the time to see what Halifax looks like.

Lottie and I are very happy in each other. Our mutual esteem and love increases daily. She has adopted the interests of the missionary cause as fully as I and, I believe, would feel the disappointment if aught should prevent our entering upon or continuing in the work, full as much as I would. She is developing rapidly into earnest and dignified womanhood. We deeply enjoy our devotions together and are each striving earnestly to be a help to the other in the divine life.

I am quite sorry that I did not have time to visit the friends at Ipswich while in Boston. Every hour had its duty so that we had no time for seeing the sights of the city or even for calling, as we wished, on friends in the city. We were detained Thursday night (one week ago tonight) on the boat for Hartford and, instead of waking in the city, were not there before noon of a Friday. The earliest train would take us into Boston only by midnight following. So we ran up to South Hadley, more commonly known as Mt. Holyoke¹⁶, and saw the teachers and the conveniences of the building. We had expected to take an early train into Boston but found the trains did not make proper connections. We had no time to go anywhere after reaching our boarding place Saturday evening. Monday and Tuesday were full of the last items of shopping, and Wednesday 8 A.M. we were required to leave.

Your letters are to be directed merely to me and enclosed with a loose 25 cent stamp of currency in a second envelope to L. S. Ward Esq., Treasurer, ABCFM, 33 Pemberton Square, Boston.

I was not able to secure a copy of the work on Minor Prophets, before leaving. Much love to dear little Mary, in which her mother joins.

Your loving son,
Thornton

Lottie sends her love to you all. Is writing to her parents in Montclair or she would write you a few lines.

TB Penfield to MDPCowles

Liverpool, England
November 19th, 1866

My dear Mother,

You will be glad to hear that we have arrived safely in Merry England. We sailed, as we anticipated, the 7th at 10 A.M. and reached Liverpool the very hour we were expected, after the usual ten days. We were wafted by propitious gales over smooth seas, for the most part. We had

¹⁶ Lottie had attended Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

one or two rainy days but no storm to speak of. I was scarcely sick at all, though I lost three meals by staying away from the table, as I thought discretion the better part of valor, and two or three other meals in a less creditable though more summary manner. But my dear Lottie did not lose a single meal in either way. I cannot be thankful enough that she was so entirely free from seasickness. As a gentleman on board remarked, that not more than one in a thousand would take to the sea so kindly. We had the two extremes in our company, as Miss Smith was excessively sick the whole distance and had to be helped ashore. She has scarcely rallied yet and thinks she cannot go on by sailing vessel with the rest of us. If we can find, on enquiry, that second class fare overland is at all endurable, it is a possible thing that myself and wife may be detailed to accompany her. But I hardly think it likely. We go on to London tomorrow, I suppose. Our plans will assume more definite shape then and there.

We have spent the day in visiting St. George's Hall, the Free Library and Museum, and the Great Easter. I hope you are both in tolerable health and that my little daughter is both well and good. I shall look most anxiously for particulars as to her improvement in every direction. Please assure her of our continued love and that she is remembered every day in our prayers.

Your loving son,
Thornton

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

(From my dear mother, to be read enroute to India)
November 24th, 1866

My dear daughter, my precious, precious one,

How I do wish I could know where you are today and put my finger on the very latitude and longitude of your whereabouts. Are you sick? Are you sad? How I would love to be near to comfort and cheer, but you have one with you who can do it better than I, and then you have that blessed invisible One who hath said He will never leave or forsake. May you be drawn very near to Him, dearest, and realize His preciousness as never before. Oh how sweetly He comes to those who feel their dependence and throw themselves trustfully upon Him. From the loving trust you feel in your husband you can understand a little what our dear Lord means when He says, I will be a husband unto you.¹⁷ May you know it more and more, for in proportion as you know this and feel it, it will be your peace of mind and your anxiety that others should know it, too.

Please tell me, if you can remember it, where you were today. You know it is dear little Josephine's¹⁸ birthday. If living, she would be thirteen years old. How much comfort I had in her and you together, and how much you helped me in the care of her. Do you remember how you made the fire for me when I wanted to prepare her food, and how she laughed and crowed when she saw the process? She passed through her little life very quickly and took up her everlasting song. She fulfilled the end of her existence and now glorifies Jesus fully. Let us, too, fulfill our mission, thankful that we are permitted to live to help redeem a lost world.

¹⁷ From Isaiah 54:5.

¹⁸ Josephine Hubbard was Lottie's younger sister.

Dearest, my heart goes after you. Can it be that you are really gone! How could I give you up? How could I? Only for Jesus, only for Jesus. The love that binds us to Him will bring us yet together. God bless you. Farewell, my darling child.

Your loving, longing Mother,
M. I. H.

CEHPenfield to MITHubbard

London
Sabbath Evening
November 25th, 1866

Darling Mother,

I opened your dear, dear note yesterday, and I do thank you so much for it. It is the only word I've had from home since I started. And it was so like you, O Mother, I had a good cry. I am getting along nicely. Thornton could not be kinder or more considerate than he is. I believe I love him more and more every day, though it seems as if I could not love him any better. I have nothing in him to put up with. He is all I could ask or want. Perhaps you and Fannie would like to know that I am truly happy. No private trials or anything.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick are very pleasant. So is Miss Smith, but I cannot help missing you all sometimes, especially when Thornton is away. But I suppose that is natural. I do love you all very much. I do miss Father very much. Our hugs and hits did go right to the spot sometimes. Thornton and I often speak of you, Mother, and both feel that we have to thank you greatly for our being so happy together, for in so many things we think and act alike, and it is almost always something that you, Mother, taught us. Our training being so much alike makes it much easier for us. O Mother, you are one of among many. I thank you, I do thank you for your training of me. To it I owe my present happiness, my past happiness, and any future happiness. Did ever any one except husband and I have such mothers, fathers, and sister? I thank the Lord for you all every day. God bless and keep you all.

Lottie

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Islington, London
Thursday, December 7th, 1866

Ever dear Mother,

Several reasons have conspired to prevent my writing you since reaching this busy city. Sight seeing and shopping, calls, and some 4 or 6 hours a day of study on the mysteries of the Tamil language, besides repacking many of our goods, have taken up much time and strength. Almost every day I have thought that I would begin a letter in a day or two, and yet something has still interfered. All our party except Miss Smith has suffered considerably with colds contracted through the dampness of the climate. Lottie has suffered the most and, for about a week, was not able to leave the house. Indeed, I had very serious apprehensions, for a time, that she would not soon recover from its effects, as it had settled so heavily on her lungs. But thanks

to a careful following up of the proper homeopathic remedies, she was speedily relieved and now is, I believe, well as ever.

Today has been quite wet and dismal, but we have been out to a gallery of wax figures and made a few purchases. As we have no Tamil lesson this evening, I have begun a letter to you; but as I have an engagement at 8 o'clock, I must soon leave off. On consulting my watch, I find that I must go at once.

December 11th

Don't take this letter as a specimen of what I am to do by you when I get to India, for, in the first place, you know Lottie and I have only lately been married, and our acquaintance previous was so short that we had scarcely come thoroughly to know each other, and our feelings towards each other are quite those of lovers, so that we take up a great deal of time thus. Besides, the past few days, we have visited the British Museum and the Zoological Gardens, each of which occupied the better part of a day; and yesterday Brother Herrick and I spent in visiting the Isabella, in which we hope by Monday or Tuesday to set sail for Madras. We have to fit up our cabins, though, mainly at the expense of the Board. The vessel lies quite on the other side of the City, at Blackwall, so that between two and three hours are consumed in merely going and coming. Yesterday's visit is the fourth I have made her. She is a trim vessel and looks like a fast sailer. The agents sent word to us yesterday that she would clear the customs Saturday, but the captain don't think we will be off for several days. We are rather anxious to be on our way again, for in all probability, the sooner we start, the sooner we shall arrive at Madras.

Lottie is as happy in my love as I in hers, I believe, which is saying a great deal. I wish you could have seen a letter of which I had a glimpse. In fact, I was almost tempted to take a copy to send you. You would have been rejoiced to see how high an estimate of my worth Lottie has. The only drawback is that she constantly overvalues me. We are striving to be true helps meet, each for the other, and really are so, in the divine life as well as other things. We count on a constant interest in your prayers.

Please tell Father that, after most unwearied efforts to find any of the Hills¹⁹, here, I have been obliged to give up the search. The place of business of Alfred Hill is occupied by other parties who inform me that he has become bankrupt "et non estmentus." I was told by a friend of the family that the shortest way to reach him was by letter, directed to Hamilton A. Hill, Boston. I presume he is in America somewhere.

I fear we shall not find time to write you again before leaving. Please tell our little Mary that we think of her every day and hope that she may always please the blessed Jesus and be a great comfort to her Grandpa and Grandma. We send her our love and a kiss for each cheek.

I suppose we cannot expect a letter from you before reaching India.

Your loving son,
Thornton

¹⁹ Thornton had apparently been asked by his father to try to look up the family of Alfred Hill, who was a former treasurer of the ABCFM.

Private

We are about to send by the hand of a friend a thimble for our darling Mary's birthday present. He will hand it to Father Hubbard who will probably mail it to you before the day. When you give it, you will please assure her of our wish that she will have many happy returns of the day.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

London
December 24th, 1866

Dear Mother,

We were very sorry to learn last evening that you had been sick, but were very glad to learn that you were recovering. We shall look very anxiously for a letter when we reach Madras, for further information. Letters will reach us there if sent by the 1st of February to "Madras, care of Arbutnot & Co., to be left till called for." I hope that by this time you are fully recovered so that you will be able to write to us. We are feeling anxious also about sister Sarah, for we have heard nothing since your letter telling of her sickness; but, as Thornton says no news is good news, we hope for the best.

We have had a very pleasant stay in England—have found friends who have done all they could to entertain us. We have made some purchases here, also, that we were expecting to make in Madras, so everything is just as comfortable as can be for our voyage and our house afterward. I know you will not forget us in your prayers during the next few months. We shall write you immediately on our safe arrival. Our stateroom on the Isabella is a very large one, being 7 feet long, and will accommodate three of our trunks; besides, we have purchased a chest of drawers, which will be a great convenience, as well as a comfort, on the passage.

Very much love to little Mary. Tell her she must learn to write as fast as she can so she can write and tell us if you should be sick. Don't forget us at Madras. You cannot tell what a comfort letters are. With very much love to all, I am lovingly,

Your daughter,
Lottie E. P.

TBPenfield to Cowles

London
December 24th, 1866

Ever dear parents,

We leave our lodgings for the Isabella at noon today, so I have time only for a few last words. I stumbled on Mr. Hill one day last week as I was passing along the street. And at his invitation Lottie and I took tea with him at his lodgings Friday evening. Mrs. Hill was suffering with sick headache and could not come down from her chamber. Jemima, too, was excused on account of sickness. But we passed a very pleasant evening with the former treasurer and Kate.²⁰ All begged kind remembrance to you. Last evening, coming home from church, he told me he

²⁰ Jemima and Kate were Mr. and Mrs. Hill's daughters.

had just received a letter from you, in which Father said he had been, for three weeks, watching beside the sick bed of his wife but also (to suggest relief) that she was now very much better. How thankful I am to know how it has been of late with you. So thankful, too, that I could learn of improvement as well as sickness, that I might not be, these long months to come, in suspense about the matter. We are looking forward cheerfully to the voyage so soon to commence. We feel that all the way there, will be underneath us, the Everlasting arms.

Much love to little Mary and you all. I fear that we cannot send you the thimble in time for her birthday, as we are disappointed in the person going who promised to carry it. Please forward the letter Fannie will send you for the Oberlin Sabbath School, to Brother Fitch, to be read by him to the Sabbath School, and the other to Elyria. Lottie, though much driven with her last words to her own dear parents, intends sending you a few lines with these from

Your loving son,
Thornton

TBPenfield to Cowles

Clipper Ship Isabella
Off Deal, England
December 28th, 1866

My dear parents,

I send this letter under cover to our former treasurer, Mr. Hill, who kindly offered to forward it to you. Mr. Bebrouth, our pilot, will, I suppose, take it ashore when he leaves the ship, though this may not be for several days to come.

We embarked Monday (December 24th) at 1 ½ o'clock P.M. at Blackwall, or the East India Docks, as it is often called. Mr. Hill and Catherine were before us at the docks and gave us the parting hand and farewell kiss. In their kindness and affection, they seemed the representatives of yourselves and all the dear ones we have left already so far behind. Their waving hat and handkerchief were among the last discernible objects on the dock as the tug conveyed us down the river toward Gravesend.

This place we reached towards night and dropped our anchor. Here we spent our Christmas quietly enough. Put our stateroom in order, dined on roast goose and plum pudding, had a service from a chaplain of the established Church, and wound up the evening with a game of Dominoes. We understood that our delay was due to the fact that we were short of men and the captain could find none willing to forego the pleasure of a Christmas at home or on shore. Wednesday we dropped down nearly to the mouth of the Thames. Thursday, passed around to Margate, and today have come to the very entrance of the English Channel. The wind has been some days, as it still is, unfavorable for vessels desirous of going down the Channel. So we are lying-to, close-reefed, with plenty of company near. I counted 136 vessels off the shore, under bare poles this evening.

Sabbath Evening, December 30th

We are still in the Downs off the ancient town of Deal, from which I at first dated this letter. Just round the point from the cliffs of Dover. Yesterday morning, for all we had a heavy headwind, the Pilot thought it best to take advantage of the tide to attempt the passage of the Channel. By tacking occasionally, we made altogether some 8 or 9 miles in a direct line before

the turning of the tide and the violence of the wind forced us back near our former anchorage. None of the other vessels seemed to have thought of following our example. But Oh! how fearfully the ship rocked and tossed. I was sick enough for a few hours and was glad to get to bed for the night by 4 P.M. Lottie felt pretty near sick, near enough to make her pretty miserable.

Today we are quiet and feel well as ever again. We have had no service, and the day has scarcely seemed like Sabbath. Brother Herrick spoke with the captain about a day or two since, and he said he should not read service himself, nor could he oblige his men to attend, but would be glad to have us take such a course as should seem best to us. Brother Herrick left it for the captain to [name] the hour and make the final arrangements, but the day has passed without any signal from him. About 11 o'clock the pilot thought it necessary to employ the hands in shifting the vessel to a more secure anchorage, and this may have interfered with the captain's plans.

I had intended to give you a plan of our cabin, that you might see how comfortably arranged we are, but yesterday's rocking prevented, and now it is Sabbath. If we are quiet another day, I will write you more fully; but if not, you will, I hope, from these few lines, learn something of our circumstances that will relieve your anxieties.

Your loving son,
Thornton

December 31^s, 9 ½ o'clock P.M.

The pilot has just come in and says the wind has failed him so that we will not reach the Isle of Wight quite as soon as we have been anticipating. There or at Portsmouth, which is just back of the Isle, the pilot expects to leave us. He will be glad to take letters off for us. I have suggested to Lottie that her parents and you should exchange letters this time, that you may each have fuller news of us, and then return them, if you wish.

Hosts of love from us both to our dear little Mary and you all from

Your loving son,
Thornton

January 1st, 1867, 8 ½ A.M

We have had a fine night's sail, and the pilot will leave us in about ½ an hour. The Isle of Wight is in full view just ahead. This new year has come in propitiously.

TBPenfield to AHill

Clipper Ship Isabella
December 31st, 1866

Dear Brother Hill,

First of all, allow me to wish you and your wife and daughters a happy New Year, with many pleasant returns of the anniversary. As you will see, I avail myself of your kind offer to send a few last words to Father and Mother. Their letter you are welcome to read, and if you will forward this half sheet as well, it will give them the news down to the latest date.

We left our anchorage at just about light, and have made good headway most of the day, so that the pilot thinks he may leave us by the morning. The wind was favorable yesterday so

that we might have done something, though not as well as today, by half. We kept still, however, as it was the Sabbath, and the Pilot says our progress today is because of our respect for holy time. We had the start of the whole fleet of sail by an hour or two this morning, and had distanced nearly all of them so that they were not to be seen. The wind has been mostly off the shore today so that we have had very little motion and have been very much more comfortable today than when we attempted the passage on Saturday. We have only one passenger besides our party, but he keeps up such an incessant clatter with his tongue that I, for one, can scarcely command my thoughts. So if they seem rather incoherent, you will please excuse it.

We cannot thank you sufficiently for your kindness to us. We have all felt that we were sped on our way the more rapidly and safely for the prayers in our behalf, which your good minister offered for us the last Sabbath we were in London, and which he bespoke for us from his people.

My dear wife joins me in love to you all.

Yours truly and with affection,
T. B. Penfield

1867

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(On envelope: Lottie's first letters from Madras.

[written aboard the Clipper Ship Isabella])

Madras

Monday, April 29th, [1867]

Darling parents and sister,

We are here safe and well. To get the connection, this must be read first, and the others as numbered.

Bay of Biscay

Saturday, January 5th, 1867

My own darling ones at home,

O such a time, such a time as we are having, and have had since Thursday night. Yesterday none of the ladies were up at all. Indeed, all were sick except myself. And I did not get up because I could not. The ship rolled so that I thought it was wise not to attempt it. Thornton turned in, too, about three o'clock, and we neither of us were up again all night. The ship was terribly tossed. It seemed as if every timber would be strained to pieces. Last night we were awake from eleven-thirty till morning. We could not sleep, having slept so much the day before. The water dashed so high that it had run into the cabin, over the upper decks, and even partly into our room. O the waves are grand (if I could only get out to see them). They rise clear up above the ship, O so high, and dash against her.

I tried to get up this morning but was obliged to give it up, for I found it impossible to dress. I was thrown from one side of our room to the other, against Thornton, who was trying to recover himself, seated on the floor. I could not get anything on or off, so at last, to Thornton's great relief, I succeeded in getting into bed again. I put on my wrapper and sat up in bed, with the imminent danger of being thrown out. Thornton is sick most of the time. I wish I could do something. It quieted some toward noon, and I managed to get up and to dress.

Wednesday, January 9th

My dear ones,

I do not know as this will ever reach you, but if we are prospered and reach our home in safety, you will be glad to hear of our troubles. Monday morning a very heavy hurricane struck us and, for about 24 hours, raged with intense fury. We were not sure that we should live to see the light of another day. We could keep but very few of our sails up and, of those which were spread, one after another was either blown entirely away or split into ribbons. Part of our bulwarks were washed away, and our stairs to the poop deck. Ropes were broken, and yards, too. In one sense it was a most terrible day. The first mate says that in the 28 years he has been at sea he never saw a worse gale. Towards midnight, the captain came in and said the wind was abating.

Thornton had been quite sick all day, the motion was so very violent, and towards night it turned into a sick headache. They said that such storms usually abated at 12 o'clock and, as this

did not slacken at noon, we hoped it would at midnight, which it did. We did not dare undress, for we were likely to be called up at any moment, but when the captain brought that word, we did.

The next day we rose with our hearts full of hope. You can imagine how they sank when we learned that there was every indication of another hurricane. In the course of the day, three more sails were carried away and some yards broken. The wind whistled round and round, and the great hard waves came thump against the sides with such a deadly sound. But our little ship did beautifully, not yielding to the force at all. As our first mate says, “She is a beautiful ship and does not say a word.” I cannot tell you how often in our great peril our thoughts turned homeward, but we felt that we had come here by direct leadings of Providence, and all would be right.

On Monday, all our sails were carried away except one little three-cornered sail called the “Misen stasel” or very nearly that. O how earnestly we prayed that might be left, and our prayer was heard and answered. That was the day of greatest peril I have ever known.

We all felt willing to have the will of God done, but Mr. and Mrs. Herrick are given to looking on the dark side of things, somewhat, and were not very hopeful. Miss Smith was as hopeful as could be and perfectly willing—more—glad if the time to go had come. Thornton said he seemed to have a full assurance of faith that we should be carried safely there, for he had seemed so directly called to go, yet he thought it seemed almost hoping against hope, for we were lost but for the One All Mighty to save. The thought of death made neither of us unhappy. We felt calm and quiet, but I trust that what I then passed through may never be forgotten by me. I felt that I needed the discipline, and I mean, with God’s help, to live more with eternity in view. I have never been brought face to face with death so nearly before.

I felt fully the truth of what Mother used to tell me that a Christian husband was everything, for I found it so. I don’t know what I should have done without Thornton. He was such a comfort, and we took sweet counsel together and prayed together, and “The Lord heard and delivered us out of our distress.”²¹ And we prayed that you might be impressed with a sense of our danger and lift up your hearts in prayer for our safety.

Goodnight now. Favorable breezes and God’s mercy are speeding us on our way. I was ready to die, but I wished to live a little longer if it was in accordance with His will.

Friday Evening, January 11th

We are riding along at the rate of 9 miles an hour, which is very good speed indeed. O how thankful we are. We have had quite fair winds for two days past and are now off the coast of Spain. First Mate says the ship has been through more than any of us think. The loss of the sails alone will amount to nearly 500 dollars.

Thornton is sitting by, waiting for me to play chess with him, so I will write some other time. We are remembering the week of prayer at home, and meet in Mr. Herrick’s room every day at 11 o’clock. You remember us, I know, as we do you. Goodnight.

Monday, [January]14th

Mother’s letter that came due on January 6th was such a pleasant one, and I have another to read on darling Fannie’s birthday, which will be in two days. I think of it very often.

²¹ From Psalm 34:4.

Thornton is feeling quite well today and has commenced study again. This evening we have been entertaining each other with puzzles, etc.

Yesterday we held service for the first time. Thornton led and gave a talk, scarcely a sermon. Mr. Herrick leads next Sabbath.

(Latitude 35°, longitude 18°56') Thornton was telling the latitude, etc., just now, so I thought you might like to trace us on the map. You see, we are just opposite the Straits of Gibraltar, or rather, were this noon. Now we are off Africa. Just now we are in a calm, and have been, most all day.

I was telling you about last Sabbath. Truly, all the men were in, and we got along nicely. They seemed interested, and Captain told Thornton that "it did nicely." He did not think so many would come in. Next time they must have more seats. Good, was it not? We like the captain very much indeed. He favors everything. God is very good to us.

Wednesday, January [23rd,] 1867

Our days pass so nearly alike now that I find very little to write. One day some days ago, a great number of little linnets came on board and seemed so tired that the men easily put their hands right on them. They caged us 11 and carried a number out into the fore-castle. One boy caught 8. They were too far from land to fly back and seemed exhausted from fatigue and hunger. Three of ours lived a long time, but they are all dead now. Yesterday we saw quite a large school of porpoises sporting around our ship, and the first mate called us to see a Portuguese Man of War, and there in the waves was a little fish sailing along with a little sail raised on its back (Nautilus).

Last Sabbath Thornton took charge of the services again. Mr. Herrick said his throat was troublesome and he could not, but Thornton is very glad of every opportunity of speaking to the men. The captain requested that Thornton would use the Church of England service, which he did, and preached, too, you know. All listened very attentively, and we hope and pray that the Word may sink deep into their hearts. His first text was "Yet There Is Room;" his second "What Must I Do To Be Saved?"

We are now off the coast of Africa, between the Azores²² somewhere, but although they look so near together on the map, yet we are right between them and can see no land.

Our captain is not a Christian man, as we mean—he sometimes gets very angry and uses profane language, yet he is a very kind man. I like him, but if we could only bring him to Christ. He attends services and listens very attentively. I am afraid I have not faith enough, for though I wish it very much, yet it doesn't seem as if it could be.

We are reading Bushnell's Natural and the Supernatural. It is a fine work. We study every morning and recite before dinner, so we have the afternoon to read and sew in. Last evening, the captain, Miss Smith, Thornton, and I played quoits. It is very good exercise and we need that here. It is getting very warm now. I have on my brown calico dress. Thornton has been busy making himself a sun hat; he brought none with him. He took my white straw hat that I wore last summer (derby) and cut a wide rim for it out of pasteboard and put it right over the old rim and then I covered the whole with white cloth, and it makes a very cool, comfortable hat. They wear everything for comfort. There is an awning put on the deck, and we take our chairs and rug and sit either in the former, or on the latter on the floor.

²² The ship should have been well south of the Azores by this time, based on the coordinates given and the time that had passed since the last reading; they were probably nearer the Cape Verde Islands.

We had another quite heavy gale Tuesday last week, though not as severe as the first one. It lasted 12 hours and did no damage. I am writing all this before breakfast. Thornton gets up very early and goes up on the deck to study, and I get up right after, so we have a nice long time before breakfast. Thornton got up this morning soon after six, and I a little before seven, and we breakfast at half past eight, so you see I have a whole hour clear before breakfast.

Thornton and I are very happy together and in the Lord. We shall be very happy in India, too, I know, if God spares our lives. I do love him very much. Thornton has come down now, and I must stop. I love you all so much. Goodbye.

Thursday, January 24th

I am writing again in the morning. Thornton is studying up on deck. Yesterday we pitched quoits again. I took Miss Smith for my partner, and she and I got the game three times. Pretty good for us, was it not? The other day Thornton looked into one of his coat pockets that he has not been to since we came away, and what do you think he found? I wonder if Mother remembers her lead pencil with pretty red shading that Father brought home to her and she should always be able to keep, for we all knew it was hers? Well, we have it safe and sound off the coast of Africa. I really love the little thing, and I mean to keep it as long as I live. In another pocket he found one of our old napkins with the fringe round it. He had carried lunch in it sometime. Goodbye.

Tuesday, [January] 29th

We had a most delightful shower today. Miss Smith and I were wrapped up and sat on deck through the worst of it. Thornton put on his waterproof suit, and so we were all protected. It was really worth staying up for. The clouds and water were fine. We saw a shark this morning. They put out a hunk of pork on a hook, but he was not to be caught this time. It is really quite exciting to have a shower at sea. So little happens to make any variety. It has been very warm before, thermometer at 81, but we have been almost becalmed for several days past, so any change was most acceptable.

Fannie will be interested to know that I have begun to make clover leaf tatting out of number 24 cotton, and I have to make it my own way, but it looks pretty well. What would I give to see you all. If two months seem so long, what will 12 years seem? You must not change a bit, one of you. I want you to look just as you did when I left you. I cannot think of you otherwise.

This evening, just as we were sitting down to tea, we heard a great noise—loud talking outside the door. The captain was having a man put in irons because he refused to obey him. The man was off duty and had been making a good deal of sport for the sailors by putting on an immense swallow tailed coat with red rosettes, tall hat, and high pointed collar and cuffs. All hands were ordered on deck to do something to the sails, and he came out with it on, and it made the men laugh, so Captain told him to take it off, and he said he would not do so, so he put him in irons. The men were very angry and refused to work at all until his irons were removed. They all sat down outside the cabin door and waited some little time. At last Captain took them off but still held him in close confinement, so they went back to work. The man was kept in the room next to ours on the right, which was unoccupied except by meal bags. He sang and whistled and banged at the door, but after a while he stopped and was still all night. It was quite a meeting.

The captain is young and lacks experience, but he will learn. He gets angry very easily and isn't very pleasant to the men. The first mate is quite the opposite, and the men all seem

attached to him. We like him very much, also. He is a great fierce-looking Scotchman, tall and strong, and his name is James Steel. We rely almost more on him than the captain. The captain let the man out the next morning. We have a fine set of sailors—willing and ready. They are all at work nicely.

Thursday, January 31st

Last day of January, is it not? This morning Thornton called me up on deck before breakfast to see a waterspout. We had a good sight of it, too. It was not over a mile distant, and it gradually moved further off. The dark, long streak connecting it with the clouds was very distinct. It lasted for half an hour and then disappeared. They are dangerous neighbors, and if it had struck us would have torn our sails entirely away. The captain was glad to see it go. There is a vessel very near us today. O, and we signaled it. It is from Liverpool, but we could not quite make out her name. It is very good to see a sail, though.

It is just before dinner, and we are through Tamil, which we recite at 12 o'clock. Thornton studies very hard, and thoroughly, too.

They say the ship is coming very near us and I must run out to see it.

It is very warm weather now. I am very glad of Mother's brilliant dress to wear. I am very sorry I sent on so many of my thin dresses. I want them. This and the one I made in London are all I have.

Friday, February 1st

I wish you all a very pleasant month. This morning there was a very heavy rain expected, which came in due season. Pails, buckets, etc., were set out to catch the rain. How it did pour! We caught any quantity of water. The ducks and geese were let out to enjoy it, which they did, thoroughly. The men had fine sport, as well. They threw buckets on each other, and all got drenched through. Thornton and I saw a school of several hundred porpoises this morning. The vessel we saw yesterday came so near that, with our glasses, we could see the men on deck. We asked her the time (by signals) and also her name. She is bound for Bombay, and her name is "Mahaluchmi." We recited Tamil today, also.

Sabbath, February 10th, Evening

Thornton has gone to bed, for he has been quite sick all day. We are in the trade winds now and they are quite strong, and our ship leans clear over on one side and pitches a good deal. On Monday, February 4th, we crossed the equator in the forenoon, and since then, we have been riding along fast, I tell you—8 ½ knots an hour, on an average.

Yesterday I was almost homesick. Somehow I thought of you all so much, I began to fear you were in some trouble, but at last I left it all with "Our Father" and tried to feel happy and cheerful.

I don't think I have ever told you much about Mr. Armstrong, our fellow passenger. He is a young man of thirty years, who has been, for several years, an assistant collector in India. You know, the collectors are the great men in India. He is returning back there, now. He is a drinker and smoker, but exceeding well-informed and knows it. He is evidently accustomed to the best society, but he has no idea of religion or takes interest in the things nearest to our hearts. But we get along nicely together; that is, considering parties. He sometimes drinks too much, and then he is so exceedingly pleasant and over polite it makes us feel very badly. There is no

love lost between him and the captain, either, for the captain has taken to keeping the keys of the wines, and he cannot get all he wants. We hope to do him good. He is really to be pitied.

Today Thornton read the service, and Mr. Herrick preached. The men paid very good attention. O how we hope the seed soon may spring up in some of their hearts.

I have been sitting up on deck looking at the moon and thinking of you all. Can't I have a letter when I reach Madras? If you only knew how I long for you all and wish to hear from you. Our little party are very happy together. There is a common bond that unites us. O for land, for a home. It is a long hard journey, but we are as comfortable and as happy as we could expect. We must not expect to enjoy, only endure, and we try patiently.

Tuesday, February 19th

We are 36°19' latitude today, almost ready to make easting.²³ Sabbath day it was very rough for service. Thornton and Miss Smith were both quite sick today.

You would be surprised to see how fast it is growing colder. The winds are very strong and we have been having a heavy sea swell to contend against. As Miss Smith says, all the excitement we have is in wondering where we are going to be pitched next. (While I write, I hear the captain: "Mizen de' Gallant sheet carried away," and there is a general rush of sailors to help.) On Saturday last, they killed a pig, so, according to the sailor doctrine, they expected a gale of some kind, and sure enough, Sunday brought it. The last time we had that "hurricane," they had, the day before, killed two pigs. Mr. Steel says it is a curious fact, but he never knew of a pig being killed when a gale did not follow. Yesterday the waves dashed wild and high. I was snugly guarded, sitting on the floor between Miss Smith's chair and Thornton's, when a great wave came clear up over the poop, and I was pretty thoroughly wet. Miss Smith, seeing it come, sprang and saved herself, but I, being so low and snug, could neither see or help myself.

The captain wants to go south as far as 40° and there expects to find a strong west wind that will take us right east past the Cape. And then it will seem as if we were most there. "O won't that be joyful, joyful, joyful!"

I am the only one of our party that has done any writing, yet. Thornton and I wrote to little Mary, but that is all. I knew you would be interested in our progress, and besides, I did not like the idea of being entirely cut off from you. Now I am going up on deck. They are all up there. Goodbye. I love you.

Tuesday Afternoon

I forgot to tell you something I intended to tell you this morning. And besides, I thought you would rather enjoy having something written from the Southern Hemisphere, so far south that we are beyond land except islands. Africa, strictly speaking, comes to nearly 35°, and we are now on towards 38°. We are now only waiting to catch the west wind and then go east. The log was cast about 14 minutes ago and we are going 10 knots an hour. Sabbath day, Mr. Herrick had the contents of the soup tureen spilled over on him, and the captain's glass of wine did the same, and Miss Smith's, upsetting, ran across the table right into Mrs. Herrick's lap. Everything is most unstable.

We have seen several albatrosses round the ship. The captain says they are most impudent creatures and come and sit on the side of the vessel and turn their heads one side and the other, as much as to say, "Where have I seen you before?"

²³ Altering their course to the east, past the tip of Africa.

The captain and Mr. Armstrong make ever so much fun of me. They want to know if I suppose anyone will ever take the trouble to read it all, and I tell them most confidently that “I do.”

I do wish Thornton was better. I can do nothing for him, and he is sick so much of the time. Land is the only thing that will help him, I fear. The waves come dashing over the side of our ship, and O what a ducking some of the poor unfortunates get who happen to be coming past.

I cut out one of my white dresses last week and made it. I had not enough with me to answer for me in Madras. I have been making a white underwaist, too, and lots of tatting. I have got so I can make it very nicely, and showed Miss Smith, too.

Thursday, February 21st

Yesterday morning when we woke up, we found it raining terribly, and our ship driven before the storm some 10 knots an hour, but towards noon it died off very fine. The sea birds are thick round us: albatrosses, cape terns, and smaller birds. They catch them with fish hooks, for they float on the water and swallow fish, hook, bait, and all. Tuesday night, a great wave came with such fury against our window, and forced a bucket-full right through dead lights and all, onto us, waking us from a sound sleep. We had to get up and do the best we could. Our dead lights have always to be closed in such weather, and it was dark as can be in our room but for the blinds in the door.

Thornton is much better today, and we recited Tamil. Our west wind does not come, yet, and we are creeping south-east at 2 knots an hour. The captain said he never had made such a “miserable” voyage. Favorable winds are so few and far between. It has been a pretty rough one, too.

Tuesday, [February] 26th

I wonder if you will be really interested in all that I have been writing and that I intend to write. By the time it reaches you, the circumstances will be so long past. Sabbath day, Thornton preached from the text, “Ponder the path of thy feet.”

We have had almost a dead calm for about a week. The ocean looks so like glass, or ice—hardly a ripple in it. The little winds we have had have been from the very quarter we least wished them. They were so certain of good winds here, it is a great disappointment. But the captain holds his temper wonderfully, and of course knows it is all for the best, and we are happy to have it so, since it pleases Him. But our hearts will leap when the strong west breezes come. We have been so calm that we have caught five albatrosses. I am going to send you one or two feathers for a keepsake. I cannot send the largest. Thornton has the head and beak to keep. They are most beautiful birds. They look about the size of a goose in the air, but sometimes the wings measure 15 ½ feet across. We have caught them measuring 10 feet, but they were young birds; the old ones are too wise to be caught, and I wish they all were. They have beautiful eyes and look so gentle, but it is all in looks. They would tear a piece out of a man quick enough if they could (only in self-defense, though).

The dews that fall are very heavy. Soon after 4 o’clock, while it is yet very light, you would be surprised to find your clothes really wet. Mr. Armstrong has taken a terrible cold and sore throat from sitting out in them. One needs to be extremely careful. We feel quite anxious about him. The carpenter is very sick; dropsy we think. They have brought him into one of the little cabins next to us. I think they fear he won’t live to get there.

I have been very much interested in reading Guthrie's Man and the Gospel. Mrs. Hawkins gave it to me. I have enjoyed reading it so much. Our Tamil goes on every day. I think we are getting on very well. I think of you all so often. I have none but the pleasantest recollections of each of you and my past life (outside of myself). I am so glad I have, it is such a pleasure to recall it. I so often wish I had been kinder to you and more thoughtful. Forgive me that I was not, but I did love you all most truly, above everything else. No one knows what it is to leave a home until they try it. And if I had not such a good dear husband to care for, and to care for me, I know I should come right home. But this is a plain path of duty, and I am happy in it. Were I not, I should be most miserable.

This poor carpenter in the room back of where I am sitting, how he coughs. I saw his wife. She came to the ship to see him off, a poor pale faced woman, and the tears ran down her cheeks as she bade him farewell. Poor woman—I think they fear he may not live to reach home again.

Friday, 1st March

How thankful we are. From Wednesday evening we have been sailing at the rate of 9 and 10 an hour, but the ocean is running very high. Thornton took me up on deck to see the waves, and the first mate lashed us to the mast, we standing on top of the sky light, high and dry, and then he wrapped the spanker right round us, so we were as snug as could be. If I ever wanted you here, I did then, the sight was so grand. We were up on mountains and then way down in the valley, with the great waves rolling up behind us, looking just as if they would break right over us. I cannot describe it. The waves came with such force over the lower deck that it rushed right into the cabin—into the little cabins on each side—but did not reach ours. Now they have put great planks outside, and boards inside the door, to keep off the force of the waves. Why, it's most enough to break the door down! It carried away our stairs.

Tuesday, March 11th

I have not written for a long time, and I think it must be owing to that I was obliged to have a good cry this evening for you all—a regular Mother cry²⁴—so I had to relieve myself by writing to you—poor substitute. Thornton comforts me by telling me of the nice long letters we shall find all ready for us at Madras. I don't dare to think of it, for fear of a disappointment. By the way, he met with quite a serious accident this evening. He was up swinging on the ropes, and thought to take out his pocketbook, lest it fall out, but forgot his watch. It fell out very heavily on the deck, with such force as to drive the works out of their places, and the two places where you put the keys each made a dent in the outside cover—too bad, was it not?

Today is Mr. Herrick's birthday. He is 53. We have had a good number of anniversaries. January 27th Mrs. Herrick was 50 years old; David's²⁵ comes this month; Father's, Fannie's and Mother's and little Josephine's all have come since we started, besides Christmas, New Years, and Mrs. Higton's birthday. O we have thought of them all.

Since I wrote last, until within the last week, we have been doing very little except see five whales, all spouting, a little distance from the ship, with quantities of porpoises and birds. The winds have been quite against us some of the time and then a little calm, but we have been getting along nicely for a week, and our easting is nearly made. Today we were 61°42'

²⁴ This was probably the first indication of Lottie's pregnancy; she was to deliver in November.

²⁵ David Herrick, the missionaries' son.

longitude, 33°59' latitude. Yesterday was as usual. We try to live patiently, but no one knows the discomfort of such a voyage until they have tried it.

The captain, steward, and others are very much troubled with what we call “fishmoths.” They call them “pouches.” They eat their clothes terribly. I went through my trunk today but found no signs of anything. Goodnight now. I can sleep well, and that is a great comfort. How nice Fannie and I used to sleep together. I often wake, imagining she is with me. How I do love you, one and all. We pray for you very often.

Monday, April 8th

I have been sick²⁶ over a week, my dear ones, so I could not write before, but I am much better now, so I want to try to write you a little. Everyone has been just as kind as could be, but the sea is a hard place to be sick.

We have had our hearts filled with special thanksgiving for a long time. I will tell you why. On Tuesday, March 26th, we sighted the island of Amsterdam,²⁷ which set us right as to our exact latitude and longitude. We went very near it—that is, 12 miles or so. It was in sight all day and is about 7 miles in circumference; a bleak, barren, uninhabited mass of earth which, in one place, rises to the height of 2780 foot rocks. We spent all day looking at it, for the sight of land was most refreshing, it being the first land we’ve seen for 3 months. It was so nearly calm we floated by, and then we were all ready to turn north, which we did with the first favorable wind next day. O were we not happy. We really seemed to see an end to our voyage.

Ever since, we have been blessed with a most favorable wind. We have made the biggest hole yet made for the time in our passage. We are only 7 degrees south of the equator, and Madras is about 13° north. Seven more weeks, we hope, will see us there, if we encounter no calm. Last night the wind failed and then became a head wind, but it didn’t last ahead long.

This morning when we woke, it was quite calm. About an hour ago, I heard Mrs. Herrick call out that they had caught a shark right under her window. She then opened my door and wanted me to come in her room and see it, so I slipped on wrapper and slippers and ran in and, sure enough, there was a great shark with the hook right through its immense jaws. Its flounders and efforts to escape were fearful. It was too heavy to pull up on the hook, so they let down a strong noosed rope which, after many times, they succeeded getting round his body, and so pulled him onto the deck.

O what a time he made. The men had to keep well out of his way or he would have snapped their hands or legs right off, he was so mad. They commenced cutting him up, right off. They cut off his tail, cut him open, took out the insides, and yet he would have bitten if he could, and floundered round lustily. They could not cut his head off first, for he would have bitten them, but they cut it off as soon as possible, and he soon died. Three small fishes—suckers, a foot long and less—were drawn up with him, clinging to his sides. He measured 8 feet, which is a small one, they say. As soon as he was caught, our fair wind returned and we were sailing as nicely as ever. The captain has always said if we caught a shark we were sure of fair winds—another sailors’ belief. He (shark) was fearfully hungry. They found not a grain in him, and that is why he was so fierce. He snapped three times at the hook before they got him.

²⁶ Considering her health through the rough seas earlier in the voyage, this probably indicates an onset of morning sickness.

²⁷ The Island of Amsterdam lies at roughly 80° longitude, due south of Ceylon (Sri Lanka), and 38° latitude.

I am writing in bed, so please excuse looks. I am very much interested in reading Woman and Her Savior. It is about Miss Fisk's labors in Persia and is written by that Mr. Laurie who was so kind to me in the cars, coming from Pittsfield.

Saturday, 13th April

Rejoice with us, it really seems as if we were almost there. This morn about 10 o'clock we crossed the equator. A week, if the Lord prospers us, will see us there. And yet, it is very likely not to be so, too, for winds are extremely gentle and easy in this region, but squalls are quite frequent to help us on our way. We greet them as good friends. The weather is oppressively warm. Thermometer today at 87° in cabin, but there are only about 13° more to make. I know we shall hail land. It seems as if nothing could tempt me to make the voyage again, soon at all events. O it is a hard journey, but, as Thornton often says, "When one hath gained the shore at last, Who will count the billows past?"

I meant to mention, about the shark, that the sailors had several good meals off it, and the steward asked us if we wished to taste it. Some of us did. The next morning he put a dish on the breakfast table. We did not like it at all. It tasted strong, but it looked very nice, like halibut more than any fish.

I don't know what I should do if I had not made up that brilliant wrapper just before I left home. I so foolishly sent all my thin dresses on in that great box we tried so hard to pack full, that this is all I have for common wear round the ship.

All are busy writing home now. I am very thankful I have written all I have as we went along, for I could not now remember half, and I should want you to know all. None of the rest have written at all until now. Soon we shall hear from home. O how can we be happy enough?

Tomorrow is Mr. Herrick's turn to preach, and perhaps the last Sabbath on board. I know I shall feel much better on land, and I want so many things I cannot have here. There are three things I did so long for when I was sick, and I know I could have them at home. One was a good drink of cool water from our well; the water here is so old and warm. Another was some clam soup. I know Father would get me some. The third was an orange. The last I can get in Madras, I hope, but the rest not until I come home.

Monday, April 15th

Now, I've something interesting to tell you. Yesterday, just as the third course was being helped out, all of a sudden the sailors made a rush from the forecabin on to the poop and cried out, "Man overboard!" And sure enough, way out behind us was a man's head just above the water. They had thrown out a life preserver to him and he caught it. It was the same man who had a fit the other day—"Coniers" or Mohamet, as they all call him because he is such a looking boy, hardly any neck, and looks as if he did not know anything and yet knowing, too—deep cunning.

A boat was instantly lowered, in 2 minutes, they said, but to me it seemed an age. They pulled towards him and most got him, when he turned and swam from it, and when he found them overtaking him, he tried to dive, but a man jumped right over and caught him as he was diving, so they took him in and brought him back to the ship.

Then we found he had jumped over. He had got angry and had thrown his duff (Sunday plum pudding) to the pigs, rather than give it to his mates if he did not want it, and one of them had slapped him for it, and he ran up on the forecabin and, waving his hands, said, "Goodbye boys, I'm off," and jumped over, and they all ran after him.

It was “Shaw” who hit him and who jumped over after him, the same one who was put in irons a long time ago. He is a fine fellow and has done us many good turns. They say he saved the ship by saving the sail during that terrible storm in the Bay of Biscay, and if there is anything risky to be done, he is always first to see it and be off.

They put Coniers in irons as soon as he was brought back, but he pretended to be perfectly limp and unconscious, and did not come to until this morning at six o’clock, up to which time he professed to have been unconscious since before he jumped over, but none believes him. None of the sailors have a bit of pity for him.

It was certainly a most foolish thing to do. He probably was angry, and the impulse seized him to jump over to give them trouble and spite them, for you know it is an immense deal of trouble. All the sails are loosened and the rudder brought round and the ship stopped, just as much as possible.

He is to be kept in irons until we reach Madras, where he will be delivered over to the authorities and sentenced to six months penal servitude for attempt of suicide. It is not safe to have him loose. If he would risk his own life, so he would not scruple to endanger ours, and if he would or should suddenly take a notion, and if he is subject to such fits of insanity, it surely is not safe. It made a great excitement for us yesterday.

I have burned my neck very badly in the hot wind, and it pains me greatly. Now I must stop, and I am so tired writing so much. Day and night, Coniers stands chained to six iron posts right before this cabin window, where he is seen at all hours. It is very sad.

Thursday, April 20

I wish you could know how happy we are feeling today. But I will go back to explain a little. Ever since a week ago, when we crossed the equator, we have been doing almost nothing, and, one or two days, have gone back. Yesterday was Good Friday, so we had “hot cross buns” for breakfast, and it was just 21 years since Thornton promised to go to India. All day we made it a special object of prayer that the Lord would send favorable winds. O, outside of the days when I was sick, I don’t think we have had so uncomfortable a day. The heat was scorching, not a breath of air, all a dead calm. The ship just drifted this way and that, and the ocean was so smooth, just like glass. It was stifling. Just towards evening, quite a little breeze sprang up, and we’ve been sailing on an average of 4 knots an hour ever since. And now you can hardly imagine how thankful we are. It was so hard to live yesterday.

Last night the cook got angry with the steward and said he did not give him enough water. The captain called him, and the cook was very disrespectful and angry and finally withdrew from his place as cook. So he called all hands forward and asked for one to volunteer as cook, and one “Charlie” did, so we are just as well off as ever. The cook was in liquor, Captain said. He is an old man, but very cross and wicked. It seems so sad to think of him.

Thornton has finished the Tamil grammar and reviewed it, nearly all, twice over. Now he is translating the Gospel of St. John. He is getting along nicely. I have been meaning to tell you, a great many times, how much we enjoyed that loaf of maple sugar you gave us, of Uncle John’s. It began to melt a little, so we commenced to eat it, and it did taste so good. It lasted until today. We gave some to the captain; he had never seen it before, and some to Miss Smith.

There is a very heavy squall coming up, and they have been busy taking in sails. Thornton is up on deck watching operations. Now the rain begins to come, and the wind tips the

ship clear over—more sails go down. The Lord has carried us safely through the others, and He can through this. I begin to realize what it will be to be when there is “no more sea”²⁸.”

Monday, April 22nd

Only think, we have been married six months tomorrow. Who would believe it? Yet, as Thornton says, it does seem as if we had always known one another.

Yesterday was a day of great thankfulness on our part. We had a strong wind all day, and we did clip along nicely, but it was too rough for service, or rather, there were a good many squalls so that the captain and men were very busy all day. In the afternoon we all went into Mr. Herrick’s room and had a little meeting by ourselves. We gave thanks with all our hearts.

The captain was up on deck almost all night. They sounded several times, but, as I have learned this morning, without finding any bottom. This morning the island of Ceylon was in sight, though at a great distance. It did our hearts good. Last night some of the men said they smelled land, and sure enough, there it was this morning. Not “spicy breezes,” however; only the smell of fresh earth. They say you cannot smell the spice (cinnamon chiefly), in passing, that is. All talk. A sail in sight, also. At noon we were 7°18’—Madras is 13°4’.

We are afraid you will be feeling very anxious about us. We wish you knew we were all safe. You shall hear as soon as possible, though.

Madras

Monday, April 29th

My own dear darling ones all,

We are here in Madras, here at last. How I wish you knew it already, to relieve your anxiety. We landed on Saturday afternoon, April 27th (happy day). It lacked just 2 days of being 18 weeks. The last week was such slow work, we prayed and prayed that the Lord would let us land before the Sabbath, and we had a day appointed for special prayers. Thornton said he felt sure. He had an assurance of faith that we should get there, and he would not give it up. Up to Friday, 5 o’clock P.M., we moved along so slowly, making scarcely a degree a day, sometimes a little more, until I was almost discouraged and quite gave up all hopes of landing that week. But on Friday at 5 o’clock, the Lord sent fine breezes that carried us 7 ½ knots an hour for several hours, which, together with the current, carried us in sight of Madras light house at three o’clock in the morning. O, I was so afraid we should not get in, after all; but the current carried us on some, in spite of ourselves, so that by 8 o’clock the city was in sight. How happy we were. By 10:00, the boats were seen coming out from the shore and soon reached the ship. I was so interested to get a sight of them that I climbed upon the bulwarks and watched them. The boatmen were entirely naked except the single strip of cloth round the—not waist—for it goes under them, mostly. I was much surprised to see how really good looking many of them were. Some were exceedingly pretty and dressed in the native costume, loose flowing cloth caught up round the waist for trousers, and a light purple or white or some other delicate color sack or gown, with a turban on their heads, did make them look very pretty and tasty.

To tell the truth, I saw one very young man who, except that he was dark, reminded me so strongly of Anna Graves that I could not but notice it. Now, that is a compliment to Anna, for he had the prettiest face I have seen in a long time. There are some fearful looking objects here,

²⁸ Rev. 21:1.

though, as in all countries; but taken all together, they far exceed my expectations, although Mrs. Herrick told me their features are European.

We expected no one to meet us, for the Hunts have left Madras; but, to our extreme joy and surprise, who should come on board but Mr. Burnell and Mr. White²⁹. They have been watching for us many days. They had some excuse for coming here, and so managed it as to be here to welcome us. It was a warm welcome, indeed. We had a lunch on ship, and then left with all our baggage in three boats, and were soon on land.

O the blessed pleasure of having our feet touch shore once more. I felt almost well, right off. We took a carriage, or bandy, as they call them here—just like our carriages at home, only drawn by one horse—holding four persons. We soon reached the Mission House in Royal, just a little out of the busy part of the city, although in Madras. On the way, Mr. Burnell gave each an orange. How good it did taste!

The Mission House is a most beautiful place, situated as far or a little further from the road as our house, with beautiful trees all round it and plants and flowers. There is a wide driveway, in the gate, right to the door, and round out again. The house is one story, with a veranda in front, supported by 10 massive columns of brick stuccoed over with stone colored something, I don't know exactly what. The rooms are large and the ceilings are very high; large fans suspended from the ceiling in each room, floors covered with rattan matting. O it seems like a palace to me—all so cool, airy, and comfortable. It is really a most lovely place.

At the door the ladies Burnell and White met us, much to our surprise, for we only thought the gentlemen had come. I do like them all so very much. Mr. Burnell is a very handsome, large man, so brotherly, frank, and open. We loved him right off. He is just as kind and thoughtful as he could be if we were his own brothers and sisters. He told Thornton “he did hope he was a large stout man, for they were needing a heavy accession to their Mission.” He is very funny, and with all so much clearness of head and good sense. If all the Mission are fairly represented by those we have seen, they are a noble set, and we shall be most happy here and love them all; but if they are not, we shall be happy and love them, too.

I am writing just as fast as possible so as to get through. We are so busy arranging our things. We leave here on Monday next, May 6th (tell James I wish him a pleasant birthday). I have received the three first letters³⁰, but numbers 4, 5, 6 are not on hand. Number 7 is here. I cannot bear to lose one word. I hope we may get them yet. I presume you sent word about Thornton's insurance policy in one that was lost, for it is not mentioned in any of them, or the reception of the Sabbath School letters. He does not know what word to send until he hears from you.

How I do love you all. I wish Mother could be taken up and set down in India, skipping the voyage, which she could not stand, I know. But, if she was here, I am sure she would be warm and comfortable. I think the climate would suit her nicely. The days are like our warm summer days, not as warm as I expected, although this is the warm season. I suppose it is the continued heat that is so wearing.

²⁹ Mr. Burnell and Mr. White were missionaries from the Madura Mission, where the Herricks, Penfields, and Miss Smith were going.

³⁰ Mail was carried overland or by steamships. The Penfields had taken a steamer as far as England, but the second leg of the journey had been made on a less costly clipper, so mail could reasonably be expected to be awaiting them upon their arrival.

Thursday, May 2nd

We have been packing all day today—been through all our trunks, repacking everything. It is a great hard job. Thornton has done it all, with me to tell him so. He is very tired, but we are about through now.

On Tuesday the captain came and took dinner with us. We were very glad to see him, and he us, I think. Mr. and Mrs. Burnell were invited to take tea with a man in office here, Englishman—Mr. Stevens. He was formerly a soldier and, in wandering in the woods on Sabbath day, heard singing. He went and found Dr. Judson³¹ preaching to some soldiers. He had been living with a native woman, but they both became converted and thought it right to be married, so he still lives with his native wife. It must be a great drag to him. She dresses like a white woman but is so homely and appears so awkward. Their children are all very dark, too. He is a fine looking man and has a fine spirit. O it was such a pity. (The Burnells took us with them to Mr. Stevens.)

Next day was May Day. Some jugglers came in the morning, and they really did most wonderful things, bringing great stones up from their stomachs; making live snakes out of dried skin; a cobra; showing us copper bells with nothing under them and raising them a second and, lo, three great balls under each. They beat our wonderful shows, thoroughly.

In the afternoon we went shopping (Thornton and I) with Mr. and Mrs. Burnell. I bought 6 yards cambric, 6 yards sarsenet, and tried to find flannel but could not. We four were invited to another Englishman's house, a Mr. Carbold's, a fine man in office here and a missionary of the London Missionary Society. They live in fine style, and have everything most beautiful. They seem very fine people. We went into his boarding school for native girls. Everything did look so nice. They sang for us in Tamil and English—some 45 and more little ones, some to bed, in all about 70. Mr. Burnell talked to them and prayed. They did look so pretty, all so neat and clean.

This morning the Burnells left for home. We miss them very much. They took us round all with them, just like a brother and sister. She is so very much like Julia, I almost think it is her—her ways and sayings and doings.

Tomorrow evening (Friday) Mr. and Mrs. Mobray (or some such name), a minister of a large English church here, invited us to come and take tea with them. Thornton preaches for them on Sabbath next.

We missed the mail last Saturday—landed just too late, so this cannot go before next Saturday. Thornton and Mr. Herrick are going up to the Pulneys to attend the Mission Meeting, which begins on Wednesday, May 15, and he will be gone a week. It will be then determined where we are put—probably in Madura or Pasumalie (3 miles out of Madura) for the first year, to study the language.

Plenty of hawkers come round, and I found flannel I looked so long for in one of the boxes this morning, 4 yards. I have bought tea and sugar here. I am very happy and well. I only wish you could know sooner of our safe arrival. The things in our trunk kept better than in four others. Some were moldy. Tell Miss Helen and J, if we had been out one more day we should have had a letter for them, for I had made up my mind to write next day.

Goodbye to you all. Very much love to Gabe and all my friends. I love you more than ever, my own dear ones.

Lottie

³¹ Adoniram Judson, an early missionary to India and Burma.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

([To Lottie while] on Ocean)
January 6, 1867

My beloved daughter,

My heart is very full when I think of all your love and kindness to me in the years that are past. It will always be fresh in my memory, as if it were but of yesterday, how kindly and patiently you have waited upon me when I have been sick, how tenderly you took care of me through those nights of suffering last winter. I have always been in hopes to do as much for you in the future, but the opportunity seems to be past. I must try and do for others. But my heart thanks you most tenderly, and oh, what shall I do without you? Long and dreary hours I must and shall pass, but I shall have many sources of comfort and consolation, which I shall not allow myself to overlook. Nearer my God to thee, Nearer to thee. Oh how I shall look for letters. The great cry of my inward heart will be Tidings! tidings! oh for tidings. It is sweet to love tenderly, but

“Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.”

But we will look up constantly to Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith. Author and Finisher, oh yes, the beginning and the end. This faith will bring us together again in Him. We shall come off more than conquerors.

Your loving, devoted mother, M. I. H.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

[Opened aboard Isabella, at sea]
January 16, 1867

Lottie dear,

Do you remember that this is Fannie’s birthday? What shall we give her as a token? You can write her a letter; you won’t fail to do it, dearest, unless you are sick or otherwise disabled or providentially hindered, will you? A letter or part of a letter. How much she will think of it. These are pleasant anniversaries, and the notice of them helps to bind us more closely together. How little I thought, when Frances was given to me, that she would live to see this day, she was so delicate.

How the dear Lord has blessed me in my children, and how I do thank him for it! “Bless the Lord oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.”³² And among my children I now reckon a son, and I thank Him for this blessing, also, and pray that I may be able to fulfill my duties in this new relation to the acceptance of the Master.

Pray for me, my dear children, for I do want to do more for my Lord and Master than ever before, and, by and by, may we all be so happy as to receive His approbation.

Ever and lovingly yours, Mother

³² Psalm 103:1.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

New York
February 3rd, 1867

My very dear daughter,

I have enjoyed the precious privilege of being out twice today, both times at the Home chapel.³³

February 9th [1867]

I was interrupted above and have not been able to write again until now. A whole week passed, and nothing written to my dear children. But oh how much you have been in my mind, and how constantly and earnestly I have prayed that you might be strong in the Lord and enabled to do good, as you have opportunity. I took cold in the afternoon of last Sabbath and was quite unwell for several days, not able to use my eyes much. It was very warm, and I left off my sontag, which was imprudent.

I was going to say that we had a very sweet sermon from Mr. Sabine on the preciousness of Christ. It is an Episcopal Church, but I enjoyed the service very much. In the afternoon, one of our little Home children was buried and Mr. Sabine attended the funeral. He talked well to the children and all present.

It has been a busy week. We are trying to fill a box, again, for Miss Drummond. I have received answers from several persons to whom I had written, and enclosed a copy of her letter. All have sent me something, and one gentleman in Rhode Island sent me a hundred dollars!! Was it not good? You don't know how surprised I was. I thought I might get twenty or twenty five; once or twice I thought of fifty, but that seemed a fabulous sum, and now to get 100! I can hardly realize it. I thank God, and take courage. He is one of our Home donors and had made the inquiry in one of his letters how he could send to the freedmen³⁴. Three other gentlemen have contributed five dollars each, and Mrs. Osborn sent me three dollars. We shall get off a box soon, to our great joy.

Cousin John called today, just arrived from Naugatuck. He has been there the last four months in Mr. Ackerman's rubber establishment. He looks jaded and worn. He says Aunt Martha fell and broke her hip bone, three weeks since. She was walking across the room, caught her foot in her dress, and fell. He thinks she will not recover. How they do seem to have trouble upon trouble! I do hope it may be sanctified.

We have just finished reading "Six Years in India," by Mrs. Humphrey, a Methodist Missionary. Her station was in the northern part of India. She has returned on account of poor health. I will send you the book. I think you will like to know something of the experience of others. I am going to send it to the Dodges to read first. I think we will send you a package of papers soon. Miss Howland³⁵ tells me they send from the Mission rooms once a month, and we can send them and not wait till we get a box. I told her to send you the Advocate. You are

³³ At the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, in New York City.

³⁴ The Hubbards were also actively supportive of the Freedmen's Bureau, for which Miss Drummond had been seeking donations.

³⁵ Miss Howland may have been a relative of the Howlands who were missionaries at the Jaffna Mission in Ceylon.

entitled to it as a Life member, and we will pay the postage. Tell me if you are charged anything there. Frances has quite a pretty piece all ready to go in. Mrs. Bennett³⁶ likes it very much. It is entitled "Coaxing like." You will find it, I rather think, in March 15, possibly March 1st.

Fannie has gone to Montclair to spend a week. She will spend the Sabbath at Mr. C. P. Baldwin's. Thursday, she will call on Mrs. William Torrey. We have received a card for you and Thornton and one for ourselves. Fannie had two, at different times—a mistake, I suppose. The bride and groom are at Washington. I will send your card in the package. I believe I told you that Mrs. Dwight's little boy was dead, died suddenly of croup. Mr. Abiathar Harrison is also dead, took cold in church on the Sabbath and died in the course of the week.

[February] 13th.

I can hardly believe I have so long neglected my writing, but I have had "such a many things to do." Mrs. Bennett has been quite sick and Mr. Bennett is away, had a summons to Utica as a witness, so it leaves us with double duty; then our box for the freedmen, then Cousin John came last evening and spent the night. Fannie being away, too, I feel quite a weight resting on me, and I have had as much as I could do to keep up with the different things.

Our donation to the freedmen is quite a success. I bought 18 good under garments at the Employment Society of the Dutch Church, for \$15.44. Garments have also been sent in by different individuals, and today we have had a donation from the Home of some 200 small garments, of which they have a surplus. We shall get this box off in a day or two. We have already sent a box of shoes worth 118 dollars, for which we paid sixty; four barrels of broken crackers donated by several bakers. Have we not been fortunate? Won't I be glad to see Fannie when she returns! A week tomorrow since she left, and what a long week! What would I do if she were to be gone as long as you are? But I cannot write more tonight, have just been in to see Mrs. Bennett. She is suffering very much, and your father has gone for the doctor. Good night, dearest.

[February] 15th.

The doctor came, relieved her. She had a better night. (interrupted.)

[February] 17th

I feel almost guilty that I have not finished and sent my letter before this, but it has not been in my power. Friday night Gennie Slate came, quite unexpectedly, with her father. I asked her to stop, and her father seemed quite willing to have her spend the Sabbath with us. I was very glad to have her, but knew, of course, it must add to my care, as Mrs. Bennett was sick and Fannie away. However, we made the best of it, and I prepared the little bedroom for her and tried to make it pleasant. I spoke with Mr. Bennett about it, and he said, "Have her stay, by all means, and spend the Sabbath." She and Fannie went over this morning to hear Mr. Beecher. They met Mr. Slate downtown and he went with them.

I have been at home all day, tired—headache—but sweet peace of mind—have been with you in spirit, your surroundings sometimes seem more real to me than those which are immediately about me.

³⁶ While staying in New York City to work, the Hubbards boarded with the Bennetts. Sarah R.I. Bennett was the Director of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless.

Oh how glad I was to see Fannie yesterday morning, and how glad I should be to welcome you, but oh, how glad I am to have a child on the way to the heathen with the precious Gospel. I had a long interview with an early friend of mine, a few days since. She thought she married in the Lord, but there has been a woeful backsliding on the part of her husband, and her trials have been very sore. Still, faith holds out, and she is looking for him to be brought back and for the conversion of her children. “Oh,” said she, “if I had a child who would give themselves to the Lord as a foreign missionary, I could shed only tears of gratitude. You are thus blessed; be thankful.” I told her I was, indeed I was, and so thankful that my precious daughter—here I was interrupted, cannot think what I was going to say.

It is now the 22nd. Washington’s birthday and a general holiday. Our gentlemen are all home. Fannie is making some gelatin. Your father and I are going this P.M. to carry it to a sick young man at St. Luke’s Hospital. He was one of our Home boys and has done very well indeed, was in the army and, since, has been doing well in this city, has become a Christian, is now failing with consumption, but happy.

Mrs. Bennett has been worse again, and I have had, of course, much care and anxiety, which will account for my not writing. She is obliged to give up the paper entirely, and we are about making an arrangement with Mrs. Brown of Brooklyn—temporary only—for the editorial department. It lays quite a burden upon us, and upon me, in particular, but I trust I shall have strength and wisdom for the emergency. All the ladies seem to look upon it as a kind providence that I was sent to them this winter. It was wonderful, truly; and that I have been so well.

Last Wednesday, we had another real old fashioned snow storm, but I went to the Home. There were only two other ladies there, so we had not a quorum. However, the day was very important to us, for we talked over many things which needed special attention. Your father went over with me and called for me at night. I don’t think I could have got over alone. The wind was so high and the snow so deep and falling fast and blowing in every direction. Your father came up in the 4th Avenue cars, and so frequently did the passengers have to get out and push the car, that when they got up to the Bible House, they left the car entirely and walked the rest of the way. He was pretty cold and tired when he got to the Home, and I did not wonder at it when I found how he had worked his passage.

And now my letter must be brought to a close. I presume it will reach Madura before you will. I shall send it by the way of Boston, and very soon will send a small package with Thornton’s book, “The Minor Prophets.” Oh how rejoiced we shall be when we hear that you have received our letters. And oh how glad when we get your next. We have watched in vain for the Isabella to be spoken. My heart goes out to you both. Oh if I could only see you for just one hour.

And then the many thoughts that come to comfort me are very sweet. Mr. Slate brought a very pleasant account, from Mrs. Herrick, of your cheerfulness and sailor-like endurance³⁷. God keep you, my precious one, and make you a comfort to all that are about you. I sometimes wonder whether dear Thornton has repented of his choice. If so, he has no one to blame but himself and his quiet persistence. If I could go where this letter is going, how my heart would jump. But we must each labor in our appropriate sphere, till the Master says, “Come up higher.” A heart full of love to you both.

Your own Mother

³⁷ Mrs. Herrick’s letter would have been sent from England.

Your father has gone up to see the boy at the hospital alone. He thought it was too chilly and damp for me to go out. So I will go some other time. Emily has just come in. She did not go home last night. It stormed so bad. Her father was three hours getting home. She looks very bright and happy, sends much love to you. I don't know how to stop writing. Must begin another letter right away. Write me for anything you want because we shall hardly know what will be most useful.

Mother

Mrs. Bennett sends much love.

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

(Please send this to little Mary—Mother Cowles letter was too long.)

Monday, February 4nd, 1867 [Date changed to 2nd, in a different hand]

My dear little Mary,

Today is your birthday³⁸, you are seven years old, and though your father and I are a great way from you, we have thought of you very often, and have said how pleasant it would be, if you could spend the day with us. But we are too far off for that. We are way out in the Atlantic Ocean, off Africa. We crossed the equator today. Perhaps your grandma will show you where we are on the map.

It will be a long time before you can get these letters, but when you do, you must think that we wrote them on your birthday and would have sent them to you if we could.

As we were walking up and down the deck one evening, a great many little birds flew onto the ship. They were so tired and hungry that they let us put our hands right on them. The sailors caught a great number and brought some to us; in all we had over nineteen. The steward fixed up a box for them and fed them on pounded oats and water. Some lived quite a while, and two lived a month. But one morning they got fighting. The next morning one died, and the other soon followed. So we lost all our linnets. They must have come a great many miles and either lost their way or were too tired to fly back.

The other day, as we were looking at the water, all of a sudden three great fishes jumped right out, and then the whole ocean seemed to be filled with them. They came and played under the bows of our ship. So the first mate took a harpoon and threw it right through one of them, but it was such a large one that it broke right away, and immediately they all disappeared. We did not see one after it. They were porpoises.

How are you getting on with your worsted work? I am very glad that my little girl can do it so nicely. I shall think a great deal of the work she made for me, and I shall always keep it. A little girl seven years old can do a great deal to help others and to make those round her happy. I hope you are trying to be a great help as well as comfort to your dear grandma and grandpa. They are doing a great deal for you, and the only way you can repay them is by doing exactly as you know they would wish you to do, in every little thing. Your father and I have a little book that we read a verse out of every day. The verse for today is one that I should like to have you

³⁸ Mary's actual birthday was February 2, 1860. Her father had misremembered the date as February 4, so that was the date on which the birthday letters were written.

learn and say to yourself very often. It will help you to do right if you will think of it: “Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.³⁹” I am looking forward very anxiously to the time when you can learn to write so you can write letters to us.

Give a great deal of love to your grandma and grandpa, your uncle, aunt, and cousins. I hope you will have a very pleasant day. With much love to you, I am

Your affectionate mother,
C. E. Penfield

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Clipper Ship Isabella
February 4th, 1867 [Date changed to 2nd, in a different hand]

My dear little daughter,

I have not forgotten that today⁴⁰ you are 7 years old.

If I were at Oberlin with you, or if you were here on the ship with me, I would give you seven kisses, one for each year you have lived, and one more to grow on. As it is, I can only write about them, and when you get this letter you will have to imagine that you have got them, or perhaps Grandma will be kind enough to put them on your cheeks for me. Dear little cheeks! How your father and mother would love to press them to ours, and perhaps we may once more, some day, if our kind Heavenly Father spares our lives several years longer. By that time, you will be a young lady and perhaps be nearly through with your studies. I presume you can spell and read pretty well by this time and hope you will take pains and follow your copy carefully so that you can soon write us short answers to our letters.

I hope you will go alone to pray by yourself for a short time every day. Take your Bible with you and, beginning at the 1st chapter of Matthew, read slowly and carefully about 10 or 15 verses. Begin each day where you left off the day before. Never mind if you find a good many hard names sometimes. It is better to read it all as it comes, I think. If you think of what you read, and ask the Lord to help you understand it, you will almost always find some thing that will help you to live near to the Blessed Jesus and to do what is right.

I pray for my dear little Mary both morning and evening every day, and it will rejoice me more than anything else to hear that you are trying to do, in all things, just what will please God.

I hope my Darling will never, never, take anything that does not belong to her or tell what is not true. Only think how sad I should feel if I should ever hear such an account of you. And even if no one else should see you or know of it, remember “Thou God seest me.” Sometimes little girls will try to make you promise not to tell anybody about what they have done or told you, but it is better not to promise them any such thing but to let them know that you always tell your Grandma everything. That is the way I used to do when I was a little boy, and it saved me from a great deal of evil.

I have been thinking a great deal about you today, and what you were doing. I presume you are glad to be near the stove today, while we are glad of a shade from the hot sun and would like a little ice to cool our water before we drink it, for we have crossed the equator today. I suppose your cousins have been in to make you a visit today and have given you a few presents.

³⁹ Psalm 17:5.

⁴⁰ Mary’s actual birthday was February 2, 1860. Her father had misremembered the date as February 4.

We bought one in London for you, which we thought would get to you by today, but the man who promised to take it disappointed us, so we must take it to India with us and see if we can find some way to send it to you from there. I wonder how Dolly⁴¹ is getting on. Is she talking much yet? Perhaps you will write us about her and tell us what she says.

How many tunes can you play on the melodeon by this time? We shall look for an answer as soon as possible after you get this. Please give much love to your little cousins and keep a good share for yourself from

Your affectionate Father,
T. B. Penfield

TB Penfield to MIT Hubbard

Ship Isabella
March 25, 1867

I cannot allow the anniversary of your birth to pass by without writing you a few lines, at least. I never before had any adequate idea of the wide world of waters. For days, weeks and months we have been sailing and sailing without sight of land. We have passed through the Tropics from mid-winter on one side to early winter on the other; have seen the ocean in all its different moods, now sleeping quietly as the bosom of a placid pool, and now lifting up its hands on high and rushing with irresistible force. We have seen the early dawn full of promise, the noon darkened by the scowl of the passing hurricane, and the evening glorious in its sunset, in gorgeous colored clouds, and the night with her myriad eyes looking down upon us from peaceful depths in a cloudless sky.

Both storm and calm have hindered us on our way, and baffling headwinds have driven us from our course, yet no disaster has been permitted to disable the vessel. We have just about run down our longitude and hope, after sighting the island of Amsterdam tomorrow, to set our face northward and run for Madras.

One day seems so similar to another that I incline to give you a "specimen brick." I rise at or soon after 6 A.M., take a few turns on the poop deck and note the direction of the wind and the progress of the vessel and learn what we have been doing during the night. After a few breaths of fresh air I sit down to study my advance lesson in Tamil. At 7½ I call Lottie, and at 8:20 we have our family worship. Most of the time we two compose the family and read by the light which comes through the thin curtain before our door and then between the venetians in the door. But on days (a few of which we have just had) when the waves are not high and the vessel rocks but little, our dead lights are open and we have the use of the port window, and Miss Smith joins our number. After she leaves we read our verse for the day and kneel again in silent prayer. After breakfast we together study the review lesson until 10 when, with Miss Smith, we recite it to Brother Herrick. This occupies an hour or an hour and a half. The remainder of the A.M. is devoted to exercise, which Lottie and I take together on the deck, either with grace hoops or in a promenade. In the latter, our tongues run faster than our feet, as we talk of the past and the future. Dinner is at 1 P.M. and the previous hour is filled with miscellaneous duties. After dinner we read, by turns, something solid or entertaining till 3 P.M., when I finish the

⁴¹ Dolly was Mary's pet parrot.

preparation of my advance lesson in Tamil while Lottie sits by, engaged in tatting. At 4 P.M. I recite my lesson, Lottie sometimes sitting by, at other times conversing with Mrs. Herrick on household matters, etc. As soon as my recitation is over we repair to the poop deck and spend the time till supper, which comes at 6, in pitching quoits, Lottie and Miss Smith, the captain, Brother Herrick, and I. After supper we generally have an hour or so on deck, in moonlight or pleasant weather, in some sort of game, as my eyes forbid my reading or studying, and before retiring I generally take one last promenade on deck. So the days, quite filled up, pass rapidly by. More anon.

From your affectionate son,
Thornton

Much love to Father and Sister, as well as to my mother.

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Indian Ocean
April 13th, 1867

Dearest Mother,

Many pleasant wishes were wafted toward you and dear brother Smith on the 4th of this month, when you completed your 67th and he his 30th year. I had intended the same day to write you a letter, but the unsteadiness of the vessel, among other things, rendered it quite out of the question. We crossed the equator, for the second time, today just after noon. Five days sailing as good as the best of the voyage would carry us to Madras. However, this we do not expect, for we are in the region of storms and calms and variable winds. For the past few days we have been, as well; yet we have made an average run of two degrees per day, which would take us in within a week. The fact, however, that we have not had a calm of more than a few hours duration, as yet, makes it perhaps only the more likely that we shall be becalmed soon.

April 26th

Still at sea, though we have only about a degree and a half of latitude to make and less than one of longitude. Since writing the preceding, we have had light, variable winds and calms every day, so that we have scarcely made a degree, some days, and others, only a mile or two over.

This is Friday noon and, as we have been going of late, we are likely to get in Sabbath coming. We have been hoping and praying that we might get in and be comfortably located before the Sabbath, and of course we still may, very easily, for there is left only what we have, at times, done in twelve hours. If we get in late tomorrow night or on the Sabbath day, we hope the captain will allow us to remain on board till Monday. If we land Monday, it will be the very day I guessed we would; for you must know that, when we were a little more than a month out, we all made our guess as to how long a voyage we would make. Lottie guessed 19 weeks from London. I guessed 18. Miss Smith, 17, and Brother Herrick, 16.

But I believe no mention has, as yet, been made, in our letters to you or Mary, of a hurricane that struck our ship in the Bay of Biscay, on Monday the 7th of January. And, surely, gratitude for our preserved lives should prompt the mention, as well as the desire we know you have to learn the prominent events of our voyage. For a day or two, it seemed as if nothing but

shipwreck was in store for us. As the storm increased, our light sails and some of the heavy ones were taken in, and all our heavy ones that were left out were blown to pieces, except one strong three cornered stay-sail. This was all we needed to keep the ship's head to the sea, but how long this could resist the action of the elements we hardly dared to think. The tackling with which it was held to the ship's side, at one corner, at length began to give, and at the risk of his life, one of the sailors sprang up with a stronger tackle and secured it.

But what was our experience during those terrible hours? I can scarcely tell, for I can not now vividly recall it. But I know that we felt as if the messenger was at the door, waiting only the Master's nod to summon us to His presence. I felt quite peaceful and prayerful, but how much of this came from the hope (I might almost say the assurance), which never for a moment left my mind, that we should be permitted to reach India and tell the heathen of Christ, I can not say. I am not at all sure that I could have been as calm and possessed if I had expected to go at once to a watery grave. But the Lord brought us safely out of all our distresses.

I was seasick at the same time, which added greatly to the discomfort of the days. In fact, I could scarcely hold up my head the latter part of the time. The motion was so great that we could not stand or sit still without holding on by something stationary. Even on our berth, it was with difficulty that we kept from being thrown out.

We lost, all together, about half a dozen large sails, which we missed, somewhat, at first. However, we had enough spare sails (some of them quite old) to get on pretty comfortably, and our sail makers toiled early and late, day after day, to get us in proper trim again.

Our voyage has been long and tedious. I have been rather seasick in the roughest weather, and Lottie, for a month or two, has not been very comfortable. We both long to be again on land. The first mate has just been in to report to the captain the fact that the sun looks rather sick. I hope it may not prove a premonitory symptom of another hurricane.

I will leave a page or two to fill after reaching land.

Royapooram, May 3rd

You will rejoice to learn that we are in India at last, stopping at our Mission premises in the pleasant suburb of Madras. We are only two blocks from the beach, and the roar of the surf gives us music by day and by night. It is just about two miles to the city. We hire a bandy (or coach) nearly every day, and some of us go in for shopping, sight-seeing, or dining with friends.

The Isabella came to anchor about noon of Saturday last (April 27th). Almost immediately after, Brothers Burnell and White of our Mission came on board and gave us such a welcome! They and their wives have been in Madras a few days for a change of air. We like them very much, especially Brother and Sister Burnell, who have taken us right into their hearts; and, from experience, we can testify that their hearts are by no means small. They could not have treated us more cordially had they been blood relations. We learn that our goods, sent from Boston on the Bennington, came some time since and have been forwarded to Madura, already. We are to dine, this evening, with the Rev. Mr. Mowbrey of the London Missionary Society, whose invitation I have accepted to take his service in English, the evening of the coming Lord's day.

Monday next, we set out on our journey to Madura. We have one day's travel by rail, and between four and five days, I believe, in bullock bandies. There the ladies rest while Brother Herrick and I go on to attend the Mission Meeting on the Pulneys. We shall have about two days' journey before us, and hence must start again by Monday, as the meeting is to begin Wednesday. It is expected to last about one week. I am told that, as the youngest member of the

mission, it will be my part to collect the votes. I shall have, of course, no vote myself till I have been here one year.

In the course of two or three weeks, I will try to find time to write you again. We find one letter from you, bearing date 22nd January, and hope for more soon. Love to you all,

from your loving
Thornton

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

[On shipboard]

Tuesday, April 23rd, 1867

My very dear Mother,

Today is something of an anniversary with Thornton and me, for we have been married just six months. I sometimes wonder where the time has gone; it seems to have slipped by so swiftly, and yet, when we think of the time we were at home and saw our friends and started on this long journey, it seems four times as long. But now we hope soon to reach Madras, some time this week. Of course, it is very uncertain, but we do most earnestly pray for and desire it.

Yesterday morning we sighted the island of Ceylon. It was a long way off, but it was a most cheering sight. If we had strong breezes, two days would put us there; but God, in his providence, is sending very light winds, and half the time dead calms, so we have to exercise patience and abide His time. Though you cannot tell how we long for land. We have been treated nicely on board ship and have had all the comforts possible at sea, yet the life is a hard one. By the reckoning this noon, we are 8 degrees 21 north, and Madras is only 13 degrees 4; as you see, we have only about five degrees to make.

The strangest thing happened, Sabbath before last, I think I ever heard. While we were sitting at dinner, all of a sudden the cry came, "Man overboard." We all ran to see, and then, sure enough, way at the stern of the ship was a man's head just above the water. They had thrown a life preserver to him and he had caught it. A boat was instantly lowered and they soon reached him when, to our astonishment, he turned right away from them, let go his life preserver, and tried to swim away from them; and when they caught up to him, tried to dive. But a man jumped over after him and drew him into the boat. When the captain came to inquire, he found he had got angry and thrown all his duff (plum pudding) to the pigs, instead of giving it to his mates if he did not wish it. Then he had gone onto the forecastle and said, "Goodbye boys, I'm off." and jumped over. As soon as they got him into the ship again, he was put into irons, and is to be kept there until they reach Madras where he will have to serve six months penal servitude. He said, next morning, that he did not know anything about it until that morning, but they do not believe him.

We have had a very pleasant voyage, our cabin large, and officers all very kind and obliging; but a voyage at sea, with the very best accommodations, is most tedious and trying, and we long for the end. Thornton and I fully intended writing you on your birthday; we spoke of it many times, for days before hand, but when the day came, I was sick, and it was so that we could not write on that day, so we spoke of you and all our friends, and wafted you many good wishes, but postponed our writing until another day.

The weather is extremely warm, almost suffocating just now, for there is a calm prevailing and hardly a breath of air stirring. The ocean from out my window looks about as

smooth as ice. How many, many times I have spoken to Thornton of those splendid apples we had from your orchard; what a treat one would be now. They have no apples at all in India, so I suppose we have eaten our last for many years. We have had service every Sabbath, but one or two, since starting. Thornton preaching one Sabbath, and Mr. Herrick the next. They use the Church of England service because the captain desired it. How good it will seem to have our form of worship once more.

Friday, April 26th

We are slowly creeping yet, making, on an average, one degree a day. It is very slow work. We did so want to land this week, but there is little prospect of that now, and all we can do is to wait, and that is very hard work. We have all been praying that the Lord will send us on our way, and he does not see fit, so we must receive ...⁴² ...be very happy I am sure. But we intend to be so, whether we find them so or not.

May 3rd, Friday

Dear Mother, here we are in Madras at last. We landed on Saturday, April 27th, making us out only two days short of 18 weeks—a long passage, though we find, on arriving here, that all ships have made long passages this year, and ours has been a pretty fair one in comparison to the rest. We landed just in time to lose that day's mail home, so our letters had to lay over ...⁴³

Thornton will go right to the Pulneys to attend the meeting, where it will be decided where we are to be put. We are both very well, much better than on ship board. We like Brothers Burnell and Tracy very much. Brother Burnell has taken us right with him all round, just as if we were his brother and sister. He and his wife could not have been more kind. Good bye. Very much love to all.

We received your letters. Hope you are much better now. We are anxious to know.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #1

Madras

Sabbath Day, May 5th, 1867

My own darling ones,

What great joy do you think I have had today? I will tell you. At 7:30 this morning Mr. and Mrs. White, Thornton, and Miss Smith started off to attend a Tamil service and breakfastation with the minister, Mr. MacDonald, and from there they went to the great Episcopal Cathedral. They reached home about half past one. I did not feel like taking so long a tramp, so stayed at home and rested, took a bath, laid down, read, etc., but before they returned I began to feel a little lonely without Thornton so long. But before I became quite overcome, the postman came with two letters for me, one from darling Mother and one from Anna West. O they did make me so happy. Mother's was the one containing an account of Miss Drummond's box,⁴⁴ Fannie's article (ahem), etc. (one daughter a missionary, one son a minister, and one

⁴² Here the page is torn away.

⁴³ Here the page is torn away.

⁴⁴ Miss Drummond collected donations to send to the freedmen; the Hubbards were involved in helping to solicit and collect donations to include in Miss Drummond's box.

daughter an authoress). Mr. Hubbard's two daughters and son "will immortalize their names yet." I hope another⁴⁵ will be careful not to do too much.

I forgot to tell you about our leaving the ship. After we left the captain, when we went out, we found all the sailors standing round, so we shook hands with them, and they did seem sorry to have us go. The tears actually came into the eyes of some of them. After we had gone a little way, we heard the sailors, all gathered on the ship's side where we had just come over, give us three long cheers. We waved our handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen returned the cheers. They then answered again, waved the ship flag, and returned to their work. It was very pleasant to us to have them feel so friendly towards us, for we really felt very badly to leave them all. They had been so faithful.

Thornton has just received a letter from Rev. Rendall, of welcome; yesterday came two, one from Mr. Chester and Mr. Capron, and others have arrived all along. They cheer us very much. I long to see you all often, and I often tell Thornton, if it were not for him, I could not possibly stand it so long from home. We have paid nothing on any letter received so far. I shall love to see the Advocate. It will look so like home.

Wednesday Noon, May 8th, 1867

All our little party have got so far on our journey "down-country." We left Madras at 7 o'clock Monday morning on the railroad. Riding all day, we reached Erode, 243 miles, at 7 in the evening. It was a long, hot, dusty ride, but it gave us such a nice lift on our way that we felt far from complaining. When Mr. and Mrs. Herrick first went over the road, they went in palanquins and it took them 15 days, whereas we shall be less than a week. At Erode we had sent word to have bandies waiting, but no bandies were there, so the men made a great talk, wanting altogether too much money, but at last closed the bargain and left, saying they could not start before six next morning—in which case, we should have to ride all through the heat of the day. So we spread out our mattresses, loosened our clothes, and lay down on the floor of the depot for the night. At 11 o'clock in the evening, however, the bandies appeared, and by 12 we were fairly started. They were probably ready when we arrived at Erode, but they hoped to make more money by making it appear very difficult to get them. However, we started.

I so often said, "How I wish my friends could see us! How they would laugh with our bags packed around us, our hats, umbrellas, etc., tied overhead, our mattress laid in the bottom, and we on them, in a cart resembling gypsy wagons, open front and back, no springs, and native bullocks, going at the rate of two miles an hour." All was indeed a new experience to us. Thornton and I rode together in one, and we had three more.

About 7 o'clock next morning we arrived at a sutteram (resting place), where we rested and took food, having gone in the 7 hours, 14 miles. The sutteram was a place built with bare walls, so we laid down our mattress and napped as we could. This is a much poorer place than you usually find. At 4 P.M. we started again and have ridden all night, 26 miles more, to this place. We rested in our bandies two hours or so, at 12 o'clock, for the oxen to feed. This is all the paper I have, so I must stop.

About two hours later—

In hunting through my bags, I found, in the side pocket, this piece of paper, so I will write closely on it to make it last as long as possible. I will tell you about our last night's ride.

⁴⁵ Mrs. Hubbard was inclined to undertake more than her health could withstand.

It was very hot when we started, and very dusty, but soon the wind began to rise, and soon after dark we had quite a shower. It cooled the air very much, so much that we were obliged to put our lap robe over us to keep from feeling chilly, but that soon passed away and it became as warm as usual. Our carts were filled with a good deal of straw so as to make it as easy as possible, and I found it much more so than the night before, as then we had been riding all day, and I was very tired without starting right off again. But we had a long rest in the sutteram and I felt much refreshed. To start with, Mr. Herrick told Thornton that he would spare neither expense or trouble to get either a palanquin or a spring bandy for me, but it was impossible that part of the journey; but now here, I shall go much more comfortably. Mr. Chester (Thornton's classmate) has sent his own oxen and spring bandy, especially for me to ride in, clear from his station at Dindigul, 48 miles, and has stationed oxen on the way so we can get to his home tomorrow morning. I think Mr. Burnell wrote him about it. At any rate, I overheard him talking about it. They are all very kind and thoughtful, for, although I am pretty well when I can be in the house and quiet, traveling is hard for me, at best.

You don't know how delightful it is to wake early in the morning, when all is cool, and watch the natives then astir, going either to their work or for water, etc.; and the country is beautiful. This morning we saw an ant hill—black ants. Thornton says it was 8 feet or more high, as tall as my shoulder and the shape of a cone, like a hoop skirt in shape. It was really wonderful. Then we saw a heathen temple, a pagoda of dark colored stone. The women carry their babies over their hips, sort of straddle legs. I saw one little creature being carried by its mother in this way. It was a few months old, I should think. It had not an article of clothing on, at all, but on each of its wrists 4 great gilt bracelets, and three that looked like silver, just above each elbow. On further, I saw another little girl running along. Very little she was, with nothing on except a bracelet around each wrist and each ankle, and I believe it had rings in its ears. I have seen some women with enormous rings in their noses, which make them look horribly disfigured. They hang clear down over their mouths. But as a general thing, all the native women dispense with that ornament.

I think Thornton is just returned from a little walk out to look around. He has found a car like the picture of Juggernaut we see. Opposite, he saw a kind of school, which seemed to be of a high caste; some were writing on the sand and some on the palmyra leaf.

I forgot to tell you that we were stopping in a regular bungalow for accommodation of travelers. It is really a very nice building, has tables, chairs, cots, etc. A native has the care of it, and here we found conveniences for washing and bathing. There we found Mr. Chester's bandy and man waiting for us; so here we are, resting until after dinner, when we shall start again to ride until we reach Mr. Chester's house. We have already made the hardest part of our journey. The Lord does keep us wonderfully.

Dinner is about ready now. We have two servants with us. They cook our food. This morning we had eggs and chicken cutlet, small potatoes, oranges, dates, tea, bread and butter, and lemonade. I believe we are to have mutton and bananas, etc., for dinner. So we cannot starve, you see.

Tuesday, May 14th, Madura

You see, we see at last the end of our long, long journey. I cannot begin to tell you how happy we are to get here, and so safely. The last I wrote was in the bungalow at Conoor, I see. We left there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but we were obliged to cross the river very soon, or rather a river, whose waters had "come down" in consequence of the rains. Our bullocks

refused to go toward the river; they hated to cross so much. All the goods and everything, except the bare bandy and bullocks, were taken out and, after being nearly submerged in the water, i.e. bullocks, all the bandies and bullocks reached the opposite shore in safety. We and our goods were carried over in a basket—a round basket. The outside was covered with cloth, painted or oiled, and the inside bamboo. It was just the shape of a bowl and perhaps 10 feet in diameter. Ten persons rode across. The natives got us over by wading and swimming across, pushing it, while one or two rode and pushed it with long poles. We were delayed on this account nearly two hours, but at last we started off again and rode all night, and it was the hardest night I know on the journey. The road was very rough and uneven, and had I not been in a spring bandy, I should have been most uncomfortable.

We reached Mr. Chester's about 5 the next P.M. You see, we rode nearly 4 hours. But once we stopped under some trees in a little village and took a lunch, then right off again. At Mr. Chester's we found a hearty welcome. I laid right down, after taking a bath, and rested. We saw his school next day and heard them sing. He had a man there who he recommended very highly to us as a matey⁴⁶. Lazarus is his name. So we saw and liked him so well that we engaged him for 7 rupees (\$8.50) a month. He came right on to Madura with us that night. We left Mr. Chester's house about 6 next P.M. and reached Madura next morning about 9.

Saturday Morning

The end of a hard journey. We found Mrs. Tracy and Mrs. Rendall here. Their husbands have both gone to the hills. And also Mr. and Mrs. Burnell, who started for the hills last night at 1 o'clock. Thornton and Mr. Herrick started at 11 Monday forenoon (yesterday), so we are 4 widows here alone. I confess that, when I first got here, I felt quite downcast, homesick—everything so new and strange, new faces—and I felt this was to be my home. O I did miss you all more than ever since I left home. It seemed as you must just step in and see me. I received Mother's and Father's dear letters (#10) on Saturday—a real welcome. How relieved I shall be when I have reason to think my letters have reached you.

I do miss dear Thornton so much. It is the first time he has been away from me for more than a few hours since we have been married, and it comes pretty hard. They are all very kind here. I like the ladies very much. The more I see them, the better I like them. I shall find true Christian friends here, I know.

Yesterday the four bandies that were missing came, nearly a month behind hand, bringing the last of our goods by the Bennington. All have come, but how little damaged remains yet to be seen. Now we look for trunks from Madras daily. I cannot write all I wish, for this is all the paper I have, and I don't like to borrow. Lazarus stayed to take care of "Missis," so he says. Mr. Herrick and Thornton have taken a servant between them. Lazarus speaks English very well, and I like him.

Love and love to you all. I cannot write more until my trunks come.

Wednesday Morning, May 15, 1867

A coolie came from Dindigul yesterday evening, and he said that, up to 2 o'clock Monday P.M., our trunks had not arrived there; they were to have been there on Saturday previous, so most likely we shall not see them for many days, in which case, I could not forbear the temptation to borrow paper from Mrs. Herrick so I could write a letter, at least.

⁴⁶ Head servant

I do like Mrs. Rendall very much. She is so motherly and kind to me and gives me much good advice about servants, stores, etc. Mrs. Tracy sails for America June 6th, and Mrs. Rendall, soon after. I shall miss her very much. At present, Mrs. Herrick and boys are staying in one of Dr. Lord's great houses, and I in the other. It is right next to Mrs. Rendall's house, and we go there for our meals. Thornton and I will probably be put, for the first year, either here in this house or in Pasumalie, three miles out. That is the pleasantest place, but we are afraid it would be the most expensive living there, and this first year we must live as economically as possible to make all ends meet. But if we live there, someone will have to be stationed at Madura to take Mr. Rendall's place and will live in his house right off, so Mrs. Rendall will live in one end of Dr. Lord's house and we would occupy the other, and she would be a most valuable helper to me. (Dr. Lord went home a short time ago.) I know we should get along nicely together, and the house is pleasant and large enough. If we stay here, I will send you a plan.

I am so glad Mother finds so much to occupy her. If she does not go beyond her strength, it will all be very well. Fannie's piece was very good. She must try again. I think sometime when I, or Thornton, feel the inspiration, I may write something to go in. There is enough to write, if one only knew how—a heathen land, heathen sights and sounds—O it is heartsickening. If the people of America could but realize the degradation and need of helpers. It seems as though someone would obey the call. Our mission is, at present, very weak, and the men in the field have double and treble duty to do. The old members are worn out, and no new ones come. Well, I am glad I've come, for one. I'll do all I can.

Too bad Mr. Millard is gone, is not it? How they will miss him! Poor James, he is his own worst enemy. I hope the next letter will bring better news of Mrs. Bennett. I feel very anxious to hear. The Lord leads us in ways we know not, does not He? To think of you being able to do so much this winter. I rejoice to hear of it. Also, about Sarah, and I pray for Lizzie. I am going to write to the little Bateses when I have time, also Montclair. To whom should I direct these? I shall not write to Montclair until I am settled, I think. Goodbye for now.

Sabbath Day, May 26th

You see, I have not written for a long time—over a week—because I went to bed on the next day after my last writing and did not leave it for any length of time until last Thursday and Friday, and I could not write. I want to send this off now, so I will close as briefly as possible.

Last Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Tracy left for America. They will probably be in New York the last of July or first of August and will go directly to the rooms at Bible House. They wanted to see you very much, and I know they will then. I gave them Father's and your address, but to 58, as your number 11 came the day after they left. I thought if you knew, Father would keep on the lookout for them. They have a very little package⁴⁷ for you. Mrs. Tracy was very kind to me when I was so sick, and they have left a quantity of their furniture for our use, and it saves our buying, at present, which we can do better in a year or two. Now they expect to return. Mr. Herrick is to leave Pasumalie and have the care of Tirumangalam, his old station. We stay here in Madura in Dr. Lord's great house. The next letter shall describe it.

We commenced housekeeping on Friday 24th May. How we did wish you were here. Only two of us. The table did look so long, and we so small. We enjoy it hugely. It is so good to have a home.

⁴⁷ Probably the thimble they had bought in England for Mary.

While I was sick, Lazarus stayed round and waited on me as gentle as a woman. He was very kind and thoughtful. We are very much pleased with him, so far. He takes a deal of care off my hands. I will tell you all about everything in my next, which will follow this. Soon after we get settled, you may expect a letter about every two weeks. That is, I will mail them, and you may have to favor the mails a little.

Mr. Burnell sent \$10 to Rev. Y. L. Culer to make one of his nieces (I think) a life member of your Society. He is a nice man, and so is Mr. Tracy. We love Mr. and Mrs. Tracy. I hope you will like them.

If our house lot sold or anything, you say nothing about it. Thornton sends a “great quantity” of love to you all and so do I. You cannot tell how we have wished you here to come over to see us at housekeeping.

Goodbye again,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #2

Madura

Friday, May 31, 1867

My darling Father, Mother, and Sister,

This morning, while I was fixing up the shelf in my almirah⁴⁸, which holds my sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths, towels, etc., little Willie Rendall came running in with his bright face, holding Mother’s letter. I mean letter number 12 from you all. How I wish you could know how happily fixed we are. Here we are almost settled, and have been housekeeping a week today, and you do not even know of our arrival yet. But, as Thornton suggests, you will very soon get our letters. Your letter this morning was mailed April 8th and reached here today, the last of May. O dear, I do wish you knew! Your letters are all so interesting to us, not insipid at all, as Mother fears.

Sabbath, June 2nd

It is a few minutes after eight, and Thornton has gone over to the church. The service begins at eight. It is only a short distance—I should think perhaps as far as from home to the Dodges—but I do not walk out of the house at all—only to run in to Mrs. Rendall’s occasionally, which is about as far as to Mr. Mosgrove’s. I did not go out this morning. The church has been being repaired, so the meetings have been held in our house or Mrs. Rendall’s, so I could go nicely.

It is a beautiful day, quite a breeze. Yesterday was extremely hot. My head ached with the heat. While I have been sitting here at the window in our sleeping room, the wind has brought to me the singing from the church. O it makes my heart bound with joy to hear the voices of the poor heathen people singing “Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?”—our tune, but Tamil words. Now they are singing some Tamil tune. They usually sing one of each at the service. I have not been into the church, yet, but I know there are benches for us to sit on, while the natives sit on the matting on the floor, Turk fashion. It is a very pretty sight, from little wee

⁴⁸ An armoire.

babies in their mothers' arms, to grey haired men and women. The women sit on one side and the men on the other, all so clean and bright and paying such good attention.

Here goes an immense tree lizard right in front of my window. We often see them running between the two trees in front. Thornton says he never saw so large a one. He is stone color and very fat, nearly two feet long, I should think. We consider him quite a family member.

I have been reading and praying, joining in my heart with the singing, having a little service to myself at home. But now I am going to sit with Mrs. Rendall who is sick and has had a very sad and great disappointment.⁴⁹ "God's ways are not as our ways." Goodbye.

Monday Afternoon 5 P.M.

Now I will try to give you a little idea of our housekeeping. Our goods all came, and very safely. About one quart of our kerosene leaked out. Two chimneys and the edge of one brown baking dish was all that was broken of our crockery. Of the china set, the slopdown and one cup was broken, and that was all. Our bureau came to pieces, on account of the box in which it was packed being very rotten. Our organ came nicely; stove also, and everything else. Our table got a little broken but was easily mended by a native carpenter with Thornton's overlook, and Thornton himself put the bureau together in very short time. He felt so thankful that all came so safely.

I have just sent Thornton out to take a drawing of the house to send you, which he is most willing to do. We started housekeeping with no greater mishap than getting varnish into one of the lamps, instead of oil.

About a week ago, Thornton found a little snake in our bathroom. He looked so harmless—only ran his tongue out at Thornton—that he took water and washed him out of the water spout, the way he came in. After a little, he looked out the spout to see if he could see him. There his little head was, peeking in, all ready to come back, so he gave him a few more washes out, and he disappeared. He spoke of it to Lazarus afterward, and he seemed quite frightened and said we should not have done so but called him and let him kill him, for he said if one of those little snakes bit you, you would swell all up.

The lizard I told you is a regular chameleon and only one foot long instead of two. Yesterday we saw him and, getting our glass, had a fine view of him. While we were looking at him, he turned white, yellow, stone color, and we left him turning black.

Now is the time for some light festival at Meenarchshi's Temple⁵⁰, and the great elephants belonging to it go by quite often, Lazarus says; and they are used to carry the idols on their backs, for the people to see, through the streets. We also saw a camel the other day. Meenarchshi's towers and upper part are in full sight from our back veranda, and a most wonderful thing, I suppose hundreds of years old, and very fine architecture. Dear me, if I wish it once, I wish it ten times a day, that you could come out and make us a visit and let us show you round. That is about the only thing that I can't get used to. It seems as if you must come; but I was going to tell you about housekeeping, was I not?

Well, I don't keep house at all. I go to the "go down" with Lazarus once a day to give him the supplies for the day, and take his account Monday morning, and answer his questions, and now and then suggest. Now suppose—there goes a little lizard over my apron, about an inch long and the cunningest little thing you ever need wish to see—now suppose yourself a

⁴⁹ She had probably suffered a miscarriage or possibly a stillbirth.

⁵⁰ The major Meenakshi temple in Madura.

housekeeper again, with a servant who asked no questions and told no lies (as you could find out). You did not know what you were going to have for breakfast, dinner, or tea, unless you happened to want something particular, then just say so—no worry or care about anything. That is just me. Lazarus housekeeps, and I don't do anything but love Thornton and enjoy getting work ready for my little tailor boy, who sews for 6 cents a day, sitting crosslegged on my front veranda, and sews nicely, too. I will tell you how my work is done. I have a matey, cook, sweeper, tailor, washer man, gardener, and gardener's boy.

Evening

It grew so dark that I ran into Mrs. Rendall's to get a little advice about indelible ink, etc. So now I will go on. My matey does the buying, setting table, he cooks, and washes dishes. If we want anything done, in the house or out, we tell him, and he sees it done. He dusts, keeps chairs, etc., in their place. The cook boy is a great boy, 16 or 17 years old, very tall and slim. He cooks and does what Lazarus tells him to do. The sweeper is a woman who keeps the bath room, etc., in order, comes in twice a day to empty slops, and sweeps all the rooms and verandas. For tailor, I have, at present, a little boy, 13 or so years old. He can hem my sheets as well as a woman, has made all my pillowcases, matey's towels, etc. He is a nice little boy, and I like him very much. I can make him understand nicely. The washerman comes Monday morning and takes the clothes, and on Saturday he brings them back. That is all I know of the washing. The gardener takes care of the garden, fills the bathtub, puts the lattice straw screens to keep the sun off the verandas, up and down, and swings the punker at dinner when we need it. The boy is very necessary, for he is much higher caste than the other servants and he has to walk the well sweep, for no low caste person is allowed to do so. The wells have a long pole, like our old-fashioned wells in the country, and the boy runs from one end to the other of the pole, often times singing to keep time. Some well sweeps require several men. It is really very dangerous. Sometimes they fall and get badly hurt.

Lazarus has 7 rupees a month, Anthony the cook 3 rupees, the sweeper (her name is Al-e-ah) 2 rupees, tailor 3 rupees, washerman 4 rupees (no matter how large the wash, it is 2 rupees each person), Anthony the gardener 4 rupees (you see we have two Anthonys), and the boy 1 ½ rupees, making all together 25 rupees. One rupee is 4 cents gold—we'll call it ½ dollar for short, so you see we have 7 servants for 12 ½ dollars per month. O I forgot, I give my washerman ½ rupee more because wood and alcohol are so high, and he is a first rate one, too. He is Mrs. Rendall's, but when she leaves will be mine entirely. So that makes \$13 exactly.

We are very much pleased with them all so far. The only trouble is that I am not accustomed to having such willing and capable servants, and I am, all the time, afraid they won't last as well as they have begun; but I will enjoy it while I can. We are very much pleased with Lazarus. He does so well. His accounts are all so open and square, and he seems to consider our good and interest, and is so modest and anxious to do just as we like, and, with all, shows such good sense. We do like him! I believe he was sent in answer to prayer, for I prayed, most earnestly, for a servant that I could work along well with and would not need scolding. The matey is often kept as long as a family stays in the country.

Thornton is playing at the organ. We are so pleased with it. It is the prettiest one I have ever seen for the size—5 stops and knee swell. It would fill quite a large church. We enjoy it very much, as we do everything. We are as happy as possible, which is as happy as any one ever was in the world.

Our munshi⁵¹ came for the first time today. We think we all like him very much. Thornton seems so happy to be back to studying again. Now I must stop, for I am so tired. Prayers, and then to bed. Goodnight.

Wednesday, June 5th, 1867

I do hope you will have no difficulty reading what I have written so far. Thornton says I should not have written with such pale ink. He is afraid, although it is quite bright here, after it has crossed the ocean it will fade. One or two of those letters from home we received, when we first got here, were almost illegible, the ink had faded so.

There is a wedding going on across our compound. We cannot see anything of it, but their tomtoms are making a great noise, and their horns, which are very fully imitated by a Scotch bagpipe and a clarinet or a fish man's horn, are all playing at the same time. I am sure if Father could hear them, he would acknowledge that this noise was nearer the tune of "The Old Cow Died On" than anything he ever heard before. At any rate, I am sure that a cow with any love for a racket would die very easily for these tunes. Some Hindoos marry their children at 4 and 5 years of age, but they do not live together at that time.

I believe I have not told you our hours for meals. We have coffee and toast and perhaps plantain as soon as we are dressed in the morning, and breakfast at 10. In that way, we have all the morning to work round in. Prayers in English are just before breakfast; after breakfast, Tamil prayers for the servants. Thornton reads in the Bible, we sing Tamil hymns, and he reads the Lord's Prayer, in which we all join. We are going to read round, as soon as I know how a little better, so I can join. Dinner is at 3, and tea at 7 or so. Breakfast and dinner are the two great meals. The others do not amount to much.

O, our munshi came on Monday, so we commenced study. Thornton has him from 7:30 to 9 in the morning, and I from 9 to half past, then Lazarus from 11 to 12, then Thornton from 1 to 3. So our hours are pretty well laid out.

Last evening Mrs. Rendall and Miss Smith called. We had quite a pleasant visit. It seemed so like home to have neighbors run in.

It is so funny to hear Lazarus talk about "the heathens" when he means natives. When I ask what that noise is, he says, "It is the heathens" doing thus or so. He doesn't count himself one, although, in this country, the Catholics are as much heathen as anybody. Tomorrow I spend with Miss Smith and Mrs. Herrick in Pasamalie.

June 9th

I see I stopped writing rather abruptly. I was going on to say that we have a prayer meeting every week on Thursdays, so Mrs. Herrick invites us to spend the day there. Thornton came out to dinner and stayed to the meeting in the evening, then we came home together. Thornton has gone to the church, while I am alone again, as last Sabbath. Everything is so quiet and beautiful. The morning is quite cool. There is a fine breeze. Everything looks as green and fresh as can be. We have had a great many most refreshing showers. They come toward evening and are so valuable. I think we had two or three last week.

While I write, I hear the tomtoms and fifes of the Catholic Church. They make a great noise on Sabbath days. Our servants are expected to attend our church, so I have the satisfaction of knowing that our Lazarus is not there. Here they come from church. About twenty of the

⁵¹ teacher

girls in Miss Smith's school have come back, ready to begin on Monday. They are walking two by two and look so pretty and bright, all with a white cloth.

Thornton says he understood about four times as much today as he did last Sabbath. He understood whole sentences. That is encouraging.

Tuesday, June 11th

I have a very stiff neck today. A westerly wind sprang up last night, and before I knew it, I had taken cold, and Thornton, too; only his is in his joints, and mine is in my neck. I miss Fannie's gentle touch. I want my hair combed. Mother combed it last, just before I started. I am going to have my sweeper woman wash it with cocoanut milk and limes soon.

I think I will send this now and not wait any longer for Thornton to complete his sketches. I will send them as soon as they are ready. He has been meaning to write but is so busy. He wants to study every moment he can. How I hope you've heard from us by this time.

Thursday is our prayer meeting evening, and we all take turns taking tea together. They are to come here, making, in all, 13. We are going to have a cake, pickle peaches (a jar Mrs. Washburn sent to me), and mango jelly. Won't you step in and take tea, too? O can't you? I cannot make it seem as though you never would come to see us. It seems as if you must.

Goodbye for now, with ever so much love from both of us to you all and Mrs. Bennett's family. Thornton says, "Tell them I am very busy and very happy, getting along nicely with the language." They all say he does not act at all like a new missionary but goes on just like an old one, which you know he is; only they did not expect that.

With love,
Lottie

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Madura
June 6, 1867

Dearest Mother,

My silence has been much longer than I intended, for I believe my last was from Madras, a month ago. You will be glad to learn that we are both reasonably well and that we are comfortably established in housekeeping here in the west end of Dr. Lord's palatial house. The doctor, himself, has left for America on account of his health. We were offered our choice between a part of this house and the east one of the two at Pasumalie, the station where the Seminary for young men is located, some two or three miles from Madura.

Brother Tracy, who has had the charge of the Seminary ever since its foundation, with the exception of the time spent in a former visit to the United States, has just left for a second visit of three years, more or less. He is a very fine gentleman of the old style, and I hope, in his journeyings, may give you a call. I met him first at the Sanitarium⁵² the 13th of May, where I had gone with Brother Herrick to attend Mission Meeting. We three occupied the same room (though we had separate cots) and were the guests of Brother and Sister Washburn in the center house on the hills, while our wives were the guests of Mrs. Rendall, here in Madura. I had thus a

⁵² The mission compound on the Pulneys where the missionaries gathered for their May and September meetings or, for the sake of their health, sought relief from the heat of the plains.

good opportunity to form Brother Tracy's acquaintance. As he was in haste to be off the country, he left the hills a day before the close of the meeting, and I, on learning my dear Lottie was far from well, accompanied him. After meeting my wife, he told her he had found out I was a "capital fellow," or something to that effect. I learned, too, that he had said he thought I would prove "a real acquisition to the Mission." God grant that it may prove so, indeed. You will pardon the seeming egotism in my repeating all this, but I thought it might not do my mother more hurt to hear it than it did her son.

I cannot be too grateful to God for the cordial reception I have met with, both from the secretaries in Boston and the brethren here. Its effect is to make me feel very humble, and so grateful that the tears start almost every time I think of it.

I have taken hold of Tamil in earnest and can see, already, some progress. I can give several short orders to the servants, etc., in their own tongue. We have been housekeeping just about two weeks and, from the commencement, have conducted prayers in Tamil every morning. First, I read some 15 or 20 verses in the Gospel of John. Then sing a Tamil hymn, accompanying it with the organ. And close by repeating the Lord's Prayer. I intend, in a few days, adding a few petitions of my own, which can be extended and changed as I find myself able.

According to the custom of the land, we are obliged to keep several servants, as each will only attend to certain duties. Lazarus, our matey, comes first, who waits on table, is butler, oversees the cook and other servants in a general sort of way. He understands a little English and, on occasion, acts as interpreter. He knows all the proprieties of the position he occupies and so far has observed them most meticulously. At the same time, he is capable, good natured, and on the watch to anticipate or learn our slightest wish. He is a Romanist and speaks of the heathen just as if he were never one of them. He attends prayers and Sabbath services regularly and pays the best of attention. His wife⁵³, who will probably be ayah whenever we have occasion for one, has asked for Christian baptism, and we hope he may one day become a true follower of Jesus. Next to him comes Anthony the cook, a mere stripling who, as yet, has but half pay. Anthony the gardener, and a boy to assist him, take care of the front flowering garden, bring the water for bathing and drinking, carry things, and run errands, and, when the time comes, will cultivate a vegetable garden if we wish it. These constitute our household and are expected to be in at prayers every morning.

Besides these, there is a sweeper woman who comes in three times a day to sweep the rooms, the yard, and the verandah, and attend to certain duties which will not bear mentioning; a washerman who takes our soiled clothes away every week and returns them beautifully white and clean; and, at present, a tailor boy who sits crosslegged on the front verandah, busily stitching away.

Sabbath, June 16th, 1867

I am very sorry to see I have kept this letter ten days since its commencement. I will try to remember and mail it tomorrow. I have, today, been reading some interesting hints to new missionaries in India, a book lent me by Brother Rendall, who is expecting soon to set sail for America. The things most insisted on, so far, are just the same as are requisite for success in Christian missionary efforts at home, vis., earnestness, energy, love of the work for the Master's sake, a careful division of time, and, to crown all, much and true prayer. All my experience in

⁵³ Lazarus's wife's name was Mary.

Jamaica leads me to say Amen to all this. I am enjoying the presence of Jesus all the time, but not, I think, to the same degree as at some times in the past. This must not be true longer. I desire to live as near my Savior as He will permit, and that, I am sure, is much nearer than I have been lately.

Lottie and I are almost inseparable and as happy as the day is long. She has proved all that I most fondly hoped, and is developing into a noble and earnest woman, most beautifully and steadily. She seems to have won the hearts of all of the Mission she has met as yet. She had a pretty hard time of it on shipboard, especially the latter half, and I was very thankful that we were not kept out to sea any longer.

As I write, a poor heathen boy stands before my study door, desirous to show off the tricks of his monkey for a few pice⁵⁴. I have told him to go, but he still stands around, and I do not know enough Tamil to talk to him of Jesus, as I would like to.

We received yours of the 15th yesterday, and were glad to learn that both of you and Father were better, you of your sickness and he of his rheumatism, than when your previous letter was written. One came last week, dated the very day after we left London, December 25th, 1866. I cannot imagine where it has been all this while. I am so glad to learn of my darling daughter Mary. In a letter I wrote on her birthday, I suggested that she should learn to write and so send me letters occasionally, but if you think not best yet, she can just as well tell you what to say for her. I am glad to hear what you write about her advancements in music. You cannot write too fully. I hope Father will teach her to play by note.

Yours in love,
Thornton

Love to Charles and Sarah, Anna and Mary, whose letter was very acceptable and shall be answered soon, as well as to Fred⁵⁵ and all the other relatives and friends, as you may meet or write them.

Please remember me especially to my former Sabbath School Superintendent, dear Brother Filet, if he is still this side of our eternal home, and tell him I do not forget how much I owe to his instructions in the Sabbath School. May he have abundant peace and comfort in the dark valley which leads to eternal light.

Your affectionate son,
Thornton

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #3
Sabbath Day, June 16th, 1867

My dear darling ones,

I have just been writing to Mrs. Cowles and am somewhat tired, but I feel as if I must write you a little, at least. I've received your letter number 13 yesterday. All come regularly

⁵⁴ A "pie" is 1/12th of an "anna." A "pice" is 3 pie or 1/4 of an anna. An anna is 1/16th of a "rupee."

⁵⁵ Anna, Mary Alice, and Fred were children of Thornton's brother Charles and his first wife, Margaret Wyett, who had died in 1861. Sarah Dutton Penfield was his second wife.

now, but those three missing ones (numbers 4, 5, and 6) have not made their appearance. We pay nothing on your letters, and I think 50 cents is more than enough to bring your letters here; but Mrs. Rendall says that if more is paid than is necessary, at the end of the year it is all credited to us, so I dare say it will be enough to pay the expense of the package, too. The cholera passed away long before we got here, so we are in no danger at all; but you don't know yet that we are even on shore. O God speed those letters! I sent 3 or 4 in Madras, I have forgotten which, and this is the 3rd from Madura. I think I will begin to number mine, too. It is such a good plan. So this is number 3 from Madura. I am a little nervous, I have written so long, so I think I had better stop and rest a little.

O, I went to our little Tamil church for the first time today. I did enjoy it. Thornton has gone with Misters Rendall and Chandler to preach at West Gate. I am going to sit with Mrs. Rendall a little now. She came over here, to live in one end of our house, last Thursday. It is so pleasant for me to have her here.

Monday, June 17th

I must tell you what a houseful of company I had on Thursday. Mr. Chester came early in the morning to spend the day, so he was here for breakfast. Then we invited Miss Smith, the Chandlers, and Rendalls to dinner, for, both moving and being in such confusion, I knew dinner would be a difficult thing for them. So they came here, making eight, besides our own family. Then, it being meeting evening, all came to tea. We had a very pleasant time, but the next day I was O so tired, but I rested all day.

How we should like a buggy⁵⁶. Thornton and I were talking of it the other day and had put it clear off in the future. He said he thought we should have to have a pony, and one could ride and the other walk. That was the only way we could go together; but we would not have you scrimp yourselves for us for anything. I am so afraid you would if you tried to do so much for us. But it would be such a comfort to me, for, although our bandy is quite comfortable to ride in, riding behind oxen is, at best, slow and tedious work. A good many in the Mission have carriages. Mrs. Chandler took me to ride with her in hers the other day; it did seem quite like home, and I thought of dear old Prince and Charlie⁵⁷ and the many pleasant rides of home, and I did want to see the poor things.

I am getting along nicely, housekeeping now. We found we could not afford to live as nicely as Lazarus planned for us, so I had a talk with him and told him we preferred living more simply, and that I was better now than I had been; and, after, that I would take more charge of things. He took it very pleasantly, and I have, since, overlooked my household affairs much more. He now comes and tells me, or rather asks me, about each meal early in the morning, and I think we shall find it much more economical. It was pretty hard for me, but I got through nicely, and I do feel much more as if it is my house instead of Lazarus'. He does nicely yet, but I have to watch my tea and sugar—not that I know of his taking any, but such things are great temptations, especially when the people are so poor.

There is one thing I would like to have Father make it his business to procure, and I think he can and will, nicely: that is seeds for our garden, vegetable seeds—cabbage, lima beans, string and common beans, cucumbers, sweet corn, squash, tomatoes, peas, melons, evergreen corn, and beets. We find we cannot get good seeds here, and we should like them so much.

⁵⁶ Lottie's parents had offered to provide the Penfields with a carriage.

⁵⁷ Prince and Charlie were the Hubbards' horses.

There is one thing I will tell you: in sending anything to us, you had better not send bottles or preserves, for in such a long journey they are so likely either to ferment or burst, or bottles break and spoil everything else. If you will please put the papers of seeds in between folds of cloth—that is, if you were sending my white dress, you could lay the seeds in it snugly—they keep better, because seeds sometimes spoil on so long a journey.

Friday, June 21st

Dear Thornton started, last night, to travel in our bandy for Battalagundu, Mr. Washburn's station. He invited us, both Thornton and I, to come to the dedication of his new church, just finished. I did not think it best to try to go so far, so Thornton has gone alone with hired oxen. Tonight he spends there on the way home, so I expect him back tomorrow morning, with Mr. Noyes and his little boy, to say goodbye to Mrs. Rendall and see us new ladies.

Breakfast bell—goodbye.

After breakfast—

O, how I did long for you all to keep me company at breakfast. I had slices of cold roast beef and nice warm potatoes and milk, bread, butter, and stewed tamarinds. Do you think you could have made such a breakfast? I had to swallow very fast and talk to Lazarus a great deal to keep from crying. It was so lonely all alone, and I did not want to cry before him. He always stands around to wait on the table.

Mrs. Rendall took me out to ride with her this morning, early, and we enjoyed it very much indeed. She is so kind to me. They will go directly to the Mission Rooms, and you can easily find out where they are, from there. I do hope you can see them.

There is one thing we would like to have you send us, and that is some printed calling cards. The English always call with their cards, and we have none in return. On one pack have "T. B. Penfield," and on the other "Mrs. T. B. Penfield," just plain.

You had better go direct to see Mrs. Rendall as soon as you find they are in the city, for their home is in Illinois, and they will be in the city but very few days.

How I wish you could be here today! I believe I will describe our house to you. Our front veranda extends from end to end of the house, except for a little corner taken off for a small room. When we walk the whole length, as we commonly walk it, it takes 85 steps to take us to the end, so you see we have a fine promenade. It tires me very much to walk the whole length two or three times. In this hot country I find it impossible to do half as much as I do at home; and, in the heat of the day, I have to lay by entirely, sometimes, for two or three hours. It is not so much the great heat at one time as the continued wear day after day. It makes me feel so languid and listless. Mrs. Rendall says the "grasshopper seems a burden." Well, as I was saying, the veranda is 12 feet wide and is covered by a roof of bamboo canes that are supported by 16 columns of brick. The brick is covered with white chunam, plaster, which also comprises the floor of the veranda and the floors of the rooms. So the veranda looks about as nice as if it was white marble. It is raised a few feet from the ground, and there are 5 steps, in two places, to ascend upon. There are five doors opening on it in front, and four on the back. From the veranda, you step right in to the hall (parlor), a large room. I am going to get Thornton to take the measure of it, but you could get Woodland Cottage almost into it. On one side of the hall is Mrs. Rendall's room, and on the other side is the dining room, and next, our room. Off our room is a guest bedroom, with bath room attached. Also off our room is a dressing room and bath room of our own, as well as Thornton's study (also the room for medicines), with a bath room

attached, which now he uses for his lumber and work room. Off Mrs. Rendall's is a dressing and bath room; and the room on the end of the front veranda, back of her room, on the back veranda, is my "go down" store room, and also Lazarus' "go down." I am going to draw plans of the house; I feel as if I could.

Sabbath, June 23rd

Thornton and I have just finished reading your letter number 14. Mrs. Rendall sent them to us this morning. They told about your cleaning in Montclair⁵⁸, and I cannot tell you how we enjoyed them. I cannot believe Mother capable of doing so much.⁵⁹ It seems too good to be true. But O, how anxious we shall be until we have reason to expect you have received our letters, and then, until we know you have got them. Dear Thornton fairly cried when Mother said she knew "he could not be cross" to me. I cried, too, principally because we were so happy that we were so happy, I suppose; and wished so much you could know how happy we were. O, if our letters could only fly.

Thornton came home on Friday morning before I was up. Mr. Noyes' little boy came with him to our house, and Mr. and Mrs. Capron, and two little girls of Mrs. Chandler's, so you see we have a good deal of company. Mr. Washburn is spending the Sabbath with us. He brought some peaches with him from the hills, and they tasted so good—so like home. They are very nice ones.

I want you to be sure to give a great deal of love from us both to Auntie⁶⁰. Tell her I do love her very much and think of her kindness to me always, very often. Tell her her collars are so pretty, and fit me so nicely, that I feel almost proud whenever I wear them. I so often think of friends at home, and want to send love to them, but when I am writing I forget to give love to Mrs. Smith, Cranes, Dodges, Gabe, and all others. Your letters are such a joy to us. Thornton says, "Tell Fannie there is no trash in her letters, at all." I don't send my messages to Fannie because I am saving them all to put in a letter I am going to enclose to her.

I like Mr. Noyes and the Caprons very much indeed, as do all in the Mission. I have only Mrs. Noyes to see, and Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, and I shall have seen all the members of our Mission.

Monday, June 24th

Somehow I don't seem to have anything to do this morning. I took Lazarus' account early, and gave the clothes to the washman, which are my two great Monday morning duties. O, how we shall enjoy our buggy when it comes; you are so good to think of it. "Now, who but a fond, doting Mother would think of a plan so wild!" It would be indeed the greatest luxury you could send us, for we never could afford to buy one, at least not for years. Our bullock bandy, Thornton will need to take off on tours to carry his goods. It is made so he can sleep in it, too. Every missionary has a bullock bandy besides a carriage, and if no carriage, he has two bandies; one is left home for the use of his family, the other he uses when away from home. I am going to read now with munshi.

⁵⁸ Apparently the Hubbards were intending to rent out their Montclair house for a time, while boarding with friends in New York City.

⁵⁹ Mary Irena Hubbard was subject to erysipelas and a number of other health problems.

⁶⁰ This may have referred to either her Aunt Elizabeth Treadwell or her Aunt Elizabeth Bancroft.

Thornton is going to attend the funeral of a man who died last night. His name was Brackenridge, and you will see him spoken of in “Life and Letters of David Scudder.”⁶¹ He has been disaffected for some time because he thought the Mission ought to support him to the end of his days, on account of his former services; so he has not been to church for a long time. However, he sent for Mr. Rendall to come and pray with him before he died, so we have some hope.

Saturday Evening, June 29th

Thornton did not attend that funeral after all, for a gentleman called at the time and Thornton could not leave.

Tomorrow the overland mail comes in. I wonder if I shall have anything? I want to tell you about sending us papers. I think you are sending us the Tribune, which we do not find time to read ...and the news generally comes in other papers, so we see it. The Independents are taken in the Mission, and we can see them. Papers here are sent round from one family to another so all have a chance to see them. Occasionally we would like a magazine, or when you find anything especially interesting in a paper. I know you will be glad to have me tell you what we most want.

I think I will get Mrs. Rendall to carry home to you a lock of each of our hair and those letters of Thornton's. We are truly very happy together. I often think I would not have married anyone else for anything. How we are anticipating the arrival of our buggy—if you all would just ride out in it, how we would welcome you! I hope you will understand my plans of the house, I know they are not very scientific. Thornton's study should be full half as wide again.

Goodnight now, I am very sleepy. I took a nice ride with Mrs. Rendall this afternoon, and I feel a little tired. Goodnight.

Sabbath, June 30th

It has been a most pleasant day, Communion Sabbath. It is the first time Thornton and I have ever taken communion together, and it is the first time since I left my dear home. The exercises were, of course, all in Tamil, but although I could understand scarcely a word, I enjoyed it very much. Three young men from the Pasumalie Seminary (for young men) visited, and all appeared solemn and interested. There were about 90 communicants present. All the Missions are now greatly interested in the case of a French Catholic priest who has been to call on our Mission several times, and who professed himself very much dissatisfied with his belief. He thinks worship of saints wrong, and feels that he cannot conscientiously remain any longer in their church. It is not spoken of, as yet, for, if his people knew, he might lose his life. He is a man of great influence among them; they worship him. They have somehow got an idea of his doings, and now he is vigilantly watched. He has written his views to his superiors and now awaits an answer. He is not converted, yet, but will probably study at Pasumalie, and we hope, in time, he may come to a knowledge of the truth. He seems sincere, and really desires to be taught. If he comes over, he will sacrifice much. He is a native, and, of course, occupies a much higher position where he is than he ever could with us. It is truly heart cheering.

⁶¹ Scudder, Horace E., *Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder*, Missionary in Southern India (New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1864). According to the 36th *Annual Report of the American Madura Mission*, Rev. David Coit Scudder had arrived in Madura from America in July 1861 and was appointed to Periakulam, where he moved in February 1862. He was drowned in the Vaigai River on November 19, 1862.

Afternoon

Your 15th letter has just come, having been exactly 45 days on the way, which is about a week shorter than your former letters. Many, many, many thanks. Our organ is the greatest comfort imaginable. It is very pretty and came beautifully, as well as my machine,⁶² but I cannot use either until I get stronger. I am so glad Leila has a piano. Tell Ogden and Julia I wish I could have been at home to all them. I am going to write to Father next time. I am afraid I cannot send so much in this. Goodbye, all my dear ones.

Mrs. Rendall will leave Thornton's letters, etc., at the Bible House for you. You need not send us those calling cards; we have written some that do nicely.

[Lottie]

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Madura

June 17th, 1867

My dear daughter Mary,

The other day, as I was walking over to the other Mission House, Brother Rendall called out to me to ask if I wanted a letter. Of course I said yes, and reached out my hand for it. When I opened it, I saw that the first part was from your grandma. I was very glad to read what she had written about you and to know that you are so great a comfort to your grandpa and grandma. I hope you will be so, always. They are so kind to you that I do hope you will never be unkind to them nor ever grieve them by any naughty ways.

And now, I am going to tell you about a meeting I went to yesterday afternoon. There were three of us, Mr. Rendall, Mr. Chandler, and your father. The first part of the way we rode in a bandy, which is a covered cart drawn by oxen. Our bandy had easy cushions on the seats and was on springs, so that it was quite comfortable. Although it was Sunday, we saw the merchants selling their goods and the people doing their different kinds of work, just the same as on any other day. We drove right past the Roman Catholic Meeting House, which is the only church besides ours in all this great city. We felt very sorry for the poor people who were there, because they have a false religion, which is, we fear, worse than none at all. Very soon we were out of the city; then we went a long way by a narrow road till it became so narrow that the bandy could not go any farther. So we got out and walked. It is always very hot here, but the sun was almost down; most of the way we were in the shade of the lofty palm trees, so we got on nicely.

Well, at last we came to the meeting place, right outdoors under the palm trees. The teacher was there and had put some seats all ready for us. There were two blocks of wood set up on end and something that looked like a rough, large dollie's bedstead, and these were our seats. And what do you suppose the congregation sat down on? Why! They spread a mat on the ground and sat down cross legged upon it. Some of them were old and some of them were as young as you, but altogether there were not more than a dozen. We all sang a Tamil hymn, the one that begins in English "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Love." Then Mr. Chandler read them a chapter and talked to them. He asked them some questions in the catechism, heard them say the

⁶² Possibly referring to her sewing machine.

Lord's Prayer, and then closed the meeting with prayer. All this was in Tamil, for the people did not know one word of English.

There were a great many people in the same grove, but they were heathen and would not come to meeting. Some were cooking their dinner a little ways off, in a pot over a fire they had made on the ground between three stones. One man climbed up a tree to get some sap, right during meeting time, and we could not stop him. Another was drunk on the toddy they make from the sap and acted very foolishly, but our little audience didn't mind anything about them. Pray for these poor heathen, that they may learn better and love Jesus and be saved.

With much love,
Your affectionate father,
T. B. P.

P.S. Your mother sends a great deal of love and thanks you for your kind intentions as to the quilt you have begun for us. She says she will think a great deal of it when it comes. If you were only here, you should have plenty of kisses. As it is, we can only write about them, so Grandma will have to give them.

Your loving father,
Thornton B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #4
Madura
Tuesday, July 9th, 1867

All my darling friends at home,

I must begin to write, for I have two or three things of news to write. One is that we have quite a little pet, a minor⁶³ bird. Thornton and I were making calls the other day, and the chaplain of the Church of England chapel (an East Indian, as all are called here who are part native and part white) gave it to us. It is about the size of our robins at home and is very tame. It cannot be happy away from us, at all, and gets as lonely as possible if left alone 15 minutes. It will get up onto Thornton's hand or mine and cuddle down, as contented as can be. O it is so cunning, only it is not clean to have all around the house—that is all. It is now young but will talk very plainly when a little older. It is a good deal of company for us. It catches spiders, grasshoppers, and other insects, and today it took my thimble out of my lap, in its bill, and carried it some little way and played for some time with it. I wish you could see it; it is brown with black wings, and white round its eyes. I often think how Mother used to care for our little birds, and wish she were here to help me.

Now comes the greatest story of all. Last night we found a snake, a foot and a half long, in our dressing room. It must have come up five steps to get there. Thornton saw it first; it was there within a foot of him. I had been sitting just there a moment before—right there! It is a very poisonous snake, and if it bites, the person will all swell up and die. O how thankful I was my darling husband escaped unhurt! I mean to learn a lesson of carefulness; it is not safe to go

⁶³ Mynah. Lottie probably was unfamiliar with the name and spelled it as she thought she heard it.

from room to room without a light. How fortunate it was we had one that time. Thornton pinned him to the floor with a stick, and I held another, with which he beat him to death. When Lazarus saw it, he said, "God blessed you tonight, Master," and indeed He did.

We are all feeling very sad today on account of the wickedness of the Godless. One of the officials (inside the English government), in order to court favor with the old heathens, has given permission for them to practice the old custom of hook swinging. So today, about 24 miles from Madura, we expect some poor creature has been suspended on the hook, and, in that manner, carried all round the town. Today was the day appointed. For about 15 years such a thing has not been allowed. How do you think a man brought up in a Christian land could permit such a thing? Is it not enough to make one sick at heart?

Sabbath Day, July 14th

I have not written as much as usual this week—that is, home—for I took so much time in writing that long letter to Montclair⁶⁴ that I have not written much else. Today Thornton is quite sick. He took cold yesterday and had a little attack of fever. I called Henry the Dresser,⁶⁵ who told me to soak his feet and give him a Dovers powder at night (which I did), and three great pills this morning. He slept little last night, and when he did, he was trying to talk Tamil, and would get so bothered and excited that it woke him up. He slept almost all this morning, and slept with a night lamp for the first time last night. I was up several times for water and other things. Lazarus is very kind. He bathed his feet nicely for him last night. Also, little Willie Rendall was taken with a very severe attack of croup last night. Poor little fellow—we could hear his labored breathing sometimes at our end of the house, but he is much better this morning. We neither of us went out this morning; Thornton could not, and I would not. He is sitting, now, way up in the most protected corner of our room in our sick chair (one of those with a foot piece), and little Mynah cuddled close to him, on his shoulder, all swelled out in a little ball and fast asleep. She always chooses her own places, and they are always as near us as possible.

We are having a remarkable cool season. It is now July, and Mr. Rendall says it is more like January weather. It is very trying to the natives. Lazarus was sick a few days ago but is better now. Henry says he has many sick cases on hand now; it is a most trying season. It is now about 2 o'clock, and our thermometer in Thornton's study stands at 87°, yet it does not seem warm, though the high wind, now prevailing, seems sultry, not clear and bracing, as cool days at home.

I have sent a little package by Mrs. Rendall. She will leave it at the Bible House until called for, for I did not like to trouble her more. The card case for Fannie may be sprung out and in need of fixing—this hot wind seemed to warp it. Thornton could fix it if it could have stayed longer, but he had to take it out of the vice too soon, and we were a little afraid it would not hold. She had better take it to some store or place where they have a vice and glue to hold it tight. I would think a carpenter would be best.

Mr. Rendall is a very nice man, a true, whole-hearted Christian. We like him better and better the more we see of him, and I know you will, too. He was much amused at hearing the two carpenters at work here, talking together. They are making almiras—one for us, and one for the medicine. One carpenter said "he could not get anything out of his master, for he could not

⁶⁴ Probably to the Montclair Sabbath School.

⁶⁵ Henry the Dresser, or doctor's assistant, appears to have been given full responsibility for medical care in the absence of a Mission doctor.

make him understand,” and Mr. Rendall’s carpenter said, “Well, his master could talk and understand Tamil, too, but he never could get anything out of him.” It amused the gentleman very much; you see, you have to be very careful with the carpenters, for they take advantage whenever they get a chance.

The Rendalls leave this week on Thursday. How time flies—I wonder how soon we shall be leaving. It seems to bring me wonderfully near you to think I see Mrs. and Mr. Rendall; in about two months you will see them. I try to imagine just how you will look. O how we should love to see you. I hope you will not miss seeing them. Goodbye for now.

Thornton is so busy he scarcely writes to his own friends,⁶⁶ so don’t feel slighted. I think he has not sent one letter to them since we reached Madura.

Mr. Rendall preached his farewell sermon this morning, but we neither of us heard it. Anyhow, it would have been in Tamil, and Thornton says he could not have understood very much, so he is not [as] much disappointed as if it had been English.

We had a pumpkin pie the other day. Lazarus bought a pumpkin at the bazaar, and it did taste good. I hope it won’t be giving Father too much trouble to get those seeds for us.

What do you think of Beecher’s writing that novel for the Ledger? I hardly think it included in his calling as a preacher of the gospel—it certainly does not sound well.

Friday, July 19th, 1867

It is very early in the morning—we have not even had our early lunch of bread and milk yet. I am waiting for Thornton, who is taking an early horseback ride. He is going every morning now. I think his being sick frightened them all pretty thoroughly; they feel afraid he is not going to stand it. But he has taken this week entirely for rest, no study at all, and he says he feels that he is gaining rapidly. How thankful I am. Well, we have no horse, as you know, but Mr. Chandler has two, an old one and a younger horse; so, for the present, Thornton rides one of them every morning and is to pay half their keeping. He is thinking seriously of getting a horse, however, and we surely would, were we not so anxious to be free from debt at the end of the year. But if he finds one that exactly suits him, I think we may buy. Good horses cost just about the same as in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Rendall left us yesterday; we miss them very much, but O how I hope you may see them. A great many natives came to see them off, and tears were in many eyes. The people here seldom cry. I am going to write Miss Helen and Jimmie about their farewell meeting, and I have so much to write and so little time. I will not tell you, but you can read theirs.

Little Mynah is on my back; we are going to have her cage made today.

I have, now, two tailors at work—one making a coat, two vests, and two pairs of pants for Thornton, and one sewing for me. Thornton and I took a walk the other afternoon. It was very pleasant, only I got pretty tired. Next time, Thornton will carry our little stool, and I can sit and rest when I like. I want to tell you that they (several of the brethren) spoke quite seriously of sending Thornton and me to the hills, where he could study and [recuperate] at the same time, but we don’t want to go; he seems to be getting so much better, with his exercise and tonic, that we feel much encouraged.

Enclosed in this, I send a letter to the Misses Dodge, and perhaps one or two more, as I have time to write. I find I have not time to write you everything I would like, so I hit upon the

⁶⁶ By “friends,” Lottie refers also to Thornton’s family.

plan of writing to my friends through you. I can tell them some things I want you to know, so it will save writing twice the same thing.

Mr. Burnell has invited Thornton to come and go on an itineracy with him, that is, tour in heathen villages. They will be gone two weeks, so Mrs. Burnell, who is always very lonely when her husband goes away, has invited me to come and stay with her. All her children are in America. They expect to go home the last of this year and are very anxious we should have their station. It is Mēlūr, 18 miles from Madura. We will start Wednesday evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, and expect to reach there by light, next morning. I shall take Lazarus; and Thornton, Anthony, leaving Anthony the gardener and Ramaswami, the boy, to guard the house. I mean to take Mynah with me, as we have a nice large bamboo cage made for her now, and she seems to think it quite a place. I don't feel quite safe leaving her at home. Mēlūr will be the most important station without a man, and therefore I think it more than likely we shall be sent there. So I am quite interested to see the place.

I send patterns of three kinds of cloth, all woven here. The small check is Thornton's: he has a coat, two pairs of pants, and two vests made from a piece of 12 yards, the price of which was \$2.50. The other two I had woven for myself – same number of yards, same price. You cannot always get any color you wish; now this red plaid I wanted first blue, then green, but they could not find a pretty color of either, so I told them they might make it pink and lo! it is red. However, it is quite pretty. You see, I have the same trouble Mother complains of—I forget what I have written and sometimes write it twice, but you will excuse me, I know.

July 24th

We start this evening for Mēlūr, so I will write, and mail the last thing before leaving. Yesterday we had a little note from Mrs. Rendall, and on the outside she just writes, "Mr. Armstrong has gone to render his account to God." You cannot tell how the news shocked us. To think of his being forced to listen to the truth, as he was on shipboard, and being brought face to face with death, as he was then—warnings given and passed by unheeded. O, it is fearful. We know no particulars. That simple word is all. There is almost no room for hope for him. "Let me die the death of the righteous." We all feel very solemn. Poor man. He had great talents, all wasted at only 28 years of age. I think his death was probably caused by dissipation. We used to remark often, that, with his habits, his chances for many years of life were very small.

Today we are busy settling at home and preparing for our journey, giving our servants wages to meet, of those who stay at home, etc. I have not been visiting here before, so I can hardly tell what I shall need, and as I have to think for both of us, I am very much afraid I shall forget something. I keep the money for all the housekeeping expenses, and pay all except the gardener and boy, and all other expenses. I have my book to keep everything in, so that, in the course of time, I hope to be quite a housekeeper. It takes a fortune to feed people though, doesn't it?

I have been meaning to tell you what we did on the 4th. We thought often of the day, though it seemed little like it, here. It came on Thursday (on meeting evening), and Mr. and Mrs. Yorke⁶⁷ and Mr. and Mrs. Burnell came and spent the day. In the evening we had the meeting—

⁶⁷ Formerly Sarah W. Ashley, who, before her marriage, had been in charge of the Girls' Boarding School at the Madura Mission. She was married in January 1864 to William Yorke Esq., of the C.V.E. Society's Training school in Madura.

it was my turn to have it. After meeting, there being one or two more ladies than gentlemen, all but Mrs. Rendall and I walked over to Mrs. Chandler's, intending to come right back; but they got to singing, and sang all the patriotic songs they could think of. So our celebration came off in that way.

I find I shall not be able to send a pattern of my pink and white dress. It has gone to be shrunk before making up, so I will enclose a piece next time.

Thornton has just received a letter from Mrs. Rendall, giving the particulars of Mr. Armstrong's death. He was found insensible in the cars at one of the stations, and remained so four days, and died without giving any signs of consciousness. They call it "delirium tremens." It was probably brought on by drinking. He had a praying mother; what a stroke it must be to her. He died in the Madras hospital. I have no time to write longer, but must close with much love from us both. Love to Mrs. Bennett and family. I wanted to write to Leilia before I went, but cannot.

Lottie

CEHPenfield to JMHubbard

(Letter to Father)

Madura

Sabbath, July 21st, 1867

My own dear Father,

I am very much obliged to you for your nice long letter. It did us both a world of good, and it relieved me greatly to know what good care you are taking to keep your hair smooth and that dear brow free from wrinkles. When I come home, I shall want to find that forehead as calm and smooth as when I left it.

I think you will be interested if I tell you a little about our Sabbath School here. I often wish you could be here to see, as I see. The children are all very bright and pretty, and sit cross legged on the floor in circles round the teacher who, if a native, sits on the floor, too, in the middle of his little flock. I think they recite from a Tamil catechism, and read in the Bible. The opening exercises are prayer and singing, and at the close they have a few remarks made to them, but I am unable to say what the general drift of those remarks is. There is a so-called infant class, who had quite an interesting time a few Sabbaths ago, breaking the little earthen pots they put their money in and [that] have to be broken to get it out again. All are quite interested to see how much money has been saved.

Monday, July 22nd

Thornton and I planted some seeds last Thursday—a few tomatoes, squash, watermelon seeds—some that were given to us. We are watching very anxiously to see if they will come up. Lazarus made some banana fries on Saturday, and, if you had one, I think you would think it was apple.

I want you to tell Auntie that I brought the double picture of Mother and Fannie on one side and Auntie and I on the other. She will remember it—I look at it very often, and it is a great comfort to me. I love to look at the dear faces. And tell Auntie she was always very kind to me, and I never shall forget her. Dear Auntie, I wish I had been more thoughtful towards her when I had the opportunity.

I wish you could enjoy some of our nice mangoes. Sometimes we get very nice ones. I am very fond of them and so is Thornton, though Miss Smith does not like them, yet. I hope it won't give you very much trouble to find us a buggy, but never mind if it does. You can think all the time what a great luxury it is going to be to Thornton and me, and how much better we shall be, in health, for it. I hope you can find us one.

Thornton and I are very happy. Every day brings fresh cause for thanksgiving, and thanksgiving only. Once I should have felt really indignant if anyone had told me I should have been as happy as I am, away from my friends, with a comparative stranger; but now it seems as if I had always known Thornton. He does not seem like any other person, but half of me. It would be like losing myself, only worse, to lose him. May our Heavenly Father spare us to each other for many years. We have our verse every day, and it is a great pleasure to think you read the same thing, though so far away. You must not let Mother work too hard. You know her weak point and how she will work herself about sick if she is permitted.

O, if you could only come and see me. I'd give so much to have you see how nicely we are fixed. We have showers here quite often, which are very refreshing and keep our compound looking very nice and green. Some of our flowers are beautiful but lack the fragrance of our dear home flowers. Thornton joins me in much love to you.

Your loving daughter,
Lottie

Please tell us about Thornton's policy,⁶⁸ as we know nothing. If anything has been written about it, it must have been in one of the three lost letters.

TB Penfield to CEH Penfield

Royal Patty
July 27, 1867

Dearest Lottie,

Your most welcome note has just come to hand, and I hasten to tell you what I have time to before the tapal⁶⁹ returns. I am thankful to hear so good an account of you, especially that you slept so well during the night. I have done the same both nights, the first in the bandy, which was backed down into the trench by the road side to make it lie more evenly, and last night here in this commodious and convenient itinerating tent....

Do you know, Darling, that it is three months today since we set foot on the soil of India. I believe I must celebrate it by speaking to the heathen of Christ in their own tongue for the first time. It will be but a few words, but I believe the offering, poor as it must, of course, be, will be acceptable to Him whom we serve.

I wish you would send me, by return of tapal, Brother Rendall's letter, as Brother Burnell wishes to see it, and also a needle and thread. I am most happy and well. Am very glad you concluded to let me come.

Please send on the accompanying note to Brother Chandler when you have read it, and add such suggestions as you think best. Pony goes well and does nicely. David Aggaming

⁶⁸ His life insurance policy.

⁶⁹ Postman

Koothery Kaum (horse keeper) is a quiet sort of person. I send far more love than this little note can carry. All for you, and, besides, a sister's share for Mrs. Burnell.

Your loving husband,
TBP

TBPenfield to CEHPenfield

Lingam Vardi
August 1st, [1867]

Dearest Lottie,

We have celebrated the day variously. First of all, we gave a rupee each (Brother Burnell and I) to buy a sheep for the catechists, etc. It proved very tender and nice, at least the liver and steak that was sent us. At morning prayers, I gave, in English, an account of the day of emancipation in Jamaica.⁷⁰ Next, in order, we read an account of emancipation laws lately passed in Brazil.⁷¹ Soon after dinner, there came a terrific storm that nearly blew our tent over and quite succeeded in laying flat that of the catechists. But I have not time to give all the particulars. At length, we were flooded out, and sent all our baggage to ... a sort of public resthouse. We went there ourselves, and here we must spend the night.

On coming back from evening visit to the villages, we learned that the tapal man had come. You should have seen how eagerly two persons opened the basket and looked for letters which could not be found. I will not tell you how disappointed they were. We are sure you must have written, but by some accident (permitted wisely, no doubt, by our Father) the letters have not come. We hope to be with you Saturday evening, which is almost here already. I do miss you sadly, my darling, and more and more every day. The Lord guard you till we meet again.

Your loving husband,
T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #5
Thursday, August 1st, 1867

My own precious family,

Today brought your precious letter number 18; I do wonder what could induce Father to think that I might be deprived of my sleep to read your letters. I surely should not lose my sleep reading his—one in all this long time; perhaps that is why he writes no more often. I cannot imagine what should cause such thoughts to enter his head, unless, perhaps, he is kept awake to read mine. Is that so? I wonder if he would like me to write less. I surely would not wish him to do so. So I think I will continue doing as I would be done by, that is what he always taught me.

⁷⁰ The slave trade in Jamaica was halted in 1807; full emancipation occurred in 1838.

⁷¹ Full abolition of slavery in Brazil was not to occur, however, until 1888.

I do feel so very thankful to feel that you must have read our letters long before now. How anxious I am to learn whether that Swedish treatment benefits Mother permanently or not; just imagine darling Mother all well. O how delightful.

I am enjoying my visit here with Mrs. Burnell very much—that is, as well as I can without Thornton, but it seems as though my heart is gone when he is away. We look for him on Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Burnell intend riding their horses home to spend the Sabbath. They will be off again on Monday for another week's work. How glad I shall be when he is all through, this time.

I am reading Matthew to a girl, here, about 16 years old. She is the wife of the teacher, and a graduate of the girls' school in Madura, a very nice girl indeed. Her name is Sarn-thdi (meekness) and she reminds me so much of Alice McLaughlin, only without the crafty eye and artful ways and "put on" manners. She is quite well informed. Mrs. Burnell has just been asking her if she knew the name of the longest river in America and she said, "Mi-si-ci-pi"—you understand, don't you? Our capitol she calls "Was-in-ton." Mrs. Burnell has some little children come every day and sew for her, generally about four—3 boys and 1 girl. One little boy has, on his breast and stomach, about 24 round spots, each one about the size of a pea. They are put on by fours this way [shown in a diamond shape] and are burned in with a red hot iron. When he cried from pain, as [from a] stomach ache, they did it as a medicine. They brand their oxen so, too.

Yesterday a man brought us some lotus flowers. They are beautiful, large, and very much like our fragrant pink peonies at home, only more delicate and waxlike. These were shaded pink; they are sometimes white. We have a boy whom we send every other day to our husbands with bread, butter, a cake or pie, or chicken, and letters, so we hear from them quite often. It is a great comfort.

Why, I declare, I have written all this and have forgotten the great news of the day. The very day we left Madura, Thornton bought a pony. He bought it for \$95 ½, gold. He got it at an auction. It formerly belonged to a zamindar⁷², and was taken for his tax, I believe. It is a pigue pony, a sort of light brown, half way between our Charlie and Brownie. It is of great use to Thornton and he enjoys it very much. You see, they pitch their tent and, after preaching where they are, take their horses and go to some other village. They will just ride their horses home to spend the Sabbath, leaving their tents, etc., where they are. I am so glad Thornton likes [the pony]; it is always more or less risky buying at auction, you know. When our buggy comes, how we shall enjoy riding after him. The roads here are very smooth and nice, macadamized like our turnpike, and look like the roads in the park—I mean the principal ones. It is really delightful to ride on the good ones.

Mrs. Burnell and I had quite a little laugh over one sentence in Mother's letter, where she says she supposes Thornton and I occasionally sail on these rivers. The rivers here are more often dry than have water in their beds. I suppose the Ganges always has [water] but we are not near any such great river. They are often little brooks, or, as I said, more often dry. No one thinks of sailing on them if they can cross from one side to the other. [The people] aspire to no more. At times, especially during the rainy season, the streams become a strong rushing torrent, so that people have to wait, sometimes, days before they can even cross. But sometimes it only takes a few hours for the water to "run by."

⁷² A zamindar is a large landowner, one with many tenant farmers who pay him rent.

Saturday Morning, August 3rd

We look for our husbands home this evening. O how I long to have evening come.

Mrs. Burnell is having Tamil prayers with the servants. I have been in every other morning, but I cannot understand anything, so I thought I would write, instead. I believe I will enclose, in this, Thornton's last little note to me, because he does not find time to write any to you, and it will give you a little idea of his tent life. I will write a little explanation in it; you would hardly understand his Tamil. The "disappointment" he refers to was a great disappointment to me, too. Mrs. Burnell sent the tapal man to them and forgot to put our letters in, so, by the last messenger, they received no word from us, whatever. I could have cried when I found my note all ready to go, left behind; I was sorry. But it was too late, and no help for it. Mrs. Burnell found hers left behind, too.

She is having great trouble with her sweeper woman and family; they (the children) will steal so, and the mother seems to uphold them in it. It is very sad and trying. I see what may be before me. I pray every day that God will give me wisdom at such times. One needs it here among these poor ignorant people.

Thornton's mother will, I know, be feeling very anxious about him. But we mailed letters to her at the same time we sent to you, so she must have got them before now. Sometimes Thornton and I have spoken of asking you occasionally to send one of my letters to them, if there should happen to be ones that will do to go. Somehow, I don't find time to write more than my long letters home, and he writes so little that they don't hear as much as we would like to have them.

We have been having most charming showers every afternoon, and everything looks most green and beautiful. We had one terrible one the other day; I think it must have been the one that flooded Thornton so. O how the rain drove round, and the wind blew as if it would lay everything low! It lasted over an hour, but the water very soon sank into the ground, and then the garden and woods opposite did look most beautifully. That yellow light was upon everything, as it used to be at home, sometimes, after a shower.

They have snakes here with two heads, one on each end, that can crawl either way.⁷³ I have not seen one yet, but they say they are short and very thick, as large around as your wrist. Mrs. Burnell says she thinks there is a nest of them under her wood house. The other day, two of her hens were found dead in the hen house; they were probably bitten by snakes.

I would like to see Mr. Beecher's story. At what a fearful expense it was written. He has sacrificed much for love of money, it seems to me.

Sometime, when you can, and come across it, you may send me some fluting or ruffling or something fine like edging, or insert some of Mother's little odds and ends. They would be very useful to me here. Also, buttons with eyes. Fannie's buttons (1 doz. and ½) that she bought in Newark and gave me, white with little glass drops in the top, are my great standby. They are all I have. I change them from one dress to another, so they go for four or five dresses.

Madura

Saturday, August 10, 1867, Half Past Six O'Clock

Here we are back in Madura, you see. When Thornton came home on Saturday, a week ago, I found he was suffering with boils all over his forehead. He had had one very large one,

⁷³ This description may have been based on Lottie's having heard of two-headed snakes and misunderstanding the aberration to assume an entirely different type of formation.

and had on his forehead 27 small ones, so it made him just about sick, and made it almost impossible for him to wear his hat. We concluded it was not best for him to attempt to return with Mr. Burnell, and on Monday we packed up and came home. We got home very comfortably, and, although we had a very pleasant visit, we were very glad to be at home again. We found everything in very good order, and we took the next day to rest, as far as possible.

On Wednesday, Mr. Noyes' horse and carriage came to us. He and his family have gone over to Jaffna (Ceylon) for a little change. His wife is not at all well, and he asked us to keep his horse and carriage until he came back, which will probably be somewhere near the first of September. So we have nearly a month of enjoyment with it. We shall pay the horsekeeper's wages and all the expenses, of course, but it will be a great comfort to us.

Wednesday evening Mr. Burnell surprised us by riding into the yard on his pony. He had moved tent within four miles of Madura, and invited Thornton, Miss Smith, and me to ride out and breakfast with him the next morning. I had a mold of arrowroot cooked, and carried with us spoons and a few dishes, and napkins enough for us three. We started about 7 ½ and got there soon after 8. Mr. Burnell was off in the villages preaching, but he soon returned and had breakfast. We had a good breakfast of stewed chicken and toast, tamarinds, sardines, bread, butter, tea, and my arrowroot. Altogether, we had a very sumptuous meal and enjoyed ourselves very much, besides giving me a little idea of tent life, which really appeared very attractive, though I suppose we only saw the honeyed side of it. The tent is a very large and nice one; they have a mat on the floor, and all fixed up so comfortably that it looked very pleasant. Some of the ladies go with their husbands on tours, and I think I shall, rather than stay at home all alone. I would rather go, any day. Tent life can be made right comfortable—for a few weeks, at any rate.

Friday was my birthday; I wonder if you recollected it? The first part of the day I felt pretty sad, for it seemed to carry my mind back, especially, to a year ago. I wonder if you will remember it; does Mother remember how she lay on the sofa in our little Woodland Cottage sitting room, and I sat by her, fanning her, when Thornton brought that little red Indian bag and gave me. In the evening, Father brought home those purple sleeve buttons from Lilia; and the next week I went to Oberlin to school? O it all seems so long ago, yet it is only a year. But how much has happened to change the course of my life in that one year. It does not make me unhappy to think of it all; I would not have anything different. It has all been ordered in infinite wisdom and love for me, and I feel that I have made advancement, this last year, in my spiritual life as I have never done before. My dear husband is a great help to me; we love to talk these things over, and it strengthens us both. His trials during his past life have been a great blessing to him, and I mean to make them so to me, also.

Yesterday, Thornton ran away from me for a long time in the morning, and I could not imagine where he had gone, but when he came home, he gave me a great many things. He had been hunting through the bazaars for something for me, but he should not have done it. I did not expect him to get me a thing. He bought me a smelling bottle, and a bottle of scotch mixed candies, and some very pretty green glass fingerbowls—they are very necessary here, in eating fruit. Everyone has them, but we have been using common bowls to save the extra expense, just now. Now, was not Thornton extravagant? For it was only my birthday—but I do appreciate it. It is not every husband who would think to get anything for his wife.

I sent some candies over to the children (Mrs. Chandler's), and in the afternoon we invited Mrs. Chandler and her little boy to take a ride with us in Mr. Noyes' carriage. We had a very pleasant ride, and, at her invitation, we took tea with them. The children had a wreath made for me, a large birthday cake baked, with "To Mrs. P." on the top, frosted, and raisins and sugar

plums in and on it, and all decorated with flowers. Mrs. Chandler gave me a pair of beautiful pink shells, quite large, and a very pretty specimen of something that grows in the hills—a sort of grain, very pretty, it looks like a bunch of brown grapes. So you see, my birthday was very well celebrated. I thought of you all so often, and wished you could be here—but I know that is not possible.

That was yesterday, and this morning, when I got up, I found every preparation being made for the principal room, our “parlor” (or hall as it is called here) to be cleaned. The two horsekeepers, two Anthonys, and boy Al-a-he and Lazarus were all hard at work carrying out the things. Now it is about half past eight and nearly everything is back in its place. I have not done a thing or said a word except to tell them they must take the pictures down—they were forgetting them. I wish your house could be cleaned as quickly and with as little trouble to you.

I am going to show Lazarus how to make a lemon pie, like those Fannie and I used to make at home. I think one would taste so good here, so I want him to learn how to make them. Now goodbye.

I know you have got our letters long before this, and I am expecting an answer to them, now, every mail. I do so hope that number 19 will say that you have received our letters and your minds are relieved. I sent them all to the care of “Mr. James D. Bennett,” so that those that were sent after your number was changed will surely reach you, I think. Fannie must tell Miss Swan, when she next writes her, that I have occasion to think of her very often, for the little mats she gave me are the only ones I have to use, and they are really most convenient. Give much love to the Morrises. I mean to write Hattie soon. And to Miss Walker, too—I have not cut my red dress, yet, but when I do, I will be sure to send a pattern.

You would have laughed to see us going to Mēlūr. Thornton and I laughed. We had Mynah, in her cage, in our bandy, as well as our other goods necessary for the tour. We [were drawn by] the oxen, and the pony was led behind by our horsekeeper. Lazarus, Anthony (the cook), the horsekeeper’s wife all walked behind, making, in all, four servants, besides the bandyman, to get us to Mēlūr. The horsekeeper’s wife went along to get grass for the horse. They walked all night; I think they must have been tired the next day. But they are accustomed to that sort of thing.

The September Meeting is fast approaching. I am to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Capron and two little girls. Mrs. Capron is the sister of that pretty little lady, Mrs. Tufts, whom Fannie and I saw at the house of Mrs. Hardy the evening we were invited there; she will remember, I think. Also Mr. and Mrs. Chester—they have no children. The meeting begins on Wednesday, September 11th, and holds a week. I shall not take much care but leave it all for Lazarus—he is equal to it, and I am not. He was so pleased to see me have the wreath yesterday. He laughed all over. He always seems so delighted to have any deference shown to Thornton or me, or to see us pleased in any way. I don’t think him strictly honest in little things, but in other ways he is all I could wish, and he is, now, more than I expected. Thornton sends much love. This evening we take tea with Mrs. Herrick.

With love to one and all, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and Lizzie and Miss Clark, and Miss Howland.

Lovingly,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

(Letter to Fannie)

[enclosure dated August 10, 1867]

Dear Fannie,

I am going to send the following list of things I want and, if you can take time to get them for me, I will thank you very much. I also enclose an order to Mr. Wood to foot the bill and charge us. I shall have to leave quantity, etc., very much to you. You will see I send for some things rather far ahead, but there may not be a chance to send for some time. Use your judgment about sending the hats now or at the next opportunity. You may charge whatever else I have sent for (except stereoscopic views, etc.—things that are not essential) to us.

Linen thread (black and white, small quantity)

1 piece furniture print—rather dark

Tape—different widths—white and black

Narrow linen tape—white and one or two wider pieces

Chocolate—2 papers like those Father used to get

Hooking cotton—medium size

Darning cotton—medium size

Buttons—black and white as I have described

Some sewing silk skeins, different colors, especially black and white and blue and red to match the kid (in the letter)

Some brass for Thornton's pants, etc.

A few small buttons with eyes (black and white)

2 packages of thread. Numbers 30 and 24—(1 package of each)

An assortment of needles—from fine up to needles for cotton stockings. I do not need very coarse ones. Mostly medium size for thread Number 30, etc.

1 hoopskirt (I have written about that)

Little stockings. 8 pairs for a child from 6 mo. to 1 yr. old—two or three sizes.

Kid— $\frac{1}{2}$ piece blue and $\frac{1}{2}$ piece red (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pc black if they will not cut a piece)—get whatever is the prettiest, I want it for little shoes.

A hat for a child 1 yr. old—cannot you get and trim it for me, I cannot tell anything about it clear off here, and I don't even know whether it is a boy's or girl's hat I want. You must either wait until you hear (I think that would be soon enough) or send one that will do for either. I want a strong one—straw, I guess—that will last for 10 children at the same age—plain but good. I had better have a common and best one—good rims—(you understand—send two, a common and a best.)

If you can understand my many directions, you will do well. If you get a buggy, send a harness, too—Thornton says for a small horse, a pony. Send a good strong one, we want one for a smaller horse than Charlie was. When you get a buggy, please send the harness and charge to us (not before), a harness with a regular collar, not a head piece.

Lottie

JMHubbard to CEHPenfield

No. 5 Cambridge St., Boston
August 1, 1867

My darling daughter,

I cannot resist the pleasure to write you by Miss Pollock,⁷⁴ who will soon be with you as a helper; the Lord send many more. We are trying to influence all the young we can to consecrate themselves to the good work. I find my interest greatly increasing, and I think one fine young man, who was intending to study medicine, has about concluded to prepare himself to be a minister or missionary. We will work here and “hold the ropes” while you and Thornton work there; manage so as to last as long as you can, change as little as possible, and we will do the same, except for the better. We have taken much pleasure in putting up a few little things, and in thinking how much more satisfaction you will take in receiving and using them.

We go this P.M. to see Hubbard Treadwell at Swampscott, and return this evening. Frances, who you know is such a homebody, will return to New Jersey by the same splendid floating palace we came to Bristol in, leaving here Friday evening at 5 o'clock rather than going with us to Brattleboro Saturday morning. We anticipate much pleasure in visiting our dear friends in the Connecticut Valley. They are anxious to learn all about you, and we will anticipate going again when you return, if the Lord will it, all together.

You inquire about Woodland Cottage. I rented it, for the year, to a Mr. Hamilton, who has a very pleasant wife and one little son, Clark, who is a good boy about 10 years old. We miss the fruit very much, but the rent nearly pays our board, and then your mother is so greatly relieved from care that she has time to accomplish that in writing and labours for the Home,⁷⁵ which is of far more importance. Mr. Bennett's family is so kind, also; we are just about, and I do not know, but the most happy family in the city; surely the Lord is answering somebody's prayers in our behalf, and I trust our being there will prove a “material benefit.”

Business in the country has been very poor during the past season, and goods have greatly depreciated in value. But all seems hopeful for the future, since Congress has put the President⁷⁶ on his good behavior, as you will see by the papers. The City⁷⁷ has been very healthy.

The church at Montclair cannot agree upon the choice of a pastor; therefore, they are still without. They have, however, extended a call to a man from Maine, but the minority against it was so great that he will probably not accept. We have not yet removed our relation, and shall wait a little longer and see where it is wise to go. The Lord will direct.

I should so love to step in some day and see you keeping house. I wish you much joy. How do things fit? Do write us all about your comforts and discomforts. I often think of you when I have a glass of your cold water, and wonder if you have the like, although I know the promise is fulfilled, “thy bread and water is sure.” “He setteth the solitary in families,” and I feel

⁷⁴ Sarah Pollock would reach the Madura Mission in January 1868.

⁷⁵ American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, in New York City, which Lottie's mother had been instrumental in founding, and with which the family maintained an affiliation for many years.

⁷⁶ President Andrew Johnson.

⁷⁷ New York City.

that the influence of yours will be a great blessing to the people of India, hallowed as it will be by the joyful, giving presence of Jesus, as was that of Lazarus and his sisters at Bethany.

While I love to think of our happy family at Montclair, I have one regret, and that is that I was not a better husband and father, a better neighbor and friend, that I accomplished so little for Him who accomplished so much for me and my race;⁷⁸ the Lord forgive. I can never tell how greatly I long to see thy face, and fear to write lest it should have the effect of making thee discontented and thus unfit thee for the good work which thou art privileged to assist in doing. Be of good courage, my precious daughter, and God will strengthen thy heart and be with thee to the end.

August 2

Miss Pollock, Fannie, and I met at the Mission Rooms, and met the Reverend Mr. Webb and the brother of Mr. Tracy and his wife, and were very much pleased with them. Mr. Taylor⁷⁹ has not yet arrived—yes, he has, at length, arrived with his wife and daughters, but goes immediately to Roxbury with Mr. Webb to see and consult with Dr. Anderson, leaving his wife and daughters with us.

Saturday Morning

We had an informal meeting in the parlor last evening with the missionaries and were much pleased with them. They have an excellent spirit, and will prove, doubtless, valuable helpers.

We were visited yesterday with a severe storm and could not go to Swampscott, and intend to go this A.M., and then Monday to Brattleboro, and Frances to New Jersey, having been detained by the great rain which came pouring during the afternoon.

Monday, August 5th

Have seen the ship Oriental, for Madras, which [appears] good and strong. We are invited to take tea at Dr. Clark's prayer meeting at Mrs. Deacon Safford's Tuesday evening. Farewell. "Peace be with you."

Your loving father,
J. M. Hubbard

Share with Thornton the cargo of love we send, and assure him of our growing regard for him in his responsible situation; the Lord bless him.

TB Penfield to MC Penfield

Madura
August 12st, 1867

My darling daughter,

⁷⁸ The race of mankind.

⁷⁹ Rev. Horace Taylor and his wife were to rejoin the Madura Mission after having spent three years away. They expected to travel with Sarah Pollock.

I am sitting down to my table to write you a letter a week or two before commencement, yet commencement will have come and gone for more than a month before you will get and read what I am now writing.

We think of you very, very often and sometimes we say, "How pleasant it would be if we could only have little Mary with us here." But then we think how much better it is for you to be with Grandma and Grandpa in Oberlin till you have grown up to be a young lady and have finished your studies. We are sure that it is the Lord's will for you to be there in the United States and for us to be here in India. He knows what is best for us all, and so we are satisfied.

I was glad, about a week ago, to get the letter which your grandma wrote us on May 26th. I was very glad to learn that my little girl was well, and growing tall, and, more than all, that she was happy and still trying to be good. As long as you try to be good and ask Jesus to help you, I am sure you will be happy. But when you do wrong you cannot be really happy till you are sorry for it and ask Jesus to forgive you and help you to do better. I was quite pleased that you are learning to play so many tunes on the Melodeon and that you have the little singing book called "Musical Leaves." When your Uncle Smith⁸⁰ comes to live in Oberlin, perhaps he will kindly teach you a little about music. If he does, you will pay good attention and make him no trouble but learn as much as you can. Won't you? Yes, I am sure you will.

Your grandma says that Dolly is very tame and talks, laughs, and kisses very nicely. I am sure you must think a great deal of her. And this reminds me to tell you of a little pet we have. It is not a parrot, but another kind of bird that knows almost as much. It is called a mynah. It looks something like a robin. It is only a few months old yet, but it can almost say "Mynah." We have had a large cage made for it, about four times as large as Dolly's, and we have to keep it there most of the time because it is so mischievous and so spry. When we are writing, if it is out of the cage, it will snatch the pencil out of our hand and hop away with it as fast as ever it can. If we chase it, it will drop the pencil and, before we can pick it up, it will be running off with the cork of the ink bottle or trying to make a hole in the paper. Several times, when on my shoulder, it has pulled out a pin from my coat collar and flown off with it. It often goes to the looking glass to visit with the bird it sees in there. Then it will look around back of the glass to find the bird it has seen and is quite surprised not to find it at all. It will follow me from room to room all through the house, just like a little dog. And sometimes we let it walk in the garden with us, only it keeps so close to our feet that there is danger of stepping on it. If it happens to get ten feet away from us, it comes hopping and flying back in the greatest haste. Isn't it a nice pet? When Grandma writes me next time, please ask her to tell me what Dolly says the best.

I must close. With many kisses and much love from your mother, as well as from

Your affectionate father,
T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #6
Sabbath Day, August 18th, 1867

My dear friends,

⁸⁰ Thornton's brother Smith Newell Penfield was an organist.

I find I am just a little like Mother and, at least in one particular, I am exactly like her, viz., I cannot rest unless I have a letter in progress for home. So I often write when I have nothing particular to say, and I fear my letters sound just exactly so. We have not had any letter for the two last mails, so we fully expect one next mail, and we are in great hopes that it may contain the news that our letters have been received.

Thornton and I have both been to church this morning and stayed to go to the Sabbath School that is held for the scholars attending the day school and all others who may choose to come. Thornton has a class he taught at last Sabbath, and has concluded to keep it. They are boys, about 12 or 14 in number, and range from 10 to 15 years old. He asks them questions from the little Tamil question book, and they answer. This afternoon he has promised to take a class of girls, the oldest in the boarding school. We both think the practice will be good for him.

Thornton went into his study to continue the writing of a prayer he is translating into Tamil, but he has fallen asleep, and I think it will do him good. It is very hot today. When we were walking home from church, it seemed as if the sun would almost melt one down. I could not have walked a great ways. I am getting very sleepy, and I think I must take a little nap. It must be almost 12 o'clock. Every Sabbath noon we have a season of prayer to remember the children in the Mission, both here and in America. It is observed by all the missions.

Saturday, August 24th

Thornton did not take the class of girls, after all, but a class of boys who understand a little English; and he feels very much interested in them.

Dr. Orms had a daughter on missionary ground somewhere; do you remember where? I have an idea she is in India, somewhere, but I hardly think she can be in our Mission. I have written to Lillie and am going to enclose a letter to Miss Harris. It costs so much to send separate letters all round. Will you be kind enough to get it to her somehow? Perhaps it may make a good excuse for Fannie to take a little run out there.

You don't know what a temptation I overcame the other day. I don't hardly know whether you will be glad or sorry. Some most beautiful lace was sent here for sale, real thread lace made by the scholars in a Mission school. O some of it was elegant. I did so want to buy one piece to send home to you. It was about \$1 per yard, and there was just enough left to make a pretty collar for Mother, Mrs. Bennett, and Mrs. Cooke. I told Mrs. Chandler I would take that piece, and got the money all counted out to give her. Then, what I suppose must have been a good streak came over me, and I thought, "This won't do, what kind of an example is this to set for Mrs. Chandler?" (who is deeply in debt and doesn't get out of it, either). We are also in debt and must clear ourselves before we can afford to make expensive presents, so I cried a very little and gave the lace back. Then Thornton heard of it; I am sure he thought I did right, and I know I did, but I did want to send it so much. This is my greatest temptation to extravagance, I find. Everything pretty I see, I do want it to send home, so very much. You should have all India, if only I had the money to buy it. One of these days, though, I hope we can send a little something. Thornton says we can.

Thornton has been taking a great deal of pains, while Mr. Noyes' carriage is here, to train our pony to draw, and he has succeeded so well that this week he took me out to Mrs. Herrick's, in Pasumalie, nearly four miles out there. The little fellow did splendidly, but just as we got there, a very heavy shower fell, so we were obliged to spend the evening—that is, we came home about 8 o'clock. Thornton and I did wish you were there to see us—just he and I in the buggy, and so dark that we could not begin to see the road—so we were obliged to hire a coolie, for

about 7 cents, to run ahead and carry the lantern, while our horsekeeper guided the horse's head. And so we reached home in safety through all the mud and darkness. The horsekeeper always runs by the side of the carriage to care for the horses when you reach your journey's end and to clear the road by calling out "po" "po" (go) if anyone ahead is walking in the road. In the cities, you have to be very careful, for you know there are no sidewalks here, but all walk right in the middle of the streets. The horsekeepers are trained to it and run many miles without weariness.

We found a great scorpion, 6 inches long, in our little [office] room the other day, a great black fellow with a tremendous sting. Thornton had it preserved in alcohol. The crows are very troublesome here. The other day, while I was standing on the back veranda, attending to the measuring of the grain for the horse, the allowance of fire wood, go-down room, etc., a saucy crow flew right by me and, taking all the butter in his great bill, flew off, leaving the plate clear. They are very large and black and audacious, here. Two came right into our dining room the other day, and I could hardly frighten them away. I had to shut the door to keep them out. They seem to be a father, mother, and four small ones. You don't hear the singing of birds here in the morning very much; the harsh cawing of crows drowns all else.

We heard music in the street the other day and asked Lazarus what it was. He said it was the father and mother of a boy going to ask for a little girl to be his wife. Soon they returned, and very soon passed again, so we went out to see them. The second time, they had the boy with them in a little palanquin, while the parents (I suppose) walked under a great umbrella. They had been accepted and were now returning, with the boy, to settle on the terms—the money, jewels, etc., to be paid.

Tuesday, August 27th

I must tell you what a treat we had on Sabbath day—4 letters—all containing the long wished-for news that you have received our letters. Your letters 19 and 20 came together, one from Mrs. Cowles, our little Mary, brother Charles, and his little Mary, and the fourth from South Hadley,⁸¹ containing six letters: Miss French, Miss Parmilee, Miss Ballantine, Julia, Alice Gorden, and Nellie Ives—was not it nice? We got them about 2 o'clock. Thornton had just gone clear off into Mrs. Rendall's room (now our company room) to take a nap, and I was all but asleep in our room, when little Gertie Chandler brought them to me. I got right up and went to him, carrying one of them with me and dropping the others here and there on the way. So I spoke to him and showed him one. He jumped up and started for our room to read it. On the way, I picked up another, he thinking each one the last. We commenced reading, right off, and read all the time we had to read, until 8 o'clock. It was a great time for us.

I think I must have answered almost all your questions in my previous letters. In one letter I said I thought you might look for a letter from us every two weeks—Thornton said we would send about so often, but I find that this "we" means me, and that I cannot get a full letter written so soon. The postage is so much that I want to send all I can in one envelope, so I don't think you had better look for one so often. Thornton keeps "going" to write but does not get any further—he is so very busy. I should not wonder if they came about every three weeks. There are two and occasionally three at your end of the line to write, but I am only one here, for this is about the only particular in which he is not a helpmeet. But I really don't think he is a bit worse than Father in this respect.

⁸¹ Lottie had attended Mt. Holyoke in South Hadley, Massachusetts.

I was very much obliged to Fannie for those patterns of tatting. You know, I showed Miss Smith how to make it on shipboard, and since she has been here, she has taught the largest of the school girls how, so that some of them can make it quite nicely now. Thornton said if I could not make that pattern on two threads, he could show me, but I tried and succeeded nicely. He will not be obliged to write it out.

What a nice time you must have had at Mrs. Bates'. I think Irene is a beautiful name. I am so glad Sarah does so well. Give very, very much love to every one of them. I hope to write them sometime—I think of them very often. How I always enjoyed Lucy's children's visits; I always loved to have them come, they used to behave so well. Don't you suppose I can have their pictures sometime? I should prize them so much.

I am very anxious to hear from Uncle Charles. I do hope he may give satisfactory evidence of being prepared before he is called. I should love to see him again, but I must expect to find some of my friends gone when I next come home. I wonder when that will be.

Thornton remembers Willie Balls being in Oberlin. I hardly remember him. I remember how funny he used to be, but that is about all. You know he was very small when I saw him last; it must be a great loss to them. Mother asks about the sick carpenter; he was living when we last heard from him, which was just before leaving Madras. The captain had sent him to the hospital there. He was not a Christian. Thornton talked faithfully to him, but he did not like it. He said, "Medicine is for the sick," and he need not talk to [Thornton]: he was not like other men, he never had done bad things; he was a great deal better than most of the sailors and did not need "reading and praying with." It made us all feel very badly; he was extremely ignorant and self-contained, poor man.

Mother asks about Meenarchshi's Temple. I will leave that to Thornton—he has been over to it. I never have, but am going sometime. I never saw the word written before, so I just spelled it as it sounded, so I know it was written wrong in my other letters.

Thornton is waiting and hoping that Father will tell the amount of our indebtedness to him on the insurance. We are very much obliged to him for meeting it for us. We shall not be able, with our present salary, to keep it up to the present sum; probably \$2000 will be all we can afford, but Thornton will write all about it as soon as he hears from Father. We want to know exactly how much Father had to pay for us and how things stand now.

Fannie tells of her sewing all alone. She sews alone there, and I sew alone here. If we only could sew together. I long for company while Thornton studies and I cannot talk to him. My heart so often calls for Mother and Fannie to come and keep me company. However, I make the most of Thornton. I am always at his elbow when it is practicable.

Thursday, August 29th

Yesterday I went out and showed Lazarus how to use the waffle iron. They were pretty nice, but next time will be much better. He has got the run of it, now, a little.

Fannie asks the difference in time. As Thornton reckoned it, it is just past 1 hour 20 minutes:⁸² when it is 12 o'clock with you, it is past 1 (you having day, and we, night) with us. Being the farthest east, our day comes that much sooner than yours.

Last evening, Thornton partly took charge of the Tamil prayer meeting. He read the Bible and asked a great many questions on the reading. They seemed to understand him,

⁸² Time would have been reckoned by longitude, which was measured in hours, minutes, and seconds, measured east or west from Greenwich, England.

answering very readily, and he could understand their answers. He could not have done it all when he first came. It shows progress, does it not? Now I must stop, for the present.

Sabbath, September 1st

Your 21st letter came on Friday; I was almost sick that day, and it did cheer me so much. We were all very glad to hear that bit of news of Mr. Hazen;⁸³ we have all been watching the papers to find out who he would bring, at last; and if you had not written, we should not have found out for some time yet. I am so glad you are going to see them off. I shall be twice as glad to see them, since you have. I hope they will reach here in safety.

Tell Father he has very many thanks for his letter; we enjoyed it very much. Thornton is answering it for himself.

I am not at church this morning. The walk seemed a little long for me, unless I am feeling extra smart. Thornton has gone. We have had many very refreshing showers lately, and everything is looking so nice and green. Our tomato seeds are up quite high, and our pumpkin vines are quite large. So before a great while, we hope to see blossoms, and then we shall begin to look for fruit. How good tomatoes will taste. I told you in one letter not to send preserves. I wish I had not now, for they are so nice here, and if things are put in cans they come quite safely; everybody has them sent out. At Mrs. Burnell's, she gave us some preserved cherries; they did taste like home.

I wish you a most pleasant September. I do hope that new treatment may benefit you all. I am very anxious to hear how it affects you. I am so glad Mrs. Bennett is improving. Give her my very best love. Mrs. Chandler sends love to you. The lady who gave you that money for us was very kind; you must thank her for me.

Monday, September 2nd

Today has been a hard day for both of us. It is pay day to our servants, and I am started again with a fresh supply of money. Our accounts are generally settled. We have had no trouble about it, but it is tiresome work. Our little Ramaswami is always so delighted to get his rupees. 1 ½ (75 cents) are his monthly wages; it does amuse us greatly; he looks as happy as if it was 60 times as much.

This evening Thornton has gone to dine with the judge and his lady—Thomas is the name (English, of course)—at 7 o'clock. A grand dinner, of course. It will take them 2 or 3 hours to finish all the courses. They wanted us both, but I preferred to be excused, as I am not feeling [as] well as I sometimes have. Lazarus is quite concerned that I should be left home alone and wants me to let him call someone from the Chandlers to keep me company, but unless I can have one of four persons, I would much rather be alone. Three of those persons are in America, and Thornton is the other. I did wish you were here to take tea with me this evening. I don't feel near as friendly as I used to before I was married, and all I want are the above named persons or no one. That is, as a general thing; of course, I am glad to see the friends here. Now goodbye, I must not write more or the letter will be too long.

Lottie

⁸³ Rev. Hervey Hazen would reach the mission field in January 1868; this "bit of news" probably refers to his marriage and, specifically, his choice of bride.

I will try to answer Father next time—darling Father—I do love him dearly. I have just finished the life of Sarah B. Judson⁸⁴ (2nd wife). O what am I, in comparison to those noble women? My heart is willing, but my flesh is so weak.

Have you not had any new pictures taken, yet? How I long to see a new one, as you look now. I want some of my pictures, too; we have not one in the house. Can't I have a few of those taken in Boston?

With love,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

(Private)

Thursday, August 29th, 1867

Darling Fannie,

I must write you a private note this time, too, on business. You see, you have got to be my right hand man in America, and shoulder the drudgery of shopping for the family. I hope you like that occupation better than you used. In your note you say you wished there was something you could do to “add to my comfort!” I am almost ashamed to ask you to do anything more; in every letter, I have asked you to do something, until I am almost afraid you will weary of doing. Now I must stop writing, and for some time, I fear, for it is my turn to have the meeting this evening, and I have considerable to do to get all ready.

Monday, September 2nd

Now I am going to proceed to the business directly and tell you some more things you can do to add to my comfort, and I shall be as brief as possible. In the first place, I would like a white cord and tassel to wear with my loose dresses, and some of the straw buttons we had at home. And that old blue shawl of Eliza's would be very useful to me. When you are shopping, if you can find any remnants of flannel, suitable for babies' sacques, I would like a little; you cannot find any good, or pretty, here. Merino would do nicely for 1 or 2. I would like silk to scallop it with, or binding for it, too, if you send any. You were going to send me one of the dogs' heads on your dress, but you have not, yet. I want to see one. When you out-grow a dress, or are through with it, I wish you would sometimes send it to me. I would like to see how it is made, trimmed, etc., and it would help me out very much in making little dresses. Some of your dresses would cut over nicely for children and look very pretty, and save my buying new. Anything from home always looks so good here.

Now goodbye. I must stop, with all the love I have had for you and 10 times more.

Lottie

Thornton says I ask altogether too much. I am afraid I do. About those little hats—rims about like those seaside hats are about right—enough to keep the sun off and not too broad to stay on. I'll send a specimen of my tatting, soon.

⁸⁴ Adoniram Judson's second wife.

TBPenfield to MITHubbard

Madura, South India
August 31st, 1867

Mrs. M. I. Hubbard

My dear Mother,

Although I address my letter to you, it is intended as a sort of common property for the family. When I sat down I had not determined whether I should write to you or Father or Sister Fannie. But your name came up on the page first, so the letter will be your property more than that of the rest. Lottie has hit the truth exactly about my not being a helpmeet in writing. With three or four exceptions (if as many), my friends have always found me a poor correspondent and have had to take me for worse, in this respect at least, even if for better in some other respects, as I could surely hope.

While in Jamaica, I used to leave most of the writing home for another⁸⁵ to perform. I enjoy writing to friends, always, when I fairly get about it. But this is the trouble. As long as I am fresh, I find so much to be done about me that it is difficult to find time for writing. And by the time the more pressing duties are attended to, I generally feel so weary and indisposed that writing still has the go-by. But enough of excuse-making.

We were glad to receive Father's letter dated from May to July. Besides other matters of interest, it contained the account of monies received and expended, by him, for me. Very many thanks for his kind loan; I hope it did not inconvenience him seriously. It was my fault, as I had not exercised sufficient forethought and, but for his thoughtfulness, should have forfeited my policy. I will ask, from the treasurer of our Mission, an order to enclose and send him to reimburse him; but really, I find I have so much to say to him about my insurance policy that I will address a part of the letter to him personally. As I wish to send the letter speedily, I will now drop this and take his in hand. Yours I will endeavor to finish tomorrow, and so wish you a good night.

Sabbath

We have just breakfasted and have sat down to write, Lottie in our room before the window, just out of which swings Mynah's large cage, and I at my study table. The service of the day is over, and Sabbath School for the day scholars. Brother Chandler took Miss Smith with him to the West Gate, where he has a small congregation; and Cornelius, the native teacher of the Girls' Boarding School, preached here. His text was "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." His division was threefold. First, the name of X⁸⁶ in the text; second, the work; third, the direction of attention to Him and His work. Although I could not understand all he said, I was able to keep the run of his leading ideas. And as far as I could understand it, thought it an excellent sermon and one well adapted to the people. His manner was earnest, simple, and solemn.

Lottie was not feeling well enough to go out today, though she is up and around the house, as usual. We have been having a good deal of rain the last two or three weeks. Within a few days the weather has cleared up, with heavy winds, which are causing slight ailments pretty generally. I do not myself feel quite as well as I have usually been.

⁸⁵ His first wife, Sarah.

⁸⁶ Christ.

I wish you could see what a good wife Lottie makes. I believe she loves me as the very apple of her eye. She is very thoughtful and prudent. My clothes are kept in prime order, rents mended, buttons on, etc. I put in her hands, each month, a very moderate sum for wages of servants, housekeeping expenses, food, lights, washing, etc., and she shows not a little tact and skill in its expenditure. She keeps our expenses much lower than some I know of have, and yet we have a table set that abounds in good, plain, palatable food.

Then, as to the management of the servants, she has hit the happy medium. She knows when and how to insist upon what is important so that she has secured the respect and affection of the servants, just as I should wish a wife of mine to do. She has a quiet dignity blended with such cordiality as would give you great satisfaction, if you could only see without being seen. If you could only see the difference between our quiet, helpful, and contented servants and those of somebody else, who are constantly getting into trouble and leaving in a huff or in disgrace, you would thankfully agree with me that a prudent wife is from the Lord.

My dearest Lottie is also growing more and more gentle in her manners, and sedate and earnest in spirit.

My fondest hopes of domestic happiness are realized from day to day. One great cause of thankfulness to me, and I am sure to Lottie, too, is that we agree so perfectly in principles and so uniformly in the method of carrying them out. We feel that much of this is owing to a similar early training, and we only wish that there were thousands of such Christian mothers as we have. Now, if I could only send this letter home without Lottie's seeing it, wouldn't it be nice? But no, she lets me see what she writes about me, sometimes, and she may see this. Don't think it a lover's picture, or even is so exaggerated at all. I own I am in love with Lottie, but I have my senses yet and am not at all blind. She is not perfect, of course, but she comes as near it as anyone I ever knew, and far nearer than most.

Please remember me very kindly to dear sister Fannie, of whom I have many pleasant memories. I am so glad she was able to go up to Boston with us; I should not feel half as well acquainted if she had not.

Yours, with true and filial affection,
Thornton

TBPenfield to JMHubbard

(Letter to Father from Thornton)

Madura

August 31st, 1867

Mr. Joel M. Hubbard

My dear Father,

With renewed thanks for your thoughtful kindness in not permitting my life insurance policy to run out, I will resume the thread of discourse dropped in Mother's letter. I propose enclosing an order on the treasurer, covering my present indebtedness to you, \$42.44, as per account just received, and \$43.75, which latter sum, as I reckon, total \$96.19 and will meet the 1 ½ percent extra on the policy for the 7 months and will bring the two payments together next year, at which time I propose changing the nature and amount of my policy. The treasurer informs me that, at the last advice, gold stood at \$1.39. Accordingly, my order will be for \$69.21

gold. If it realizes less than above, I shall be so much your debtor, and, if more, your creditor, till the next order is sent.

And now, if you please, a few thoughts and inquiries about a change of policy after May next. We have been talking the matter over and think we shall decidedly prefer an endorsement policy payable at 60 or at death, if sooner; but, at the same time, do not see how we shall be able to meet the premium, together with the 1 ½ percent extra, on more than \$2000. This is the change we now propose, but there will be time for a little consultation. What do you and Mother think of it?

In their manual for 1866 which I have [from] the company, it says (page 19), concerning contracts for sea or increased climate risks, "The permit or consent of the company must be in writing." I suppose you have such a written permit for me to be here in India, have you not? And if so, what are its features? Or better still, send a copy, if you please.

On the 26th page, I read all premium notes "must be signed by the party to whom such policies may be transferred." Did you sign for me in May last, or how did you manage? And how shall we manage in time to come?

If I change to the endowment policy in May 1868, will the premium be expected, of \$49.34, according to my age at my (then) birthday (34); or \$36.84, as if I had been on the same policy these two years? (See page 46) I notice, at the bottom of the same page, that "loans are made of 1/3 the annual premium." In making the change, should I have to wait five years, in addition to the two already past, before a part of my note would be redeemed, or would these two be counted in as part of the five?

I hope I have not tired you by my continual questioning, but we can much more understandingly consider the proposed change if they are answered. I hope, hereafter, to make the required remittances to you early enough so that they will be sure to meet you two or three weeks before they are due.

Saturday Morning

In an hour, Lottie and I are to have our usual prayer meeting for our little Mary and for the children of the Mission generally. It is the custom of all the Missions, and a good one, too. We sing a few children's songs and, in imagination, surround ourselves with their eager, inquiring faces. Then Lottie leads in prayer for them, and I follow. These little seasons of prayer and song together we enjoy very much. Will not you and Mother and Sister Fannie join us in similar seasons, for the same object, about 1 o'clock Saturday afternoons?

I have not written Fannie this time. But it will surely be her turn next.

Your loving son,
Thornton

P.S. Lottie says, "Now will you write it, please?" The "it" in question being the reply to your inquiries about the make of the carriage which would best suit India.

1st. Short axles, for the bandies and carts here are very narrow, and on a sandy or bad road it is much easier following in their tracks.

2nd. The "patent turn short," as I believe it is called, or some contrivance for turning very short, as, on a long journey or heavy road, we must be drawn by oxen, and they [are] accustomed to carts only and will sometimes make very short turns, in spite of all you can do. Their driver,

too, is generally stupid enough to let them do pretty much as they like and, if a turnover results, he cannot comprehend the reason.

3rd. Wheels made but very slightly dishing, if at all, as they will grow so, by shrinking, fast enough.

4th. Best seasoned stuff throughout, or our hot sun will soon bring it to an ignominious end.

5th. Rather long in the body, as we must lie down on long journeys.

6th. A movable top, making two seats when pulled back.

The first three are much more important than the last.

If you are having a carriage made for us, you might follow the above. But we shall gladly welcome such as you send, that is, if you can see your way clear to buy one without robbing yourselves. It would be very serviceable, but we can get along quite well without it, as many others do and have done.

Your loving son,
Thornton

CEHPenfield to MITHubbard

Letter #7

(Private to Mother)

Sabbath, September 1st, 1867

My own dear Mother,

I wonder if you would go crazy if you were here today. The Catholics are having another celebration today, and O the drumming, fifeing, and firing are something fearful and make a strange contrast with our quiet little Sabbath bell. But I must only tell you little private things here and save all the others for the big letter.

In one of your little notes you say you wish it⁸⁷ could have been put off a little longer—if we had had any idea I should have been as sick as I was, it would have been, but I don't think the chief of my illness was owing to that; it was the want of proper diet for such a long time, for since I have been regulated in that respect, I have had none of my first trouble whatever. For my part, I am glad now it happened just when it did, for the prospect is far from unpleasant. I think I shall get through nicely. Mrs. Moss⁸⁸ has proved herself to be very skillful. The other day she had a most critical case under her charge, one that so rarely occurs that no mention of it is made in doctors' books. It was a Tamil woman, and the child, instead of being formed in the womb was formed outside, how I cannot imagine. She carried her through, and both mother and child are now living. It is seldom that both live in such cases. Does not it speak well for her skill?

Mrs. Chandler gave me a nice little child's cot the other day. It will be very useful. I bought a mosquito net and mattress with it, so it is all rigged out. I must get a little spread somehow. (Thornton is writing Father about his insurance and has asked some questions quite important to us to know. I have not spoken to Thornton about it, but I thought I would to you. You know Father does not always answer questions exactly—I think you'll understand. So, I

⁸⁷ her pregnancy

⁸⁸ Mrs. Moss was the midwife.

thought, as we were so far apart, and it seems so necessary for no time to be wasted in things not being stated quite clearly, I would ask you if you can, without too much care or labor to yourself, just run over the questions and answers to yourself. See if all is right. Please don't let Father know I mentioned such a thing, for he will do the very best he can, I know. This is private, you know.) I hope Thornton's questions are clearly stated.

Monday, September 2nd

I have had no opportunity to write all day, so I gladly embrace this opportunity while Thornton is gone to Judge Thomas's. What nice times you must have in Mrs. Bennett's house, all alone. It seems as though you must have pleasanter times than with all the care you used to have in Montclair. I want very much to know all about it. I see Thornton has been writing some very strange things about me. I cannot understand how he can see things as he does, for, dear Mother, I do fall so far short in everything; you would see quick enough if you were here. It is true that our servants are all most helpful and kind and seem very contented—we are very much attached to them all.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Chandler, is a very smart, bustling woman with little judgment. This, of course, is very private—she is exceedingly kind to us, in her way, and we try to be in return. She is always in a stew about her servants. She is changing all the time. Some she dismisses, and some will not stay, and I cannot blame them, for her house is a perfect whirlwind. You know I never was any hand to scold, so I suppose the contrast may be rather favorable to me in that particular. We are always glad to get back to our quiet home. Lazarus dislikes her very much, though he takes good care to conceal it. He ventured one day to tell me she was “so cross” (she had been talking very short to him when there was no occasion. I was present and heard her). But I told him he must not say so, and excused her as best I could, and he never has spoken so since.

We feel that we have a great cause for thankfulness for our servants, and I feel it to be a direct answer to prayer. Today Thornton reduced our horsekeeper's wages from 9 to 8 rupees and told him he might leave if he would not stay for that, but we could not afford to give more. The man said, without a moment's hesitation, he would stay. It looks as though he was rather contented, does it not? I must not write more, for I must save a little blank to put next to envelope, so no more paper can go in.

With very much love,
Lottie

TBPenfield to NGClark

Stated Letters⁸⁹
No.1

Madura
September 6th, 1867

⁸⁹ The transcription from which I take this letter includes some editing and omissions from the original, of which I have seen a partial copy (from a journal of copied letters) in Thornton's hand. I have included here as much as was available to me of the original; the balance is taken from the edited transcript.

Rev. N.G. Clark, D.D.
Sec. ABCFM

My dear brother,

Although in the midst of the pleasurable stir and excitement of our great annual feast at the September meeting I gladly turn aside to send you a few lines.

I am pleasantly surprised with the numbers present from the different parts of the field, for I did not suppose that the mission had half so many helpers of the different grades. Observing their deportment from day to day I have been gratified with their general decorum and their apparent intelligence and earnestness. I cannot see much beneath the surface yet, for all the public exercises are conducted in Tamil, and the native tongue is so rapid in its movements, the voice so monotonous, and the pronunciation so indistinct, that a “putlue matinhan⁹⁰” or bren man⁹¹ as I am here called can generally understand but little or, and more often, nothing at all.

So large a company reclaimed from heathenism is a goodly sight in this land where Satan’s seat is. The pleasure is greatly enhanced by the reflection that these are the under officers of the army of Christ in this district, of which army we are the generals. In the villages and congregations which I have yet seen Christians seem very few and weak. I have spent a Sabbath at only one Station besides Madura. There few beside missionary helpers, family servants, school children and beggars attend the services. Here too these elements form by far the largest portion of the regular congregation. Of the three or four village congregations I have seen by far the most is at the little village about a mile and a half out of Madura called Amupanady.

At the annual meeting, however, one can recognize the fact that Christianity is a force in the district. If we and all these helpers, filled with a spirit of earnest loyalty to one King, act with one accord as recruiting sergeants, we may get the strong in the main element of any army’s strength a large earnest loyal rank and file. We are scattered over an immense field, nearly all of which is in undisputed possession of the enemy. It is no great wonder if the few natives should feel weak and at times be tempted to despondency, no wonder if some of the spies should bring back an unfavorable report of the promised land. We shall yet possess it all for Christ. And one of the best results of this annual gathering may be the increase of courage and faith, both theirs and ours.

At the invitation of Brother Burnell between one and two months since, I was permitted to spend some ten days most pleasantly and hospitably on an itinerancy with him through a portion of his field. One day while we were out it occurred to me that I had that day been a quarter of a year in India. Accordingly I determined to celebrate the day by dispensing with the services of an interpreter, and making my first effort to tell the heathen of Christ in their own language. My success was not at all flattering, as you can judge from the fact that the experiment was not repeated during the tour. I stumbled through a few sentences without making myself understood, as it seemed, and then read a couple of prayers from an apparent

⁹⁰ This may be both a transliteration and a mis-transcription of the term “puthia manithan” or “pudhu manishan,” referring to a new man or a new creation, possibly to signify his recent arrival at the mission.

⁹¹ This is possibly a transliteration of the Tamil pronunciation of “foreign man,” which could sound like “fren man.” Another possibility is that the transcriber mis-read Thornton’s transliteration “fren man” and substituted a b for the initial f.

Tamil tract. It was an effective speech in one sense, as it deeply impressed me with my need of much and diligent study for a long time to come.

I am aided in the study of Tamil by two Munshies who come daily at different hours. One of these, knowing something of English and is consequently as yet more sociable to me than the other, but of especial [help] in translation. He is Miss Smith's Munshie more particularly, but we find it of advantage to exchange for an hour or so each day. My Munshi knows nothing of English but is quite an authority in Tamil grammar and pronunciation. I enjoy my studies very much and spend as many hours per day upon them as seems able for my health. We are comfortably settled down for the present in the west house at Madura and are enjoying ourselves well. Our general health is quite good and in all things, though in a foreign and heathen land, our cup runneth over.

When the first examination in Tamil can be creditably sustained, we shall be permitted to enter on more active service for Christ, which will be an additional cause for thankfulness. Meanwhile we have daily prayers with the servants in Tamil and upon the Sabbath I teach a class of boys the catechism in the morning, besides having a Bible class in English in the afternoon.

Will you kindly favor me by forwarding the enclosed⁹² to my step-father after reading it which you are quite at liberty to do. You will see I expect him to make application for the \$70 aid for my daughter Mary if he needs it, as I suppose he does. If the application must be a formal one, will you kindly instruct him as to the forms.

With kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Clark, in which my wife cordially joins, believe me my Dear Brother.

As ever yours
Sincerely,
T.B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #8
Madura
Sabbath, September 8th, 1867

My dear ones all,

I have not written any this week since we mailed the last ones, which I believe we did on Monday. I have forgotten the number of my letters, so I cannot tell what it was, but it contained a draft for the amount of Thornton's insurance and his letter containing questions on the same subject. I hope you will get it all safe. The numbering of your letters is a great help to me, and perhaps it would be as great a help to you if I should number mine, so I will make a guess at it, and call this number 8, and go on from that. How near right am I?

It was a very comfortable day; the air is so cool and fresh—quite like home. I have been watching the people going to church this morning, and I tried to feel just as I imagined dear Mother used to feel when she watched the people going by in Montclair and she could not go. Until, at last, I reached quite a high pitch of happiness—trying to feel like my mother. O it is a beautiful place here, but it is not like home, our dear America.

⁹² The "enclosed" letter is unfortunately not available.

We have been very busy this week preparing for the great meeting, which begins this week on Wednesday (11th). We have had the hedge trimmed, and the walks straightened out, the house cleaned somewhat, tables, chairs, and boxes oiled or varnished—not all, but some, until we are looking in apple pie order. I just wish you could see us. I am afraid we shall not look as nice again until another meeting. Thornton has been harder at work than I, for he has overlooked all the yarding. Lazarus has superintended the whole—I only being round, etc.—and directed all heavy work, approving or suggesting. He has had the cook, horsekeeper, and all hands hard at work. We have hired a coolie to help the gardener through with his extra work. Lazarus has done well. We feel more and more pleased with him. Thornton has been as busy as any of us, ordering and showing how. Our servants are all willing, but we find many ways to show them a better way than they are accustomed to doing, and often times it eases their work very much. So you see, after all this week of work, the rest of Sabbath is doubly welcome.

I hear my dear husband's footsteps and here he comes, so I must close and have breakfast. What a good verse is ours for today; I feel my need of a "heart of flesh"⁹³ more and more every day. I am so surprised and grieved at the fickleness and coldness I find there—it seems as though I find more and more all the time.

Monday, September 9th

I have been very busy all the morning, as I believe everybody is on Monday, all over the world. I've been collecting clothes for the wash, giving out clean linens, taking Lazarus's week's account, and going here and there to see all that is going on, and now, about 11 o'clock, I am tired. I wonder if [the] Tracys have not reached America yet and you received your little package. I am so glad Mary Blodgett is coming to New York—I know Fannie will like her; she is so modest, gentle, and loving. There is nothing "put on" or vain about Mary.

I have just been putting Fannie's beautiful tidy on my little rocking chair in the hall for the company, and it looks beautifully. I have had my worsted tidy on, all along. Little Mynah is standing on the bottom of her cage singing at the top of her voice; she does not talk any, yet. Poor little bird has no perches, for I have sent them to be washed.

Thornton and I are anticipating a nice hot muffin for tea. We give an egg and a little butter to our baker, and he will make it when he molds bread. They are very nice; I wish I could send you a piece. They make very nice rusk, too, but I have not tried them, yet. I have just received a little note from Mrs. Chester, and she says she will be here on Wednesday morning, so I must be all ready. Now I believe I must write a little on Father's letter, so goodbye. I am going to try to write a little every day during the meeting so you can follow along, a little.

Saturday, September 12th

So much for my fine resolution to write every day. Mr. and Mrs. Capron and their two children came on Tuesday afternoon, and I have been either too tired or too busy to write. Wednesday the meetings began. The gentlemen all went over to the church at 10 o'clock A.M., and at 2 o'clock we all went to Mrs. Chandler's to dinner. They returned to business at 3 ½ and stayed until 6. After tea, which we each took at our own homes, Mrs. Chandler's family and guests came over here, and we had a good sing with Sabbath School hymns.

The next day was the same, except that I had the dinner. In all, there were 17 grown persons and 9 children at this meeting. We had a side table set for the children, and we all sat

⁹³ From Ezekiel 36:26.

round our extension table. The dinner passed off very nicely and did Lazarus great credit; everyone said so. The first course was beef soup, “noodle” as we used to call it. Then, before Thornton, a great side of mutton; before me, a goose; and before three of the gentlemen, a tongue, corn-beef, and a couple chickens. We had potatoes and squash for vegetables; next course, rice and curry, then a plum pudding, lemon pies, and cornstarch. Then plantains, oranges (sour), guavas, custard apples, and some hickory nuts we brought from America. Lazarus did most of the planning, and worked hard, too. I thought, as I sat at the head of our own table, how much you all would enjoy just looking at us all, our little party of missionaries. And while I was thinking of it, some one of them said, “How your parents would enjoy seeing you at the table with your first Mission Meeting.” Of course, I responded, “Indeed, you would.”

The usual Thursday evening prayer meeting was held at Pasumalie, with Mr. Herrick. I did not go, however; I was too tired, so I stayed home and retired early. Friday, we all went out to Pasumalie to dinner, and took tea at Mrs. Chandler’s with all the native catechists and two Mission helpers from each station. It was very interesting; little tables were set all round the room, and chairs placed by them. Two missionaries were put at each table, and several Tamil people, so we should talk to them. Mr. Washburn and I were put at the same table. Tea, coffee, biscuits and butter, and plain cake were passed round, after which they had a meeting, but in Tamil, so I soon got very tired. Mr. Noyes, noticing, made way for me to pass out, and Thornton, seeing me go, came, too, and helped me to bed and then returned. I was soon sound asleep, but it was nearly 11 before Thornton came.

Today (Saturday) Mrs. Chandler has the dinner, and all my company have gone to church to attend the meeting. But I get so tired sitting still that I have not been over to the church to one of the meetings, yet. The walk seems long, and the sun is hot, and I am more comfortable at home, so I stay there and rest. They have been looking at hawkers this morning, and O such goods—you at home, with your stores, would laugh.

But now I must go and lie down, so as to be rested for dinner. Thornton examined some catechists’ boys in the Tamil catechism on Thursday.

Tuesday, September 17th, 1867

Your 22nd letter came this morning, just in time to give Thornton and me time to read it before he must leave for Pasumalie, where the meeting is today. None of us ladies are going out, as we are quite tired out with yesterday’s exertions. I gave all a lunch yesterday, at the usual dinner hour, for all wished to save their appetites for the grand dinner. Have I told you that Judge Thomas and his wife invited us all to dine there last evening at 7 o’clock? A grand English dinner; I could not begin to count the courses—8 or 9, certainly. We did not finish until 9 o’clock; after that, tea and coffee were served, and we started for home about 25 minutes before ten. You see it was quite late for me to be out. We all enjoyed ourselves very much.

Just after tea, the servants came in and dressed each of us in a beautiful white wreath, with pink oleanders hanging in front. Thornton and I tried to think of all sorts of ways to get them pressed and sent to you, but we were obliged to give it up, and this morning our “garlands are dead.”

I forgot to mention that the dinner table was spread in a tent, pitched just outside the house, and all decorated with white flowers hung in festoons, and the posts wound with gold paper and artificial flowers—it was a perfect little bower.

The children are invited to spend the day there today, and at 2 o’clock the Girls’ School is to go and have a little treat of some kind and see some native bell ringers, etc. They sent for

them to amuse the children—kind, are they not? Mrs. Capron's two little girls have gone—Annie (7 years old today) and Laura, five—they are decidedly the prettiest, and, as far as I can see, the best trained children in the Mission. They did look so sweet and clean when they started today, both in white dresses, one with red and the other with a blue ribbon round her waist.

Thornton and I are very much pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Capron—she is so kind and thoughtful, ever so much like Fannie in many of her ways. Her mother was Martha Chickering and was in Miss Lyon's School in Ipswich (who is now Mrs. Hooker and lives in Boston). I think you would like her; Mr. Hooker is a minister, and judging from Mrs. Capron, I should think she might be a lady after your own heart. Fannie will remember the pretty little Mrs. Tufts we met at Mr. Hardy's, Boston; she is Mrs. Capron's youngest and only sister, like Fannie and me. The Caprons are indeed an ornament to the Mission; they are educated and really more congenial with us than any other family—more like what we wish to be. We like the Chesters, too, very much. Those two families are the only ones in the Mission from the city—Chesters from New York and Caprons from Boston. They both (Mr. and Mrs. Capron) have so much common sense.

I am very anxious to hear of your visit to Boston, and how you are impressed with Mr. and Mrs. Hazen. We hear she is very young, 19 years, I think. Would not it be nice if you had ever known Mrs. Capron's mother? She says it seems to her as if she had heard her speak of you. She has just given me a paper with her mother's name, and I have done the same for her. Mrs. Capron is not at all like Mrs. Tufts in appearance—not so pretty, but very ladylike and thoughtful.

We thank you so much for everything you have sent us in the bundle coming. Things from home will look so good. I wish you knew what to send Lazarus—he would prize it so much, but I fear he would hardly appreciate a book. I will tell you what he would like so you will know next time—6 yards of book muslin, or some such thin stuff, would make him a nice turban. A nice colored handkerchief would please him; they like bright colors. A few yards of calico, remnants, you know, would make his little girl a skirt or his boy a jacket or head piece; a knife (pocket), or pair of scissors would please them. I should love to have you send them things; they are so faithful, and it would please them so. It takes three or four yards of plain white cloth to make a matey's jacket.

Once Mrs. Hooker sent each of Mrs. Capron's servants an umbrella. If you could get acquainted with her, Mother, she could tell you many things, for, you see, she has had the experience of 10 more years of sending to her daughter and has shown very excellent judgment in selecting suitable goods. The dresses she has sent, and hats for the children and for Mrs. Capron, are plain, durable, neat, and nice looking. I hope you will know and like her. After we started from Boston we heard that she had desired to see us very much, but for some reason she failed. Everyone speaks so highly of her.

We thank you very much for thinking to send those things to little Mary; I want you to see her. We think of and pray for her very often, and I feel very sad, sometimes, to think that when we come home she will be grown, 18 or 20 years old. I shall almost be like a stranger to her, so you must do the loving for me.

Thursday, September 19th

So my company are all gone, and we are alone once more. I miss them very much; the house seems so quiet. They all left in their bandies last evening, about 10 o'clock, and will reach home tomorrow sometime. They make a long rest on the way. Miss Smith went home with Mrs.

Capron to spend a few days. I have enjoyed this meeting so much. It has done me real good by taking my thoughts off of myself and also making me feel acquainted with the rest of the ladies. I have been so very busy all day, going round and putting things back in their places. The washman will have a heavy wash next week, but I shall give him a little “sun-do-shem”⁹⁴ (joy) in shape of a rupee, and that will please him.

I hope I have not overcome Fannie with shopping for me; I know it’s hard, but then, I am very easy to suit, you know, and she will do the best she can. I expect I shall have any quantity of such work to give her two or three times a year, so don’t let her get discouraged in the outset.

I have not attended but one of the meetings, and that was a small one. Another year I hope to attend many and hear with understanding as well as of ear.

September, I cannot realize it—one short year ago I was now in Oberlin, studying!! And behold me now (I wish you could). Thornton has been hard at work at Tamil all day, and now a man has come in and offered me to help him. I suppose Thornton thinks the offer too good to lose, for he is hard at work again. He says it seems very good to be at work again.

I suppose there is little doubt but that we shall be located either at Mēlūr or Pasumalie. They are waiting to see Mr. Hazen before they decide. He will have one, and we the other. And now I must close, for I want this letter to go by this mail. How I would like to go to Boston with you. Would not Fannie and I have nice times together! How I often think of the good old days of yore when she and I journeyed round together. O what nice times we had.

With love,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to JMHubbard

Saturday, September 21st, 1867

My own dear Father,

Although I have spoken of commencing a letter to you, I have not done so until now, and now our great September Meeting is all over, and we are quite settled down into our regular habits again. Last September I was with you; it hardly seems possible, does it? I wonder in how many more Septembers we shall be with you again. God only knows. He has the future entirely in His keeping. I wonder if you ever think of me when you are posting your books. I have plenty of time to help you now, if you would only bring your books to me.

Thornton took quite a long ride on his pony this morning. He went to West Gate with Mr. Chandler to preach. They saw a Brahmin there who said he was coming to Mr. Chandler’s house tomorrow to talk with him. But whether he comes or not remains to be seen.

I have just had a little Tamil reading book brought to me, First Lessons in Tamil. I mean to begin to teach my servants to read. Lazarus is the only one who knows how. The task looks rather formidable to me, but I am very anxious to try and see what I can do. I shall let Lazarus help me, and perhaps Mary⁹⁵ can when she comes. I shall let them make letters, first, either on the slates or in the sand. I shall have about four [students]: two Anthonys (cook and gardener), David Azuyam (horsekeeper), and little Ramaswami. Swami means God, and Rama is the name of one of their chief gods.

⁹⁴ sunthosam

⁹⁵ Probably Lazarus’s wife, Mary, who was to serve as the Penfields’ ayah.

How I should laugh to see you and Mother and Fannie starting a school out here. When we get a station, we shall want you to help us keep our school going. I think that will be your share of missionary labor, that is, together with cheering Thornton and me with letters and love. It is such a comfort to feel that there is somebody at home in America who still loves and cares for us. Although we are so far from our friends, they still are ours.

You ask about fruits and flowers. They have some beautiful flowers in our garden, [which] just now shines forth in oleanders, tube roses, and yacca, which, I think, is the same as eucha with you. Fannie speaks of seeing it in the Central Park, beautiful white lilies, and any quantity of the gayest of red and yellow flowers. The fruits, just now on hand, are plantains, guavas, and sour oranges. I am disappointed in the fruits. Thornton says this portion of India cannot begin to compare with Jamaica in its fruits. Ceylon, I think, is more productive.

I hope you will not take any trouble about that Ingraham Legacy,⁹⁶ and don't spend any money on it, for I don't believe it will ever amount to anything. I suppose you are safely back in New York before now. I hope you enjoyed the trip and that it has done you all good. How Thornton and I would have liked to have gone with you. I am so glad Mrs. Cowles is going to New York. I want you to know her.

Darling Father, you must never say you wish you had been a better father to us. You always were the best of fathers, and tears have come to my eyes many times since I left home to think I had been no better daughter to you and Mother. You have very much to forgive and forget. But I have only the pleasantest of memories of my whole childhood and home. How few have been blessed as I was and am now—nothing but happiness all my life. His yoke has been easy and His burden light,⁹⁷ yet how many times I have dropped the burden.

I hope you will not fail to see the Tracys and Rendalls. It will be pleasant for both you and them. I told them, before starting, how you were situated and how glad you would be to have them visit you, were you not boarding; so they understand all about it. With very much love to all; the Gilletts, too.

Affectionately,
Lottie

TBPenfield to Cowles

Madura
September 22st, 1867

My dear parents,

The great gathering of our missionaries, pastors, catechists, teachers, and helpers, known as the September Meeting, has passed, and we are once more quietly settled down in our accustomed routine. For three days, I have been again hard at work on my Tamil, which was dropped for a week previous.

I am greatly surprised by the amount of machinery which the Mission have in motion and which has all been inspected and reviewed during these past few days. Among the rest, there is a careful classification of the helpers of all grades.

⁹⁶ This may have been a book about the family of Thornton's first wife, Sarah Corban Ingraham, or possibly one focusing on her father's missionary work in Jamaica.

⁹⁷ From Matthew 11:30.

The native pastors form a class by themselves, without reference to their respective literary attainments.

The advanced class is composed of the teachers in the Seminary at Pasumalie and the Girls' Boarding School at Madura, together with a select few who, by their scholarship or distinguished services, have attracted general attention and secured to two thirds vote of the Mission.

Below this, there are four classes called 1st, 2nd, etc. Graduates of the Seminary are admitted to the 2nd class, where they must remain two years (unless degraded to the third on account of neglect of their studies or duties). Afterwards, they may rise as they merit it.

Suitable studies are appointed to these six different classes, which the members pursue under the direction of the missionary who has charge of their respective stations. In these studies they are examined at this September Meeting, which reminds one very much of our examination week before commencement in dear old Oberlin;⁹⁸ all the more, as, among the rest, there are the anniversaries of two societies, viz., "The Native Evangelical," which is an effort towards self-support, and "The Widow's Aid," whose object is sufficiently indicated by its name. There is a great difference, however, between these examinations and those, for each class here is examined in the presence of all the rest (with the exception of the pastors, whose examination is private), all being seated on the matted floor of the church, in ranks, as their class and name are called.

Besides this, prayers and reports from the different stations, and remarks by the missionaries and by strangers, are interspersed to give life and variety.

The part assigned to me was quite easy: the examination of the 3rd Class in "sweet savours of divine truth." It is arranged with questions and answers, and references to proof texts. One of the Seminary teachers assisted me, so far as to see whether the proof texts were quoted correctly. This left me only the reading of the questions and hearing the answers. Simple as it was, I enjoyed it, for I seemed to be doing something. I made myself understood perfectly, as it seemed, which was better than I feared, and showed that my pronunciation was not very bad. Indeed, several of the best educated teachers and catechists have since spoken to me, of their own accord, and said I spoke very plainly and distinctly. The Mission have deferred my being stationed till the next meeting. And since Brother Burnell of Mēlūr is not going home just yet, there is no occasion for determining, yet, whether I am to be his successor or not.

The treasurer of the Mission says that you, as guardians, are the proper ones to make application to the Prudential Committee for the usual grant of \$70 in behalf of Mary. I will tell the secretary of the Board that I have so written you, so that he will be prepared for the application. This application has to be renewed each year, I believe, if needed, till the child is 18 years old.

We are in usual health. Lottie expects confinement about two months from the present time. She is quite cheerful and hopeful in the prospect. Love to my dear little Mary and you all, from

Your affectionate son,
Thornton

⁹⁸ Thornton had graduated from Oberlin, where his step-father, Rev. Henry Cowles, was a professor.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(bit of merino and specimens of tatting, account of death of school girl)

Letter #9

Madura

Thursday, September 26th, 1867

My dear ones all,

I mailed a letter to you on Monday last, number 8 I called it, for convenience, and this is number 9. I should have written before this week, but we neither of us have been well, and I have been abed for two days past, nearly. This unusually damp season seems to affect many unfavorably, and us among the rest, but we are both much better now.

Did I tell you that Miss Smith went home with Mrs. Capron to make a little visit? She returned on Tuesday, and Mrs. Chandler intended sending her horse and carriage to Tirupúvanam, 12 miles out, to meet her. Tirupúvanam is a Mission station now unoccupied, and were it not for the present vacancies, we should undoubtedly be stationed there, so Thornton and I were very anxious to see it. Mrs. Chandler could not go out, so she invited Thornton to take the carriage and go, and we thought it would be so nice for us to have the ride together that we talked the matter over and over until we came to the conclusion that perhaps I could go; the ride might not be too much for me, and I would try it.

We were to start early in the morning and stay all day. We retired early, and I fell asleep praying that if the ride would hurt me, I might be kept from going.

As soon as Lazarus heard me speak of going, he said, "If Missis goes, I must go, too." Thornton said, "But Lazarus, it will be a long walk for you just for one day," but [Lazarus] said he would manage and that if I went, he must go, too. Well, I told him we had not thought of going and there was nothing cooked to carry—no cake or pie made, or anything ready. It was then 8 o'clock in the evening, and he was just about to say his "salaam" for the night. "O," he said, "I will cook chicken and some potatoes tonight and be all ready to start at light next morning." So he went to work and got his chicken, etc., all ready and was at the door at light next morning. But in the night I was quite sick, so it would have been very imprudent for me to attempt to go, but, as Lazarus had seemed to want to go so much, I told Thornton to tell him he might go with him; Anthony would do nicely for me. But he said no, if Missis was sick he would rather stay, and we would go some other time. I have just told you this to show you how thoughtful and faithful he is. He seems to have appropriated himself to me, and Anthony to Thornton.

I was in bed all day and only sat up a little while in the evening. So it is good I did not try to go. Thornton did not go, either; so our excursion came to a sad end, or rather, never had a beginning. I got up this morning and, after Tamil prayers, Lazarus had the servants all stop and, with his help, I commenced my reading lessons.

We landed 5 months [ago] tomorrow, so it is quite a little celebration of the day. There are five [students] and they all seem very anxious and careful. I am very much interested in the work. How delighted I should be to have them able to read the Bible before we may be obliged to leave them, for when we go away from here, especially if we should go to a far-off station, we could hardly expect all our servants to remain with us, and I want them to have got some lasting good from having been in our family. We cannot instruct them by talking and teaching, yet; but I can do what I am doing, easily; and Thornton has taught them the Lord's Prayer.

Sabbath, September 29th

How often this week Thornton or I have said how delightful it would be to have you come in and dine with us. How we would do if you all could come—what a pleasure it would be to take you to ride around the city and show you all the objects of interest. Everything would be full of interest to you. Of course, you would have to ride in our bandy, behind bullocks, but that would be a novelty to you, would it not? Yesterday at dinner, we were saying that if we could ask our two mothers to the table with us, one would sit on one side, and the other on the other (our little table is round, you know), right between us both. I tried to picture you both here with us. O why was India put so far off?

Wednesday, October 2nd

Thornton's birthday. I was so glad I made that cross for him when I did or I am afraid I should not have had anything at all to give him. I cannot sit up long enough at a time, now, to make such a thing. Fannie's dear letter came yesterday, in time to make it a little celebration for his birthday. We did enjoy it so much. She told so much news and so much about Montclair, too, it almost made me feel as if I was there, really.

We were so anxious to hear about your trip to Boston. So you stopped at Mrs. Morse's and Hamlin's—that is where Thornton and I stopped the first time we went to Boston. I was wishing I could send word to go there. I thought you would like the place. How did you come to go there? Why did you not go to Mrs. Swan's?

It will be such a treat to get something, be it ever so little, from home. I know your things will please us very much.

Etta Chandler has just run over to say that she and Gertie have a bookmark all done, they have been making for Thornton. They are all coming over this evening; he does not know it.

How sorry we are [that] you are not likely to see Smith and wife. You would like him, I know. I hope you will, yet. Do you know Mr. Webb is coming out here again this fall? So Uncle Charles is not living—I am very anxious to hear particulars. Mother's letter, that Fannie speaks of, has not come, yet. I expect it next mail, and she will tell me, I think.

My reading class gets on nicely—they know the letters now. I have one new scholar, for yesterday I took Mary⁹⁹ for my ayah, so I teach her, now, too. I think I shall like her very much. She seems very willing and tries to do well.

I am so glad you were pleased with Miss Pollock. I am glad you had the opportunity to get a little acquainted with her; it will make it so pleasant for us. I should have liked Miss Helen's currants. Perhaps she will let you get some another time—they taste so good out here.

Dr. Joseph, the regular English surgeon in the English service, came to see me this morning and gave me Chlorodyne, which, I think, helped me very much. He is a very experienced physician.

If you would like to do something for my scholars, Father, perhaps, could get some broken or cracked slates at some store, as he did once before, perhaps without his having to pay anything for them. I wish to teach the servants to write as well as read.

Sabbath, October 6th, 1867

You see, Thornton is writing for me because I can't write for myself, and I can't bear to have so long a time pass and nothing written home, so I have drafted him into the service. I have

⁹⁹ Lazarus's wife

a new scholar in my school. My tailor has begun to learn. I was quite surprised to have him wish to learn, for he is higher caste than the rest. But he comes in and reads with the rest every day, and seems very glad to do so.

It is Communion Sabbath today, and Thornton says he enjoyed it very much. There were seven united with the Church. As I could not go, and could not spare Mary to go, either, I wanted to do something both for her instruction and my own. So I read, out of the Tamil Testament, the Parable of the Ten Virgins. She was sitting beside my bed on the floor. I would read a verse and then ask her if she understood it, to let her tell me what I had read, as well as she could. I enjoyed it very much, and I hope she got a few ideas.

I am better today than I have been for the last few days, for I can sit up in my easy chair, some little time at once; and I hope, in a few days, to be able to write, myself. I suppose it is getting acclimated [that] makes me feel so poorly, but everybody is very kind to me, and I have only cause for thankfulness all the time. I won't write any more, now, but hope to get this letter ready to send off next week, sometime.

Tuesday, October 8th

Mr. Chester came in to Madura today to attend to some business, so we talked with him about my case. I am sure I ought to get well, with so many good advisors.

I am looking very anxiously for the next mail, hoping for Mother's letter. I am sure the change has done you all good. Dear Father—I'd love to give him one of our good old hugs. I don't know but that he considers it a happy relief, though.

Mr. Chester suggested some new things for me to eat: rice flour, made in different ways, is very nice and wholesome and will be quite a change for me. He does not think there is any danger except that the trouble may become chronic, and therefore great care is necessary. We were very glad to get his opinion on the subject.

Sabbath, October 13th

I have been gaining every day, and am very much better now. Yesterday morning, about 4 o'clock, one of the little girls in the boarding school died quite suddenly. She had been very sick with fever for a long time, and they were somewhat doubtful of her recovery; but to all appearances, she seemed to be improving. If there was a change either way, they began to look for her recovery. She rested very gently the night before, and dropped away very suddenly. We think she was a Christian, for, in her moments of consciousness, when asked, "Can you trust Jesus?" she said, "Yes," and several other things of kind. I cannot just now recall them.

The funeral was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, on Mrs. Chandler's veranda. I had not left the house for a long time, but I was feeling so much better that Thornton said he thought I might try to go. So I walked over, slowly, with his help, and Mary walked behind, in case of necessity. I was very glad to be able to go. I saw the corpse, which showed signs of great suffering, thin and wasted. She was laid in a box—you can hardly call it a coffin; it was only a rough box. They have always been in the habit of sewing the body up in a net, but Mrs. Chandler wanted this buried in a coffin. The natives—that is, the heathen—still burn their dead. The exercises were very simple: The school children sang "Today the Saviour Calls" (in Tamil, of course), and Mr. Chandler made remarks and then prayed. The coffin was then covered with a black cloth, and flowers were laid on it. Our bandy, containing Mr. Chandler and Thornton, headed the procession; then followed the station catechist and the writer; then the coffin, borne on men's shoulders; then the teacher and minister, Mr. Cornelius (a native, but high

caste—he has an excellent education); then the school girls and the mother of the deceased; and then Mrs. Chandler and Miss Smith in their horse and carriage. I did not go. At the grave, they read a few verses, prayed, and each threw in a handful of earth, the mother throwing in for the father and each of the absent friends, whom she called by name as she did. The teacher threw in the wreath, and each of the schoolmates a flower, and then they came home. The Hindoos, as a class, are a very passive people. The mother appeared as calm as possible, though, of course, we must not judge the depth of her sorrow by her appearance. It seemed to bring death very near. But we are not left without hope with regard to her.

Here comes my dear husband home from the morning service, so I must stop and have breakfast.

Tuesday, October 15th

The mail has not come in, yet, and now it is time for two mails, so I feel pretty sure of something by it. However, I think I will get this ready to send. You see, I have written a letter to little Mary. Can you forward it sometime when you are writing? How I wish you could pay a visit to Oberlin and see her. Do, sometime. Tell Fannie I enclose three specimens of my tatting, none of which are new to her. The one done on two threads was my first effort. I thought she might like to see how I made out; I can do it better, now. I have spent the most of four days marking our linen, etc. I have marked all Thornton's collars, shirts, handkerchiefs, etc; and, I believe, every one of my sheets, pillowcases, and towels have a bold "Penfield" on them. I don't mean to lose them, if I can help it.

Thornton has a reading class of little girls from our boarding school come to read to him every morning at half past ten. There are twelve of them, and some are as bright and pretty as possible. My readers are getting on nicely. I hear them every day, and I think I can see much improvement, already. I have not read to our munshi for some time, but it teaches me a little to hear them. Sometime I shall have to study Tamil right hard, or I never shall do anything at it.

Our pumpkin vines are doing nicely, and there is one pumpkin as large as a tea plate, and other smaller ones. Our tomatoes are in blossom, too, so we are enjoying the prospect amazingly. We have a hen that has hatched out four little ducks. One is now dead, and I doubt if the others live—but Lazarus wanted to try, so we let him. He had eight eggs to start with.

Thornton sends a great deal of love; he is, just now, busy with his munshi. But it is past one o'clock and his munshi leaves at half past 2, so his time is almost up. We are looking forward very anxiously to the arrival of the new missionaries. They will find a hearty welcome. There is work enough for all, more than enough for twice the number now on the field. Now goodbye, and love to all our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, and Lizzie.

Affectionately,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

(Private)

Madura

Thursday, October 3rd, 1867

My own darling Fannie,

You will all have to excuse my poor writing this time, and also the shortness, for I can write so little at a time, and so seldom can write at all, that I just say the most important things in the fewest words. I have very severe backaches, and much uneasiness, if I try to sit or walk, at all.

Tuesday, October 8th

I had to go and lie down, so that it made quite an abrupt stop. I dare say my sickness is owing somewhat to my condition at present; I hope to be relieved, now, in about six weeks—how time flies. Dr. Joseph seemed to think it nothing at all unusual, and, really, I am better now. I don't know what I should have done without Mary; she waits on me so nicely. She does everything for me, as you and I used to do for Mother. She combs my hair, puts away my clothes, helps me dress, and puts my room in order every day. Then she is by me all the time to do any little things I may wish done.

You say, in your letter, it sometimes seems as if you might become indispensable to me. If you were only here. I have often felt as though you were now indispensable; there are so many things that seem as if I must ask you or Mother about.

Mrs. Chandler has kindly sold me enough merino to make two little sacks, so I will enclose a bit. One I can scallop with white silk, but I have only enough silk for one, and what to do for the other, I don't know. If you send me any flannel, send something to work it with or trim it; tell me how to fix it. My tailor does such work nicely—I have no signs of modesty left, at all. I give work to my tailor without a blush or even a feeling of shame, and he is a man, too. I believe our servants, all of them, look forward to the great event, as my husband and I do. Of course, they must know it, and they all seem as tender and careful not to worry or tire me as can be. Please remember the size number of the slippers you send me; perhaps you had better write it down so that if I should want a larger or smaller size at any time, you can tell about them.

What a quantity of babies are the portion of Montclair. I wish all the mothers the best of success. O Fannie, you cannot tell what a disappointment it would be to us if our hopes should not be realized. But I mean to remember that “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth”¹⁰⁰ and take either joy or sorrow joyfully.

I stay in the house most of the time. It tired me so thoroughly the last time I tried a ride in the bandy I determined not to go again very soon. You know, oxen do not run straight, very—and when I am well I can stand it pretty well, but I shall be glad when our buggy comes. Lazarus asked me if “Master's buggy was coming by this ship,” but I told him I thought not this time.

I hope that Mr. Hamilton will not prove a tricky man and impose on Father.

I have only about six weeks more to go, and then, about the time you will get this letter, I shall be through, probably. Of course, we will have a letter ready to mail immediately—I shall almost want to telegraph. I have the best of husbands, servants, and nurses and, although I have not you, you must all feel very safe and easy about me. All will be done that can. Tell Mother I am having a half dozen bands made for myself, by Mrs. Moss' advice, so I am pretty sure to be well bandaged. I wanted to write little Mary once more before I was sick, so I have done so.

October 15th

I am improving very much and am doing nicely. I am not strong, but I am better, and it is a great cause for thanksgiving. I have got all my little clothes marked “Penfield,” and the most

¹⁰⁰ From Hebrews 12:6.

of them look very nice, I think. It is a great job done, as well as a very pleasant one. Mary did the ironing part for me, so I took it as easy as possible.

How does Irene Dana get along, and Mrs. William Long (Lilly Crosly)? Did you see Kittie Cook in Montclair? How did she look? Much love to everybody.

Affectionately,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Madura
October 11, 1867

My dear little Mary,

It is very early in the morning, before we have had anything to eat, at all. Your father has taken his pony and his horsekeeper (who runs by his side), and has gone for a ride while it is yet cool. I am not well, now, and do not get up until the middle of the day. So I am writing, as well as I can, lying down. I have thought of you very often, my darling, and, had I been well, you should not have waited so long for a letter.

If you were here, a great many things would seem very strange. Suppose we wanted to take a ride; before long, you would see something like a small stage, drawn by the two oxen and driven to the door; that is our bandy. We get in at the back, just as you do to a stage.

One of the last times we went to ride, we saw something that would have interested you very much. We heard a loud noise of drums and men blowing horns, so we stopped to see what was coming. Soon we saw the head man with his drum, or tomtom, as they call it. By his side was a man blowing a great horn, until his cheeks looked as if they must burst. They stopped and made a low “salaam” as they passed. They were followed by about a dozen little boys, drawing a small wagon, all decorated with red and gold paper and hung with artificial flowers. Some of the boys had their foreheads smeared with sacred ashes, and one had it all over his body. It was the feast day of some one of their gods, and that was their way of celebrating it.

I am very glad Dolly talks so much; how we should love to hear her. Our little mynah bird says “Mynah” very plainly, sometimes, and often she says something that sounds so much like “Thornton” that we really think she is trying to say it. They sometimes bring very pretty little parrots round to sell. And sometimes, I think perhaps we will buy one. A lady bought a beautiful little one for about 12 cents, the other day.

Your father and I talk and think of you very often. We should love very much to have you with us. But we thank God every day that He has given you such a good and kind grandfather and grandmother who love you so much and do all they can to help you to grow up a good and useful woman. And we always pray that He will help you to be very kind, obedient, and thoughtful—to do all they wish you to do, so as to be a great comfort to them and not give them a moment’s sorrow or pain. I know you want to be all these things, and I am very glad you ask dear Jesus every day to help you—for, unless He does, you will find it very hard and will probably fail, for we cannot do anything without Him.

We are very glad to have you learn to sing and also to play. I hope you will be very faithful in your practicing, for you never will play well unless you practice well. You must get your dear grandma to write a little for you in every letter. I have read what you said in the last letter a great many times—it is a great comfort to me. We often speak of the nice apples you

must be enjoying now, and how much we enjoyed them with you a year ago. Tell Grandma we do thank her very much for those that are on the way to us, but we have only used them very occasionally to make them last a long time. But now we are going to have some more, so we can use these up.

And now goodbye, and a sweet kiss for my little girl. You must not forget to pray for Father and Mother and all the poor heathen round us. With very much love to Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle Charles and Aunt Sarah and all the little cousins.

Affectionately, your mother,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #10

Madura

Friday, October 18th, 1867

My own dear ones,

Your letter number 24 came yesterday and was, as Thornton said, “a treat.” I intended devoting my evening to writing, as it was meeting evening, and the meeting was to be at Mrs. Thomas’ house,¹⁰¹ and I did not intend going. But Mrs. Chandler wanted Eddie to stay with me, so I had to devote much of my time to his entertainment, and when he finally fell asleep I was too sleepy to write.

Mrs. Chandler has been in with a letter, just arrived, containing the sad news of the death of Mrs. Rendall and her burial in the Mediterranean Sea. It is a great shock to us, and will be to all in the Mission. It was thought to be heart disease; she died very suddenly. O what a loss to her poor husband and children. I hope you can see him in New York. Great will be the mourning among the natives, for her. As I sit here in my room, I hear the school girls, for whom she has cared so many years, wailing, as is their custom. I dare say much of it is affected, but much is genuine sorrow. How mysterious are the leadings of Providence.

Your letters contained so much good news. We are so glad you were pleased with Mrs. Hazen. I feel sure we shall be, if you are. I shall try to make her as happy as I can. We hope the railroad will be finished further than it was when we came, but probably not all the way. I am thankful my mother did not oppose my going, for I am afraid I should have been only too glad to stay, and then I should have missed all this happiness.

You wonder if I write only in my happiest moments, and I must say I do, for all my moments are the happiest. I wonder at myself, often, but it is so, and Thornton and I often speak of it. There is one noticeable thing, though: We are so much the happiest when we are striving with our whole hearts, from moment to moment, to have an eye single to His glory. When I do feel at all cast down, it is when, for a moment, I have been forgetful.

Fannie wondered if we will be changed when we come home. I expect so—I feel as though I looked differently already—I feel much older. I think we shall be much behind the times in manners, etc., but otherwise, I hope we shall be improved.

¹⁰¹ Judge and Mrs. Thomas were an English couple living in Madura.

I am sorry you missed Mr. Tracy, but I hope you can see them, yet, before they return. Your letter number 9 with Miss Jenny's picture has not arrived, yet; but I think, probably, it may come in the packages. I am looking for it then.

Those testimonials came in the first letters all right. Numbers 4, 5, and 6 have never come to light, and numbers 8 and 9 I was expecting in the packages, also number 16. All the rest have come right to us. If you sent them to Boston, enclosed in a package, I don't see why they should not come with the bundles, in time. Thornton is so rejoiced that you found his paper. When we were unpacking, we looked carefully, in hopes we might find it, and now had almost given up ever seeing it again. He said he would not take its weight in gold for it, but I tell him that would not be much. He would like you to send it as soon as an opportunity offers. He has no copy of "Ecce Deus" and will be most happy to receive it as his next New Years present, for it will arrive here probably about that time. We were wishing little Mary could have that book "Hindoo Life," and I told Thornton I thought you would sometime send it to her for us, as we cannot. It was written by the Mr. Webb Fannie met in Boston.

I think the soap will come nicely; ours did, but if it doesn't, we will let you know. We shall be so glad of those dried berries, but does it not seem a pity to use maple sugar to dry them in? They would come most as well simply dried, would they not? I am sorry to use Aunt Sarah's maple sugar; I am afraid they will need it all. About 36 of our wine bottles came safely. We gave one to poor Mrs. Rendall to carry home with her.

Then we read that perhaps sometimes you might pay us a visit overland. Thornton said, "O how nice that would be" Bettie must be married before now; if I wished her as much joy as I have had, I could not wish her better. Give her my love. Auntie's verse and sentiment I will mark, for her sake, so that I can see it whenever I read my Bible. I have spoken to Lazarus, and he is quite pleased. We will save all the bread and butter bills for you.

Mrs. Herrick sent us some little cabbage plants today, and so we are in a fair way to have some cabbages. We are to have the first squash off our own vines, for dinner today; how I wish I could have you here to share with us.

Evening

Thornton has gone, and I am all alone. I don't care much for tea, as we have dinner so late, so I have told Lazarus he need not get me any. Our squash was very nice, more like our summer squash at home than any I have tasted since I left.

Poor old Charlie—well, I am sure the butcher will be kind to him. Cannot you manage to make him 20 years younger and pack him off to us with our buggy? How I should love to drive him again.

The ink you write with now holds nicely and is as plain and distinct as when it leaves you. I hope mine is so, too. Give my love to Miss Howland, and wish her much joy for us. Who will supply her place as well as she has done? You will miss her. I hope the death of Uncle Charles may be blessed to Martha. How does she seem to take it? She always was so proud of him.

My size shoes is number 4, but when I want shoes I will send for them. By the way, I would like a pair of slippers, now, without heels—or I think they had better have very low heels, just about two thicknesses of leather. I think they will wear better. But I can buy necessary things like that, for I am sure you need your money. I can't bear to think of you pinching and scraping for us.

I think I must write a letter to Willie Broadnax for all the boys—dear Willie, what a trial and comfort he used to be to me. I don't want him to forget me. Mother says she would like to know how I get along with men servants—why, it seems just as natural, here, as can be; I hardly know how I manage. It all comes straight; my tailor man did up my hoopskirt nicely yesterday.

I often wish Mother were here to comb my hair as she used to do. It is my ayah's business to do that now. I have had my head washed, several times, sitting in my night dress in the bath room, while she scrubbed and rubbed my head at a fearful rate, drenching me from head to foot. Your head certainly improves, but it takes a long time for your hair to dry. They use various things on your hair: coconut milk and limes or soap nuts and limes, bottled, and other things—I don't know what else, really.

On looking over my letter, I find I have not told you where Thornton has gone. Mrs. Thomas called day before yesterday and gave us a very urgent invitation to dinner there today; but, as the meeting was there last evening, and I could not think of going, Thornton declined, also, for he really did not care to go. But Judge Thomas told him that he was expecting quite a large party of young people to dine, and he always likes to have a prayer before separating, and if Thornton could come help him, he would be extremely obliged to him. So, as a matter of duty or privilege, rather than pleasure, he has gone.

Mary has been sitting on the matting near me to keep me company, but now Anthony (cook) has finished his supper and is sitting with a lantern on a mat outside the door, on the veranda, while Mary eats. Lazarus comes and says goodnight and salaams, so I suppose he is going to rest while Anthony watches.

Saturday, October 19th

I wrote a little on Fannie's letter last evening, and then, at about quarter past eight, I retired. Thornton says he came about 10 and had a very pleasant visit. I wish to correct one thing I have said—that is, that what I supposed was the school girls' wailing was not; it sounded so like it that I sincerely thought it was. They cried very loud but did not wail. Mrs. Chandler would not have allowed it. Thornton is busy writing a prayer to offer this morning at Tamil prayers, with reference to Mrs. Rendall's death.

Thornton set out our little cabbage plants this morning, and they are lying woefully flat, now; but we hope to see them hold up their heads soon. The other day, Lazarus brought in 36 little coconuts from our own trees. I did not see any larger than a good-sized apple, but they looked very nice and fresh. They made us a nice pudding on Sabbath last, and will make another for tomorrow. I wish I could send you a dozen.

Tuesday, October 22nd

One short year ago today, where was I? At home expecting tomorrow to be married. O how time flies—a whole year gone, and I so far from home and friends. But we are very happy.

Yesterday we sent the second squash from our vines to Mrs. Herrick; theirs were not as far along as ours, and they have had none, yet. She said she thought it pretty well for new missionaries to send an old one like her the first squash of the season; she thought we had done remarkably well. It was a really pretty little squash. If you had been nearer, you should have had it.

Thornton and I have been very much interested, this morning, in seeing the vinegar white ants come up from their holes. They are drones that are driven out by the regular ants, and the people here think them delicious eating, as do the squirrels, lizards, birds, and crows. This

morning there were some 30 or 40 crows all darting around after them. They struggle from their holes and fly a few feet in the air, when a crow swoops down and, with a snap of his great bill, swallows the little ant. It is very amusing to watch them. Mynah has been out after her share and has her little crop full of them.

Last evening where do you think I went? Why clear out to Pasumalie (3 miles), and I have not taken a ride, before, for weeks. The occasion was this—Pona Swami Devan (the first two names meaning Golden God, or God of Gold, and Devan, which also means God, showing his caste), who is probably the richest native in all the Madura District, who rides in a carriage drawn by four horses and has some ten or twelve runners on or near his carriage, and who used to find much amusement in cock fights, etc, who now has a quantity of dancing girls, has lately manifested great interest in religion. So Mr. Herrick sent in and invited us to come out and take tea with them so as to be present at the debate.

Mrs. Chandler offered us a seat in her carriage and, as I was so much better, Thornton said he thought I might venture it. So I went, and I am very glad I did, for, although I could not understand it, the sight was worth the going, and it has not hurt me. When we got near the house, we saw quantities of bandies standing round, and Pona Swami's carriage was there.

We went into the house, and there he sat in Mr. Herrick's hall, his private secretary on one side and one of the native judges (a Mohammedan) on the other, while behind and round him stood his retinue of servants. He rose and shook hands very cordially with the gentlemen, and talked with them some time—he does not understand English. He is a fine looking man, bright and active, under 40 years, or so he seems to us. He was dressed in pants of blue cloth with silver leaves all over it, drawn in with a string tight round the ankles and waist, and no shoes—rather, he left his shoes at the door. Blue (short) jacket lined with crimson and gold, gilt buttons, gold watch and chain, and a jaunty little yellow satin cap, bound with gold, and a long tassel hanging from the center. He looked real pretty. He has a fine active eye—bright, thoughtful, and full of expression.

Soon he left, and we had tea. After tea we went over to the school house, where we found some 40 or 50 Brahmins, Mohammedans, and heathen men, besides our Christian men. They got to discussing the origin of sin, and beat round the bush without coming to anything at all satisfactory, until Pona Swami got out of patience. Going to the chief Brahmin spokesman, a man about as thoroughly Brahmin as any I ever saw, [Pona Swami] pushed him [to] one side, and, taking the seat right among them all, he asked his own questions.

I wish you could have seen that Brahmin. I told Miss Smith he would be a sketch for a painter. He was thin, and when he spoke he hissed out the words with such a venom, showing all his teeth, and the veins in his neck and his eyes looking O so sharp. He sometimes stretched his fingers apart in such a clutching manner—he looked to me like (my idea of) Satan.

Pona Swami asked better questions than the others, but still nothing very satisfactory was arrived at. Only it is a great thing for him to wish for such a discussion—such things have always been hooted at by the Brahmins, and now to have such a rich man request it!

There was one good thing we heard, and that was that eight or nine Bibles from Government School had been borrowed by the Brahmins before the debate; I suppose to find something to abuse in it. But if they only read it, even for such a bad purpose, they may find in it the truth. It is a dangerous thing for them to study if they wish to remain heathen. You would have been amused to see Pona Swami—he had four servants right at hand, two fanning him, and occasionally one fed him with something—I don't know what—putting the mouthfuls in his mouth for him. It was very amusing.

We do pray that much good may come from it. They talked from 6 ½ to 10 and then separated. So you see, we were pretty late getting home. I did not stay to hear it all, but went and laid down. Thornton could understand much of it, so he kept the run of it very well.

Sabbath, October 29th, 1867

Thornton has gone to church, as usual, and I am at home alone. So I improve the opportunity to write a little. The 23rd passed very quietly with us, much more so than the year before. We thought and talked about it a great deal. It was a year ago today that we came home from Washington, so late at night, only, of course, that was Saturday and today is Sabbath. We concluded to celebrate our wedding day by taking a short ride in our bandy, which we did, and enjoyed it very much.

We asked Miss Smith to go with us. We laughed to think of the two different styles in which we rode the year before. This time behind two bullocks, one of which had only half a tail, or as Thornton said, it had no end to its tail. It had been branded (for sickness) on its side, and straight marks, circles, and crosses were the result. Altogether, it was a pretty miserable looking team. But we paid about 18 cents for our ride, and felt the better for it. Yesterday was the great feast day of the tailors. My tailor had two holidays, Friday and Saturday. On account of it, they fired firecrackers and guns all day and, really, I almost imagined it our 4th of July at home. The father of the family gives, also, a new cloth to each one in his family, and there is much heathen worship mixed up with it. The feast is called the Tee-var-ly,¹⁰² that is how they pronounce it. We took a little ride yesterday in our bandy, for the purpose of seeing what we could see. On our way, we passed a collection of people in the street with horns and tomtoms, and with them was a man acting so strangely. I thought he must be drunk. But Thornton said no, he was a most holy man, a devil worshiper, and I suppose he was under inspiration then. He reeled back and forth and put up his hands in a most ridiculous manner. Before him stood a nice-looking heathen man with his hands clasped before him (as they always have little Samuel's hands clasped in pictures), well, he stood in that devout attitude before the devil man, consulting him about something, I suppose—I don't know what—but it did look so sad.

Friday evening they had another discussion at the English school house, here in Madura, with Pona Swami, but it was very unsatisfactory. The questions he asked were mere skeptical quibbles....Thornton and the gentlemen went, but were very much disappointed in it. The house was crowded with Brahmins, etc., and the temptation to show off seemed too great for Pona Swami to resist. Our people will not consent to such a debate again. It shall be more private, and more in their own hands, if they have it at all.

Mynah has gone; we let her out of the cage on Thursday morning, and she did not come back as usual. Either she is lost, caught, or died, or she has found a mate. We hope the latter. The servants have come home from church now, and it is almost time for Thornton to come from Sabbath School. So I will stop and be ready for him.

Monday, November 4th, 1867

Your dear letters number 25 and 26 came on Saturday. Number 25 came in the regular weekly mail in the morning, but number 26 came in the evening, by a chance mail that happened

¹⁰² Dewali, the Festival of Lights

to be coming down. Otherwise, I should have had to wait a few days longer, or possibly a week. So I don't think much is gained in time.¹⁰³ They were such a treat to us.

I am glad you have got our little package. I hope Mother and Fannie will see Mr. Tracy, too. Now I will go back and tell you all that has happened since I wrote last, about a week ago.

Thornton met with quite an accident. In trying to shut a go-down door, [which] refused to shut, he put all his strength to it, pulled it together, and caught his finger; it seemed badly crushed, but we thought it would soon be better. It pained him very much, and there seemed to be gathering, so we poulticed it, and, in all probability, he will lose his nail. It makes his right hand just about useless; he cannot write his Tamil or anything else, but wears it in a sling all the time.

We had had the prayer meeting here on Thursday, 14 persons in all. Judge Thomas and his lady came. They seem really anxious to cast in their lot with the Christians, and it is really very unusual and commendable in them. I think you must have received my letter to Miss Helen and Gennie before now. I have received only one from them and have answered it.

Wednesday morning, November 6th

I had just commenced writing last evening, when Mrs. Chandler came in, and I was obliged to lay it aside, and, as she stayed all the evening until nearly 9 o'clock, I lost all time for writing then. I intended writing yesterday, but somehow I was so busy; I hardly know how, either. I did not get through with my "go down," hearing my servants read and write, getting my work ready for my tailor, until after 12 o'clock. Then I asked Thornton if I could help him in any way, and he said if I could write some for him, he would like it; so I wrote an hour. Then I thought I would write you, but I found I was too tired, so I took a nap—then dinner came, and I thought I would devote the evening to writing. You see, I was interrupted, but I want this letter to go tomorrow, so I must write today. So I will answer your questions as quickly as possible.

I am so sorry Mother has had pleurisy again, but she is better on the whole, is she not? The attacks do not come so often as formerly, do they? There comes a little bandy into the compound. It is so cunning—looks like a big dog kennel on two wheels, with a little white bullock about the size of a young heifer to draw it. Sunday morning it was so cold here that we had to put on extra clothing, the thermometer stood at 76° at 8 o'clock in the morning. I put on two sacks—thin ones, to be sure. I find we have no copy of Pilgrim's Progress except in a little pamphlet form of Thornton's which cost 2 pence. I think we ought to have a good copy of it. Can you spare us one, or get us one? Tracts, too. You ask about our house rent. The houses are owned by the mission and therefore we pay no rent. They also furnish a good rattan mat for the hall and dining room. On further thought, Mr. Chandler thinks letters 25 and 26 should have arrived together. He thinks perhaps it was overlooked in the mail bag. We have heard nothing from that French priest but hope he may be doing well. Fannie speaks of Dr. Crosby's views, respecting inexperienced conferees[?] I should judge, what are they? Is he not all right? Fannie's piece in the Advocate Sept. 2nd reads nicely; she is doing famously. I never expected to see her in print. Sept. 15th's paper has not yet come. I am provoked with Mrs. Carpenter for making so much trouble for Mrs. Burnett and you all. I'd send you my Lazarus if I could: he would not do so; it is quite different with our servants here. You see, he has a good berth—himself matey, his wife ayah, his nephew cook, and when we have extra cooking and need help, his brother lives with him and we call him right in—he is an experienced cook. So every month

¹⁰³ The letters had been sent by different routes to evaluate whether the new route would be faster.

16 ½ rupees go directly to his family. And besides the extra to his brother sometimes, he knows his advantage too well to wish to lose his place, so he does his best and they all do, so it's good for him and for me, too.

Mary is combing my hair, but I am trying to write, notwithstanding. I have written an hour for Thornton and taken a nap, and now I am being fixed for dinner. Mother asks about my receiving callers. It is fashionable to receive here at noon, a most inconvenient time, I think, but we manage, somehow. Thornton sees them, and I do or not, as I feel able. No vermin have troubled us, as yet, except the white ants, which eat up into the bamboo roofs, especially in rainy weather. And what we call fish moths at home; they eat the books and anything with paste or woolen about it.

We have just received the news that Mr. and Mrs. Burnell are not going home in January, so we shall not go to Mēlūr, as we thought possible we might do. There are two churches here in Madura, one right here, and one a few miles from here, at what is called West Gate. They have not settled a minister there, I think. Mr. Chandler or Mr. Cornelius preaches at one or the other place. There is also a sort of station catechist at West Gate who preaches there.

I am sorry they are having so much trouble in the Montclair church. I thought they would have some trouble to settle unitedly on a man. I hope a good one may be sent there.

I can read your letters very easily; they are not written a bit too close, and the ink holds nicely. Mrs. Chandler wants me to ask Father if he would get her two of Mortori's gold pens, 2 sizes: one gentleman's and one lady's pen. She says she knows no one to whom to send for them. She will pay me for them. They are to be got in New York, but where, I don't know.

There is a Church of England about a mile from here—Episcopal, of course. We used to go occasionally, but it is not at all like home, and we have neither of us been for a long time. I hope you will get those orphan children.¹⁰⁴ It will be sad to have them Catholic.

Much obliged to Father for looking after our seeds. I hope it will not take too much of his time. Now I must close, for this must go tomorrow.

Yours most affectionately,
Lottie

I will write to the boys soon.

CEHPenfield to MITHubbard

(Private)

Tuesday, October 22nd, 1867, Madura

My own dear Mother,

One year ago today I was Lottie Hubbard—only a year, yet it seems like ten; I feel so much older. How quickly one gets accustomed to being married—it seems so natural somehow. Only think of all that has happened since; and now, in one short month I expect to be a mother, me, only think of it. It will be a most precious gift, if our Heavenly Father gives it—and if not, if my life or the child's be taken, His will be done. All will be done in love, be it joy or sorrow.

¹⁰⁴ The Hubbards' pet project, the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless took in orphans and foundlings.

Thornton said, in speaking of your coming out, if you would wait until our time was 2/3 out, perhaps we should have one or two little ones ready for you to take home with you; would you not like that? But he says you must let us know before you come, for we must have a room tightened up for you—there are such great drafts through all the houses here; they are so open.

As to Hattie, I must leave Thornton to remonstrate with Fannie about her; I can't do it; she knows my sentiments too well for me to undertake it. But I do hope Father won't send her out here. The Mission here sent for Miss Smith to come, but Miss Taylor and Miss Pollock are now coming on their own invitations. It is quite an experiment, and all doubt if it works well; there is no school to be taught, as there was for Miss Smith, and not the slightest probability of their being able to start one at present. But we will see how it works. Cannot tell till we try. But don't send any more, yet. The Mission's consent should have been asked about Miss Pollock's coming, but it has not been. Dr. Clarke¹⁰⁵ is a very nice man, and his ideas are, many of them, good; but he, I think, will improve by experience, as we all shall. We wish he would come and see for himself, not to stay a few months but a year—long enough to see the whole way things work.

I am going to take a dose of castor oil tomorrow to clean out my bowels; I am so constipated, and I don't want to be so, toward the last.

Sabbath, 27th

I did not take oil after all. I got along without it. Please do not mention what I have written about Miss Pollock's coming to anyone. They mean to do the best thing at home, and we do here, too. It may work well. We are waiting to see. Don't speak of it, please.

I am feeling very well now, for which I am most thankful.

Thursday, November 7th

A year ago, dear Mother, we sailed from Boston. O it seems more than one short year since I last saw dear Fannie; it is the first year that has passed in which I have not seen any of you—what a long year. This letter must go today and, as I don't feel as if I could write very much; I will just say the most important things.

I do thank you and Fannie so much for your good letters; they comfort and help me so much, just now. I keep very quiet and happy. I have no doubt, living or dying, my child and I are both His. Let Him do as will be most for His glory. I am very well now, feel better than I have since the September Meeting. You know how well I was feeling then. My bowels I try to keep in a good condition, and succeed pretty well. If the child lives and I do not, Thornton must do as seems best to him. I feel that I cannot see so far ahead. But when he thinks best to send it to America, and has a good opportunity, if you are living, it will come to you. Thornton and I both wish it.

I am well supplied with little clothes and my wardrobe, too. I have tried to think of everything, and have asked advice of several, and then used my own judgment as to which to follow. I mean to have enough of things plain but good. I can find something to answer my purpose for everything strictly necessary—not as nice as we could get at home, but it will answer very well.

I found some narrow white lutestring ribbon among those remnants I brought of Father's, and I had the blankets turned up, and that put on, so it looks very neatly. My bedding answers

¹⁰⁵ Secretary of the ABCFM.

nically, and came very well. I think it will be just what I will want on the hills, if I don't have occasion to use it much here. I shall need all my warm clothes there, I think. I can eat and sleep very well, especially sleep—I rest well all night. Is it not a great mercy?

If Fannie sends me some bibs, they will be very nice, I am sure; such things always are. I am quite anxious to see some of that difficult, or rather, that tatting that takes so long to make. I thank her very much for going to make some for me.

Lately, I have not been able to hold my arms up long enough to put up my hair in a waterfall, so I just twist it in a knot behind and, as it is pretty thick and long, it really looks quite pretty when it is smooth. Thornton likes it so very much for a change. When I get well, I suppose my waterfall will flourish again.

We can easily manage about spending any money you may wish me to spend for you here. If I spend 50 rupees for things for you here, and you spend \$25 gold for me there, it will make it all straight, and you know I shall often want you to buy things for me.

About the music, Thornton and I would like, very much, a book published by the Smiths of Boston organ manufacturers. It contains pieces for small organs like ours, and also with a flute to accompany it. If you should come across it, we should like it very much, and many thanks to Fannie.

Fannie speaks about little differences that so often come between husbands and wives, "known only to themselves." When I was married, I fully expected there would be such; but we are so careful not to allow it. If we do, either of us, get tried, we talk it over, and we each love the other so much that it is quite easy to agree. O I could not bear to be separated from Thornton, even in thought, for any time. Now goodbye, with much love from us both.

Most affectionately yours,
Lottie

Today is the 7th—the 22nd completes my time; it draws near.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #11

(For joyful news, see bottom of third page. T.B.P.)

Madura

Friday, November 8th, 1867

My own dear ones,

Yesterday I mailed my letter number 10, so I begin another. I have thought possibly that I should not be able to write a very full letter this time, so I have been saving several little curiosities to enclose. I can just as easily send full weight as ½ oz. less, so I have let my tailor make a collar like the last one Fannie and I bought in Boston. I think it can go in this. He did every stitch of it, measuring and all. I only tore off the cloth and gave him the pattern. Does it not look pretty well? I also send some wings of the white ants. Sometimes they fly in the house in the evening and, after flying round about half an hour, drop their wings all over the table. I thought you might like to see some of them.

The other morning Thornton went with the Chandlers and Miss Smith to gather some ferns that grow on an old palace near here, [that of] Tirumala Niach, an ancient king. The palace

is now falling to ruins, and there, ferns grow on the sides of the walls. I am going to see it sometime.

Saturday, November 9th

Mary is sitting down by my side, cleaning my fine comb—I have just been showing her my way of doing it, so she is working away with her thread and pin and paper. I think the comb shows improvement already. Poor Thornton's finger improves very slowly; the nail is about half entirely loose now, and his finger looks terribly, but we poultice it three times a day and think it improves some. He can use his hand a little now, but not that finger any; it quite puts him back in his study of Tamil writing.

On Thursday I was sitting by my window writing [when] a boy who was passing along and through the garden began to call very loudly. I thought I distinguished “pombu¹⁰⁶” in what he said, so I called Thornton, and the servants were soon out there and watching a little sort of gutter into which they thought he went—soon a long stick was brought and introduced at one end, and out at the other end came a great snake 6 feet long, and they killed it. Mary's English is very scanty, but she tried to tell me the belief of the natives, that it was a male cobra—so she said, “A cobra is a lady and this is her husband.” Though this is said to be a poisonous snake that both stings with its tail and bites, too, it probably is not a cobra.

Mrs. Judge Thomas gave Mrs. Chandler 20 rupees for a feast for the children yesterday, and they had a nice one (according to their ideas): a good drive about 4 o'clock, rice and curry, and different kinds of mutton and small cakes. They had eight different kinds of curry; some of them were blood red with peppers. Mrs. Chandler tried one that they said had no pepper in it, only three [kinds of curry], and it brought the tears to her eyes. I think one of us would be almost burnt up to eat one of their best curries. We went over there to tea, and Mrs. Herrick came in from Pasumalie; the boys of the Seminary came in the evening and had a cake or two all round, and then singing and prayer, after which they had fireworks, all made by the natives since 10 o'clock of the same day. They really did them credit—rockets, wheels, roman candles, etc. It all passed off very pleasantly.

My scholars are improving, I think, though most of them are too old to learn very fast. Thornton has one of the school blackboards over here for his little girls to write upon, so I use it for my servants, too. After having Tamil prayers in the morning, they all take their books, going back of the house to sit down and study their lesson—writing—and make their letters in the sand with their fingers to practice, and use chalk and the board to write to me. I can see great improvement in some of them, and they all seem interested. It gives me a chance to do a little good for them. I want them to feel that I love them, for I am sure I do.

Thornton has just changed his munshi for one who can speak English, and he likes him very much indeed, so far. He is a heathen, but quite well educated, and is studying law here in Madura. The other day Thornton came across the “pupil of the eye” in translating from Tamil to English; he translated it so, and his munshi hesitated a little and then said, well, he did not know as it would be any better, but how would “disciple of the eye” do? He generally speaks very correctly and seems to have a good knowledge of English.

The other day Mrs. Chandler saw two great cobras fighting by their garden. They were so angry that they raised their heads 3 feet high, and they glistened in the sun; she said it was a great sight. None of the people would strike them because there were two and they were so

¹⁰⁶ “Snake.”

angry, so they let them both go. Now is a great time for snakes, for there is so much water in the low grounds it drives them out. Now I am going to write for Thornton.

[Thursday, November 14th]

And now I am going to write for Lottie dear, who is the joyful mother of a darling little boy. But first I must put a date, I suppose. It is now Thursday, November 14th. I will scarcely write Private. You will, of course, be anxious to hear particulars and may write them, of course, to our mother.¹⁰⁷

Lottie behaved splendidly through the whole of the trying time, just as she has in every emergency in which I have known her, and they have been neither few nor of one kind only. She bore her pains so patiently that the midwife (Mrs. Moss) said to her, “You do mean to be good, I see.” Her labor was somewhat protracted and rather severe. Our little boy first saw the light at 12 minutes before 5 P.M. Mrs. Moss says we must reckon it 10 hours of labor and 4 hours of severe labor. Her pains came on so gradually that we had no thought in the morning that she would be a mother before night. She was out to breakfast and prayers, and even heard her class of servants read, though she says some of the time she was in such pain she thought she might faint.

About 1 o’clock she called me from my munshi and, finding out how matters really stood, I dismissed him for the day and sent for Mrs. Moss, who made her appearance in 20 or 30 minutes. Meanwhile, with Ayah’s assistance, I had the narrow cot spread out and Lottie safely on it. For the rest, I had only to sit on a low stool, with my back toward the foot of the bed, hold her hand in one of mine and, with the other, fan her quietly, and occasionally wipe her brow and lips.

After the passage of the head, only one pain sufficed for the child and the afterbirth. Oh how we thanked God. Both Lottie and Thornton Bancroft (the latter name after dear Auntie) are doing well. We have just weighed the little lump of humanity. Guess its weight. No, you are probably all wrong, for it is just six pounds. Please read and forward both letters enclosed to my mother, who will remail sister Josephine’s to her. The last thing Lottie did before her confinement was to write her private note to you, dear Mother.

With love from us to you all, believe me, as ever,

Yours affectionately,
Thornton

CEHPenfield to MITHubbard

(Mother and Fannie—Private)
Wednesday Noon, November 13, 1867

Darling Mother,

I expect I am on the high road to happiness. I have been having most terrible aches all the morning, about every ten minutes. They are on the increase in severity, but I keep up and round a little, and have heard my reading and writing lessons, though I thought, once or twice, I should have to give up. I am not a bit afraid. I rather enjoy it than otherwise, for it will be so

¹⁰⁷ Thornton’s mother, Minerva Dayton Penfield Cowles.

nice to be well once more and be relieved of this great burden. Jesus is with me, and I fear not at all. All will be well. I wonder I am so happy.

I think I have everything ready—perhaps I will not be able to write any more for some time—I almost hope so. But when it is over Thornton will write, directly; and he has stayed with me every moment, almost, for a long time. I mean has not left home even for the prayer meeting a week ago. I do love him so much. There never was a better husband. Love to darling Fannie and Father.

Your own
Lottie

TBPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #12
([received] January 14th)
Madura
November 22, 1867
(For New York)

Dear Father and Mother,

This is one of the regular days for making up the mail for England, and before the hour of closing, I gladly snatch a little time from my studies and other duties to tell you of our continued prosperity. Lottie is doing full as well as could be expected. The nurse could not promise her a very speedy restoration to health and strength, owing to the fact that she was, in parts, so lacerated and torn. However, she has, so far, improved more rapidly than the nurse had expected, owing, no doubt, to the care and patience with which she has followed the directions given, under the kind and healing providence of our loving God.

The little one is not quite as plump as he seemed at first. There is room under his loosely lying skin for a good deal more flesh, etc. But he is strong and healthy so far as we can see, and this is far better, here, than to be quite fat and weak.

There is a matter which I had intended to write about sooner, and that is this: One of the members of the Mission had purchased Dr. Lord's nice covered carriage, expecting, I believe, to sell his own smaller one. The purchase was made, as I understand, without the knowledge of his good lady who, perhaps for this reason and perhaps for old associations, etc., prefers the old one; so he is willing to sell it again. It is nearly as good as new. The price is 375 rupees or \$187.50 cents in gold. The harness would bring it up to something like \$215 or \$220, I suppose, though no price was fixed for it. Now, if you have not, as yet, bought or ordered a carriage, and feel able to meet the expense, would it not be best to purchase this one, already on the ground, and which we tried for a couple of weeks while Brother Noyes was in Ceylon (or Jaffna, as it is here called), and which we like very much? The Chandlers say that the expense of their carriage from New York here, including freight on sea and land duty, etc., was just about equal to the first cost. If you have made other arrangements, we will consider it as of the Lord's; otherwise, would it not be better to purchase this carriage?

There is only one drawback to this plan, as I can see, and that is that Brother Noyes may have sold it, or have concluded not to sell at all, before we could get your answer. However, we are willing to run the risk. If it should prove so, we could let you know and you could still purchase for us there. I hardly think it will be so, however, for he has been minded to sell it for

some months—yet he has it here with him, where few, if any, would-be purchasers ever see it. So the chances are in our favor, as it seems.

Private

I must not forget to state the fact that baby draws from the proper source all the nourishment he requires. Lottie says, “You don’t know how I long to have them see him! Also, please give my love to Lilia and tell her the news.” Will you please forward to Oberlin the enclosed letter for the friends there, and the three papers for Gennie, to her.

I need to add, of course, that you are always welcome to read the letters we send to you to forward. It saves us double or treble postage, only it makes you extra expense, for which we should be glad to refund you.

Lottie joins me in warmest love to you and dear sister Fannie.

Your loving son,
Thornton

T. B. Penfield Junior would, if he could, send his love to his Grandpa, Grandma, and Aunt Fannie.

Different members of the Mission are already talking about where we shall probably be stationed, and some of them have even spoken with me on the subject. Knowing that you will be nearly as much interested as we in this question, I will give you a little idea of the present situation.

Brother Burnell of Mēlūr (18 miles N.E. of Madura) has concluded to remain a year or two longer, so that is out of the question. Brother Noyes would like me to relieve him of the care of Periakulam (45 miles W.N.W. of Madura at the foot of the hills), which was Mr. Scudder’s¹⁰⁸ field, but he will probably not press the question, though he has two other stations upon his hands. Brother Herrick, who, since his return, has had the charge of Pasumalie (2 miles W. of Madura) in addition to his own station, has expressed a strong wish to have me go there.

Everything, just now, hinges on Pasumalie, for, in some respects, it is considered the most important station, and this, solely because of its Seminary, where the native helpers, catechists, pastors, and teachers are educated and fitted for their work. Brother Tracy, who has long and well filled the place (now on a visit home), is considered too old a man, by some, to reenter this place. Besides, he is quite conservative, and many feel that great, and perhaps radical, changes are required at the Seminary. Brother Capron is considered the best man for the place, but he is now in a most interesting work at Máná Madura (30 miles S. E. of Madura). He has spent great and effective labor on the station and people, has a girls’ boarding school, mainly supported by personal friends in America. Much that he is doing there would be undone unless he remains. Besides, in three or four years, he will probably have to visit America for some three years (the usual time), which would be bad for the Seminary. Brother Washburn, who, before my arrival, was the junior member of the Mission, is the next choice, probably, but he, too, is in an interesting field, much similar to Brother Capron’s, at Battalagundu, (32 miles W. of Madura), and it would be hard to pull him up.

¹⁰⁸ David Coit Scudder, who had served with the Madura Mission from July 1861 until his death in November 1862.

I have had no experience here, and the members of the Mission are not all very well acquainted with me, yet. The opinion of Brother Herrick, who has known me longest and most intimately, will have some weight. If either Brother Capron or Washburn goes there, I shall probably take his station. The responsibility at Pasumalie would be great, but the labor congenial and, I should hope, effective. I have no preference at all, and if the Mission are unanimous in respect to either course, I shall consider it as unquestionably the mind of God. If I am examined in January and approved before the January Meeting, the question will then be decided. Pray for such a decision as will most honor God.

[T. B. Penfield]

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #13

Madura

Thursday, December 5th, 1867

(Private to Father, Mother, and Fannie)

My own dear ones all,

Will you be glad to see my handwriting again, I wonder? It seems to me so long since I have written any—three weeks yesterday, exactly. I last wrote on the day baby was born, and not any since, and he was three weeks old yesterday. O I cannot tell you what a joy he is to us, such a nice, strong, healthy, bright boy—not very fat, but he is fast becoming so. He grows every day and is very good except when he is troubled with wind, as he has been yesterday and today, and when he cries out with pain. I have sent to Mrs. Herrick to find out what to give him. Mrs. Chandler wants to ask her. I expect the trouble is with me. He is very strong—as soon as he was born he sent forth such a loud cry—(O how my heart bounded)—then he fell to cramming both his little fists into his mouth and made such a loud smacking, it made us all laugh. I think his hair will be brown; I see no red¹⁰⁹ about it now. He has just about as much as little Josephine had. His eyes are very dark, but sometimes blue and sometimes brown. At least, so they look to me; which they'll stay, I cannot tell; but they are so bright, everybody says he is a very pretty baby, and of course I do think so, I suppose.

I cannot walk, yet, but can sit up quite comfortably. Thornton has put rollers on my big sick chair, and draws me up and down the veranda and out to table. He is so good. Now I must stop, for I am tired; I am not very strong, yet. I never wanted to see you more. It makes me cry to think of you. I want you to see the baby so much. Haven't I cause for thanksgiving.

Friday, December 6th

I have been nursing our boy and putting him to sleep, and now he lies in his little crib by my side, fast asleep, one little hand under his head and one little fist laid upon his pillow. I told Thornton I would spare him a whole week if you could only see him. I wonder if the Lord is always going to be so good to us; we have so many, many mercies and so few trials. It is one of the greatest crosses that you cannot see the baby.

Mary is such a good, faithful nurse and seems to love the baby so much. Miss Smith gave him a nice little white merino hat, or sort of bonnet trimmed with white ribbons and silk

¹⁰⁹ Lottie's hair was auburn.

fringe. It came from Madras, though she found it here in the bazaar. Mrs. Judge Thomas sent him a beautiful little cap, and I have been crocheting a little white worsted cap for his everyday use, so you see how well off he is.

Thornton hopes to be examined on December 24th and is just as busy as possible writing a Tamil sermon.

I am much obliged to Mother for correcting my spelling;¹¹⁰ I sometimes ask Thornton to, but he has not time, often.

We gave the baby a dose of anise seed and magnesia and it [is] doing him good. He does not look like a 6 pound baby. The nurse said 8 pounds, and Henry the Dresser and Mrs. Herrick said 7, at least. All were so surprised to find it only six. Mrs. Moss won't believe but that there was some mistake in the scales.

I wonder what you all would say to him. How we all would take care of him, if we were only together. Father would rub his little back with his great hand, as he used to do for little Josephine, and Fannie would carry him round until we would have to send her to school for her health, would not we? And Mother would sing "Hush, my dear" to him. O I have thought it all out hundreds of times. How we should enjoy him. I talk to him about his grand father and mother and Aunt Fannie until I think he almost knows the names. He is a bright boy, I tell you. O how hard and prayerfully I shall strive to be a good mother to him. He must be a good boy.

I want to tell you something private, that we have been so disappointed in [judging] Mr. and Mrs. Herrick. You know I spoke of their trying us some on the way out; well, now they are so warmhearted and loving and such true friends to us; we love them dearly. They are very cautious people and very distant to strangers, but when you have once won them, they are firm as rocks, you can trust them fully. It does not do to judge from first appearances.

Mrs. Chandler comes in every morning, now, and helps wash the baby, and gives me many good hints as to how. I am not strong enough to do it, yet; but Mary and I manage together when we are alone. I sleep in the bed in our room, and Mary on the matting by my side (on the floor), and baby alternates between me and his cot.

Thornton still occupies his cot in the study. I would not have married anybody else in all the world. I am sure there is not another man half so kind and good as he is. I am so glad I got him—he is so good. What can be said more of a man? And I'm sure his wife ought to know.

You cannot tell how surprised I was when I found the baby was a boy. I had felt in my bones that it would surely be a girl. And we both fully expected so, so much so that I thought it quite unnecessary to ask which it was when it was born. We would have liked a boy so much but would have been quite satisfied with a girl. He is better to us than our hopes, as we prayed he would be.

Miss Smith has written to her oldest brother, who is a collecting lawyer in Broadway, and sent him your address and Father's,¹¹¹ too, and asked him to call on you; I will send you his address so you can call on him if he should not have done so before this reaches you. He is a bachelor. It would be pleasant to us both if you were acquainted (and I would like to know what he seems like). She is a very fine girl—smart and quick and fully adapted to her work here, I think. I love her very much, and she loves us. We shared so many storms and underwent so

¹¹⁰ Spelling corrections were probably made in copies of Lottie's letters that were to be sent to other recipients.

¹¹¹ Probably his office address in New York.

many changes, both pleasant and sad, together, that she and the Herricks and we feel very closely drawn together.

I am so tired writing, now I must stop. I should have done so long ago, but I kept thinking of just this thing and that thing I wanted to say, but now I must stop. All the servants are so delighted with “chinna dorai” (little gentleman), [as] they call him. As one of the ladies said to me in her note, we shall stand 10 percent higher in their estimation because it’s a boy than we should if it had been a girl.

[Lottie]

Sabbath, December 8th, 1867

This letter must go tomorrow and, as Lottie is not well enough to write today, I will write for her. She has been getting on slowly but steadily, and without any drawbacks, until yesterday. In the morning she felt so well that she thought it would do to accept Sister Chandler’s kind offer of her horse and bandy for a short drive. So we had it brought close to the veranda and, with my help, she stepped across this and into the carriage. Once there, she felt so well and bright that we yielded to her wish and had baby put in her arms. Brother Chandler’s daughter sat by her side and carried the parasol most of the time.

I do not think the carriage ride alone (which was only ½ an hour long) did her any injury, but taken with what else she did, it was too much. While I was at Mrs. Chandler’s in the afternoon, [Lottie] concluded to dress herself, and stood on her feet several times and, as she says, several minutes at a time. When night came, she was exceedingly tired. Backache set in, and about 9 o’clock she called me from the study, again (as I had bid her goodnight). When I came in, I found her in severe pain which, within a few minutes, increased so that she exclaimed that she had never, in all her life, suffered so much. I at once sent for Mrs. Chandler and, on her advice, sent a few minutes later for Mrs. Moss and the native dresser, Henry. By this time, the pain had taken possession of her lumbar nerves (as Henry says) and had extended quite round her body till, as Lottie herself said, she was enveloped in pain. Flannel, hot fomentations, liniment, and mustard poultices, externally; and camphor and water, brandy and water, and Chlorodyne and water, internally, were resorted to successively and, as it seems, successfully at last. But it was midnight before the dresser bid me goodnight. By that time, Lottie was so greatly relieved that we all betook ourselves to rest.

We were not called again till morning. Lottie has some headache this morning, but she says it feels better now. She has not left her bed, and is reclining on one elbow and playing with the baby. With greater care, we hope she will still get up soon, again. Mrs. Chandler thinks that we had better take her to the hills by February, and give her three or four months there. If it should seem best, we shall, no doubt, do so.

I have just finished my sermon for examination, but shall have enough, still, to do before Christmas. After that (if I pass a good examination) I hope to have a little more time for my family and for reading.

Lottie says you must not feel alarmed about her, at all, for when she once gets fairly started again, she hopes to do nicely. Miss Smith’s brother’s name in Boston is P. Smith. His address is Room No. 12, 240 Broadway.

Mrs. Chandler has 2 daughters and 2 sons in America. The oldest, Lottie, is soon to pass through New York, and Mrs. Chandler is anxious to have her see you all. When we learn further particulars, we will communicate them, that you may, if possible, see her.

Monday Morning

Lottie had a slight return last night of her nervous pains, but they quickly yielded to treatment and were not very severe. She asks if you have disposed of your old silk stone-colored shawl. If not, and you can spare it, she would be glad of it. Lottie and baby are both bright and well this morning. Baby is growing fast. Lottie is dressed and quite herself again. If any change should appear for the worse, we will let you know immediately.

Hosts of love to you all from Lottie and,

Affectionately yours,
Thornton B. Penfield

CNChandler to MITHubbard

Madura
Dec. 6 [1867]

My dear Mrs. Hubbard

I have been wishing for many weeks to write to the Editors of the Advocate and [?] and more especially since the confinement of our dear Sister Penfield here, I intended to write of her and the pet baby, for I know a mother cannot hear too much of her far off daughter and now in such new and untried circumstances you must be glad to hear anything about her and the baby. 'Tis a very plump little baby and looks quite like its mother and nurses nicely enough. [?] and has been troubled with disordered bowels somewhat.

We are without a physician but we can have the services of the English Surgeon and we have an Apislent¹¹² apothecary and a good Christian nurse. So we are not left to our own judgment entirely, though we shall be very glad to hear of the apparent news of a physician for the Mission.

Monday Dec. 9. I have so little time for writing I can't say half I intended. I wish to tell you how much I have always prized the "Advocate." My mother took it from the beginning – Mrs. Milton Hopkins – and we always felt that it was invaluable in the family. And now I hope to subscribe for it again soon. Last Saturday evening your daughter had quite an ill turn but it seemed to come from a cold. This is always a very trying month to foreigners, but the dear little pet is doing very well and better than I expected. A [?] for your dear daughter was very [?] after her [?] but she is so patient and cheerful you would not know that she was at all indisposed if you did not inquire. We all love her and will try to make her at home in this crazy land.

We are a happy band now. The Lord gives us many mercies and comforts here and we only need the outpouring of His Spirit to make it all we desire. Pray for us and excuse this hastily written letter with love for your heart's sake.

Mr. Chandler unites in kindest Christian salutations.

Yours sincerely,
Charlotte H. Chandler

¹¹² The transcription is unlikely; more likely, "appetent."

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Containing lock of baby's hair; improvement in health)

Letter #14

Thursday, December 12th, 1867

My dear ones,

I want to begin a letter to you all just to let you know that I am better and both baby and I are doing well. O how he grows, and how fat he is getting! Yesterday he was four weeks old and weighs 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds with his clothes on, having gained 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds in flesh. Miss Smith says he really is the prettiest baby she ever saw. Everybody says he is very pretty, and he is such a sweet little fellow and so cunning; we all love him dearly. I am much better than I was, and seem to be gaining daily. Mrs. Judge Thomas came for the baby and me to ride in her carriage (a nice easy barouche and a span of black horses, with a Madras coachman and two footmen) on Tuesday and is coming again today. It did me good, and am sure it must be good for the baby. (a long pause) Baby commenced crying as Mary had gone to her "rice" (dinner). I took him up and fed him, and soon she came in, and he was just gotten off to sleep again when up came all his dinner, all over his nice clean clothes, and he had to be changed all through to his band.

We received letter number 29 yesterday, and it was such a good one. We enjoyed it so much. I am sorry Mother has been sick. How I would love to be there and do something for her. The baby should be on her bed right by her side and sleep there—would not that amuse her? It does me, sometimes. How glad I am you saw Mr. Rendall. He is all that he seemed and so was his wife. They were greatly beloved in the Mission, and she is greatly mourned. Fannie says in her letter that Mr. Hustace has a house on Perry Street. Is it near Lilia's? If so, where? I know just how the houses look on all that street. I think I could remember it. Your piece on the "Picnic" or "excursion" was very nice indeed; you both succeed splendidly.

When the baby was about three weeks old, we gave all our servants a present—Lazarus a jacket; Anthony (cook) a jacket; Mary, sweeper, and washerwoman all money for a cloth; and tailor, housekeeper, gardener, and boy each a cloth—not all of equal value. Mary's and Lazarus' were the nicest, and the rest [were] about alike. I expect they will go with us wherever we go; that is, most of them. The gardener has already petitioned to go as handy man.

Monday, December 16th

I have had quite a hard time with the baby this morning. He has cried so hard. Wind, I think, is the trouble; but he is much better now, and has dropped asleep. I am improving fast, have had no more pullbacks. We have taken several rides in our bandy and have taken baby. Both of us have stood them nicely. Thursday, after taking a ride, I got out at Mr. Chandler's (the meeting was there) and stayed through the evening. I kept very quiet, and laid on the bed in the next room with baby during the meeting. Two of our servants (cook and horsekeeper) brought me home in a chair, so I walked none at all, and I think the change was good for me. Baby is waking up—

Friday, December 20th

I want to send this letter off on the 22nd so I must write, but baby is lord and master here and keeps me and Mary entirely at his bidding, so I cannot write all I would. Now I am better. I have begun to assume my duties once more. I have been having my servants read again this

week, and they all seemed so pleased to begin. It was very pleasant for me to have them seem so, and they all have had their lessons first rate.

How pleased you would be to see Lazarus with the baby. Every time I bring him out, he comes up and says “salaam” over and over again, 6 or 8 times, and talks so funny to him. He says, “You see me, baby? You see me? I am a black man, all black, you see me?” He asked to hold him the other day when I wanted to do something else and Mary was not here—so I let him, and he was so tickled. He laughed and laughed and could not seem to stop laughing. He held him just so, as if he was glass and, after repeating again what I have told you, he said, “You grow up, be a great boy, and play on the piano just like your papa.” He was in the midst of his “salaam” this morning, and the baby turned over and shut up his eyes to go to sleep. It did amuse Lazarus so much.

Today I cut a little lock of hair from baby’s head to send to you. It is the baby’s first little gift all his own to his grandfather, grandmother and Aunt Fannie—doesn’t it sound grand? I am going to have him join the “dime army” as soon as he is 1 year old and mean that he shall always keep in it. When he gets old enough, he shall earn the money himself.

I just heard an elephant call, over in the temple. I suppose it must have been, he made a great noise suitable for such a great animal. By the way, have you ever heard a donkey call? If you never have, pray that you never may—it is the most terribly heart-rending noise. It sounds as if every bray caused him the most acute agony. It is a most fearful noise. At least, the donkeys here make such a noise.

Day before yesterday was a feast day to Meenarchie, the goddess of the temple just back of us, here.¹¹³ They had a great procession, and we saw it, almost all. It was a sight worth seeing. First came three palanquins, carried on men’s shoulders. We could not see what was in them. Then followed three great black elephants, all covered with immense great cloths embroidered with gold and silver. Then came two gopurams, which are imitations of temples, about ten times the size of Mr. Musgrove’s and four times the size of the summer house. They were about 40 or 50 feet high, in size. They must have been made of pitch or some light substance, for they were borne on poles on men’s shoulders. They (gopurams) were all decorated with red cloth and gold and silver trimmings. Inside each, rode a live bull, large as life. In the first temple, on the bull rode the god “Sivalingam,” and in the second, on the bull rode Meenarchshi. I could not see them very distinctly. Then followed an immense concourse of people, Brahmins, and dancing girls belonging to the temple. They (the people) scattered rice along for the ants, Meenarchshi’s gift—but the ants did not get much, for we saw several poor people go along and pick it up, afterwards.

Wednesday, we spent the day with Mrs. Herrick in Pasumalie, and had a most delightful visit. We took baby (of course) and Mary and the cook. We started very early and got there between 8 and 9 in the morning. We had a very quiet visit and enjoyed it hugely. I am sure it did us all good. The change was so pleasant to me. I have been sick so much in this house. Somehow, I expect to be so, here. Yesterday evening I had the prayer meeting here for the first time since I was sick. It did seem so good. Thornton weighed me today and I weighed 109 pounds, so I’ve lost 21 pounds. He weighs 116. I used to be the heaviest; now he is.

Thornton’s examination will not come off this month, and, when it will, we cannot tell.

Mrs. Chandler says you can send little things to me in a letter, like ribbons for baby’s sleeves, or gloves, one at a time and another next time. I want some whalebones very much and

¹¹³ Probably the marriage festival of the god and goddess Siva and Meenakshi.

cannot get any here. Will you please send me several, next opportunity? Thornton sends love “with all his heart.”

Baby is so sweet. You cannot tell how I love him, but he is God’s, not ours. Now I must close, with much love to one and all. The baby does look like me, I am sure. Everyone except the Tamil people say so. The Tamil people, every one, say he looks like his father. They all think they must say so, but all white people say he is like me. Now good night, I must be off to bed.

Most affectionately, Lottie

Monday morning, December 30th, 1867

My own dear ones,

While the washerman is busy sorting out my clothes, for me to take the account, I embrace the opportunity to write a few lines. We have been very busy since I last wrote, so I have not written before. Last week we read your letter number 30, and one from Annie Angell, too, and also one from Thornton’s mother, containing little Mary’s picture. It is a very good one, indeed, but she has grown a great deal.

Tuesday noon, December 31st

I have tried so hard to get time to write you for the last weeks, but I am so busy. Every moment seems occupied, and my time is mine no longer. The baby is king here, and we all have to run when he likes; you know how it is. First, I shall try to answer Mother’s questions.

I used to read with the munshi every day, but for a month or two before baby’s arrival I was not able, and since, I have been too busy. I tried studying some, too, but not long. Now I learn something in teaching the servants, but that is all the time I have to spare. It would be of no use to send anything for us to Calcutta. It is too far off, and it would be doubtful if we ever got it.

It is the custom in this country for everyone to take a cup of tea, [and] bread or toast immediately on rising—you seem to require it here. Then our breakfast comes about ten, that gives us the cream of the day, viz, morning, free for use.

How funny those letters have come to light after all. They will be quite a curiosity when they come. Our mails travel very fast here. They are carried on the head by a man who runs six miles, and then another meets him and he runs the same. They run along, jingling little bells so everybody makes way for them. In traveling down country, we met the mail going up—it was in a light carriage drawn by a very swift horse and, as they met anyone, they blew the horn and the road was instantly cleared. These are the two ways in which our mails travel, and they go very quickly.

I have just been looking at the baby. He is fast asleep in his little cot and looks O so sweet and clean and cunning. I’d give my watch to have you here to enjoy him with me—and that, you know, is my greatest treasure. We hope you will have the news by this time; we thought it would come as a New Year’s present to you. Sometimes I think if Mother could only see his sweet face it would make her well. It is so fair and refreshing. What a joy it would be to her when she is sick. But how vain are my wishes; they are all air. How impossible it is for us to bring it to pass. Darling Mother, I don’t know what to say to her. I am sorry she is sick, sounds so cold somehow, when I can do nothing to help, in the least. Sometimes I almost wish she had the baby. I wish she had for a little while, anyhow. You can see how much the baby is

on my mind, for last night I woke both Thornton and myself, trying to lug him into baby's cot, supposing he was baby. It was very funny.

We had a very pleasant letter from Mr. Rendall, and he calls Mother "a dear good woman" and speaks very pleasantly of his seeing you all. We thank Father very much for his kind impulse to keep up our policy, but we both feel as if it would be a great tax upon him. We shall not be able to keep up more than \$2,000, which, you see, is not half, and it would be a great deal for him to pay the rest. But we thank him very much for being such a dear, good father to us.

If our buggy comes, we shall be too happy. The one I spoke of was one of Dr. Lord's, but, as I said in my last letter, it is now sold.

The other day one of the temple elephants came into the yard, begging. We gave it limes and plantains and a little money, etc. It was quite a sight to see him pick them up.

We bought a cow of Mr. Capron the other day for 20 rupees (\$10), and Mary has just told me that she has a little calf (a child, she calls it). Is not that nice? Now we can be sure of good milk for the baby; [which] we have not been able to get before, except from Mrs. Chandler.

January 3rd, 1868

This is the first time I have written "68"—how odd it comes. I must tell you the joyful news we received yesterday: Mr. Taylor and party are safe in Madras. They landed on Monday last, December 30th, having had a longer voyage than we. They had a pleasant passage, but their ship was a slow sailer, and they were hindered by calms and by the absence of favoring breezes. They were three months in reaching the Cape. We had begun to feel very anxious about their safety, but now they are all here, safe and sound, thank God. They will go right from Madras to Dindigul, where the January Meeting is, and, as we expect to attend, we hope to see them there. I am in such a fidget to see them, Mrs. Hazen especially.

Now I must go back and tell you about our Christmas. Mrs. Thomas invited us all (Chandlers, Herricks, Burnells, and us) to her house, so we went about three o'clock. As we were driving in our ox bandy up the long avenue leading to the house, lined on both sides with grand old banyan trees, we were met and escorted to the house by such an escort. I must describe it: First appeared a man who, in the distance, seemed to have hoops on, but, on drawing nearer, we discovered a horse's head in front of him, made of wood, I should judge. It was fastened in front of him, while his hoops were made to represent the back of the horse—after this fashion, no legs being visible. The man and horse were all decorated and dressed up very gay. The horse (on the man's legs, of course) kept prancing before us, up and down and round, in a most graceful manner. The horns, fifes, and tomtoms kept up a racket all the time, while round him danced five persons dressed in every sort of way and doing all sorts of things. One man, with his hair all hanging, and all in rags, kept running round and trying to put a bag of feed to the horse's mouth, and just as he had got it almost on, the horse would kick up and knock him down or turn and run the other way. So finally the man ate the feed himself. Then he took out a little corner of looking glass and an old comb and combed out his hair, dancing all the time. O it was so funny.

Mrs. Thomas says it is just the sort of thing they have in England at Christmas time, kind of foolery. There was an artist staying with Mr. Thomas and we all went out back of the house and had our pictures taken in a group. If I get one of them, you shall see it. I should not wonder if he gave me one. I tried to have the baby and Mary in it, but he cried and would not keep still, so we could not. We tried to get his picture the other day but could not succeed. Perhaps the

man will have time to try again; we want it for you so much. He is a man who is taking pictures of temples, etc., for government. He only takes the impressions on plates and then they are sent to Madras to be printed. We shall do the best we can to get it.

Well, after our pictures, we went in and took dinner. Then we had a Christmas tree. Baby got four nice little bibs all trimmed with lace. Thornton got a very pretty sofa cushion, made of furniture chintz and with a worsted cover, a fancy box of candy, and a paper weight made of red flannel and beads and full of sand. I got a [matchbox full of] beads—and a perforated (pasteboard) napkin ring, and a box of candy. Then we came home very early on baby's account, having enjoyed ourselves very much indeed. Judge Thomas has salary in one month that we [have] in one year.

Christmas morning we found our veranda all strewn with flowers. While sitting at breakfast, Lazarus' little children came in, and each gave us a lime, then Lazarus and Mary gave us one, and one from each of the servants. When we dressed the baby, Mary put on its arms some sealing wax bracelets, two on each arm. It did look so funny. I am saving them to send to you next time. They were too large to fit in the letter this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnell took breakfast with us. Thornton and I entered into an agreement, as I supposed, not to give each other anything, as we were so short of funds just now, so I did not give him anything. But he says he did not make any such agreement, it was only me, so he gave me a most beautiful matchcase made of ebony and, I should think, with red velvet and a glass cover to protect it.... Gertie Chandler made a very pretty pin cushion for me.

Friday after Christmas, I made up my mind to change my room and go to the other end of the house. I have been sick so much in my old room that everything seemed to say "sickness" all round me. Thornton has long wanted me to change, so I did, and now I have Mrs. Rendall's room, and Thornton's study is the veranda room next [to] mine. Is not that pleasant? I enjoy the change very much.

Now baby is waking up and, as I have written a great deal, I will rest. I must next tell you of our New Years. You did not think we would receive calls, did you? Well, we did, about 20 or 30. Baby is wide awake now, so goodbye.

Tuesday, January 7th

I think Providence is favoring me this morning, for I do so want to finish this letter, to go in tomorrow's mail, so as to send one before the meeting. I am [usually] so busy with everything and anything, but this morning baby sleeps nicely. It is now only 20 minutes past eleven, and he is all washed; we have had breakfast and prayers, and I have heard all the servants read and write, all of which I seldom accomplish before 12 or one, or even after. So now I am going to write just as fast as I can, for I have much to say.

On Saturday we succeeded in getting a very good picture of the baby. It had to be taken out of doors, right in the sun, so baby could not keep his eyes open and he would not keep still, so we had to take him asleep. But it bids fair to be pretty good, I think. He is sitting in my lap. My picture is not good, but we did not try to have it so, for all we wanted was a good one of baby for you. I tried having Mary hold him so you could see her, too, but it did not succeed. They called me to come over and have his picture taken, so I did not stop to dress him. He looks just as he does every day, not all dressed up—all the more natural, you know. I put on my black silk basque. I don't know when the pictures are to be finished. They have to be sent to the Nilgiris (hills) to be printed; we are to pay 3 ½ rupees for the first picture and ½ rupee for every picture afterward. We want three; one for you, one for Thornton's family, and one for us. I

would like to have Miss Dodges, Lilia, and Annie Angell have one, but we can't afford any more. They could be copied in America if they care for one. Mrs. Chandler sent Mother a letter. I did not see it, nor Thornton either, but I wished I knew what was in it. Cannot Mother send me a copy?

New Years is a great day here among the natives. In the evening of the day before, I peeked out of the blinds and saw Lazarus and all the servants trimming the pillars of the veranda and strewing the veranda with flowers. In the morning, he said the servants wanted to see us, and baby, too, a few moments, so we took our seats in the hall. They came in, each salaaming and giving us a lime, and bringing a waiter, on which was a plate of raisins, a plate of almonds, one of sugar candy, and one of native cakes. Lazarus put a wreath of yellow flowers round my neck, and one round Thornton's, and a bracelet of white flowers on each of the baby's wrists. Then they went out.

Others were dropping in all day, bringing limes, and Thornton's munshi brought 4 wreaths and limes and a waiter with a dish of brown sugar, a dish of native biscuits, 3 loaves of bread, a lot of sugar candy, and some sugar cakes. He brought with him three friends; his brother-in-law, a Brahmin, and somebody else (I forget who). In return, Thornton gave him a Tamil Bible, and he seemed quite pleased. Thornton improves the opportunity to give good books to those who care. Mary also brought me and baby flowers and almonds, sugarplums, dates, and raisins.

In the afternoon, Thornton invited his Sabbath School class to come, and he heard them read the Psalms they had been learning—one of them said the 19th, 20th, 23rd and 24th all through without one single mistake. He recited it in English, too, and we thought he did very well, he being a Tamil boy. So Thornton gave him a prize, which was the book by Jacob Abbott about America that I brought out with me, and one of his little pictures. He gave something to them all, and they seemed quite pleased. After that, we had tea, and then Thornton had a few games with them.

After that, a few of the men—catechists and others who could understand English—came in, and Thornton exhibited some pictures of Pilgrim's Progress painted on cloth, which he has. There are 20 of them. They are a little more than $\frac{3}{4}$ as large as the top of the piano. So you see it is quite like a little panorama. All seemed very much pleased and, by half past eight, all were gone, and we [were] left in quiet to retire.

I enjoyed it all very much, only I got very tired. We had left, of our gifts, about 40 limes, 20 wreaths, and bouquets of flowers, besides all the rest of the good things. We thought of you so often, and wondered what you were doing, and wished you could see us.

I want very much to enclose a letter to Anna Angell, if I only can get time; hers was so good. I received a letter from Miss Pollock yesterday, in answer to ours of greeting to her, enclosed in Fannie's. She seemed very much pleased to get it. I think she may feel a little lonely, judging from her letter. Mother will be glad to know that the railroad is open to Conoor, which shortens their bandy traveling many miles. We are all very glad.

Much love to everyone. We are all well and happy. With very much love to one and all from Great Thornton, Little Thornton, and me.

Most affectionately,
L. E. Penfield

We have asked Mr. Herrick to baptize baby at the meeting. Pray for us.

MITHubbard to TBPenfield

Letter #34
 102 West 19th Street
 December 15, 1867

My dear son,

I have just mailed a letter to Lottie, which I have marked 32, but on reference to my book, I find it should have been 33, and so I begin another letter right away, before I forget to mention the error. I begin it to you, too, because I do not know how it may be with our precious daughter; whether she may yet be with you, loving and cheering you on your way, or whether she may not be taken to the Mansions of the Blest. Whichever way it is, I can only say that our dear Heavenly Father makes no mistakes, and although He may suffer our hearts to be wrung with anguish, yet He will make it work for the greatest good. It would be a terrible blow to us if she were taken, but oh, what would it be to you! I dare not think of it, and yet it will come into my mind unbidden. I wish we had asked you to telegraph in case she did not live, because, if we only knew she was living, we could better wait for particulars. How slow we are to think. But I had no idea of her being handled in the way she has been. She has always had such perfect health that I thought she would be tolerably comfortable to the last. I suppose we shall get one letter more from her, and then will come the one from you, the messenger of either joy or sorrow. God prepare us for the revelation of His holy pleasure, and we will bow in perfect submission. But oh, if we may be spared the trial of parting with her now. It is a comfort to think that she is ours yet, if she is so far away.

And now, dear Thornton, I want to thank you from my heart for all your love and care for her, for studying her comfort so constantly, ever placing it before your own. Mr. Herrick wrote to Mr. Slate that “you were both progressing finely in the language and gave promise of being very useful to the Mission, that you were a most loving husband, and that your wife would never have one trial that was in your power to prevent.” This, of course, gave us much comfort, although we knew it all before and did not need to be reassured. But it is pleasant to have our friends repeat that which we like to hear.

Mrs. Bennett has just sent me word she is coming up, and I must lay my writing away for the present. It has already beguiled a half hour and kept back the tears.

[December] 28th

A long interval, but I have had no heart to write and, besides, have had much Society work on hand, more than I could accomplish in my state of health. This morning I was down to breakfast, the first time in about three weeks. The weather has been quite cold for a few days, which has helped me up wonderfully.

And how is it with my dear, precious daughter, is the constantly recurring question, and I cannot know for a month yet. But I do hope we shall get a letter next week; it is just fourteen days since the last came, and there was just a month between that and the one previous. It would be a great while to wait, now. We are only posted to October 15th. I feel Lottie’s remark forcibly. “Oh, why was India put so far off!” One year ago, and where were you? I have been following you all along, starting on the 24th service on board ship on Christmas, the dreadful time in the English Channel, and so on, the long time to us, and now a similar state of suspense. But oh, if you may only both emerge from the darkness as cheerfully and hopefully as you did

then, how our hearts will bound with joy. We are giving thanks day by day for all that is past, and trusting for all that is to come.

I must tell you of the pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Tracy. About ten days since, they were in the city for a little time and spent an hour or so with us. They were to come afterwards and dine, but there came up a storm, which prevented. We were very sorry, for we had reckoned on that visit so much. They said, however, that they should be in the city again, as soon as the weather became warm, and they would make us a visit then if they did not now. We talked fast while they were here. Dr. Lord came with them and, after a while, I got to talking with Mrs. Tracy, and Fannie with Mr. Tracy and the doctor. I asked a great many questions, and received such satisfactory answers and learned many new things of life in India.

They both spoke so pleasantly of each of you, and so heartily, and seemed to love you so much, that it was very gratifying. They said, "Mrs. Penfield was so cheerful and busy—and that it was impossible for anyone to be gloomy where she was" and that "she was a great comfort to Mrs. Rendall and herself on that account." She said she had had a letter from Mrs. Capron since the September Meeting, and she remarked that she was not only charmed but absolutely in love with Mrs. Penfield. She thought "everything was managed admirably at that meeting." Mr. Tracy said that "Mr. Penfield was of much more service than new missionaries generally. His judgment was so good. He thought his experience in Jamaica had been a great benefit to him." But I cannot tell you half we said. We had a most delightful interview.

The next day, Mr. Chester's mother called, with a grandchild whose name was Leilia. She had not seen the Tracys or Mr. Rendall and felt much disappointed. We had a very pleasant talk. I did enjoy being with them all so much. Mrs. Chester said if she had known when the Cromwell went, she would have sent a box to her son. We promised to inform her of the next opportunity. She lives only two blocks above us.

A very pleasant letter yesterday (the 27th) from your mother. All well. Mary rejoicing over Christmas presents—silver napkin ring, books, etc. I have written today and sent Lottie's last letter.

Your mother,
M.I.H.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(received Wednesday, July 8th, containing letters for the Dodges, Mary Harris, Hattie Pratt, Anna Graves, Annie Graham; five in all)

Letter #20¹¹⁴

Friday, December 20th, 1867

Private to Mother and Fannie
My own dear Mother,

I have wanted for a long time to write you a little, telling some little particulars that might interest you. At any rate, I want to tell them. Thornton has written almost all to you, but I wanted to tell you about the baby's birth.

¹¹⁴ This letter was misnumbered. It appears to have been mistakenly numbered according to the date, instead of according to the number of letters having been previously written. Chronologically, it was written during the period spanned by letter #14.

Mrs. Moss said the head was making its appearance, and soon I had a strong pain that, as we supposed, would expel the head, when all of a sudden—to our great surprise—the whole child slipped right out and set up such a loud cry. Mother can tell a little how I felt from her own experience. Mrs. Moss says it would have been better for me if he had come more gradually, the shock was pretty great for me, and I think I was more torn and bruised, on that account, than I should otherwise have been. But O I was so glad it was through.

My recovery has been very slow but sure, having only one pull back—the one Thornton wrote you about. I have been very careful since, and now I am able to be all round the house, almost as much as I wish—but I have been ill so long, I have not been well since we landed. It is no wonder I should find myself much reduced. I think I shall be better than ever now. I do not have enough milk to supply our boy entirely, but I can nurse him night and some daytimes. He is growing so fast that he eats a great deal. We are very anxious to find a good cow with a young calf, but have not succeeded, yet.

I cannot imagine how so many people should find out my private matters. I told you, of course, and I told Lelia in the last letter. In the first, I rather hinted at it but thought she would, of course, consider it private, as I put private by it. Thornton just mentioned it to his mother, and that is all we have written to anyone about it. I am sorry Lelia appears as she does. I have tried to write her a good letter, but it is very hard to write at so great a distance. She has very little help at home, as we call help.

So Hattie Morris is married. Well, it is well he is like her. Much joy to them both from me, if you please. I hope her many other lovers will stand the shock of seeing her borne away by another. Fannie speaks of Charles Kittredge expecting to be married, and she must mean Josiah. Charles was married a long time ago, you know, and went to Sandwich, Ill. How funny for Hattie to think him after her and then find him “engaged” (rich). I saw of Mary K.’s death in the “Congregational & Recorder” of Boston. She has been a great sufferer, but that is past now (I don’t need to tell you. You may read Lelia’s note).

I speak in my letter of the god [Siva]lingam. Lingam is one of the gods, and it is sometimes put right out in the road in stone.

Saturday 22nd

This must go today, so I can write no more. We are pretty well. Baby and I have, both of us, a cold in our heads. I am taking Grip. O so much love to you all. If I don’t say and do anything right, please tell me how. I wish you were here.

Yours most lovingly,
Lottie

The carriage Thornton wrote about is sold

Will Mother or Fannie please read, correct and forward these letters. I have one almost done to send home, but, as it will be settled in a few days where we are to be stationed, I will wait to send them.

We are all quite well. Baby grows wonderfully and has a smile for everybody; he is not afraid of anyone, and will go to anyone who offers to take him; he is so sweet.

To Miss Harris: It seems a little sad to think of all things changing, as they must, before our return, does it not? We shall never find old scenes and old friends just as we left them. But then, what does it matter? After all, our Father’s love and His home on high will never change,

and that will be our final rest for ever and ever. The few short years we are to spend here will soon pass, and then no more separation from those we love best, but eternal and never ending joy with them.

To Anna Graves: You speak, dear Anna, of the “great sacrifice” I made in coming here. When I was at home, I confess, I used to think a missionary’s life would be a great giving up of one’s happiness—no, not happiness, but comfort and pleasure. But now it seems so strange to me that I should ever have so thought of it. Why, I cannot even see the sacrifice now. It is hard to leave one’s friends, but we are so comfortable and happy, and then we are a very happy mission circle, and I have my husband and now this darling little boy of mine. There is so much pleasure in knowing that nothing but love for the Master could have brought us here, that it really makes me very much ashamed to have any one talk to me of sacrifice.

To Hattie Pratt: I know by experience that the sacrifice of a missionary’s life, dear Hattie, is nothing; the only hard thing is leaving friends, and then I do so want Father, Mother, and Fannie to see the baby; but, outside of that, it is nothing. I feel as though I had made no sacrifice at all, and it seems so strange that I could ever have regarded the life of a missionary as a sacrifice. I am sure mine is not.

[Lottie]

1868

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #15
Dindigul
January 16, 1868

On Fannie's Birthday—

Much joy to her. I sent a letter off just before leaving home, so now I begin another. We left home at 8 ½ o'clock Monday morning and reached here at 7 ½ in the evening. We came on our bullock bandy and changed bullocks three times on the way. We sent our servants on Saturday and overtook them at a village about half way, where they had dinner prepared for us. Mr. Herrick's family also dined with us. We had a very pleasant journey. Baby was so good; he slept almost all the way and he took no cold at all. I think it will do him good. O he grows so finely.

The new party came on Wednesday morning and seem bright and well—very glad to get here. We are so much pleased with them all. Thornton was elected, by a unanimous vote, chairman of all the meetings for the coming year. He is being examined (and Miss Smith too) at this meeting. Mr. Capron and Mr. Burnell are the examining committee. He has done very well so far, I think; the committee have made no remarks yet. Here go Miss Smith, Mrs. Capron, and Miss Pollock just passed my window, which warns me that it is time for me to dress and prepare for dinner and a meeting over at the church with the regular Dindigul congregation here. Baby will be baptised Thornton Bancroft this morning by Mr. Herrick. Pray for me and baby and Thornton.

Friday, January 17th

Thornton's examinations were finished this morning, but I have heard nothing yet. Baby did so nicely last evening. He was very quiet, sneezed once, and whimpered just a little, but all said he did nicely. Before we took our seats for the meeting, Thornton held the baby in his arms and we both kneeled down and again consecrated him to his Saviour, by ourselves in our own room, and after the baptism was through I felt that now he was wholly given up. Let the Lord do as seemeth Him best; he is but lent to us. Mr. Herrick was very happy in his remarks and seemed to feel very much. He spoke of our experience in the Bay of Biscay and how they then wished they had been more faithful to their children. He did nicely, and we love and thank him very much. I only wish you knew them.

We had a most delightful Mother's Meeting this morning. Every mother was present, and Mrs. Hazen, too. I am very much pleased with her and her husband and all the party. Mrs. Hazen is very confidential to me, and I do try to help and guide her. She speaks most affectionately of Mother and Father. I wish she had seen Fannie. The ladies are all so united and loving here. The prayer meetings are very delightful. We fear we shall not be able to return home until after the Sabbath, for the gentlemen have so much business to attend to. As soon as we reach home, we shall get our things sent by the Oriental, I expect. It was such a pleasure to us to have the baby baptized on Fannie's birthday.

Saturday, January 25th

You don't know how hard I have tried to get time to write to you since I came home, but this has been an unusually busy week, and a most delightful one, too. We left Dindigul about 4 o'clock Monday morning and got into Madura about six, O so tired. We got to bed just as soon as we could, and next morning before we were up, Mr. and Mrs. Capron arrived with their two children on their way to their home. They rested two days with us and started Friday night for home, taking Miss Pollock with them. And Thornton left me on the same night to go on a long two weeks' tour in the villages, with Mr. Burnell. I don't know how it is, but Mr. Burnell always speaks for Thornton when he has any touring to be done. So here I am alone. We were not settled at the meeting because the brethren were so divided, so they have concluded to let the matter rest until the next meeting. But we are going to Pasumalie these three months before we go to the hills, which we expect to do for the months of April and May. Mr. Taylor and Hazen will occupy this house for a while. Mr. Taylor, until his house at his own station is finished, and Mr. Hazen, to study and get furniture made. O how I miss Thornton; no tongue can tell. We shall move just as soon as possible after his return.

Sabbath, January 26th

I was obliged to stop writing last night because it was too dark to see. My tailor commenced reading at prayer yesterday morning. I intended to surprise Thornton with it; you see, [my tailor] is one of my scholars. Though he could read some before, he has improved very much.

When we reached home we found a note awaiting us from Judge Thomas apprising us of the birth of a little son, "Edward George Turnbull Thomas," and, soon after, another offering us the use of his little buggy and horse while Mrs. Thomas is sick and cannot use them. As he found Thornton was to be away, he sent a very gentle horse that I could drive. Was not that kind? So I take Miss Smith and we take a ride together almost every day. The other day we went in the rain. I could almost imagine Fannie and I were riding together at home again; it seemed so natural.

And now for the best of all—our things came on Wednesday, just in time for Thornton to see and enjoy them with me before he left. You cannot tell how we did enjoy them. Anything from home in itself looks so good, and then everything was so acceptable. You could not have suited us better. Everything came nicely, and nothing but the covers of the Testament Mother sent me are at all spotted, and those only very slightly. But I will tell you all about them tomorrow.

Baby has quite a cold; it worries me a little but I hope it will soon be better. O how he grows so fat and fair and such a sweet face. There are two expressions almost everybody makes when they see him—"What a sweet baby" and "What bright eyes." His little face is so round and plump and his legs as fat and hard as can be. O how I long to have you see him. He looks a good deal like little Josephine—that is, her style, only he is more like a boy. But he is so gentle and sweet. He is terribly "determined," as Mr. Capron calls it; sometimes he cannot wait for his milk two minutes after he has made up his mind to have it. And O how he does cry; it makes me cry, too, sometimes. It is sometimes from wind, I think. But he grows fat in spite of all his troubles, and so strong. Do you see the crumples on the paper—inside this mark? Well, a happy thought struck me just as I was holding him a few minutes ago, so I brought him here and held him so his little hand touched the paper right inside this spot; then he began to work his hand and

crumpled the paper just as you see it is. I thought perhaps you could imagine his little hand on the paper.

Monday P.M., January 27th

It rained hard almost all day, and towards night I grew so homesick. Thornton gone. How I did want some of you here. I was very much interested in reading that memoir of Mary North yesterday—hers was indeed a noble life.

Tuesday 28th

I will write today, whether I have time or not. I have so much to say. It is now 8 o'clock and baby is still asleep. Why doesn't he wake up and be washed? He does look so sweet. He always wakes twice in the night—once somewhere near 12 and then again about 3—he is quite regular. We feed him then and make him dry and comfortable, and then he sleeps until about 6 ½. O he eats so much, about a big bowl and a quarter full of milk every day. I cannot begin to satisfy his demands, so I feed him almost entirely [by bottle].

I expect Mr. Hazen from Dindigul sometime today.

We give baby his bottle about every two hours—that is as long as I can get him to go. I want to get him on to three hours as soon as I can. He is such a treasure, he grows fat every day.

Thornton and I thank you so much for the things; you sent everything. The little shirts were just in time, for a damp, rainy season has set in, and I am very glad to have them to put right on him. He wears the two little ones now and I shall save the large ones for his use on the hills. My sack and Thornton's vest and baby's cloak are beautiful and most acceptable, and my fan, too. Thank Miss Saffron for me for all the little things. That little fine comb of Fannie's is just what I want to use occasionally to comb off a slight scab that sometimes collects. And how I shall enjoy my books. I have commenced reading a chapter in the Testament everyday. And Father's hymn book is so beautiful and sweet. I shall value it so much for the marks in it. Darling Father. I think he would be very proud of his baby if he could only see it. Fannie's trimming is beautiful, and Mother's work too; I think I shall use most all for baby. The little shoes were just what I wanted. I was wondering what I should do for a pattern; now my tailor can easily make more out of the pieces of my sack. How natural the pictures did look—so good. The gelatin, too. I am going to make some to send to Thornton and Mr. Burnell in the tent. I think it may taste good to him. In the Mt. Holyoke pamphlet, which you sent to me, I found this scrap of paper, which I enclose, and this money—I suppose returned by Julia.

P.M.

Mr. Hazen came this morning about 10 o'clock while I was having my tailor read, so we got breakfast for him, and Mrs. Chandler invited us both over to dinner.

We do thank you very much for making all that great list of things a present to us; we did not expect you to do so at all. The kid I wanted was for little shoes for baby. The tailor can make them easily if I only had kid—I should want binding for them, too, to match. If I knew Fannie loved to do shopping as well as I used to, I should have no scruples about asking her to do it, but as I know she doesn't and never did, I really think it is very amiable in her to be so kind and generous about it all. How I do love you all. Was ever anyone so blest in friends as I am—all so kind and loving.

I hear a series of grunts, stretches, and now a loud cry in the next room, so I must run. Baby is such a sweet little innocent treasure, he doesn't seem like mine—more a great deal like

my brother, and sometimes I find myself telling him about his “Mother, Father, and Sister Fannie in America” rather than the step further back of “Grand-“ and “Auntie.”

Tuesday, February 11th, Pasumalie

Well, here we are at last, all settled in our house that is to be for three months. O it is so delightful here. We shall enjoy it very much, I know. I intended sending this letter off last week, but I got so deeply into moving, almost before I knew it, that I let all else go. I got almost all the things moved out of the house before Thornton came home, and what was left he easily packed in one day, and the evening of the day he returned saw us comfortably housed in Pasumalie.

I have written letters to Mary Jube, little Mary, and the little Bates children, and I will send them to you [so you] can have the reading of them.

Thornton returned from his tour very well indeed. O we were so glad to be together once again. Thornton says I must tell you that the little carpetbag you sent came just in time, for the very day it arrived he took it off on tour with him and it was just what he needed. He says Fannie must not say such “ugly” things as that he would not be pleased with the nice marking of his stockings. Then he says that was not what you said, it was something “more ugly” than that, so I must refer to the letter and see exactly what it was—O here it is word for word: “Fannie says, she expects Thornton will be asking why she did not make them a little better while she was about it, more even, etc.” There it is, and Thornton feels very indignant to think you should have even thought as to whether he would be pleased or not with such nice marking. I hope Fannie will ask Jordon with all possible haste. The tatting was beautiful and will be of the greatest use to me. I sent half of this pattern piece to Mrs. Capron with Fannie’s love. I know she would prize it very highly. And I told her I knew Fannie would be very much pleased to think there was anything she could do for her. Thank you so much for giving Father’s pocketbook to him in my name partly. It is so good to feel that Fannie and I can do a few things together as we used; it does not make me feel so far off. I thought how nice it would be to have Father’s and the baby’s birthdays come on the same day, but it did not. Please give very much love from us both to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, and thank her for the beautiful letter and pretty presents; it is a great help to remember that we still have such friends who think of and pray for us. Will accept the next arrival of things on the Cromwell as a present, but you must not do so again, for we will not feel at liberty to send for all we wish if we are not to pay for it, and we can do so very comfortably.

Sabbath, February 16th

It does seem as if I never could get this letter off. It has been hanging on so long, but O I am so busy. Tomorrow the mail goes and this must be finished to go. I received the letter containing Miss Harris’ letter and the seeds, all nicely. I know you have got the news by this time and your hearts are relieved. I hope that new treatment will help you. I went into Madura on Friday and had the baby vaccinated; small pox is always more or less round among this people. There has been a case of cholera in the school, but the girl is likely to recover. The baby was 3 months old on Thursday and weighs 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. He grows more and more darling every day. I would give so much to have you see him laugh, and hear his little baby shout of joy—he is all boy. O how he does laugh and squeal sometimes—so happy. How earnestly I pray that he may be spared to us, and yet that His will may be done. The cow’s milk did not seem to quite agree with him, so I have changed it for the milk of the other cow for a while. I hope it may be

better. I have written a letter to Mary Jube, Sarah, and Henry, and we have both written one to our little Mary—will you please forward? Mary Jube's address is 422 Broad Street, care of J. F. Jube. I hope it is no trouble for you to send these letters round for us. Sometimes I think they may contain something you might like to hear. I shall answer more letters next time. Miss Jennie's and Mr. Dodge's pictures are beautiful. I prize them so highly—now if I only had Miss Helen's. Thank Susan for me, also Mr. and Mrs. Wilde and Joseph, and Ann West. Tell Lelia I mean to write a good long letter to her pretty soon.

Affectionately,
Lottie

TBPenfield to CEHPenfield

Idaionpatti
February 1st, 1868

My dear dear Lottie,

In order that you need not be put off with merely a few words written on an envelope, I have taken time by the forelock today and mean at least to fill out this half sheet. For all this, the word is just given that the tapal is in, right? So for a reading of the note you have, of course, written, and then I must scratch for it to write as much as possible before he starts back.

I thought I was surely in time, but the There, I have read hastily your most welcome note and have forgotten what I was going to say.

By the way, if you have not already secured a cook, I am quite inclined to keep Anthony and run the risk of losing Lazarus. Anthony is a willing and fine fellow. He does nicely here, and I think if we had a small boy to help out, we could get on nicely with him. If there are any dishes he does not know how to cook, I am sure he would quickly learn from you. He was threatened with cholera yesterday morning, and for a short time we feared for the worst. However, the blessing of God was the means used for his recovery, and today he seems much as ever, for which we are really grateful.

I made my first real Tamil address this morning. The few sentences attempted to be said on the last itineracy were not worth the name of an address, and up to this morning the most I have done in Tamil has been to read a tract and throw in here and there an explanatory sentence. I have been studying up my address for some days with my munshi and got on this morning better than I had dared to hope.

Brother Burnell seems quite satisfied and has said some very complimentary things in this connection. One I may repeat to you. That was to the effect that none of the others, to his knowledge, had made in the same time so good progress or laid so good a foundation for a thorough knowledge of Tamil. I presume he forgot Brother Webb for the time being; far more likely he referred only to those now in the field. I feel like thanking God and taking courage. I mean to push on my studies with renewed vigor and hope. Please don't speak of this to Miss Smith especially, for fear she will feel badly, or indeed to anybody else, for they may think we make too much of it. You know how earnestly and long I have prayed for success in the acquisition of the language. As I thought of the good success the Lord was granting me in this, and of the kind, cordial manner in which all the Mission have from the first treated us, my heart swells with gratitude to God and tears spring to my eyes. Brother Burnell inquired if I were homesick and I was obliged to explain it to him.

Yesterday I was really homesick, lovesick I might call it. It seemed as if I must fly to Madura and see you. Today, however, I feel more calm and joyful.

The note is called for.

The cheese was rather too salty to go down, but the gelatin was fine. The pie looks well and will be appreciated. The plates, etc., will be carefully preserved and brought home. You will not forget little Mary's birthday, I know.

With a heart full of love and mouth ready for kisses for you and the baby, I remain,

Your affectionate husband,
Thornton

JMHubbard to Penfields

No. 102 West 29th St., New York
February 15th, 1868

Dear Precious Children,

I have so many things pressing upon my mind to write I hardly know where to begin. Father used to say "business first," so I will begin with business.

You may draw on me at sight for the amount to pay for the carriage. We are happy to know that the Lord has so early provided for your early necessities. You can now enjoy the benefit of riding as soon as able, and we shall be happy in the remembrance that you are thus favored. The two pens we enclose in this letter and trust they will reach you safely, and please; they were selected with great care by the best of judges in Mr. Morton's Establishment (I think). The regular price was \$5.75 but, as they were for the missionaries, he took only \$4.00, the difference which you may use for the dear little grandson, as you please.

I have now a partner in business, and who do you think it can be? We occupy a part of room No. 4, 137 Broadway, the same building as the Mutual Benefit. Our business will be Insurance and Real Estate, and the firm will be called Hubbard and Gilbert as formerly. Do you not think we are very happy?

Our dear church at Montclair has no pastor as yet but is more united and has nearly united upon the Rev. Mr. Beard who is with them for two Sabbaths as a candidate. The Rev. Mr. Hurlbut (Methodist) is much liked, and the Lord is blessing his labors, quite a number having been converted this winter.

The sleighing has been fine for a long time, even in Virginia, where the mercury went down to 12 degrees below zero, which has not been the case within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, I think.

I have purchased today two lots on 41st for Industrial School No. 2, which has been a perfect success but has never had a good house, although numbering 240 scholars, and has been in existence ten years. The ladies wish to build a model house for them.

In your next letter we expect to learn of the safe arrival of the dear missionary friends who sailed in August from Boston. Prayer has been made unceasingly for them, and they were remembered at the Fulton St. meeting, which has become a great power in the world.

Good news reaches us from many parts of our land. God is reviving this work and many have been converted, yet iniquity cometh in like a flood. Popery is pushing according to the prediction of the Revelation, and many things are transpiring from this; many think that the

coming of the Lord draweth nigh. May we always be able to say from the heart, "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

But that dear precious baby, how we do want to see him. I know he is a darling boy, I feel it in my very bones. My prayer is that he may grow in favor as he grows in stature, both with God and man. I thank you, dear daughter, for consenting to spare him for a week, that we might have the pleasure of seeing him. We will joyfully anticipate the meeting; it will surely come.

I do thank you, Thornton, for your faithfulness to my darling daughter. It is a source of great consolation to me that my confidence was not misplaced. The Lord has blessed you, and He will bless you more and more; be encouraged in your work and labors of love, and remember that the preaching of a well-ordered Christian family is the most effectual kind of preaching, for even the heathen do not fail to understand that.

We shall not expect your letters to be as voluminous as formerly, but please let us hear as regularly as possible. Remember us kindly to the arriving missionaries; we trust they will prove a great acquisition to the missionary force. May the Lord bless your various labors abundantly till the heathen are given to Christ for His inheritance.

Now the Lord bless and keep you; the Lord cause His face to shine upon you and give you perpetual peace.

Kiss the dear boy for Grandpa.

Your affectionate father,
J. M. Hubbard

Your dear father was so unfortunate as to get that great grease spot on just as he had finished his letter. He stopped to light the kerosene lamp, and you know how oily they will often be, etc.

[M.I. Hubbard]

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #38
102 West 29th St., New York
February 16th, 1868

My beloved daughter,

I must just send you a half sheet, although I had not expected to do even that much this time. I have been quite sick for a few days and am so much troubled now with Erysipelas in my feet and ankles so that it is with great difficulty I can get about and up and down for meals. Often I do not go but have them brought up. It is very painful. I have just been using Croton oil. I have looked every day for the last three or four days for a letter from you but am yet disappointed. I cannot help feeling solicitous after the news in the last. Fannie and I have concluded ever so many times that all must be well, for if it was not, Thornton would certainly write in spite of everything. I have been afraid it would seem as though my last letters were harsh, but you know I could not mean it so; I was shocked at the risk you ran in riding out so soon and holding the baby in your arms. To be sure, if you had not tried to stand on your feet, it might have done you less harm, but if you were not able to stand on your feet, it was an

additional reason why you should have kept quiet another week. I hope to hear favorably, however, through God's great mercy. It will be three weeks on Tuesday since the last letter came. I hope not to wait beyond that.

On the day that I suffered most, I received a very sweet letter from Mrs. Hyde, with a poem which I enclose for you. I am sure it will please you. She sees a little more clearly than she did. She says Lilly sends me a part of her heart, and she knows I would like to have it passed on to you. They are living very isolated, no horse, four miles from church, and no way to go but to walk, no neighbor—things in a very primitive state. Send them some message.

O how I am continually wishing I could see that dear, precious baby, over three months old now, only think of it, and only three weeks when we last heard. Does he look most like you or his father? I think it all over and imagine him fifty different ways. Sometimes lying still, dozing, then cooing and working his little hands and feet. Looking at his beautiful little hands as if they were the most wonderful things in creation, following you about with his eyes, for I am certain by this time he must know his mama. Mrs. Hyde likes the name very much, but wonders what you will do about shortening it. "It cannot be," she says, "that you will call the little midget Thornton!" She wants me to be sure and write her what you call him. So you will please tell me. I thought of suggesting "Tony," but I don't know; it is a grave thing to suggest an appellation for a child.

But I have written a page and not told you the most important news I have. That is that Cousin Martha really hopes she has found the Saviour. I had a very sweet letter from her, saying that she had at last come into the light. The long turmoil was over and her mind was quietly settled in rest and peace in Jesus. She says she sees clearly that she needs a Saviour, and that a divine Saviour, for no other can save such as she. She has been trying to make herself good, and the more she tried the worse she seemed to grow. Now she has given up struggling and taken Christ in all His fullness and He seems very precious to her. I cannot tell you how happy the news made me. I have been looking for it, but I was quite overcome with joy. Do pray for her that she may be a clear minded and consistent Christian, not a worldly one. I would like to have her give up dancing, but so many Christians dance I don't know how she will view it. Thomas Nichol, too, is converted. She is very happy over that. There has been quite a little revival down there, as well as in many other places. It looks hopeful.

We observe our Sabbath concert. It is a precious season always, especially now that we have a darling little one of our own for whom to claim covenant promises. Today I seemed fully to realize him sealed the Lord's. You must pray with him often, my dear child; let his first recollections be of seeing and hearing his mother pray. You feel anxious to have him learn our names and become acquainted with us; feel just so about Jesus, only a great deal more anxious. I felt very glad, when my first darling boy¹¹⁵ was taken from my sight, that he had not gone to a Saviour of whom he knew nothing. He was not three when he died, but when he met the Saviour I could imagine him thinking, "This is He, of whom my mama often told me." How disappointed I should feel, by and by, to have my little grandson come to me and find that he knew nothing of me, that his dear mama had not told him anything, and how much more grieved must Jesus feel, not to have young children taught about Him when He has done all for us. Don't think I say this because I fear any neglect on your part. Far from it, but I know that parents often do not begin in season. Some wait until the child can talk; others until they are sure it can understand. But children understand long before we expect them to.

¹¹⁵ William Hubbard

Do give the dear lamb a great many kisses for me. O, if I could only get my hands on its little brown head and give it my blessing. But the blessing has gone to it over the water long before this. Give much love to Thornton and a double portion for yourself, my darling. Give kind love to Mrs. Chandler, and tell her I hoped to write her this time but have been so unwell I could only write this little to you. Do let us hear as often as possible. I hope the pens will please Mrs. Chandler.

Ever lovingly,
Your own Mother
M. I. Hubbard

Little Mary catches up with eagerness every word in reference to little Thornton. When she first heard of his birth, expecting everyone to be as enthusiastic as she, in reference to it, she could not refrain from shouting to her schoolmates, "O I've got a little brother," and the cold rebuff, "So have I, two or three of them," fell like an iceberg on her affectionate heart. But she, like all the rest of us, must learn, little by little, the world as it is.

I send you the above postscript to Mrs. Cowles last letter. I suppose poor little Mary fully expected all the children would be as glad to hear of her little brother as she was. She and her Grandma have been visiting for a month in this state. I wish they could have come to see us. We should have been delighted to see them.

How and where will this letter find you are questions which I often turn over in my mind. We are so glad of the particulars you give us. But don't tax yourself.

I think we have not told you of Mr. Davis' death. He died at their country home in Englishtown, New Jersey, very happy. Frank came back from Oberlin. He went on but a little time before with President Fairchild. Irenaeus is frail. It would not be strange if he followed his father very soon.

I am glad Fannie seems better today. She was most sick yesterday when she got home. She cannot go to Montclair alone without weeping very much. When I go with her, she keeps up better, but she does feel your loss so much. We all feel that she has borne it bravely. She has just come in dressed in her pink silk for the meeting tonight. She has gone down to supper. I do not go, don't want any, my head aches.

Annie Angell has commenced studying medicine. I think it just the best thing she can do. The family will come into the city next winter and she will attend lectures. Now, with a longing heart,

Goodbye.
Mother

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #17
Sabbath, February 23rd, 1868

My own dear ones,

I mailed a letter to you the first of last week¹¹⁶. I am afraid you got all out of patience waiting for it, but there will be two of them when they do come, only not all for you. Thornton and I have neither of us gone to church today; he has a very severe cold and is staying home to try to get rid of it, and I am very tired today, so I took care of baby and sent Mary.

Yesterday we invited Mr. and Mrs. Hazen and Miss Pollock to spend the day with us. We had a very pleasant visit from them. Miss Smith is not at all well. She has a very severe cold and seems very much run down. We are afraid she has tried too hard. She reminds me so much of Fannie sometimes; I do love her very much indeed.

The baby is so good. His vaccination is taking nicely; it does not seem to make him fretful or uneasy, either. He has been lying on the bed beside me laughing and crowing and kicking his little feet. Would not Father like to see him? Now he is fast asleep in a little wagon consisting of a box on wheels that Thornton tinkered up yesterday, and he seems to enjoy it splendidly; only it is not quite long enough for him.

I have been reading some of Father's hymns today; I thank him so much for the book. Thornton has not Erei Dues. I will be very glad to read it. He thanks you very much for sending it, also those little scraps cut from papers. He has been very much interested in reading them over and said I must tell you how nice it was.

We have our organ carried up to the church every Sabbath, except today, and Thornton plays for them. It is a great help in the singing. I don't know how we could possibly get along without it. Thornton takes so much comfort in it.

Wednesday, February 26th

Thornton and I went to Madura yesterday. Mrs. Herrick very kindly offered to take care of the baby until I came back. I don't feel quite safe to leave him with his ayah long. She would do the very best she could for him, I know, but her ideas and mine are so different. Now she wants him fed whenever he cries. I think it is best to give it to him as regularly as possible, and he, as a rule, always waits 2 ½ or 3 hours now. Then she wants medicine given for every little ailment, and I don't. He often gets over little things better by himself than he does when I doctor him. She would like castor oil given every few days in a great dose, but I have decided objections. I don't think she would do any of these things in my absence, but I don't know what might happen; she, not knowing what I would do if I were here, might do her way and do something I would not like at all, so I like to be near at all times. She is a good ayah, but, as I tell Thornton, this is the only baby I have got and I don't want to lose him if I can help it. I felt very safe to leave him with Mrs. Herrick, for she has had so much experience and knows so well how [to care for a baby] that I often go to her for advice. I thought, while I was getting his things together now, how glad Mother and Fannie would be to take care of him today. If they only could. I should have felt so safe to have had him with you. Mrs. Herrick loves to have him over there; it seems to be a great pleasure to her, and yesterday, she says, he was so good all day. Mrs. Taylor was spending the day with Mrs. Herrick, so the native women all round brought

¹¹⁶ Letter number fifteen. There is no indication of any additional letter, numbered sixteen, written between numbers fifteen and seventeen, exclusively to the Hubbards. The additional letter referred to in the next sentence was probably intended to be read by the Hubbards before being forwarded to its ultimate destination and addressee but should not have been included in the numbering of letters to the Hubbards. It is possible, of course, that it was numbered by mistake, which could have thrown off the numbers of the subsequent letters in the series.

their babies to show her; my baby looked and looked, and laughed and crowed at them and seemed so pleased to see them. When her little day school came, the children were so pleased with him and he with them that he forgot all about his milk and only took it twice while I was gone. He seems very fond of company, and the last time the prayer meeting was here I could not get him to sleep until 9 ½ o'clock, when he always goes to sleep at 7. He seemed so lively and excited.

There is a most splendid cactus in my front garden. It is about twice as high as Thornton and is now in full blossom. Do you remember those beautiful red cactus flowers? Mrs. Williams used to have a plant on her front veranda, and I think Miss Dodge had one, too; well, these are like those, only white and a little larger—such splendid flowers. Thornton counted so we could tell you exactly how many there were: he found there were exactly 267. The cactus looked perfectly beautiful. I should think more than half the flowers were fully open this morning.

Baby is by my side on our bed—that is, he is on the bed and I on my chair by the bedside. I have hung Thornton's flaming red and green scarf up before him, and he amused himself for a long time looking at it. Now he is kicking and laughing and crowing at it very hard, and now he gives a little impatient cry. I expect he is getting a little tired—extremes always seem to follow. He has been having such a "hard play," as Mary calls it. I expect a reaction soon.

Mrs. Chandler is very kind to us and helps me about my preparation for the hills most kindly. How I do wish we could plan (you and I) to meet up there. Can't Father bring Mother and Fannie to the hills? I am sure it would do them good. A sight of our sweet baby would cure all ailings, I am quite sure.

I spend the hour between 1 and 2 every day with our munshi. I read a chapter in the Testament, say a lesson from the Tamil grammar, and read a lesson or two in the book that I hear my servants read from. Then I write down during the day any sentences I may want to say to the servants and cannot. The munshi translates them and I learn and recite them next time. So I do do a little, you see.

O what a blessing this baby is; I cannot keep my thoughts from him. He is so strong and well. How he kicks and screams and coos! If you all could see him, I believe my cup would be full.

I must tell you of Mr. and Mrs. Herrick's great loss. About a month ago they bought a fine yoke of oxen, which cost them 140 rupees. They were fine creatures, clean and sound, which they would trot into Madura. Last night, in going to Madura, the largest and best of the two stepped on a small stone that I suppose hurt him; however, he fell and broke his leg, so today he will be killed by the butcher. It will be very difficult to find another to match, and most likely they will have to sell the remaining one at a great loss. It is a most trying loss, but they bear it with a most cheerful Christian spirit. You see, missionaries cannot afford to buy oxen every day. We all feel very badly about it. No one seemed to be at fault, and that is a good thing.

Thursday, February 27th

Thornton is getting his letter ready to send, and so I will let this go, too. I quite agree with him in the plans respecting our policy; it does cost a great deal to live here. Mrs. Herrick says it costs very much more than it used to.

Saturday, February 29th

Your letter number 34 came last evening, and you had not then heard of baby's birth. I hoped you would get the news the day before New Year's day. I am so sorry you have to wait so long, but in the next letter I hope to find the welcome news that you have received our letter. I am very well now, and so is baby and Thornton. We all are just as happy as can be.

Thornton was appointed to take charge of the singing tomorrow when Roland (the teacher who is to become a pastor) is ordained. He (Thornton) has composed a little piece: "I will arise and go to my Father," etc. He set it to a tune in one of our English books and it goes very nicely indeed—that is, if they only sing it well. But they (that is, the Seminary boys he is teaching) seem to think that the great beauty of singing consists in making the loudest noise possible. Many of the boys' voices are changing; consequently, they go up and down, crack and quiver, but that makes no difference at all—they sing with all their force after beginning on one key and ending on another. There are many difficulties to overcome, but if Thornton had them long he could make a great improvement, I assure you.

We asked Mr. and Mrs. Herrick and Joseph and David¹¹⁷ to take tea with us last evening and we had a very pleasant time. For tea we had a plain cake, bread with tea, and mango sauce. I wore my blue skirt and black belt with a white waist, so now you can tell just how we looked.

There is a feast of some kind by a sacred mountain just above us, and there are hosts of people going back and forth, though not as many as before, when Thornton went there. He counted 100 persons a minute passing each way, and he supposes it had been the same for about 4 or 5 hours.

We expect to go to the hills the first of April, and I am making all the arrangements possible. I am having flannel dresses made for the baby. I got Mrs. Washburn (who, with her husband, went to Madras a week or two ago) to get me some material. It is not very pretty, I think, but it is the best that we can do here. I will send you a little pattern¹¹⁸ of the dress. I am letting my tailor make some little socks out of old stockings and work them with red thread. It is very warm here on the plains now, not chilly, but it is extremely trying. It is very warm right in the middle of the day and cool morning and evening. Thornton has had a bad cold, and now I and baby each have one.

I must tell you about the bats. We have to leave our window open to get fresh air nights, and O, the multitude of bats that fly in. When I get up to get the baby's bottle ready at night, they whiz and flap round my head. In the morning the room is a sight; they make it so dirty. I am trying to think of some way to stop it. Thornton could not sleep night before last, he was so troubled by them.

Sabbath, March 1st, 1868

It is the Sabbath that Roland is to be ordained in the church at Madura. We were all hoping to go, even baby. Mary seemed to want to go so much that I thought we would try to take baby. The service is at 4 o'clock and now it is 3 ¼ o'clock. Our horsekeeper has been to see why the oxen, engaged Saturday to come at 2 o'clock today, have not come. Thornton must be on the spot to lead the singing, and he dared not wait longer, so he saddled the horse himself and has started for a ride of three miles in this hot sun. I hope it may not make him sick. I cannot imagine why they do not come unless they may have found work for them that will pay

¹¹⁷ Joseph and David were the Herricks' sons.

¹¹⁸ a swatch

more. It is quite a disappointment. However, it is all for the best. I have just been watching some native bandies and oxen pass the house, the drivers singing in the low monotonous way that characterizes many of their native songs. Many of those that sing in certain ways while driving or working are, I am told, most low and immoral poor creatures. How one longs to raise them up to do them some good. If it were not that we know the power and truth of our religion, the task would indeed seem a most laborious and useless one. They seem so deadened and their minds so dark. It is so hard to wake up interest or fear or anything lasting. But the promise is sure, and our faith fails not for a moment; our life's work is a most delightful one, a pure labor of love for our Master.

Mary has laid baby on the bed for a short time and has gone out. His back was towards me and he had been amusing himself, cramming his dress into his mouth and sucking his lips, making all possible noise about it, much to his own satisfaction. I was busy writing and did not observe him for a few moments, when suddenly I heard such a joyous shout, and, looking up, I found he'd discovered me sitting behind him and looking over the top of his little head. He was laughing and cooing most merrily. Mary says "oxen are coming," so goodbye.

Thursday, March 5th (Mana Madura)

You see we have at last reached this place, and as I supposed, the "Local Committee Meeting" is progressing nicely. Mr. Capron, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Burnell, and Mr. Penfield are on this committee at this place. Mrs. Burnell and I are the only ladies present, except Mrs. Capron, of course. The object of this meeting is to meet and examine helpers, I believe. This is a very nice station. Mrs. Capron has a nice girls' boarding school here, and she does seem to be such a good manager, she has so much common sense. We got here Tuesday evening and it is now Thursday morning. All the rest have gone over to the meeting in the church. As I had not washed and dressed our little "king" (as the natives call him—sometimes it is "Golden King") and I wanted to write some, I thought I would embrace the present opportunity. It is nearly 9 o'clock and breakfast is about ready. Baby stood the long journey of 38 miles nicely, though he really seemed tired all day yesterday. Such journeys are hard for little or big babies, and I have to confess, myself, to considerable weariness. However, we are getting nicely rested and are enjoying ourselves very much indeed.

Now I have given you an idea of our wheres and hows, so I will venture to branch out a little. Your most welcome letter number 35 came yesterday, containing the news of your hearing of baby's coming. O we have looked so long for that letter; you know it really seemed as if you knew he had come when we received a letter saying so, although we knew you must have heard before this. So you are pleased? Well so am I, and I think you would not be a bit ashamed when you came to see him. He certainly is a beautiful boy, nice and round, fat, plump, strong and hearty, good natured, laughing all the time, but with a pretty good will and ideas of his own—I like him all the better for that. I thank Mother very much for that ribbon. I can just as well send more fans as not and will send as many as you like, and I will have another collar made and send to Miss Miller. I do value those bound volumes of the Advocate very much, and I can give to the rest of the mission those I receive now. I like them to keep to read, and I think when baby grows older he will like to read them. I have let my tailor make another pair of shoes like those you sent, and they look just like them, only the sewing is a little more carefully done. I think baby does look so cunning in them. I think you will have to send me a pair of high cloth shoes. I do not want Congress boots, for the elastic stretches so here, but perhaps lace in front; [I will leave it to Fannie]. I want them to wear as I used to wear cloth Congress gaiters. I would like linen

enough to make ½ dozen shirts for Thornton, and 1 yard more to use for collars for baby. O how glad we are that you surely know about baby, but it is hard not to have you see him.

Mrs. Capron says her mother has searched through all the catalogues of Ipswich and finds that a Hannah Chickering was there with you, but you were not there together.

Sabbath, March 15th

I think as many as five times today I have taken out my paper and ink intending to write but have been interrupted. During the late part of our stay in Mana Madura, the baby seemed to be quite troubled by a quantity of little red pimples on the back of his neck and under his chin. In a day or two they grew much larger, spread all over his neck, breast, and on the sides of his head and face. He fretted quite a good deal all day Wednesday, and the same night, about 9 or 10 o'clock, he woke up and O how hard he did cry. We could not stop him with anything; he refused his bottle and seemed so nervous and uncomfortable and hot that he worked himself into a perfect (well, almost) frenzy. At last we quieted him by putting sweet oil on his neck and giving him paregoric. (No, we did not put oil on that night, but we did the next night.) His poor little breast and under his chin was burning hot and appeared very much inflamed, and gathered in little heads containing matter all round. I never heard a baby cry so. You cannot tell how I felt. All day Thursday his sleep was very broken and uneasy and when awake [he was] crying all the time. Thursday evening he had another terrible crying fit. He waked up about every two hours all night and would cry so for a half hour or one hour. The next morning I was just about tired out and it did seem as if I could not stand it another minute. At last I cried too; I could not help it. You know, when your baby cries so, it does not seem as if you could let any one else hold him but yourself, and, if I sat or walked with him, he cried all the same. Thornton helped me very much, but we are right in the middle of our preparations for the hills, and he was obliged to be in Madura all day. As baby was so poorly, we wanted to go to the hills as soon as possible. Well, as I was [packing] baby and I both cried, and in the midst of it Mrs. Herrick came in and saw how things were. She stayed and helped me wash him [with] your nice castile soap and made a cool wash of lye and sweet oil. I had not dared to wash the sores before, for it made him cry so, but she said it was best, so we persevered as gently as possible. After, he went to sleep and had such a sweet sleep.

Friday

Thornton sent Henry the Dresser up, and he said [baby's sickness] proceeded from his vaccination, increased by the great heat. He said the child baby was vaccinated from (though not diseased) was not quite healthy. He gave him a little grey powder at night, and we were to give him a dose of castor oil in the morning and wet his neck with the borax lotion and glycerin, all of which I have faithfully done. Now he is very much better, yesterday and today. Mary has been sick with fever, so I have had to get along without her. I have pressed all the servants, more or less, into service, and they carry and draw him a good deal. I am so thankful he is better. O how I longed for you all. I should have felt so safe to have had you here, but no one knows until they try it. The care and anxiety of a mother's lot—it is a precious care, though. Thornton is so good and kind, I could not get along without him, anyhow. Such trials do us good, however. They drive us to Jesus for help and comfort. It is a great deal of trouble to go to the hills, the first time especially, but I will write about that next time. Baby cried so much that he has been so hoarse for a day or two that he could hardly make a loud sound. Now he is much better. I send patterns of his hill dresses as well as the colored one Mrs. Capron had made and gave to him.

Much love from all three,
Lottie

TBPenfield to Cowles

[Mailed to the Hubbards to read and copy it before sending it on]

Kodai Kanal

Monday morning, March 30th, 1868

Ever dear parents,

It is time that another letter was on its way from me to you. We are now comfortably located for two months on the Pulneys. This is the health retreat of the Mission. If our health requires it, we may for two months each year flee from our studies, duties, and cares on the sultry plains and rejuvenate here, some seven thousand feet nearer the heavens. We have a most charming spot, which I shall have great pleasure in describing to you at some future time. Just now, I propose to attempt a description of our journey hither. My intention is to go so much into minutiae that you can realize something of the way we have to do things or have them done here.

The first step toward coming to the hills was to obtain the permission of the Mission. According to Mission rules, no member can visit the hills or Madras or indeed leave the bounds of the Madura district without previous permission of the Mission. This was not difficult to obtain, however, as both my wife and baby evidently needed a change. So at the January Meeting we were assigned the West House for the months of April and May. As we had no station duties as yet to detain us, we concluded to come up a week in advance of our time, but more especially on baby's account. He was vaccinated early in February and, as soon as he began to recover from this, was taken with a severe rash accompanied with little blisters on his breast, neck, and head. The native surgeon attributed it all to his vaccination. The child from which the virus was taken seemed to be a healthy one, but there is really, as I learn, very little good healthy blood in the veins of these people. We gave the medicine prescribed by the surgeon and were pleased with the result. The progress of the eruption was stopped, and since then there have been only a few boils, which, as I suppose, have given vent to bad humors, which are better out than in the system.

For a couple of weeks before leaving home, his mother was able to get but little more than half her usual amount of sleep, and I had mine considerably lessened. One week before starting, we began to lay in stores for the hills. Baskets, tin boxes, and bags had to be procured or made, in which to stow away fifty pound loads to be carried on the heads or shoulders of men up the mountain. Then such a time as followed in sorting and packing: dishes, bedding, warm clothing, and kitchen furniture, flour, sugar, rice, and potatoes, with other articles required for the table, too numerous to mention; grass for the horse, cotton seed and bran for the cows. All of which had to be weighed and parceled out as stated above. The light and scanty clothing used by our servants on the plains is of little service on the mountain. So we had to make two pair of pants and two jackets apiece for the Matey (or head servant), the cook, the horsekeeper, and the gardener. As to the names or numbers of articles made for the ayah (or nurse), and sweeper woman, deponent saith not. They were, however, clothed equally as well as the men. Our tailor sewed away as busily as possible day after day [and] some articles were sent to the bazaar to be sewed by the tailor there. For a few days toward the last, you might have seen three men seated

cross-legged on the verandah between the doors of our front room, plying their needles as if for a wager. Thus indoors and out proceeded the work of preparation.

Early Wednesday morning of week before last, two bandies drove into our back yard and, after considerable haggling with the driver about the size of the load and the amount of money they were to receive, they at length went to work and loaded the carts with our goods. They insisted (probably in the hope of getting more money) that the goods we indicated to them were enough for three bandies. This we knew was not the case, as we had weighed everything. They were only brought to terms by the promise of a half dollar apiece in addition to the customary pay. Finally they drove on with the goods about noon, taking for us, last of all, a large openwork bamboo basket of ducks, and one of fowls. Our Matey went along to see that everything was delivered safely at Periaculam, from which point the coolies carry everything up the mountain. The horsekeeper started at the same time with the horse, and a man who is to be our tapal-man took on our best cow and calf. And to fill up the company, the sweeper woman went with them on her own feet with the promise, however, of a lift on the bandies a part of the way. They were to reach Battalagundu (a distance of 35 miles) the second day, the tapal-man to stop there with the cow till we came up, and the rest to go to Periaculam, sixteen miles farther the third day. Thus the heaviest of our work was accomplished, for our Matey was to accompany the coolies up the hills, receive the goods, open the house, sweep it out, and wait for us. It was comparatively a light task to prepare and pack the few things we could take with us in two bandies. We rested over Sunday and were thankful that we might. Early Monday morning we dispatched our cook and gardener with the remaining cow and calf and the yearling. They were to go half way to Battalagundu and stop with the catechist at Vardipatti till we came so that we might have fresh milk there for baby. Mrs. Herrick, who is in the same compound at Pasumalie, only on the other side of the Seminary buildings, kindly invited us to breakfast and dinner with her. The open bandy for us should have come by two o'clock, as four was the appointed hour of starting; Mary (the ayah) said she had heard the drivers say that they should not come before ten o'clock at night. This could not be thought of, for it would throw us into the very middle of the day before reaching Battalagundu, besides which, baby would need fresh milk early in the morning. The drivers lived in Madura, a full three miles off. What was to be done? Brother Herrick offered the services of his horsekeeper to go in and bring them at once, at all hazards. You will remember that all our servants had gone on before, except the ayah, so we were exceedingly grateful for this offer. Being a very capable man, he succeeded so well as that by six o'clock we had started.

And now for a short description of the bandies. My wife's went forward. It was a heavy native cart without springs. First a quantity of straw was thrown loosely on the planks that formed the bottom, then a large box of ours was put at the forward end. Back of this, on the straw, we laid down the mats which are to cover our floors on the hills, and, above these, a good wide single mattress, which just reached from side to side of the bandy. Over this we spread a heavy blanket, and [put a] pillow next to the box at the front of the bandy. Baby was placed on his bed at one side, and the ayah sat at his feet, while Lottie lay down on the other side. The sides and roof of her bandy were made of mats of basket work stretched on bamboo sticks that were bent over, from side to side, much like a western or Dutch traveling wagon. At the two ends we had curtains fitted and tied. Lottie had tried this sort of conveyance before and much prefers it to our own bandy for night traveling. I went in our box bandy, which is an ox cart on springs. Its body resembles somewhat a railroad car, only, of course, very much smaller. The door for entrance and exit is at the rear, and a folding step can be let down when the door is

open. The seat at the front is stationary, while the one at the rear rises on a hinge when we pass in or out. For night traveling we put down connecting seats between these two, making a continuous support for our mattress. Under this bed quite a quantity of luggage can be stowed without the slightest inconvenience to ourselves. One basket I kept up by my feet at the front of the bandy, for in this was a spirit lamp to heat baby's milk (in which, however, for economy's sake, we use castor oil), a bottle of milk for baby, a bottle of water to weaken the last with, two bottles of tea for ourselves, one bottle of oil, baby's feeder funnel and spoon, besides a flask and cup for our own drinking water. Once fairly in the bandy and the side shutters are dropped, the side awnings raised, slippers take the place of boots, and a riding cap, the place of my hat. Thus prepared for comfortable traveling, I choose my position, whether wholly or half recumbent, which I change as often as I choose, and adjust the pillow to my head or back accordingly.

The first two and a half miles bring us to the toll gate at the entrance of Madura. As the oxen, so far, are going towards home, the distance is accomplished in half an hour. After paying the toll, we are impatient to get on but find that one of our drivers has gone to the neighboring bazaar to lay in the needful supply of tobacco and betel nut. Next we are delayed by the said driver's wife, who has come down to bring him a little bundle of something, boiled rice perhaps. Like a very affectionate couple they are a long time in saying the last words. At length we begin again to move and, leaving Madura with its four lofty temple towers, quite at one side we cross over to the Dindigul road. Darkness settles down upon us. My bandy lanterns are all right, but when we attempt to light the lantern that swings in the front of my wife's bandy, we discover that, owing to careless fastening, it has been overturned and the curtain and box underneath are not at all improved in consequence.

Every two and a half hours we come to a dead halt. I close the blinds at the front and one side, and, striking a match, light the spirit (alias castor oil) lamp, heat baby's milk and water, fill his feeder, and send it forward to him by my driver. Then I put some water over the lamp, with which, when baby has finished his meal, I rinse out and scald his feeder. Then on we go again.

Waking up after a nice nap I find we are only just moving, the bandy man being asleep and the oxen nearly the same. So I call out to the bandy man, "Örtu, örtu," ("drive on, drive on"). He arouses himself and drives on the latter, which is thus accomplished: with one hand he lays hold of first one ox and then the other by the tail, giving it a merciless twist, while [in] the other hand he flourishes aloft his whip, which at every step threatens to come down upon one ox or the other. About two o'clock we near Vardipatti, half way to Battalagundu. So, putting on my boots and hat, I walk ahead to find my servants and the oxen which take us the rest of the way. I peer into the faces of each group by the wayside and, after once or twice waking up the wrong men, I stumble on the right ones. Fresh milk is brought for baby. Then everything is taken from the bandy in which my wife has ridden and is deposited by the side of mine. The nurse feeds baby while my wife mounts the driver's seat and keeps guard over our goods till, one by one, they are placed in the new bandy. Then we pay the drivers the balance due them, adding, as is customary, a small present; inquire of the catechist how much advance he has given those who go on with us, and repay him the same in their presence; give orders to our servants to come on with the cow "early in the morning" and, entering our bandies, set forward again. Our servants run alongside a few steps to see us fairly off, make their salaams, and return.

As we pass a police station there is quite a commotion, the men calling to each other and running to and fro. Two or three give chase and, coming up, inquire of our drivers whom they are carrying and where they are going. Learning that we are a white gentleman and his family going to the nearest Mission Bungalow, they allow us to pass on. On relating the occurrence to

Brother Washburn the following day, he said that, had we been natives, it is probable that we would have been detained till morning, as, owing to the great number of robberies in that region occurring of late, it was not considered safe to travel then by night. However, supposing that white men would be able to defend themselves, or rather, as I suppose, that the desperadoes would not dare to attack them, we were allowed to pass on our way. However this may be, we had no molestation from any source during the night.

As morning broke, I discovered that my hands had suffered a serious change of color, owing to the soot of baby's lamp, so for two or three miles I was on the lookout for a tank or little stream of water where I might make myself rather more presentable. Meanwhile, we were moving very slowly on a heavy and newly mended road some miles from Battalagundu. So, to lubricate the wheels a little, I alighted and, walking on by the side of the forward bandy, promised the driver an extra present if he would drive on well. This had the desired effect, and for a mile or so we got on briskly. Then for a mile or so we all got out and walked, mainly for the sake of the exercise, the ayah carrying baby, and I a coosah, or unglazed pot, of water with which, at a convenient spot beside the road, I performed my morning ablution.

We reached Battalagundu soon after 9 A.M. and were glad to rest awhile. Our bandies drove to the rear of the room we were to occupy, and ourselves and goods entered through the door of the bath room. Breakfast was ready as soon as we were and contributed materially to our comfort. Then I dismissed our bandy men and sent on to Periaculam the cow which had preceded us here. Then a nice rest with a little sleep and a refreshing bath, a change of clothes restored us to unusual good nature. A desultory chat, a look at the latest paper, a little music, and dinner was served.

After this, I took a look at Brother Washburn's boarding school, and, at his request, examined the various classes somewhat, then took a stroll with him over his grounds and outhouses. The ladies joined us as the cool of the day came on and we went in turn to the Chapel (a neat edifice lately built) on an eminence commanding a view of the region and the house tops, from which last we had a fine view of the part of the Pulneys which was our present destination. Before dark, Brother Washburn and I went to see a sick man in whom he had some special interest. He administered the medicine he had brought, while I held the bottles and improved the opportunity to increase my knowledge of the habits and ways of the people. The next day after a dinner early for India, say one-and-a-half, we set out again with bandies prepared as usual. Mrs. Penfield's, however, proved much more comfortable, as she had the loan of Brother Washburn's touring bandy, which is made after the native pattern, only wider and improved in several other particulars. We found the road much worse than we had expected, and were from two to half past eight P.M. traveling a distance of sixteen miles.

You would have laughed, I am sure, had you seen how I was employed for some two or three hours. I was endeavoring to keep the sole and body of my boots together. Only one month before, a shoemaker, one of the best we have here, had put on a pair of new soles, and I had counted on these boots to walk up a part of the hills and so had sent all the rest up before. The walking of the last day or so had brought them to grief. Fortunately, I had some very fine twine and a file. The former answered for thread, and the latter (using the end that had entered the handle, from which I now drew it out) for an awl. Needles, wax, bristles, I had none, but managed between the jolts to make holes with the awl and run the end of the twine through.

After reaching Periaculam we had tea, then parceled out by weight the things we had with us, by which time it was about one A.M. So we had only about two hours sleep, then arose and

had the cow milked and baby fed. Awoke all the coolies and started them off for the tope¹¹⁹, some five or six miles from Periaculam. To this place Lottie, baby, and his ayah rode in our bandy, while I rode my horse, which had awaited me at Periaculam. On reaching the tope, a coolie woman took on her head the basket containing baby's feeder, milk, etc., while Lottie and baby took passage in a doolie. This is a kind of palanquin, not long enough to lie down in. Our bandy cushions were put on the bottom, end to end, one of them rising for the back. Lottie sat at the end which was to go forward and baby had a bed beside her feet. Eleven coolies had the task of carrying her, four at a time. The ayah was carried up in a blanket, the ends of which were fastened to a pole. She had six coolies, two at a time carrying the blanket and contents. I followed on my pony or my feet, changing from one to the other as compassion for my horse or the want of exercise prompted. Most of the way Lottie had the curtains raised on the side of the doolie away from the sun. And so we came up the twelve miles from the tope. After coming three miles from here, I was met by Brother Noyes' horse, and so mine had a rest. We reached here just about noon and found both a warm welcome and a warm breakfast awaiting us at the house of our good Sister Noyes. And so I end my long story.

Both Lottie and Thornton are gaining perceptibly in health and strength, as I believe I am, myself, also. I walk three or four miles or cut a lot of wood every morning before breakfast. The first Sabbath up here I conducted services in the Mission Chapel, in the morning in Tamil and in the afternoon in English. Last Sabbath I took the English service only. When others are here, we will take turns. Brother Washburn came up today, Brother Noyes yesterday, and Brother Chandler comes up tomorrow. Brothers White and Hazen will probably be up in a week or two. Then there will be nearly as many more from other missions, etc., so that we shall not be at all lonely, you see. You will join me in warm thanks for all the mercies we have, I am sure.

Your affectionate son,
T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MITHubbard

(Contains bud of fairy rose, addresses of Mrs. Washburn's brother and measure for baby's stockings and Thornton's shoes. Received July 25th 1868)

Letter #21
Kodai Kanal
April 14th, 1868

Private in Part

My Own Dear Mother,

Our little pet was five months old yesterday. I wonder if you thought of it. It sometimes seems as if I must have you see him, he is so sweet and joyous. He has Fannie's eyes. I used to

¹¹⁹ Charles G. Gosselink explains: "Tope is a British Indian term for grove, especially in the North. It is said to be derived from a Tamil word, but the only place I have ever heard referred to as tope is the bottom of what we always called 'the coolie ghat,' the foot trail up the mountains to Kodaikanal. While we were there, we used the 'ghat road' (ghat means both the hills as well as the way up the hills) and went up to Kodai by car or bus. However, from time to time we hiked down the old foot trail, the 'coolie ghat,' to 'tope' and then on about a mile to the town of Periakulam (Big Lake), where we'd catch a bus and ride back up to Kodai. The descent was about 6,000 feet. Tope was of the starting point of the coolie ghat."

think they were like little Mary's, but I believe hers are a sort of hazel and his are very dark blue, so dark that some of the ladies say they are decidedly black, but I can't see it so. I am writing at a disadvantage, for baby sleeps in a little swinging cradle before me, and every now and then he stirs, so that he needs constant rocking. Anthony comes to the door and says the coolie has come from the station at the foot of the hills (Periaculam) with our semi-weekly supply of bread, plantains, etc. This time the "etc." is black pepper and water parnays (or native water pots), so I tell Anthony, "Rock baby while I see that the cooking goods and account are all right" (as Mary has gone to rice). As I turn to leave the room I take one last look at baby and, lo and behold, his eyes are wide open and he laughs all over his sweet face as he catches my smile. He is a treasure.

I hope you will get our last letter all right. We sent five pamphlets by the book post which contained two pictures of our missionaries. You and Mrs. Cowles must share it between you for the present—we have another copy of each, but they are mounted, and we are at a loss to know how to get them to you. We will find a way somehow.

Now I will begin and answer Mother's doubts, queries, and fears. Some of them I think I have answered already in previous letters. I have given Mrs. Lord's message to most of the ladies. I am very sorry you were so troubled about me. When I took baby to ride, he was laid in my lap and taken from me, as I could not lift him and did not try. I don't know why I could not stand on my feet. I am sure I had no trouble of any kind, except that, when I tried to stand, my knees and feet felt so weak. I felt as if I should fall over, and I only gained in that respect very gradually. I just began to walk a little when baby was four months old. I have sometimes thought that my pullback was principally owing to my trying to nurse baby when I had nothing for him; he would keep at work most vigorously, in hopes, I suppose, of getting something, when I don't believe he was getting anything. My being so torn, I think, (and Mrs. Moss has said) was in great measure owing to his coming so very suddenly and unexpectedly. I believe I wrote you she was just commencing to ease the parts, believing the head was about to make its appearance, when the whole child came. She sprang to her feet and did all she could. Thornton says perhaps I bore down on my pains too much, and I don't think his former experience helped him much with me, for he says his first wife never suffered half so much as I, either before, during, or after confinement. He had no idea that I should have so hard a time of it. From what he says, she must have had a remarkably easy time of it all through. However, I am well and strong now and gaining every day, and so is baby; I am so thankful. He should like the carriage robe very much indeed if you can spare it. That old blue woolen spread that you gave us has been of the greatest service. I always have it cover the mattress on the bottom of my bandy.

I will do as you ask about the apples and will thank George heartily for any and all tins he will send. The one that Hubbard gave me has been my great standby for a bread tin ever since we came. Please thank that lady in Longmeadow very much for remembering us so kindly, and tell her we are getting more and more interested in our work and hope to be spared to work here many years. We are sorry about the carriage but shall appreciate it the more when it does come. I am so sorry you have been poorly again; how I wish I could help Fannie take care of you. Poor Fannie, I am afraid that time of watching with Mrs. Hawkins' family was too much for her. If she has got to help anybody nights, I wish she could help baby and me. However, I am very glad she could help Mrs. Hawkins. Please give a great deal of love to Mrs. Hyde, Lilly, and all. I think I will try to write Lilly a word soon. I am going to call baby "Thornton," out full and square. I am sure it is no longer than "Charlotte," and twice as handsome. You don't know how delighted I am to hear of Martha's conversion. I do hope it may be sincere. It is indeed a great

mercy. I have had no troubles except those I have written you. The falling has not troubled me at all for some months before baby's birth.

Thursday, April 16th

You must not think that I have written this all at once—I have not, but little by little. Mr. and Mrs. Hazen came up yesterday; they are to board with Mrs. Chandler. O this delightful place. I wish you could see it. [There are] the most magnificent flowers, such as we never see on the plains. We see the gaudy rhododendron all the way, coming up the hills.

Today we are to have the weekly prayer meeting here at 4 o'clock this afternoon—they take turns having it round at the different houses. We are also expecting a young lady to spend the day—Miss Lizzie Thomas is the daughter of the English missionaries and is visiting with her parents on the hills awhile. Miss Smith has been invited to their house several times, and now we ask her here in return. She appears to be a “very fine” young lady, judging from what I have seen of her. I know she swims and rides very well, and her parents are very fine Christian people. Their mission is in the Tinnevelly district.

Baby grows so knowing. It is so delightful to watch his little developments. He can almost sit alone, and he has a way of singing his “song,” as we call it—he makes a sort of a coo and keeps time exactly with his papa's trotting, like this: “oo--oo-----oo ee--,” the long note coming out good and strong on the downward motion of his father's feet. It is very funny and he seems to enjoy it exceedingly.

Monday, April 20th

I must tell you what a tussle we had with baby yesterday. Mary has several times put him in his cradle and then taken him up because he cried; as soon as I saw her doing so I told her she must not put him [in his cradle] unless he seemed very sleepy, and then she must not take him up because he cried. I have insisted upon it, and when I found she has taken him up I have him put right back, and he has always dropped off very easily and submissively. But yesterday she put him in and he commenced crying. I stayed by to see that she did not take him up. Well, he cried dreadfully, so finally I went to him, and he cried, sobbing so hard. I began to think he might be in pain, so I called Thornton; he watched him awhile and said he felt sure it was only because he was determined to be taken up. (I know he was sleepy, but he cried himself pretty wide awake before he stopped.) So he rocked and whistled and sang to him and did everything to stop him or get his attention, except take him up, and when he or I would look pityingly at him he would burst out afresh [until] finally we both looked the other way. Thornton continued whistling and rocking and sat by but did not look at him. As soon as he found he was unnoticed, his sobs grew less and less and he finally ceased crying. When we turned to look at him, the dear little fellow smiled at us as sweetly as possible, then turned his little head and went right to sleep. We worked, I should think, 20 minutes with him before he would give up. He did not sleep sound so long but kept sobbing in his sleep. It seems hard, does it not? But we both felt it would save us much trouble if carried out.

Sabbath, April 26th

It will be a year tomorrow since we landed, only a year; it does seem much longer. I feel that I have learned a great deal in this year. I know better how to look after my house than before, and I understand managing the servants better, and in another year I think I shall improve more yet.

Baby has seemed very fretful yesterday and today. He has a very large [boil] breaking out behind his left ear and under his right arm, and his feet are also very sore. I expect it makes him feel very uncomfortable. I see no signs of teeth yet, but I am expecting them every day. His bowels seem in pretty good condition.

Thornton has gone over to Mr. Noyes' house to take charge of their school this morning. The scholars are the children of the missionaries. Thornton is not the regular teacher. Mr. Chandler, who is, is to preach in English this afternoon and therefore did not wish to teach this morning. Thornton enjoys it very much.

There, baby is waking up and I must run to wash and dress him all clean for Sunday. It is delightful work, and I often wish you and Fannie could do it sometimes. He looks so innocent, sweet, and clean; he is a perfect jewel. You cannot tell how much we love him.

Monday [April] 27th

It is a year today since we landed. Our hearts are filled with thanksgiving. Baby worried almost all day yesterday, and last night he cried a great deal, and he frets all the time this morning. The sole of his right foot is one mass of sores, which must be exceedingly painful. O, did I tell you that the house next to us, about half as far as Mrs. Musgrave's was, is occupied by Mr. Washburn's family? They are very nice people, and the more we know them, the better we like them. O dear, I dread to have baby wake up because he frets so that I feel like crying all the time. I presume there is scarcely any doubt but that he is teething. O if he may but be spared to us; it would be so hard to lose him. I used to think I could give him up willingly if Jesus called him, but it seems to grow harder every day. What a void it would make; how I should miss him. Were any of your children ever troubled with sores while teething? How I wish you were here to comfort and help me. But I am so thankful I have Thornton. What should I do without him? He is the greatest comfort in the world. I do love him with all my heart.

I wrote you about getting some woolen stockings for the baby. I have had a bright thought since: don't you know of some old lady whom you would like to help, who could knit them? They would be much stronger and you could supply her with pretty colored yarn and tell her how to knit the stripes round, and they would stand just twice the wear.

Wednesday, May 13th

The first day of the May Meeting, and baby is six months old today. Mr. Chester pulled the remains of a tooth this morning. It is a double one and one that has been filled a great many times. Mr. Chester also sounded Miss Smith's lungs and thinks there is a tubercle on the left one; the right one is all sound. He says there is no need of alarm, with care, she is sure to come all right.

I am worried about Mrs. Hazen; she is so young and foolish. She is not at all well, has great discharge of the whites and pain in the region of the womb, but she does not follow the doctor's advice and refuses him an examination. She does very imprudent things and she has no gumption at all; in fact she is nothing but a foolish child, so very childish. Why, I am quite an old lady beside her. She is a pleasant, pretty, ladylike little thing, but I am afraid she will be a drag rather than a help to her husband. She seems to depend on him for everything, even to getting the dirty clothes together for the washman and bringing her shawl, and she seems to have no idea of helping herself in the least. I feel like shaking her sometimes. This of course is very private.

I have asked Mr. Chandler for another draft to send home to you, but he says he thinks it is safer for him to write home telling them to pay the amount of any bill presented by Father. So Father can always go there to get the pay for whatever I send for. I would like several tins of baking powder.

One of Mrs. Washburn's brothers is one of the firm of Durkee & Co. I will send the direction as she has written it for me. I think it will be pleasant for you to know her brother. What do you think? The other day Mary came to me and said her hands were sore. I showed them to Mrs. Washburn and behold, Mary had the itch. I put her on a pretty rigorous treatment of sulphur and oil, and they are about well now; she did not have it badly. I read to Mr. and Mrs. Chandler what you wrote of Lottie¹²⁰ and it pleased them very much. They said they were very thankful she had you for her friend. The tears ran down Mr. Chandler's face. He is a dear good man; we all love him. Mother asks about my watch and teeth; the former runs nicely, and Thornton sent his to Madras and now it keeps very good time. My teeth need the care of a dentist. One of them has all broken to pieces, and I had Mr. Chester take out the remains a day or two ago. It is a great relief to have it gone, and the others trouble me less, since they are only tender.

I think all the things that came on the Oriental were sent just as you put them up. They were all directed in the right place and by your handwriting. I would like a pair of kid gloves, since all spoiled in coming out. A pretty brown, I think 7's. You can send them in a letter, one at a time. I do so thank you for those ribbons for baby; they are beautiful. Now I am going to the Mothers' Meeting.

When Dr. Lord left this mission he put all his things at so high a price that very few of them could be bought by [the missionaries] and he sold Mission property and kept the money. He would take fees from the English for his services, which is contrary to Mission rule, and then he refused to give a correct account, and so gave the gentlemen endless trouble, besides trying them exceedingly. When he went away, he told the Mission, with tears rolling down his face, that he did not know what his poor family should do in America; he was afraid they should all have to go to the poor house. We have heard nothing of the revolt you speak of.

I am afraid Lottie Chandler will be very much disappointed if she expects to see little sisters come home [for] they are both large girls, too large to be in this country. Etta is as large as I am. Gertie is a sweet, lovely child; we shall all miss her very much. Etta is clumsy and dull and ought to have gone home long ago. Well, now my sheet is full and I will finish on Fannie's letter. I have two more pictures of the Mission to send home, first opportunity, so these can go to Oberlin.

Lovingly,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to Hattie Pratt

Kodai Kanal
April 20, 1868

My very dear friend,

¹²⁰ The Chandlers' daughter.

We are now on the Pulney Hills for a stay of two months. It is most delightful here, so like home, and so unlike the hot, burning plains; one feels like a new creature. My husband and I were both quite run down from our year on the plains; no, not quite a year—we shall have been in India a year on the 27th of this month. It seems like ten years instead of one. We are all much better up here, and my baby's cheeks are getting fairly red. He is growing so strong and well, I can hardly believe he is the same boy we started from home with. We are very happy here; I never thought we could be so happy away from home. It almost seems like treason that I am, but I cannot help it.

Our work is increasingly interesting, although the more we become acquainted with the customs and habits of the people, the more we see to loathe and pity. Brought up, as we have been, in a Christian land, it seems almost incredible that people can grow up to be men and women and entertain such false ideas and horrid practices. A short time ago, a heathen woman threw her three little boys into a well and then jumped in herself to put an end to her miserable existence. Her troubles were caused by the abuse of her husband and his mother. Her children all died, but the water was not deep enough to drown her, and she was found the next morning in the well with her three dead children. Horrid, is it not? I understand that mothers-in-law are, as a class, very cruel to their sons' wives, beating them and working them most unmercifully. Such enormities cannot be done away with at one stroke; it will take years and years of patient labor. The people here are just like children; common sense is even more rare than at home.

The woman who does my sweeping is so silly that sometimes I get almost out of patience with her. To begin with, you must know that the work of a sweeper woman is considered rather degrading, but this woman came to me like a sensible woman, wanting to be my sweeper. She had, before, done coolie work at about 3 cents a day. I engaged her and, finding her willing (though extremely ignorant), continued to keep her. Shortly after, her son-in-law sent her word that, if she did not give up her work, he would disown her. He had, about a year previously, married her daughter, a girl of about 14 years. Well, she made such trouble; she said she would not come up here with me [because] if she did he would turn her off from his friendship. We asked her whether, if she left me, he would provide her with respectable clothes and as good of food as she could earn by having regular wages from me. She said no; he would do nothing for her, only he felt disgraced to have her doing that work for me. She had not any mind to come, and she did not dare to come, and she would not come. Dear me, I felt like shaking her. To think that she, a married woman living with her own husband, should be so afraid of incurring the displeasure of a mere boy. You see, I had advanced some of her wages and let her have a new cloth to come up here with, and was depending upon her. I told her she must come; if she did not, she could be taken before the tahsildar [a local official in charge of taxes and police]. So finally, after begging that I would conciliate her son, she consented to come, and here she is, perfectly contented. The other day she complained of being sick, so I gave her medicine, and the next day Mr. Penfield discovered her eating hard green peaches. They will eat anything. The lower people eat every part of a chicken except the feathers, bones, and claws. Mr. Penfield saw a woman out in the street holding a rat by its tail and roasting it over a slow fire. Some of the higher classes are very intelligent and respectable.

I know by experience that the sacrifice of a missionary's life, dear H¹²¹, is nothing. The only hard thing is leaving friends, and then I do so want Father, Mother, and Fannie to see the baby, but outside of that it is nothing. I feel as though I had made no sacrifice at all, and it seems

¹²¹ Possibly Hattie Pratt, of the Montclair Sabbath School class

so strange that I should ever have regarded the life of a missionary as a sacrifice. I am sure mine is not.

Affectionately yours,
L. E. Penfield

MITHubbard to TBPenfield Jr

102 West 29th St.
New York
April 24, 1868

**To
Thornton Bancroft Penfield**

My little son, this blanket take,
And wear it for dear Grandma's sake,
And when with earthly garments done,
May'st thou be welcomed through the Son
To that blest Home where, clothed in white,
Nor cold nor heat to mar or blight,
The saints in holy union stand
Guarded by His most loving hand,
Who, when on earth did infants bless
And robe them with His righteousness.
Sweet, happy child, may Jesus be
Ever a loving friend to thee;
Thy name engraven on His hands,
A victor branch for thee shall stand,
Where sin and care shall ne'er annoy,
But every heart be filled with joy.
Dear Saviour, hear our earnest prayer,
And let this babe be welcome there.

Thy loving Grandma,
M. I. Hubbard

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

Monday, April 27, 1868

My own precious sister,

I believe I have told you that we have Miss Smith with us while on the hills. I do enjoy it so much for one especial reason: in many things she seems so much like you that I sometimes can almost imagine I have you with me. O darling Fannie, the sore trial in leaving home is leaving you all—but outside of that I am happy. It so often comes before me the nice times we used to have together, our rides and walks and goings to Hartford, etc. I think what a joy the

care of our boy would be to you and if we could only enjoy him together. How we would love to teach and dress him, but someday you may have the charge when I am deprived of it.

Now I am going to bore you again with a long list of wants. Thornton wants a pair of suspenders. I want a veil (blue or green) and I want a leather belt for baby when he grows old enough to wear it. We hear that the Cromwell is in and we are so anxious to get our goods, but I presume we must wait two weeks or more. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn saw the arrival in the paper last Thursday and ran over to tell us; we were so happy. I do hope there is a hat for baby and a rubber rattle; I want both very much. But if there are not those things, there will be lots else that will delight us. I can hardly wait for the things to come. Do you ever hear anything of Lily Musgrave nowadays? Is she married or likely to be? Mary Jane Clark, too—love to them both.

I must stop writing now and see about dinner—mutton soup, mutton, potatoes, and onions. As Miss Smith has gone to spend the day with Mrs. Chandler, I have no pudding but a few ripe peaches cut up with sugar on them. Goodbye darling—I never can get used to living without you.

I see I have begun this letter on the wrong side, but I think you will be able to make it out. We received a letter from Mrs. Cowles the other day, and you cannot tell how gratified we feel to learn that Mary has taken the prize for deportment and scholarship out of a class of 35. Dear child, I often wish she was with me. I am so glad Mother likes Mr. Smith. If he is still like his sister you will thoroughly respect and love him, at least I do her. What is he like? Please tell me.

I don't know what I should do without that nice fine castile soap you sent me. Baby suffers so much with eruptions; his two upper and two lower front teeth are very plainly to be felt; we expect them through every day. I want a pair of low shoes for Thornton, not slippers but low shoes. Do you know what I mean? I will send the measure and also the width of a black belt for me. I should like to have a calico wrapper for Thornton very much. Here the little boys (many of them) wear white loose dresses with a pretty red or blue silk cord and tassel round their waist; I don't want one if they are expensive.

Tuesday, May 19th

Our station is at last assigned us; rejoice with us; it is a most delightful one too—"Tirupúvanam" (tir-u, pu, va, nam) or "Sacred Flower Garden." It is 18 miles from Mr. Capron's station, 30 from Mr. Taylor, 16 from Mr. Burnell, and 12 from Madura. It is a beautiful place, the nicest place in the Mission for a garden, and also a famous place for cobras—it was there that Mrs. Chester had such a narrow escape from one. She went without a light into her bedroom and, in brushing by her washstand, she heard a loud hiss; she hurried back and, on bringing a light, they found an enormous cobra coiled round the stand, its head erect and swollen, all ready to strike. It was one of the largest ever seen. We shall be very careful not to go anywhere in the dark. Care is all that is necessary; we are not at all afraid. We are both most pleased.

Yesterday I had a chance to buy (out of a hawker's box) some small striped stockings for baby, so those you send may please be a little larger. I will send the measure of these.

The house at Tirupúvanam has not been occupied for some time and needs repairing. As Mr. Capron (who has charge of it) is going to Jaffna right off, nothing can be done at present. We do not take possession until the 1st of July, but, as the repairs cannot be attended to until Mr. Capron returns, we doubt whether we shall be able to go there before August. As we have no station or anything to call us down to the plains, and because baby is teething, the Mission has

given us permission to remain on the hills another month. We are so glad, you cannot tell. I shall write you all about the place when we get there.

(Private: Mr. Chester got very angry because the Mission would not let him do just as he wished in some matter when he really did not do right at all, and he has gone home in a miff before the meeting was dismissed, which was, of course, very wrong indeed. He is a very impulsive, wholehearted, earnest man, but headstrong and willful and quick-tempered, never says he was wrong. Mr. Capron says, "The Chesters are a law unto themselves." They never do as other people do and almost always rebel at Mission Meeting about something. They are very curious, yet one cannot but like them.)

I would like very much some cambric for a dress, either blue or pink or brown, or something all one color, and I would like some corn-colored cambric for baby. There is one great trial in staying up here another month. We will have to wait all that time for our things off the Cromwell; it seems as if I could not.

Thornton is appointed agent for the American Tract Society, so I presume you will be seeing letters from him to them in their report. They all seem to like Thornton very much. Well, I don't wonder; he is really good and always shows so much sound judgment and common sense. I love him dearly, more and more every day.

It is so pleasant to be near Mr. Capron's people. I think I should have chosen this station from all the others. We came near going to Pasumalie, but that would have been a very hard station for a new man.

I am going to finish this letter and send off today, so that you can get the news as soon as possible. Baby's teeth do not come yet but [we] expect them all the time. The Whites have permission to go home the last of this or the first of next year. If you see them, do not judge of our mission by them; they are the only exception of the kind here. You will understand when you see them. Mrs. White might have made a sterling woman, but they are too much alike to help each other; he is so inefficient. The Chandler girls also will be sent home at the first opportunity. You will pray for us in our new station, won't you; we want to do and be just right.

With much love to you all,

Most lovingly,
Lottie

TBPenfield to NGClark

May 1868

My dear Brother:

Since writing you last I have attended the March Meeting of the East Local Committee, held at Mana Madura, which was full of interest to me as being the first of these meetings which it has been my privilege to attend. The chief feature of the occasion was the examination of the helpers in the scriptural and other studies pursued by them the previous six months. I was moved to deep thankfulness to the Lord that he had to such an extent granted my prayers so that I could understand the part of the questions and replies. I must not fail here also to record my gratitude to God that the trying days in which I have been forced to stand quite tongue-tied in face of the superstitions and empty ceremonies of heathenism are at length over. To be sure, I am comparatively so still, for it is little I can yet say, but that I can say anything at all puts a new

face on everything. The change is nearly as great inspiring as if one from the calm heights overlooking the field of battle where he could be but a spectator were transferred to the valley of conflict to join in the fight. While the itinerancy a second time with Brother Burnell some two months since, I prepared with the help of my Munshi a few remarks on death and the judgment which with slight variations to suit different circumstances I was permitted to address to the people of several heathen villages. On one of the Sabbaths during the same itinerancy I had the pleasure of preaching my first Tamil sermon, which was previously written out and corrected.

I have of late seen something of the hold which heathenism has upon this dark minded people. In company with an esteemed member of the Church Mission I drove out to Secumadamalai at the time of one of the monthly heathen festivals celebrated there. The distance was about only four miles and the road was thronged with people nearly all the way. At a moderate computation, we met on our way thither six thousand people, who were returning to the city after spending the greater part of the day at the Mountain. And notwithstanding the latening of the hour, there were nearly as many going as returning. On reaching the Mountain we were utterly at a loss to account for the throngs of people we saw there, except that it is considered a work of merit to visit the Mountain at the time of such feasts, for there were no imposing ceremonies such as I was prepared to see. No car-drawing processions, decoration or worship of idols or public exhibitions of any kind. Nor did we in our ramble about the place, or fall in with any who were undergoing self-torture in any way. A few religious mendicants clothed in fantastic rags shaking their chime (or jangle) of bells and soliciting alms were slowly making their way through the dense crowds that flocked up the honor street directly in front of the temple. On a nearer approach we saw still others who with one hand were supporting a staff on the top of which was affixed a brass censer with burning coals, and upon this they were frequently throwing such incense as the various worshippers had to offer. The perfumes wafted from these censers were very sweet and in return we silently wafted up toward heaven, for these deluded worshippers, our prayer that they may yet be led to offer the only true God the far sweeter incense of grateful loving hearts.

Having reached the front of the temple and not being permitted to enter, we pursued our way along the street which leads to one side and soon came upon several widely constructed revolving swings, in each of which four persons were swinging at once occupying as many different seats. My first impression was that there might be some merit attached to those swinging, but I soon learned that, as with us, it was mere amusement. A noticeable feature of the scene near the temple was the profusion overly and really tempting display of candy and other sweetmeats, which further away was a most surprising amount of glass bracelets of different patterns and colors. Literally cartloads of these were offered for sale in immense heaps by the roadside while several heavily laden carts stood by filled with these frail but highly prized ornaments.

We did not leave until with several groups a little out of the throng and humblest we had conversed of Christ and his salvation. Having learned that several persons during the day had been performing prostrations or rolling around the mountain, according to the different vows they had previously made, and that similar scenes might probably be witnessed the morning the following the next day, I ordered my pony by light and rode round the base of the mountain. Before completing the circuit I came up with separate parties in each of which a man of middle age was measuring his length around the mountain by successive prostrations. They were

probably fulfilling vows made in time of sickness or trouble to Tuperamanian¹²², the presiding deity of Secundamalai¹²³ and together with each prostration two little boys in attendance chanted in responses the name of the deity. In these prostrations the mode of progress was as follows. Lying upon the ground with face downward, the worshipper reaches his hands forward as far as possible, describes with them in the dust segments of two circles, then, arising, he plants his feet upon the mark then made and, prostrating himself again at full length, again with outstretched hands marks his extreme length in the dust, and as he continues to do until, by a series of similar prostrations, he has passed completely around the mountain (a distance of about two miles) and has again reached the point of departure.

Neither of the two I saw seemed to have the slightest suspicion that he was engaged in anything ridiculous. On the other hand there was every appearance of self-complacency especially in the carriage of the more robust of the two as he, though behind the other at first, by more rapid movements quickly came up and passed him. The latter, however, not to be very much outdone, managed to keep near his rival by taking a good step in advance of his mark each time before making his prostration, and so was evidenced the pride and deceit of their hearts in the midst of that [which] is considered their most holy act. Alas for poor human nature striving to atone for sin or cleanse itself without knowledge of the one efficacious sacrifice.

We are enjoying a few weeks in the health retreat of the Mission and already feel ourselves revigorated by the cool air of these mountains. In a few weeks more we expect to be joined by those of the Mission who are not already here in the regular May meeting, at which time, as I suppose, a station will be assigned us. May the Lord show clearly where he would have us go and abundantly fit us for the work there to be done is the prayer of

Yours Sincerely,
Thornton B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Kodi Kanal, South India
Tuesday May 26, 1868

My own dear ones,

What do you think has happened today? Baby has cut his first tooth through. Isn't it splendid, splendid, splendid? Thornton was not at home when I found out so I went clear to Mr. Noyes house to tell him. I put a silver spoon into his mouth and it hits beautifully, such a tiny little silver tinkling sound. So he is really going to have teeth. How funny it seems.

The other day we had a very heavy hail storm, so heavy that the servants brought in quarts of hail stones. Mrs. Washburn got more than 12 quarts easily and she froze some ice cream. It really tasted very nice indeed. I wish I had one of auntie's ...¹²⁴

¹²² Probably a transliteration of the name Subramanian, a son of Siva.

¹²³ This is probably a reference to Skanda Malai, a temple south of Madura, dedicated to Skanda (another name for Kartikaya, by which name Subramania, the son of Siva, is also known). Although Mrs. Capron also used the spelling "Secunda Malai" in an article in the *Female Mission Intelligenser*, regarding an incident that occurred in 1868, that spelling is no longer found among recognized pilgrimage sites in the area.

¹²⁴ The letter has been cut, apparently intentionally, perhaps to remove a private comment before sharing the letter with others.

I wear my silk bonnet Sabbath days, but I sadly need a little hat, they all have them here and my two are quite shabby now, I have worn them so much.

Our tapal comes tomorrow. You cannot tell how earnestly we look for him. Perhaps he may bring letters. We enjoy our station in anticipation so much. I am sure we shall be very happy in it. I should be happy anywhere with big Thornton, little Thornton, letters, and a home.

But O that little tooth! I wish I could send it home for you to see. I cannot see it yet, only one little corner. The baby is so sweet; sweet just expresses it. Such a bewitching little creature I cannot let him alone. He is laughing all over all the time, so happy. Miss Smith says she believes she

[Lottie]

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodai Kanal, South India
May 28th, 1868

Dearest Mother,

I hasten to chronicle an event which has caused quite a stir at our house. Baby has a tooth through and another almost in sight, quite within feeling distance. These are in the lower jaw, while two in the upper jaw are nearly as far along. Baby thrives nicely. He is quite over the sores that troubled him so much a month ago and more. He is a real merry fellow and, on the whole, makes his mother very little trouble. He is large for his age, we think, and full as fat as we care to have him. He was just half a year old the day Mission Meeting commenced.

The meeting is now over, and most of the brethren have gone down again to their work. We have leave to remain a month longer, or we should, according to previous plans, have gone down yesterday in company with Brothers Herrick and Chandler.

But I must not forget to tell you that we have had a station assigned us, Tirupuvanam (pronounced "Tir oo poo va num), the meaning of which is "sacred flower garden." It is considered the best station in the Mission for fruits, flowers, etc. It is one of the oldest stations, but owing to frequent changes of the missionary in charge, the results of labor are very meager, as you will see from the statistics in the report, a few copies of which I sent you a month or so since. Whether we shall remain there any longer than others have done remains to be seen.

We go with hope and mean to do what we can to build up the Lord's cause there. We should be very glad to go at once, but the house needs considerable repairing before it will be really habitable. Rather singularly, too, the repairs are all in Brother Capron's hands, and he has just started upon a visit to the Missions in Ceylon (or Jaffna, as we call it here) and does not expect to be back for some five or six weeks. So nothing can be done of any account until the beginning of July, at which time, by note of the Mission, I am to take charge of the station.

As there is nothing which we could be doing on the plains just now to advantage, and especially as baby is teething, I asked permission to remain here another month, and my request was granted. It will no doubt do us all good. But we are learning a lesson of patience, for we are very anxious to have a home, and this we scarcely count ourselves as having yet had.

Last Sabbath I preached in English for the third time since coming up. The first and second times were before many of the Mission had come, and this last Sabbath it was considered to be fairly my turn. Fortunately, I had brought with me from the plains but one sermon that would do, and so I have had the benefit of writing two sermons. The pressure, however, was, in

each case, rather greater than I like, for I had but three or four days' notice. It is very likely that I may be asked to officiate again, as I remain here four Sabbaths longer, and only one or two others will be here as long.

Since coming here I have begun praying extempore in Tamil with the servants. It was very hard the first week, but much easier now. About the third or fourth morning, I stumbled terribly, and some of the servants were so tickled that they snickered right out. This disconcerted me and I hardly knew what I said. After prayers I detained them and had my head servant tell them that they knew I had but lately come and knew but little Tamil, so they ought to behave with respect and, furthermore, that if any of them could not behave properly, they could leave. They all denied having laughed at all, but I knew better. Since then, they have been quite respectful. I hope in a few months to preach extempore. This, too, will be very hard at first, but practice is said to make perfect. Most of the Mission have glaring defects in pronunciation, in grammar, in idiom, or at least in fluency. There is no doubt their efficiency as missionaries would be considerably increased if they had paid a more studious and critical attention to the language at the start. I shall not be satisfied in doing as well as the rest. I mean to take great pains in respect to two points in particular: these are pronunciation and idiom. I detect many differences between the natives and the missionaries on the first point, and flatter myself that I am really getting the proper utterance of certain vowels and consonants that at first seemed unutterable.

Your letter of March 9th came to hand a few days ago. I was gratified indeed with the intelligence that my dear Mary had gained the first prize in her class, but most of all with the fact, implied in it, that she had been diligent in her studies and correct in her deportment. Some of the Mission are greatly troubled by the news they hear from their children, and I am, in view of this, the more thankful that I as yet hear none but good news. May the Lord keep my darling from all sin or forgetfulness of Him.

My sympathy is deeply enlisted in the case of Mary Bascomb. May her trials be sanctified.

I received a letter some time since from Smith but have not as yet found time to answer it. I had expected to find plenty of time for writing and all sorts of extra things here but have been mistaken. My time has been as fully occupied as ever. Of course I must give Lottie and baby their share.

We are having all the peaches we can eat from our own trees now and have bought enough to put up a lot of pickles, jelly and jam for use when we return to the plains. But I must leave a page or two for Lottie.

Your loving son,
Thornton

I would like to have Mary send her picture to Mr. Hubbard, that his family may see it, too. He will return it again in a few days. They would be glad, no doubt, to read these letters if you can spare them long enough. Lottie expects to send a picture to her parents in about three weeks. The picture was taken before a screen, in the bright sun and open air and while baby was asleep, as you see. One of the fingers of the hand which support his head appears against his ear. There are one or two flaws on his face and on his mother's, for which we are sorry, though glad to get the picture in any case.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Thursday, May 28th, 1868

My dear Mother,

Thornton has told you almost all the news in his letter. We are very much pleased with the prospect of having a station of our own, and such a pleasant one, too. It is only 12 miles from Madura, 18 from Mr. Capron's station, 16 from Mr. Burnell's station, and 30 from Mr. Taylor's. So you see we are surrounded by good neighbors on all sides. We have seen the place, and a beautiful one it is. When we go there and I am thoroughly acquainted with it, I will send you a plan of the home grounds, etc. How delightful it would be if you could only give us a nice long visit, and bring Mary. Dear little girl, it was very gratifying to us to have her behave so well and have such good lessons as to merit the prize. Please give my very best love to her and tell her that we hope she will always behave well enough to deserve the prize, whether she gets it or not. If she always does just as well as she can, we shall be made very happy even if she should not get the prize.

How I should like to send our baby home for you to see a little while, he is so sweet and cunning. He loves to see children play, and to play with them. I often think how much little Mary would enjoy playing with him. His little tooth does look so cunning coming through. Everyone says he is a Penfield, though his eyes are not like his father's or mine. They are more like my sister Fannie's.

This health retreat is a most delightful place, though we shall be most happy to go to the plains again; our work is not here, and we feel idle. We are very glad on baby's account, however, to stay as long as we cannot go to our station.

We thank you very, very much for the nice dried fruit and the berries you sent; they were most acceptable to us. Give a great deal of love to brother Charles and sister Sarah and all the children. With much love to yourself and father and many kisses for little Mary.

Yours most affectionately,
L. E. Penfield

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Kodai Kanal, South India
Thursday, May 28th, 1868

My dear daughter Mary,

I hear that you have received a beautiful engraving from your teacher as a prize for the best scholarship and deportment in your class. This news has made me very glad indeed. I have found it just as King Solomon says in the 25th Chapter of Proverbs the 25th verse¹²⁵. If you wish to know what he says there, you may lay down the letter long enough to read the verse in your Bible.

Now shall I tell you just what it is that has made me feel so glad? Perhaps you say, "Oh I know what it was. It was because your little daughter Mary got the prize at school over

¹²⁵ "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." (KJV)

everybody in her class.” No, that isn’t quite it, for if she had not received any prize at all, I might have been made quite as glad; that is, if I had learned that she had been studious and correct in her deportment. This would have made me very glad, whether the teacher thought best to give the prize to her or to some other little girl.

Now I think you will be able to see what it was that made me glad most of all. I was, to be sure, a little glad that you had received a beautiful picture and hope you will keep it nicely as long as you live. But most of my gladness was because you seem to have studied and behaved properly. I hope you have pleased Jesus as well as your teacher; if so, His smile will be worth more, far more than your engraving.

I am glad, too, because I hope you will now be encouraged more than ever to improve your time and to do just what is right. Don’t try merely to get the prize. Try to do right, and then, whether you receive the prize or not, you will make me very happy. I should be much better blessed if I thought that you deserved the prize and somebody else received it than if I thought that somebody else deserved the prize and you should receive it.

But now let me tell you something about your little brother Thornton. While I am writing, he is sitting on his mother’s knee and looking all about the room. He has a red dress with black stripes on, a white apron with little black stripes, and a pair of brown stockings with red stripes. Now he acts sleepy, so his mother has put him in his swinging cradle. I think he is going to sleep. Often in the night, when we want to sleep, he wakes up and cries very hard, so we have to swing his cradle and sing to him, but sometimes this is no use at all. So how do you think we have to do then? I will tell you. Several times I have got him to sleep merely by whistling. Isn’t that funny? He likes to look at the hens and the ducks when they are running about, so his nurse (we call her his ayah) carries him out. He looks really cunning. When he is a few years older, if he lives, it may be that we shall send him to America to get an education. You must pray God to spare his life and help him to grow up a good boy, that he may become a useful man, if it is His will.

We are spending three months on a range of mountains 6,820 feet above the level of the ocean. Sometimes we go to the edge and look way down on the hot plains. We are so high that a large river we can see looks only like a silver ribbon. There is a nice lake near the top of the mountains near the house we are living in, and we go down to it once in a while and take a sail in a boat. It is a little lake, so that I sometimes walk clear around it. It takes me about one hour and a quarter.

I hope you will soon learn to write so that you can answer my letters your own self. Please give my love to Grandpa and Grandma, to Uncle Charles and Aunt Sarah, to Cousins Anna, Freddie, and Mary; and take a large share for yourself from

Your affectionate father,
T. B. Penfield

May 29th

After I had finished your letter yesterday, I received a picture of your little brother Thornton, and so I sent it to you enclosed in this letter. I am sure you will be glad to see how he looks and to let your friends see, too. The picture was taken when he was six weeks old, and now you know he is six and a half months old.

Many kisses from your loving father.

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Pasumalie
July 3rd, 1868

Dearest Mother,

The day has been rather sultry, but the evening air is cool and comfortable, for the wind seems to come from a quarter where there has been rain during the afternoon. The moon is nearly at its full, and everything without seems very peaceful and beautiful.

My dear Lottie has retired to make up for broken rest the past few nights, and I am left alone to converse with you. how much I would give for an evening's visit with you face to face instead of in this slow and mechanical way. But this is much better than nothing, and I eagerly embrace it.

I am in a mood rather more than usually sober tonight. I scarcely know why unless it be that I come so far short of what I would be and do. I do not meet the cares and duties of daily life in the right spirit, nearly all of the time, and this is a cause of sorrow. In some things it almost seems to me as if, instead of making progress, I was going backward. I feel that I am, to a considerable extent, to blame for the present state of things, and I certainly would make no excuse for myself. Still, it may be that having so little to do for others is, in part, a procuring cause. I am sure I shall be far happier when I can once more get fairly to work again for souls. I hope I may be able to water others and be watered at the same time myself.

By vote of the Mission, the accounts and the full charge of Tirupúvanam devolve upon me from the 1st of this month. But circumstances hold me a prisoner yet. Brother Capron, from whom I am to receive charge, has been on a visit to the Jaffna Mission in Ceylon and has not returned, so far as I can learn. We hope, however, to see him early next week, and then I may take charge and press on the repairs as fast as possible that must be made on the house. We are both so anxious to move into our new home that we may do so even before the repairs are finished.

We have just bought a covered carriage somewhat like yours, only lighter, and with a moveable seat something like the one you used to have. Lottie's father has kindly offered to foot the bill. We are practicing our pony in the carriage; he takes to it quite kindly. We drove in to attend the weekly prayer meeting at Madura yesterday, and today drove clear around a little mountain near here called Secundamalie.

My last to you was written on the hills, I believe. We came down nicely and well. Lottie and baby were in a sort of palanquin called a dooly, and I was on my pony, except some two or three miles of the way at first, for which distance Brother Washburn kindly lent me his horse, and perhaps as much more at different times which I walked, both to save my pony and to get more exercise.

A day or two before starting, baby broke out with sores on his hands, arms, and face; the effect is, we are told, of his teething. These sores were greatly inflamed by travelling but are now much better. I think, on the whole, that he is now in pretty good health, as are both of us. He is now 7 ½ months old, has two underteeth, and begins to hold out his hands to be taken. He is, for the most part, a sober little fellow but, when the mood is on, can laugh and crow as well as any baby I ever saw.

July 9th

I have spent my first day in our new home here at Tirupúvanam and now spend a few minutes of the evening in filling out my letter to you.

Together with Lottie dear, and baby and his ayah, I drove into Madura after dinner yesterday. I took tea at Mrs. Chandler's, but Lottie thought it best to return to Pasumalie before it was dark, as our pony is not yet so thoroughly trained as to be altogether trusty. The tapal man, who did not leave Pasumalie before her return there, brought me a little note from her, which relieved any anxiety I had felt about her safe arrival.

About 9 1/3 o'clock the Caprons and I got into our ox bandies and set out for this place, which we reached about 2 1/2 or 3 o'clock this morning. I slept well, both on the road and after reaching Tirupúvanam (spelt as if written Thir-oo-poo-va-num with accent on middle syllable).

We left our bandies soon after daylight and, with Brother Capron as guide, I made rapid tour of the garden and grounds. I think there is now a better garden here than at any other station, and with a little care and plenty manure it will be greatly improved. With but a rapid glance, I remember seeing guavas, cocoanuts, custard apples, plantains (or bananas), pomegranates, and sour oranges, besides tamarinds in abundance and other fruits whose names and qualities are unknown to me.

The time for planting vegetables for the year has not yet come, but when it does we shall take hold of it in earnest. The house itself (or bungalow, as it is called) is in need of certain repairs, but the outbuildings need them most of all. This is new work for me, but I shall do my best. The most perplexing part, perhaps, is this: that there has been no estimate made in respect to the amount of repairs needed and no definite sum appropriated to meet the care. However, I am assured by those who ought to know that I will be borne out by the Mission in making all really necessary repairs if I make them at once. Brother Capron has given his advice on all needed points, and now I am left to carry it out. He has kindly given me quite a start by having brick mortar prepared in great abundance, as well as tiles for the roof. He left with his wife and little daughters at about 3 o'clock this afternoon. So I am now monarch of all I survey and accordingly issued my first orders for the place this evening.

Two of the men now on the place will probably remain in my service, one as head gardener and the other as tapal man. Our former gardener is to be assistant gardener and handyman. The cook boy is to be water boy (as he really is); he is the tallest of all our servants and perhaps of all in the Mission. One of our missionaries calls him the palm tree.

We are to let our Matey go and have already a new cook who will stay. The horsekeeper and the ayah, too, will stay, and this, I believe, fills up the number of our servants, for all of whom dwelling must be repaired or provided anew. Besides this, I must provide also for my munshi, or "teacher," in Tamil, and for the head catechist, the latter of which is not yet chosen.

Your letters are welcome, as ever, and seem like strong links binding me still to America. Many kisses to my dear Mary, who will, I hope, soon write me a letter herself.

Please remember me to all inquiring friends, and accept a heart full of love from

Your devoted son,
Thornton

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Tuesday, July 14, 1868

My dear little daughter,

I am going to begin a letter to have ready to send on the first opportunity. I wanted to write in the letter your father sent yesterday, but as we were busy packing all day, and the letter had been detained some time already, we thought it best not to keep it any longer. It made us very happy to receive a letter in your own handwriting, and we thought it looked very neat and nice for the first letter. I wonder when your little brother will write his first letter to your Grandma and you.

I had written just about so far, when a man with a white turban on his head and wearing a pink calico jacket and a long white cloth tied round his waist, came to the door and said, "Dinner ready ma'am." So I laid down my writing and went to dinner. I had to eat all alone, for your father has gone off 15 miles from here to our station and will not be back for five days. I miss him very much, but little Thornton is a great deal of company for me.

Baby cries a great deal now because he has very sore eyes, and we have to keep him in a dark room all the time. He is so little that he cannot understand why his eyes hurt him so much. A great many native people have sore eyes at this season of the year, for there is a strong westerly wind blowing that seems to affect their eyes.

I wish you could be here to take hold of your little brother's hand when he walks. I think he will walk soon, for he stands very strong on his feet already. If I go near him, he stretches out his little arms to me and kicks his little feet for me to come and take him. I send you some of the patterns of his little dresses and aprons—they are all marked so that you can tell just what they are. Those that are marked "morning dresses" are what he wears when he first wakes in the morning. I slip one right on and send him out to get the cool morning air; if I stopped to wash and dress him, the sun would have made the air quite warm, so that he could not go in it. They are double dresses—one lines the other. Your Grandma will know what I mean and will tell you. Please tell your Grandma that the rose and white check is woven here by the Madura weavers; ask her if she does not think it looks pretty well done.

Your father and I went into Madura a few days ago and went all over the old temple and palace. In the temple we saw 4 or 5 great black elephants—one of them had killed his keeper a short time ago. He was angry and put his great foot right on his keeper and killed him. Then he took him up in his trunk and handed him to the next elephant, who made a loud noise to call his keeper, and put the dead body in the man's arms. These elephants belong to their gods, and when there is a great procession they are all decked out in flowers and gay clothes and painted up to march with the people. You cannot be too thankful, Mary, that you were born in a Christian land and were not taught to bow down to these idols of wood and stone.

I am glad to hear a good account of you. I hope you will always try to be a great comfort to your dear grandparents, and also, above all things, try to be like Jesus.

With much love to Grandma, Grandpa, uncles, aunts, and cousins, I am your loving mother,

L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Cowles

Tirupúvanam
July 31st, 1868

My very dear mother and father,

I wish you could see us in our new house. I am sure it would be a great comfort to you, and it would be the greatest pleasure possible to us. We are not settled yet, but still we are very comfortable. The masons are at work on the room that is to be our guest chamber. The floor was very much broken, and they have been obliged to crack a large part of it up and re-lay it. Now half of the workers are rubbing it with sort of wooden flat irons and the rest are putting on the final polish with a very smooth stone. They are making it look very nice. The floors of the two little rooms off it are to be entirely new, as is also the floor of my bedroom; the floors of the two large rooms are to be mended. Thornton's study and baby's room are the only two that are quite ready for us, so we are able to put those two in order.

We have a tapal man who goes into Madura three times every week and brings out our bread and butter and letters, papers, etc. He starts at light in the morning and travels his 13 miles, and back again, by evening and does not seem tired the next day. It is wonderful how the people can travel on foot in this country.

As soon as we have a little resting spell, we shall draw out and send you a plan of our house and grounds and try to give our descriptions as closely as possible so that you can have a better idea of our station.

Baby grows every day and seems to be improving, though his ears are still sore and the sores all over his body irritate him very much. He wants to keep scratching all the time and cries hard when we stop him. I presume the heat increases the irritation. He is so amusing, I am sure you would love to see him. He is a great deal of company for me when Thornton is away. I don't know what I should do without him. I hope he may be spared to us. I use sweet oil and water made from the chumane for his sores, and it seems to relieve him very much indeed.

I have just been writing to Mother and I will ask her to pass on this letter to you, for I have told her all about a snake from whom Thornton had a very narrow escape. It was a great cause for thanksgiving on my part.

Monday, August 3rd

Thornton killed another snake this morning, a viper. We have been obliged to leave some boxes, in which our goods were packed, on one end of the veranda and right before our bedroom window. As Thornton looked out of the window before he was up, he saw this little creature on those boxes lift up its head and look in. Thornton got a stick and killed it instantly. We have to keep sticks in every room in the house for that purpose. Just a few moments before Thornton killed the snake, I had been to the window and opened the blinds wide and, as it was yet quite dark, I should not have been able to see him if he had been there, especially when it is a little dark.

I wish you could have heard Thornton address the children. Yesterday he talked right along so smooth and nice. No one would have believed he had been in the country only 1 ¼ years. He went with Mr. Capron to visit one of his villages the other day, and he made an address to them that Mr. Capron could honestly believe was extempore. He told me it could not have been better, which is saying a great deal, for Mr. Capron's one of the best linguists and missionaries and is one who would not flatter.

Wednesday, August 5th

We have our trials here that you at home know nothing of (by experience, I mean). I went to move a box today that had stood in one place perhaps four days, and under it I found that these white ants¹²⁶ had come up through the floor and eaten through my matting. Three times during the last two weeks I have been troubled in the same way. We have frames made for all our trunks and boxes to stand upon, so that they are lifted $\frac{3}{4}$ of a foot perhaps from the floor, but, as we are so upside down, we have been unable to fix our things properly and this is the result. Four holes right in a nice new mat—that is, it is only 2 or 3 months old. The white ants are very destructive in this way.

Last Saturday we heard that there was to be a car drawn not far from us, so in the afternoon Thornton and I took a walk to see it. It was comparatively small and contained the idol and one Brahmin and was decorated with flags and plantain leaves. Great clumsy wheels that made it anything but easy to draw. A black elephant walked before and the people dragged the car after it. They could only draw it a very short distance and then stop to rest, it was so heavy. When they got opposite us they stopped and the head man came and said salaam to us, and all the people stopped to look at us. We seemed to be more interesting than their god. Thornton had to tell them to go on before they would leave us. I was a little bit afraid of them. They looked so fierce and came round us so close. But I know there was no cause for worry, for they all seemed to be quite pleased to have us come to see it. But the general effect of such a scare is so, almost, frightful—their bodies all smeared with sacred ashes or paint or both, and their tomtoms and pipes making such a frightful racket, all shouting at the tops of their lungs. Thornton said afterwards that the most painful part of such things was that the greater part of those drawing the car were children.

I think with you, dear Mother, that a kind, steady hand raising a child is much better than to leave it to itself. It makes the child much happier, as well as all around it. Thornton is a great help to me, for although my will is good enough, I don't feel as though I had experience enough to go ahead without advice. I am glad Thornton understands such things. Some husbands are no help in that direction and are often a great hindrance. Please give a great deal of love to Brother Charles and Sister Sarah and Sister Josephine—we hope she is better than when we last heard. My love to Lizzie Bateham¹²⁷—I do not recollect her married name. With a great deal of love to yourself and Father, I am,

Your affectionate daughter,
L. E. Penfield

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Tirupúvanam
August 9th, 1868

Dearest Mother,

I am in receipt of yours dated July 11th. It is an unspeakable pleasure here, so far from home, to hear as regularly as we do from you. I have come to the conclusion to take time within

¹²⁶ Probably termites.

¹²⁷ Lizzie was one of Thornton's sister Josephine's daughters.

the first 10 days of each month to write you at least a few lines. I had thought to find time within the last week to start a letter, but the Sabbath has come and I find myself still to commence the letter. So I will try to make the letter touch only on topics suitable to the day.

Well, to begin, I have today preached my first extempore Tamil sermon. It is quite a long step ahead for me. I got on well enough to greatly encourage me and to lead me to try again within three or four weeks. I think I made myself understood all the time. The discourse was far too plentifully supplied with mistakes to give me much comfort. I have no doubt that it will be with this as with extempore prayer and that, with practice, I shall gain command of the forms of language I wish to employ.

We have Sabbath School at 9 and Service at 10 ½, as at Oberlin. I have, for the present, the assistance of one of the native pastors, by name Henry Zilva. He is what is called an East Indian, occupying by birth the same relation to the white race and the natives of India as the mulatto does to the white and negro race. He is a great help to me, especially on the Sabbath. I have told him that, with the assistance of my munshi, I would take charge of the Sabbath School. But I have committed to him the Sabbath Services, merely reserving to myself the privilege of filling the pulpit occasionally. He seems to have entered into the arrangement heartily. In the Sabbath School I have given him the class of servants to teach while his wife teaches the women.

The children of two day schools supported by the Mission are required to attend Sabbath School, and they, sitting cross legged in the body of the church, constitute the main part of the nucleus about which we hope in time to gather something of a congregation. The gate directly in front of the main entrance to the church is open during service, and occasionally a few passers-by turn in and stand in the vestibule a few minutes, listening to the singing or other exercises in progress.

Monday

Yesterday was my darling Lottie's birthday. Miss Smith is spending a few days with us to help celebrate the occasion.

I am about as busy as can well be expected upon repairs on the outbuildings and servants' houses, which sadly needed it, as well as some pretty extensive repairs on the house itself. Among these latter I have already mended some serious leaks in our flat roof and have re-laid the floors of four rooms and of the greater part of the front verandah. Our floors are made by mortar laid over brick and washed with very thick whitewash, and rubbed long and hard while still wet.

I am sorry to say that I have not yet answered the letter I received, while on the hills, from Smith. I have ever since been exceedingly busy and have not found the time I need for this purpose. Please tell him, when you next write, that I enjoyed his letter very much and mean to answer soon. From your last, I learn his intention of spending the fall in France and think it very likely he would be there before a letter written now could reach him, and I do not know his address there. Hence, I give up any idea of writing him just now. All the news you send about my dear Mary is devoured with eagerness. You cannot write too much about her to me. I have received her letter and intend to answer soon, though I have not time now.

Affectionately your son,
T. B. Penfield

I notice what you say about Mary's birthday being the 2nd of February. We now have a large Tamil Bible. I wish to inscribe in it the date of Nellie's birth and death, as we have of

Mary's birth. Will you kindly send me the dates? My first wedding day was, I believe, the 26th of August, 1858, was it not?

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Letter #25 – Received November 4th, had a passage of 49 days. Mailed September 15th)

Madura

Tuesday, August 25th, 1868

My own darling ones at home,

I mailed a letter to you a little over a week ago, and now I begin again. We came into Madura last Tuesday to consult the doctor about baby. We were feeling so anxious about him. The doctor seemed to think him a very sick baby and said I must stay here for some days so that he could see him every day or so. At first he tried Grey's Powder and aromatic powder, but that sickened him so that he said to discontinue the medicine and give him a change of diet as soon as possible. He recommended an ammah (wet nurse); therefore, I sent out servants in all directions to find one. I had the unusual good fortune to find one very readily who engaged to give her baby (4 months old) to another woman to nurse and come to me. She stays with me all the time, day and night; I give her food, clothes, and 5 rupees a month, with the promise of 1 rupee extra for every month she has stayed if she does well and makes me no trouble. Last Saturday I began with baby, and O what a day it was. The doctor said he thought probably I would have some trouble to make him nurse, as the result proved. I gave baby a good meal from his bottle to start him, at half-past six in the morning, and three hours after, I put him to the ammah's breast. Since he has been sick he does not want to go to anyone but Mary or me, and to have him go to a stranger and above all to depend on her for his living, as Miss Smith says, was more than he could take. He pushed and kicked with all his might and screamed at the top of his voice. We made him stay there a little while and squeezed some of the milk into his mouth to show him what was there, and then took him away. We repeated the process every little while all day, and O, it was so pitiful. He would see me carry him towards the ammah and he would begin to cry and cling to me with all his might. I would lay him in her lap and talk to him and try to sooth him, and he would turn away from her and stretch out his little arms to me and cry so sadly. His resistance grew less and less every time and his indignation turned more and more to grief. By afternoon he was very hungry and would stretch out his little hands and kick his little feet whenever he saw anything that resembled his bottle and open his little birdlike mouth so earnestly. I gave him water very often and gave him the chance to nurse every little while, but no. O it was so hard. I cried and he cried all day long. He would not even go to Mary but clung to me all day, but I thought it best to be decided and not give up with the battle half won unless I was satisfied it could not be done and intended giving up the ammah entirely. There was no use in losing the day's training and making baby and me go through another day of such agony as that was, so I determined to persevere until I was satisfied the thing could not be done or baby yielded. Well, he stood it out until 11 o'clock at night, when he took hold as if he were half starved, sobbing all the time, and crying if I let go of his hand. So he nursed, and I held his little hand. O how thankful I was! I had prayed so earnestly all day that I might conquer and that I might do what was right and neither hold out too long or yield too soon. Besides, Thornton was not here to help me bear my sorrow. I felt most sick at night and, as baby did not yield, I sent for [Thornton] to come to me, for I wanted his support as well as advice. He came at half past 12

Saturday night, just in time to hear the joyful news. Baby went without food 17 hours. Now Mary must go to rice and I must take baby.

September 3rd

I have thought of you all very often, but I have been so busy that I could scarcely find time to write. Baby and I are still in Madura, and shall not think of returning until after the September Meeting. Baby is better, his eyes seem quite straight now. But O what trouble I have had. The ammah made me an endless amount of trouble about all sorts of things and finally left me without a moment's warning. I gave her her wages up to the first of September one morning, and when I sent for her to come and nurse baby she was nowhere to be found—so I was obliged to return to cows and sago. I shall try a goat before I try to find another ammah. I do hope I can get along without one. I do hope I can, for they are very expensive and, as they think you cannot get along without them, are very independent and make no end of trouble. Baby worried a great deal and often kept me up almost all night with him and, as Thornton was not here to help me, I have had a very hard time.

Friday, September 4th

I expect Thornton here tomorrow. O how glad I shall be to see him, and I know he will be glad to see baby and me. He says he is very lonely, and he looked forlorn one day when I went out and right in again to get a few things that baby and I needed. How happy we shall be to be together again. I do miss his support so much when he is away.

We are all very anxious about Miss Smith. She certainly is much worse than a month ago—suffers from a very deep seated pain in her left lung all the time. The doctor had not said anything very definite about her until yesterday, when he called Mr. Chandler aside and told him that, unless the pain was soon cured, her case was merely a matter of time. I fear nothing can be done for her. She is very cheerful and pleasant but will not write home when she is poorly because she wants to give a good account of herself when she does. She just told me that she had not written for 4 weeks and she believed she must. Poor girl—we all do love her so much. I don't see how we could spare her. I hope we may not be called to do so. She is especially dear to me, for she is so like Fannie when Fannie and I used to sit down together and have a nice talk or work. It would almost seem like losing another sister to be parted from her. People have recovered who were much worse than she is, so we all hope and pray. She has a beautiful little pony and rides every morning and evening.

Your dear letters up to Number 45 have all come and I cannot tell you how much we prize them or what a comfort they are to us. I hope to hear the glad news that Mother's arm is quite well in every letter. It is so hard to have her suffer so all the time. I am glad you are having such a pleasant little visit home. I put the shrub right in my Bible and mean always to keep it there. I thank my darling sister very much. Also our warm thanks please for the fruit you are putting up for us. Now goodbye, I must run to dinner.

What a racket we do have here in Madura every night between 3 and 5 o'clock—they have tomtoms beat in the temple to wake up the gods, especially Meenarchshi whose temple it is.

Saturday, September 5th

Thornton came last night at 12 o'clock. I was up feeding baby when he came. I was so glad to have him with us once more. Baby knew him right away and laughed so happy at him.

Baby certainly improves very much. We have the promise of a goat tomorrow. I do hope we can get it, for I do not like to keep baby on cow's milk any longer than I can help.

Miss Smith is writing home today and says she will write to her friends all about herself. The Mission will spare no expense for her recovery or her comfort. It is very hard for her to give up her work, but we all think she should give herself up to the pursuit of health and nothing else. Mrs. Chandler has been very kind to me while I have been in Madura and I really love her very much. We are all upside down today varnishing and cleaning for the meeting. Last year this time I was as busy as anyone, but now I am visitor and not lady of the house. Mr. Hazen came down from the hills yesterday after a stay of three or four months and seems much better. Will you please to read the enclosed note and then seal it and give it to the owner.

Tuesday, September 8th

Today is the great day when all are gathering for the meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor came in this morning—they are to stop with Mr. Hazen. More are expected this evening. We have a goat for baby now, with two pretty little kids. Baby still is on the gain and seems much better.

I intended telling you about a feast that was held here in Madura a while ago. I should have written about it at the time, but all I could do then was to take care of baby. It was a feast to Tidliar, the god of learning—sometimes called the belly god—because he is always made with an immense belly and has the head of an elephant. At the time of the feast each man buys a new god (swami) for the family for the year, and all fast from morning to night. At night all feast. We were out in the city on the morning of the feast day, and we saw so many carrying home gods of all sorts and kinds, large and small, gilt and stone and plaster. They have many performances in the evening. I believe one of them is to take the god to the river and bathe him. Just before I left Tirupúvanam, a woman came to me and wanted ½ anna. She said her daughter had had 4 babies and all have died and now she had her fifth born the evening before. She said if I would give her so much money with my own hand she would have a hole made in its nose and then it would live, but if I did not, it would die just as the others had. I told her she was very foolish and that I thought the baby would be more likely to die if there was a hole put in its nose than not, and that no one but God could make it live, and she must go and ask Him. She talked a long time and finally I gave her the half anna and told her to go and buy something for her baby and not make a hole in its nose.

Well, now I believe I will close and send this letter off, for I know from what Thornton wrote last you will be very anxious to hear about baby. Thornton has a very painful boil under his right arm so that it is almost useless; so, if you will please send this letter to Oberlin to let them know why his letter is not forthcoming, we will be very much obliged to you. With very much love to one and all from us three, I am

Your loving
Lottie

(I will not number this letter, for I forget how I stand, and my account is at home.)

MDPCowles to Penfields

Oberlin
August 25th, 1868

My dear children,

My monthly letter to you has unavoidably been deferred two weeks later than I intended. Our Committee this year was on the 4th or 5th of August instead of the 4th Wednesday, as formerly, and was preceded by a two weeks' meeting of the Theological Alumni, several members of which we entertained at our house a great portion of the time so that, after the usual care, labor, and excitement of Committee was over, I found myself considerably exhausted. Then my old disease of the heart set in and I have been almost prostrated by it, but am again improving. I had pretty good hired help, though she was young, and all the care fell upon me. I attended very many of the Alumni meetings and found them so deeply interesting that my enjoyment prevented my realizing the extent of my fatigue. Many a time in the course of the meetings I exclaimed mentally, "O, that Thornton and John¹²⁸ could be here among them."

John was needing rest so much that he did not adventure himself here until all was again quiet. Not that his physical strength could not endure it, for his general health is quite good, but his diseased jaw is still very troublesome. Everything which excites the mind much makes it worse; his preaching causes a good deal of suffering, and even common conversation or the masticating of his food irritates the diseased part. The paralysis of his underlip continues, and one cheek is permanently enlarged forward of and below the ear. It is not, however, very observable, being covered mostly by beard and mustache. He spent two days of last week here, is now in Cleveland, and will be here again tonight or tomorrow to spend a few days more in resting. If he learns that his pulpit can be supplied, he will spend next Sabbath here in order to meet Sarah¹²⁹ who, with her husband and children, designs to spend the Sabbath in Oberlin on their way home from Maine, where they have been visiting. Charles¹³⁰ and his wife¹³¹ and Freddy are visiting in Painsville. Josephine¹³² has a third son, nearly three weeks old, and is comfortably well though not very strong yet.

Minnie¹³³ has been with us four weeks and expects to remain through the Fall term and study in the Institution. I hear her and Mary every day in Mental Arithmetic now, but soon the term will commence in the Institution and also in the Union School, and then I shall not teach them. Mary's term in piano music ends at the same time. Her two courses of writing lessons closed more than a week ago. Though Minnie is four years the oldest, they have some grand times playing together and occasionally little difficulties. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider that Mary has very seldom had her will brought into contact with that of any other child, as Uncle Charles' children are all inclined to pet her, and Minnie, being the eldest of four sisters, has had her own way with them and directed everything. I think it will be a good discipline for both of them, and I am glad to have it under my own eye and supervision. Mary's health is excellent, and her Grandpa says he is surprised constantly at the vast amount of mental and muscular life and energy she exhibits. Her temper is as quick as her father's was and I hope she will be able to govern it after a while as thoroughly as he did. It never lasts many minutes, and then she is so sorry and so loving that our forgiveness follows as a matter of course. She is very

¹²⁸ Thornton's step-brother John G. Cowles. A tumor in his cheek eventually forced his retirement from the ministry. He had been serving in Saginaw, Michigan.

¹²⁹ Thornton's step-sister Sarah Cowles Little

¹³⁰ Thornton's brother Charles Penfield

¹³¹ Sarah Ann Dutton Penfield

¹³² Thornton's sister Josephine Penfield Bateham

¹³³ Josephine's daughter, and Mary Penfield's cousin, Minnie Bateham

happy about her little brother and contemplates his photograph with renewed interest each time. We are much pleased with the pictures of your brother and sister missionaries and intend getting both groups framed soon. I had hoped to have another letter from you before mailing this but probably shall not. Your father is now in Cincinnati attending to the plates from Isaiah¹³⁴, which is probably half through the press. Money comes in slowly from sales of the volumes already out, but your father is not in the least discouraged and is as happy in his work as ever. His health is very good indeed.

We have been having trouble with our hired girl. She had been with us two or three months and was good help, but we found she would steal. We thought for some time that she only took eatables, and I talked with her about it and she promised to do better, but by and by we began to miss articles of clothing, bedding, etc., as well as curiosities from the parlor. Some of the things we afterward saw or found in her possession, but the most valuable we get no clue to. But the article we feel the worst about is Mary's nest of boxes from India with its contents. She utterly denies having taken it, and we are unable to prove it, though we have no doubts in regard to it. We dismissed her and have now in her place an Irish-Catholic girl only a few weeks in America, five and twenty years, perhaps, though she don't know. Pleasant, quiet, and faithful, though of course ignorant of our manner of doing work. I do hope you will answer Smith's¹³⁵ letter without delay. If you cannot do so without omitting mine, you may do that, but in that case do you, Lottie, just write me a few lines yourself so that I may know how you all are. You don't know how much we long for a letter from India and how eagerly we read and re-read. I wish we might depend on one a month. That is my rule for writing you and Smith, likewise.

Your mother,
M. D. P. Cowles

TBPenfield to NGClark

Madura
Sept. 12, 1868

Dear Brother,

You will be glad, doubtless, to know that a station has been assigned me and that I have already entered upon the duties and responsibilities of the situation. Tirupúvanam, from which we now hail, is but 12 miles from Madura, a pleasant place with room enough for our most earnest labors. My time has hitherto been pretty fully occupied with overseeing needed repairs on the house and outbuildings. This taken in connection with the sickness of our babe prevented my joining Mr. Herrick on the itinerancy as appointed a month or two since. The illness of our little one at length became so alarming that it seemed best with no further delay to secure the best medical advice within reach and accordingly some three or four weeks before the September meeting (now in session) I took my wife and child to Madura where they remained till the meeting. The babe is now so much improved in health that we hope to return in a few days to our station.

With the assistance of one of the native pastors who, by a temporary arrangement has been [helping?] me, I have been able to establish and maintain public worship on the Sabbath.

¹³⁴ Dr. Cowles wrote reference works about various books of the Bible.

¹³⁵ Thornton's brother Smith N. Penfield

Hitherto, besides the servants and their families on the mission compound, the children of the two schools which I found in operation when I took charge of the station, together with their teacher, have regularly attended the preaching services and the Sabbath School which follows. One of the schools is in the village of Puthur, less than half a mile from the station but the other¹³⁶ is about three miles off and the children are complaining of so long a walk to be taken on the Sabbath morning and again when at noon they return to their village.

I have visited the congregation at Esali twice and am getting acquainted with this branch of our work. The catechist with this congregation seems to be a faithful man and has most patiently drilled both old and young in the catechisms.

I have begun extempore preaching though with much hesitation and many mistakes. Still one must make a beginning, and, as it is said, practice makes perfect. My munshi is of great service, not only as an aid toward acquainting [me with] the language of the people, but also in teaching the Sabbath School and instructing the helpers of my station.

Through pressure of business and sickness in my family I have not had time to write as fully as I have wished.

With love to yourself and kind remembrances to your family, believe me as ever

Yours Sincerely,
T.B. Penfield

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #54
102 West 29th St., New York
September 26th, 1868

My dear daughter,

Our box by the bark Robert is off. I was not able to go down into the extension to see it packed but went into the front bedroom and watched it taken down the steps and put into the wagon, and then my eyes rested upon it as long as it was in sight. Many prayers have gone with it for its safe passage across the great deep and safe delivery into your hands. If your next letter would only come, we might yet send anything that was lacking in time to go by the same vessel, and perhaps we might get instructions about the big carriage, but I fear we shall be disappointed. A letter came from Mrs. Cowles day before yesterday, asking if we had heard recently. I shall defer answering until Tuesday, when it will be seven weeks, in hopes I shall have some good news to communicate.

I was interrupted here, and now it is the fifth of October and I am sick and unable to go to the meeting at Norwich. It is a sore disappointment, I assure you, but it is all right. I am just writing these few lines in bed. My heart is full of love to you all, and may the blessing of the Lord, which maketh such and addeth no sorrow, be yours evermore. If that letter would only come today it would almost make me well. If I had the dear baby on the bed, it would cheer me wonderfully, but in the absence of all this earthly comfort, I turn my eyes above and realize that up there there is no disappointment, no sickness, no heart longings. God bless you, Thornton, Lottie, and little Thornton.

¹³⁶ Piramanur.

Your loving Mother,
M. I. Hubbard

P.S. If this is too heavy we shall send Willie Broadnax' letter next time. Much love to Miss Smith and Miss Pollock.

TBPenfield to Cowles

Tirupúvanam
October 8th, 1868

To the dear ones at home,

How much we should give for a sight of your faces or the sound of your cheery voices here in far off India. The sights and sounds that greet us here are all so unlike home that often, by their contrast with the pictures of memory, they carry us back to Dear America, doubly dear now that she seems so distant and, for the present, quite inaccessible. At the same time, we find ourselves strangely drawn out in love for the dark people of this land.

They have many most interesting traits, among which simplicity of mind and manners is prominent. I allude mainly now to the lower classes, for I have had yet very little acquaintance with the upper of this country.

You would have been pleased yesterday, could you have been a witness of our visit from Kuppa PIRLLI and a little girl, his grandchild, I believe. I had often heard of him as a friend of the Mission and a patron, in a small way, of the school at Piramanúr, (one of the two schools still in progress within the limits of the Tirupúvanam Station), but he had been away both times that I had visited the school. Lottie and I were sitting in the study a little after dinner when a stranger whose short mustache was sprinkled with gray made his appearance at the door. Without uttering a word, he raised his hands towards his face and bowed his head till his finger tips touched his forehead. This was his salaam (and a profound one, too); then he advanced slowly and respectfully and poured out of his hands, as if from a dish, two limes (the sign of friendship and goodwill) into my hand and then, turning to Mrs. Penfield in the same way, gave her a lime, too. Of course we acknowledged our present with bows and smiles and requested our visitor to be seated, with which request he at once complied, sitting down upon the carpet or mat (with which our plaster floors are covered) and, gathering up his feet (a la mode Turk), as is customary here, gave utterance to one word only, his first since entering: "Piramanúr." This is the Tamil way of saying, "I live in Piramanúr." I at once surmised who he was and entered on a most pleasant conversation with him about the interests of the school in his village, etc., etc.

Meantime, the little girl who had come with him had followed his example and, gathering about her, as best she could, the scant and sole piece of cloth that fastened around her body at the waist, reaching about to her knees, she curled up herself by his side as demure and quiet as a little pussy cat, and there she sat till we asked if she could read, when, at our request, she spelt out about half a dozen words, showing that she knows her letters and something of their powers. She seems quite anxious to learn and promises to come to Mrs. Penfield's school, which is to be opened on her verandah in a week or two. You may expect to hear of this school again soon. It is intended mostly for the children of our catechists and servants and is to be taught under Mrs. Penfield's supervision by the wife of my munshi.

I have of late been much interested in the case of a young Mohamedan who is sick. He had been, for about a month, in the hands of a native doctor and at last was given over as marked for death. As a last resort, I was called in. I found him in a burning fever, with a dry, deep-seated cough. This was about a week ago. He is not well yet, but his symptoms are now quite favorable. He seemed like one who had been poisoned. I learned that his doctor had given him arsenic and a red preparation of mercury in considerable quantities. We have made this case a subject of special prayer, as it may, in God's hand, make for us a favorable introduction to the people of this village, with whom, as yet, (with very few exceptions) we have not been brought in contact. I am beginning to fear, however, that the young man has consumption, in which case I cannot hope for a full recovery, I suppose.

You will naturally be anxious to learn of our own health and welfare. One month ago I was suffering with a group of three large boils under my right arm so that I could not write you. Before getting quite rid of that trouble, I had four like them under the other arm. Within a week I have a new lease of boils. At the first census there were four dozen of them on different parts of my legs, body, arms, and forehead. There are now something over half a hundred for, though some have dried up and disappeared, more have come than gone. They are mostly of the nature of cat-boils, as I believe we used to call them, and vary from a pin head to a grape in size. The most troublesome ones, as well as the greatest number, are on my legs between the knees and the ankles. In order to be at all comfortable, I have my feet in a chair opposite me now as I write you. Lottie, who has just come in from the other room, has just now a very severe boil on her right arm, which prevents her writing. Previously, she had, in succession, two very sore boils on the right hand, which had to be lanced and poulticed. Baby's boils are not nearly as many or troublesome now as they were for months. In fact, he looks and acts more as babies ought than he has for many months.

He has yet but two teeth, but he sits alone and amuses himself by the half hour with a rag doll and other playthings. He is beginning now to be shy of strangers. Perhaps all the more, as his ayah had to leave him last month on account of measles in her family, and a strange girl had to take her place. He is now pretty well wonted to Savaréai and Mary will not return again for family reasons. We are very sorry to lose her for few would do as well and, perhaps, all things taken into the account, none better than she, but she could not remain longer now. She bade us goodbye today and goes tomorrow to Dindigul to join her husband, our former Matey, who is at present employed as butler or head servant for an Englishman connected with the government.

I am reminded by Lottie to express again our gratitude for the excellent fruit prepared and sent by Mother.

We fear that some of our letters to you have miscarried, as Mother says she has never heard from the fruit and we feel sure we have mentioned it two or three times already, though in this it is possible we may be mistaken. It all came nicely, and we shall be happy to receive more whenever it can be spared without inconvenience.

I preached extempore last Sabbath on the last verse of the third chapter of John and got on much better than I had dared to hope. Expect to try again next Sabbath. Please tell my dear Mary that her father thinks of her with a great deal of love every day. I intend writing her soon.

Lottie joins me in much love to you all.

As ever,
Yours affectionately,
T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

(Received December 29th with one enclosed for Gennie and Emmie. Box by Eastern Star arrived, much joy. Last date October 30. Passage 59 days)

Letter #28

Tirupúvanam

October 17, 1868

My own darling Fannie,

I am going to write to you this time, just because I feel like it. I have been writing to Gennie and Emmie and Annie Angell today and hurried to get them all done so that I could write to you with comfort. I should have written before this, this being evening, but baby has been very worrisome today and only seemed to find relief after Thornton lanced his coming tooth. Poor little fellow, he has just lost all his supper. I am sure I cannot imagine why, unless it was wind brought it up. But he has gone to sleep again now, darling little boy; he looks so clean and pure and innocent—he is the greatest comfort possible to me. Thornton insists on banishing me entirely tonight and letting him take care of baby, and he won't even let me sleep with them because he says my sleep will be interrupted. So I have my choice of bedrooms and, as it is easier to take care of baby in the usual place, I shall sleep all alone in the guest chamber.

I have thought sixty times today that I would give almost anything to have you with me tonight. I believe I am a little bit homesick lately—it does seem as if I had been gone so long, I do so long to see you all again. I am so tired of seeing heathen all round me. Thornton says he doesn't wonder I feel so, and it is not at all strange. You know I don't want to come home and I really am very happy here and am interested in the work, but my life at home does look so bright, and the remembrance of you all is so dear, that sometimes I feel as if I should take little and big Thornton and fly to you. I could not possibly come without them, you know. Thornton says he thinks I need more sleep than I have had right lately. He could not help me on account of his lame feet, but now that he is better I am going to have his help again. I am not sure but that he is right; perhaps I do need a little more rest. I believe I have taken cold in my face, for I have face ache tonight. I miss Mother's gentle rubbings that used to help me so much. I think I shall try Jaye's liniment on it. I am tired enough to sleep well tonight, so I think I will close for this evening. I wish Fannie and I were to sleep together again "as of old"—how delightful it would be, but I begin to feel that I never shall be a girl again, and if I did not have Thornton I should feel terribly about it. Goodnight, my own darling sister.

Monday, October 19th

Well, now I am going to take your last letter and ask all the questions I can about it. In the first place, where did Father find the two boys you spoke of? Are they (John and Frank) Home children,¹³⁷ and where did they come from? Do you hear anything from Libbie Thompson? Is Auntie going to board with you in New York? I do most heartily wish you were here to help me with baby, not that I need help much now, but for the pleasure it would be to you and me. I cannot imagine anything half so nice as to have you all here with us.

The other day I made quite a discovery in the garden, two nice little mulberry trees. So you see I shall have mulberries, too; there was some fruit on the trees already. I hope you will

¹³⁷ Orphans or foundlings from the Home for the Friendless.

see Julia. You must write me all about it; how I should love to be with you. If I could only pick berries with you once more.

I would have given a great deal to see Father and Mother on their trip down in the lots and caught in the rain. I almost wish I had been along. But I am not so quick as I used to be, so I am not sure but that Mother would have beaten me in the race for the house. I tried to [run] just the least bit in the morning the other day and it shook me terribly. I begin to realize that my youthful days are over.

Tell Auntie that little wrappers are of great service in this country, more so than at home, I think, so her present for baby will be most acceptable. I am sorry we are not remembered at the monthly concerts.¹³⁸ I will be sure to speak of it in my next letters home, but I almost expected it. Mother must remember that they don't love me as well as she does, and "out of sight is out of mind" too often. Please give a great deal of love to Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Wheeler for me. I often think of them, and tell Mrs. Wheeler I read a little verse from the little book she gave me every day. I thank them for remembering me. I think baby [seems] large for six weeks—everyone said so. I want to have another [picture] taken now while he is a year old, and shall embrace the first opportunity. He is so sweet now, his little face is so fair and innocent, but such things do not half show in a picture; they are so empty and blank, after all. But far better than nothing. You see we have to take our chance with wandering artists who come here to take pictures of temple scenes, etc.

Our station is very much run down. At present we have but two church members, and one of them is to be disciplined as soon as our church is in running order. There has been no resident missionary here for 4 or 5 years and no one can properly overlook a station at the distance of 18 miles and in addition to their own. Well, I must run and lie down a few minutes before dinner.

October 21st, Wednesday

It is almost 12 o'clock now, and at 2 I have my women's meeting, so I have only a little time to write, for I must lie down a little while. O such damp, rainy weather as we are having, just the weather to keep my face tender and send it aching on the slightest provocation. I have to keep baby well protected in high neck and long sleeves, aprons and a little flannel sack outside that. He is fast asleep now, little pet. Before he went to sleep he laid on his bed and, when I kissed him before leaving him for the ayah to put him to sleep, he looked up into my face and laughed so sweetly and began to talk like a little bird, so I left him talking. He talks a great deal lately—says "maben" and "ing" and "bab" and draws in his breath, making a great sound in his throat and, when we do so, he is delighted and says it over and over again. Yesterday he took to squealing at the top of his voice, and it seemed to amuse him wonderfully.

Our servants are all busy making arrowroot. It is some grown in our own garden. They dig the root, grate it, and wash until perfectly clear, straining through many waters, and then they lay the stick parts on a sheet to dry. Ours has come out just as nice and white and fine as possible. I wish you could have some. I think Father would be frightened at the amount of pepper and hot things we take in this country. When I first came, I could not begin to eat the common curry, but now I can hardly get them hot enough. I think a dinner of rice and hot curry the nicest dinner we have. When I come home I intend bringing some curry stuffs and letting you see how nice it is. One of the principle ingredients of curry is red peppers in abundance.

¹³⁸ Prayer gatherings, in which participants pray in concert for stated needs.

Rice and curry is one of the most healthy dishes in this country; we always have plantains or tamarinds with it, or both, and it is so nice. I am drawing a plan of our house to send you. It hope it is clear enough to give you a little idea of it.

October 22nd

Two years ago today and I was not married. I wonder if I really was unmarried; it doesn't seem so—it seems as if I had always been married. Your most welcome letter Number 52 came yesterday. We devoured the contents most eagerly. We had one from Mrs. Cowles and little Mary, too. How I laughed at Fannie's idea of me in bonnet and little hats. One little hat a year is all I need. I would so seldom need a bonnet that it would not be worth the expense. I think I would like one of those linen hats for Thornton that she speaks of, but gentlemen in this country wear pith hats mostly, which are very light and cool, this shape: a washbowl upside down with a frame inside to keep the head from touching the top of the hat. Thornton is wearing his second already.

How kind of Mrs. Taylor to think of me when she has any little clothes to spare. If any ladies speak of this thing, please tell them that, if they have any old things prettily made that are either worn or grown out, please send them to me for patterns, for there is no other baby boy in the Mission, the youngest child being a girl almost 4 years old, so that I am left quite to myself for designs of any kind. The ladies are all very kind and let me take whatever there may be left to look at, but most are very old fashioned.

How I should have liked to have seen Julia. I hope she will come and spend the Sabbath with you. She will fully appreciate your attention to her and she is worth her weight in gold. She always was anxious to see New York City. I hope she will have the chance now. Mr. Burnell was touring near here and ran in to give us an hour's call this morning and he was very much pleased with all you wrote of Julia. I think you will like them. I will write you all about them before they go home so that you will know what to expect.

I am afraid I did not write you anything about the eclipse. It happened just about the time baby was so sick and I was most occupied with him. It was only partial here, and by looking through smoked glasses we could see the sun in this shape, the rest being obscured by the moon. The birds made a great noise and seemed quite bothered. The light was very peculiar and pleasant. The natives say it is two serpents fighting for the sun, each trying to swallow it, and when the eclipse takes place they think one has succeeded in the attempt.

Baby worries a great deal now. I don't think he is quite well; teething, I suppose.

Thursday, October 29th

Your generous gifts from the Eastern Star reached us after tea Tuesday evening, and I can only say that we do thank you very much indeed. All are beautiful and came safely and are just what we need and want. Yesterday after prayers, Thornton told all the servants to remain, and we gave them each cloth for a jacket from you and [gave] Pastor Zilva and our munshi one of those little book slates each. All were delighted. They all said when I wrote to my Father and Mother to tell them “rumba salaam” (plenty salaams) from each of them. The package had been ripped open at the rooms and all packed nicely in a strong wooden box. The box came while we were sitting at the table after tea and writing—I drawing on my plan of our house for you—but we instantly set to work to finish all necessary duties for the evening and then got at the box. We had to get off two tapal men, ours and Mrs. Capron's, each way, and then I did my last duties for the night in baby's room, etc.

Then Thornton took the box out of doors so that the hammering should not wake baby, and O what a feast we had! He undid the packages while I folded up the paper and tied up the strings, and then we examined the contents together. I assure you it was delightful. I only wish we had had each of you here to enjoy with us. The chain is beautiful, and I feel so comfortable to be wearing one like Fannie's. Baby's hat was much too large, but yesterday I had the tailor rip it, and Thornton sewed it all over and I trimmed it up again so that now it looks just as neat and sweet on him as possible and just fits him. The cloth is most acceptable now, but I think we can buy cheaper here. Please tell me if you remember what you paid for it. The flannels are beautiful; the red especially is so fine and soft. I shall keep both a while until I need to use them. Baby has a little hooded cloak (red flannel) and a sack of the same that I bought of a lady who had some come out from England. I bought about 2 ½ yards, but the color is yellow-red and coarse—yours is as much better as can be. The blanket is beautiful and so is the pony. I shall keep the latter for little Thornton when he grows older. I have been wishing for a lot of ruffling ever so long—how did you know it? The tidies, nets, aprons, and everything else is so nice. I shall write to Alice McLaughlin next time, and Leilia soon. I am so glad of the books. I was wishing only a day or two ago that I had something new to read. The slates are just in time for my school, for I have concluded not to begin until the first of the month (November). The prunells look very inviting, and we shall test their goodness soon. I don't remember ever having eaten any. I am so glad of the pinking iron. My tailor had to cut out baby's cloak and, although he made it look very nice, yet it is much less trouble and looks much nicer when done with an iron. Fannie's hat—I really feel proud under it—I wanted one very much, and this will do nicely. The kid for baby's shoes will do nicely. I don't want many pairs for him, only to fill out the chinks. I much prefer those made at home—I cannot get them made nicely here.

I cannot begin to think of half, but all was so nice. It pleased my women who came to see everything very much indeed. How natural the old shawls look. I wish I could feel sure that Father and Mother and Fannie have such nice things as you send us. You look out so well for our comfort that I am afraid you neglect yourselves.

Baby is bright and happy as ever—will walk soon, I think. He is so active that he will not be easy any time at all. Must have something to do all the whole time.

The cards and little books are very valuable to us for gifts.

Goodbye lovingly,
Lottie

MDPCowles to Penfields

Oberlin
October 17th, 1868

My dear children,

Your last letters written in July and August arrived and met with a joyful welcome last week, Friday, and on Wednesday following I received from your Mother Hubbard what she had just received from you. No earthly thing brings us such joy as letters from India. Not but that we love the other children just as much, but in general it is not such a rarity to hear from them, and they are all in Christianized lands and surrounded with acquaintances and friends. It is a great pleasure to us to learn that you are so soon located in a station by yourselves, not because it

will be pleasanter for you, but because you are now in the way to accomplish the work for which you forsook home and friends and civilized society. I dare say it will require long and hard study to acquire readiness and fluency in the use of that language which is to be your principal medium of communicating truth to those around you. But I trust, as you acquire knowledge with considerable facility, you will be equally successful in imparting it to others.

I think you must have had a very narrow escape from that terrible snake, and perhaps you all have somewhat similar perils when you are not aware of them. My anxieties for you are a little increased since reading that account.

But my sympathies are much excited for dear little Thornton, and I wish I could tell you how to relieve him. I presume you are doing all you know how to do. Two or three of Josephine's children a few years ago were greatly afflicted with sores, and they made great efforts to cure them, without success, applying to several physicians, each of whom encouraged them to expect a cure but at length failed. In the meantime, I went there to spend a few days and advised the use of an ointment I had originally made for the itch. Mr. Bateham¹³⁹ said he wanted no such thing, none, as he knew that was not the disease, and the doctors had said the same. I told Josephine that a great many kinds of sores had been cured by it, and she said she would procure the materials and I should make it up and apply it, though we would say nothing about it. We took this course and applied it to one of the children, who improved so fast that in two days it was decided that the cure was likely to be effected, and Mr. Bateham was glad to have it applied to each, and three weeks afterward Josephine wrote me that they were all healed. It is compounded of spirits of turpentine and red precipitate stirred into melted lard or some other soft fat. One gill of lard, a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine and about a teaspoonful of precipitate, the latter stirred in while the lard is cooking, as it inclines to settle. If you should venture to use it, you must be careful not to let him rub it into his eyes or mouth. At all events, I would have him wear mittens. I would sew up soft linen or cotton cloth into mittens, with or without thumbs, fastened tight about the wrists, and then, perhaps, let him rub his sores. I admire your fortitude and firmness, dear Lottie, but I could not read your account of it without some tears.

We are all in good health. Minnie Bateham has been with us ever since July and will leave at the close of the Institution fall term. Mary has enjoyed her company very much, and I dare say will miss her when she leaves. We expect Josephine here on next Tuesday to stay a few days. She has not left her home for many months, and has, I think, rather a hard life. Constant heavy labor and cares are her daily portion, yet she always seems cheerful and toils on bravely, never admitting even to her mother (except at rare intervals) that she has any trials. Charles and family are well. He seems to enjoy his preaching more and more and is highly appreciated by his people. He thinks it doesn't infringe upon the duties of his office. He will probably be ordained in the spring. We really have not heard from any of the children since I wrote you last four weeks ago. Your father has been very closely confined at home during the summer and fall so far, by his proof reading, but as Isaiah is about completed now, I presume he will be absent most of the time until the weather becomes too cold for him to travel.

I have about as good hired help as I could expect to have. Strong, kind, and pretty intelligent. She and little Mary are good friends, which is no small matter. Mary, we do think, is trying to lead a Christian life but has a good many temptations to resist. It is a pleasure to us to do all we can for her, and her overflowing love rewards us as we go along. She is in the Union

¹³⁹ Josephine's husband Michael Bateham

School again and practicing music some on the Melodeon—enough, I hope, to keep what knowledge she has acquired in that time. Her Uncle Smith almost always speaks of her music in his letters and wants her natural skill improved and cultivated. I believe she has commenced the first draft of a letter to her mother in answer to the one she has received from her and with which she was so much delighted.

What a cause of gratitude it is that the American Board are out of debt! I wish the A.M.A.¹⁴⁰ might soon be, for the openings and calls are very numerous and urgent.

We were gratified to see a letter from your pen in the October number of the Missionary Herald.

Your father would be glad to add a little, but the last package of proof has just come in from Cincinnati and he must work every moment in order to mail it back by the next westward train. Considerable of it has already been shipped to the publishers in New York, and the rest must follow immediately.

Goodbye for this time, and may our covenant keeping God watch over and protect you and bless your efforts and labors is the constant prayer of your affectionate mother,

M. Cowles

Your father sends his love.

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

(Plan of house at Tirupúvanam)

Letter #29

Monday, November 9th, 1868

My darling sister,

I am waiting for Thornton to come in to breakfast, and improve the opportunity to write you a few lines just as you did to me in the last letter received last Saturday evening. We did have a treat, I assure you. Your letter Number 53 came, also wedding cards from Mary Jane Clarke, now Mrs. Griffith, I suppose. Also, a letter from Julia and Emma, and Mrs. Hyde's poetry—I think it is beautiful and mean to write her a little note to thank her. Well, Fannie, I cannot tell you how much pleasure it gives us to know that something is coming from home for us, and if I only was sure that you did not stint yourselves and treated yourselves as splendidly as you treat us, I believe I should be perfectly happy—at least greatly relieved. How did you come to think of sending us a carriage for baby? He is so heavy to carry, and the old velocipede is not comfortable for him now. The back breaks out every little while, and Thornton tinkers it up with wire; and now that baby is big enough to sit by himself, an old wagon is too stiff and awkward for him. How delighted we are to know that an American one is coming. It will be comfortable, at least, and even if it did not look handsome there, it will be sure to here. I took baby on a little horse-back ride this morning and we both enjoyed it very much. I thought how nice it would be if you were only here with us. It was quite cool and delightful this morning. Well, I am so hungry, I am going to hunt Thornton up.

¹⁴⁰ American Missionary Association, under whose auspices Thornton had worked in Jamaica.

After breakfast

I went out and called Thornton, and he called back, “yes darling,” and at the same time came walking as fast as possible from the church to the house—he is very busy with repairs now. Baby is so cunning. I used to throw a handkerchief over his face and pull it off and say “boo” to him and he would laugh so heartily—now he throws it over himself and, when he pulls it off, looks up to me to say “boo”—his little face is so fair and innocent.

The collector of this place is here now and has pitched his tent only a short way from us. He is a young man, and a Scotch Presbyterian, named McGrates. He comes over every day to see us, and it is very pleasant to both him and us to have each other’s company. He gets a high salary and will probably become rich here and go home to be married—that is the fashion here. We invited him to come over to our service and take dinner with us on Sabbath day, which he did; and I think we had a very pleasant and profitable time. He seemed quite interested in the hymns we sang—said it carried him back to old times. I wanted him to feel a Christian difference in our family, just as everyone used to that came to our house at home, and I think he did.

I have ever so many notes to write today, but somehow I can do nothing but write on this one. In every box you have sent there has been a small box inside filled with little things. I always enjoy that so much. I keep it for a long time afterwards and look it over and over again. I am so glad of that pattern from Mrs. Taylor. I had been trying to make an apron something like it but somehow could not get it to look right. Those tidies do make my guest room look so neat and nice. I have only used one or two of them yet. I put such things aside and bring them out on company occasions. Well, now I must stop. We have only good news from Miss Smith: the doctors think her trouble not permanent, perhaps only her acclimation. We are so rejoiced.

Tuesday, November 10th

You probably know that we have the carriage long before this. I know you will be rejoiced. Thornton has been trying to make the machine sew nicely lately, but the thread breaks every little while. I am afraid it is too old. I am going to dismiss my tailor at the end of this month. I cannot afford him any longer. It is too expensive, and I think the machine will go nicely yet. All the trouble seems with the thread—it sews first rate for about two inches, then the upper thread breaks.

You can imagine how it generally is when I tell you that the patterns of baby’s dresses which I sent home are all too warm to be worn except the months from October to February. For the other months I have made him some thin slips from two old skirts. Mrs. Chandler gave me one and Mrs. Burnell the other, and he wears nothing else. I will send you a pattern of each. O sometimes I put one on, but very seldom—it brings the prickly heat so quickly to have any more than necessary on. He is asleep now, dear little lamb, with his head on his little hand in the cot in his room. He is too big for the cradle any more.

We have a kitty—I wonder if I have told you. We have had her two weeks and she is very playful, amusing baby wonderfully, but the shine is all taken off cats now; I often tell her she isn’t my pet, for I have a better one. She is grey and white and very well behaved.

November 12th

I wonder if I have ever mentioned the dolls—they are very nice and will last for presents a long time. Those Fannie dressed are just as cunning as can be. I am so glad of the worsted, too, and how did you come to think of that pinking iron—it will be of great service to me. The

crochet needles are just what I wanted. Baby does so many cunning things lately. (My machine goes beautifully now.) This morning when I took him into Tamil prayers I broke off a little piece of that rock candy you sent and set him down on the floor and laid it beside him. He would play with it for a long time and then would lose it; he would hunt all round and pull up his little dress and apron and look under, and look right over it ever so many times and, when he could not find it, look up to me with his little mouth all puckered up, ready to cry with disappointment; so I would find it for him and then he would be all smiles again. Finally, after keeping it a long time, he put it in his mouth and did look so satisfied. But the poor little fellow had another great disappointment awaiting him; he has yet to learn that he cannot “eat a cake and keep it too” for after it was all eaten up he began to hunt round for it again and, when he could not find it, was so grieved that I had to take him out and find something else to amuse him.

This noon while I was combing my hair, I had Savani bring him and set him on my floor while I sent her to do several things. I was busy and did not observe him, and suddenly I heard quite a noise and, looking round, I found he had tried to pull himself up by catching hold of a chair, but the chair had given way and he lay on his back, the chair having gone right over his head. I ran and caught him up, supposing he would cry terribly, either from hurt or fright, but he only looked a good deal surprised and then turned back to his play as smiling and sweet as possible. O he is so sweet I don't know what I should do without him; he is so much company for me and is such a “joy forever.” Tomorrow he will be a year old—how good God has been to us all, and how little we deserve it.

November 7th did not pass by unnoticed by us—how long and yet how short a time it has been—two years from America. I wonder how many years more before I shall see it again. 2 o'clock has just struck and I must see to giving baby his dinner. He is such a gentle and yet manly little fellow, he hardly ever cries when hurt. He is just as regular in his meals as is possible, 5 – 11 – 6 ½ up to a moment, almost. Now he sits at the table beside me in his little high chair, bib on and smiling joyfully over his cup of bread and milk before him. He knows he must not touch his cup and saucer, and so it is quite safe, although right before him Savani stands beside him feeding him with a spoon. He goes to sleep at 7 and does not generally awake until 5 in the morning and then takes a nap from 11 ½ until 1, and then wakes up himself. O he is a treasure.

November 14th

Yesterday was baby's birthday—Mrs. Chandler's girls sent him a little candy, and he takes it up so daintily between his little fingers and thumb and puts it into his mouth so cunningly. Almost every day he does something new. Today he has found out how to clap his little hands and it does look so cunning. Thornton or I will clap ours to him and then he will clap his back again and laugh so merrily. He frets a good deal today. I don't know why, I am sure; perhaps more teeth are coming. Just now he is amusing himself with a wash basin of water and a spool in it. He splashes away, getting all wet for some ways around him. I must see that he is all fresh up dry pretty soon or else he may take cold.

I have got almost enough ready for a letter and I think I will send this off early to give you a little pleasant surprise. It is a long time since I have given you one, I believe. This will do as sort of New Year's celebration for both you and me. How I should love to be with you.

The kid you sent is plenty for some time, certainly for 3 or 4 years. I don't care at all for a piece of linen—I should much prefer a few yards of shirt bosoms all ready to cut, and only care for a yard of linen once in a while for collars. I think I shall have to send for some thread,

numbers 50 and 40; I find I am almost out, and I am almost out of dress cord, too. We have good supplies of almost everything so that I think we shall need to buy very little this year, and we are being so careful. I have reduced our house expenses to about 30 rupees or \$15 per month, and we think we shall be able to live on that. There are ways and other things besides, but we shall save a good deal.

I have just torn up the dress like the piece I enclose. It was too old to wear any more, and I am making some eating bibs for baby from it. I feel as if I had lost an old friend. Sometimes when you buy a common calico dress, send me one like it—I shall so much enjoy having a dress like yours. I waited to the last before I tore this up because you had one like it. Do you remember when we bought them together?

Lottie

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Tirupúvanam
November 10, 1868

My dear daughter Mary,

Your last letter was very welcome and gave us much joy. We are very glad to see your evident improvement in writing. You must still practice carefully and regularly if you can find time. If you have saved your copies carefully, you will be able to make a great improvement in your hand writing by practicing after them, even without a teacher, especially if you compare every sentence you write with the copy and see what letters you make wrong. If you live to become a young lady, as I hope you will, you will be very glad to be able to write in a good handsome style.

Your brother Thornton is now growing fast and is quite well. He will be one year old on Friday of this week, which will be the 13th of November. He can sit up all alone and is just beginning to creep. He is a real lively, active boy and wants to be doing something all the time when he is awake. The sores that troubled him so badly have now all gone and he is much more comfortable.

A few days ago we took him in his little cart, or gig, and drew him over the river. The water had all gone away and the bed of the river was all dry sand, as it is most of the time. But last week the river was a beautiful sight, for there had been an abundance of rain in the mountains and on the plains and the river was full from bank to bank and running very swiftly. While we were looking at it, there came a company of people down to the other side and wanted to come across with their oxen and cart, or bandy, as it is called here. Well! How do you suppose they managed it? You see, the water was so deep that if they had sat in the bandy, they would have gotten all wet; besides, the current was so strong that the oxen could not have drawn them through. First they took out of the bandy such things as they did not wish to get wet, and a few of the people took them on their heads. Then they unhitched the oxen, and one man held the ropes that were fastened round their horns and led them over. The oxen were so small that the water in the deepest parts was over their heads so that they had to swim, but the man who led them waded through. Then several men laid hold of the bandy and, with a great deal of shouting and hard pulling, they managed to get it in and finally across. When the river is full of water the people are very glad, for then their wells and tanks and reservoirs will be filled, and when the dry weather comes they water their rice and other crops with the water they have saved.

I was very sorry to hear of your loss of those little boxes and their contents. Perhaps you may find them yet or hear of them again sometime, but I fear not. However, if you love God, you will find that He helps you to bear this or any other trial which He may see best to bring upon you. Perhaps He wishes to try you and see if you will love Him just as much without those beautiful things as with them.

When you write to your Uncle Edward or your Uncle Julius¹⁴¹, please give them my love. Tell them that I would love to hear from them and that I remember them in my daily prayers and that I hope they both love Jesus and are preparing to meet your own dear mother,¹⁴² who I trust is now happy forever in Heaven.

And now, my darling, I must close. Don't ever forget to pray for yourself, that Jesus would help you to do just right, and for us here in this heathen land. Please give much love to all the cousins and accept a heart full from your mother and your affectionate father,

Thornton B. Penfield

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Tirupúvanam
November 10, 1868

Dear Mother,

I have made a rule that I will write a letter home within the first ten days of each month and so, though the time has run out to the night of the last day this month, I sit down, while Lottie goes to bed, and send you a few lines.

I found time today to fill out one sheet for Mary, but the rest of the day was filled with a variety of duties, among which I could not find place for your letter. It is well that I have made the rule, or I should sometimes let the month go by without a letter. So many things press upon me nowadays that, without great regularity, I cannot get through them all at the proper time.

We are all just now pretty well; baby especially is better than usual. We learn that Father and Mother Hubbard are sending us a little wagon for him to ride in, which will be very acceptable. Lottie had hoped to be able by this time to report a school in progress on her verandah but has been disappointed. She offered what all her advisers considered fair wages to the wife of my teacher, or munshi, but she says she will not teach for so small a sum. Rather than offer her an exorbitant price, we wait to see what we can do. Most of the ladies of the Mission have similar schools on their verandahs for the girls of their servants and others near, in which one of the chief branches taught is neat, plain sewing. We shall be very glad to start such a school as soon as we see our way clear.

I preached again in Tamil one week ago Sabbath and found it easier than the preceding time. We have a delightful place for work and shall be very glad when we have the language sufficiently well to enter on active service among the people of this and the neighboring villages. Fluency must come exceedingly slow in a language so different from our native tongue. As a rule, we must invert a Tamil sentence to put it in English, and vice versa. Of course this requires us to think from a different standpoint. In fact, we are obliged to learn to think over again from the beginning, as well as to speak anew. Sometimes I am almost discouraged. But then that will

¹⁴¹ Julius and Edward Hume were younger half-brothers of Mary's mother, Sarah Ingraham Penfield.

¹⁴² Sarah Corban Ingraham Penfield had died April 21, 1864.

never do. What others have done why may not I do, at least after a fashion and after a time? So I buckle to again, determined that Tamil shall come: And come it does, slowly but surely.

Repairs at the Station have taken up a great deal of time and strength. Everything must be carefully supervised or it goes wrong. However, the heaviest of this work is over, or nearly, so I hope for the present. A great addition has been made by the falling in of a portion of the roof of the church. Examination showed that the whole was unsafe, so I have had it all taken down and am putting up new sound rafters. This work I hope to complete in two or three weeks. Everyone has more or less similar work to do, though I think I am getting my share pretty early.

Father's work on Ezekiel and Daniel has come to hand and occupies most agreeably a part of my study hours. We are reading the Bible in course at our evening prayers, and purpose, when we reach the portions treated of by Father, reading together his notes on the passage for the evening.

How rapidly the time flies. It is already over two years since we left Boston for India. And these two years have been among the happiest of my life. How kind and loving is the hand that prepares and points out our path. Love to all inquiring friends, but the lion's share to you, dear Mother.

Your loving son,
Thornton

We have a post office now, so you will please direct hereafter to us at "Tirupúvanam near Madura, South India." Please put in the whole direction as I have written it and it will be sure to come right.

T.B.P.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #58
New York
November 13th, 1868

My dear precious daughter,

I have been with you in spirit all through this eventful day, one year since [baby's birth]. I have borne with you your sorrow, and at the close of day I am bearing with you your joy. God be praised for carrying you through safely, sparing your life, and giving you such a dear, sweet babe. You could not look forward and see what was before you in the worriment and care connected with this new responsibility even for one year, and it was well that you could not, for you might have been dismayed in view of it all. But the dear Lord has sustained, has He not? And oh how full of gratitude our hearts should be. I feel that they are, but then this yearning of soul that will not be quieted! I don't know what to do with it sometimes. Outwardly, I am cheerful, and people think I bear it remarkably, but they do not know what passes within. Nothing of murmuring, oh no. Nothing of regret; far from it. But the yearning—I cannot give it any other name, and God knows it all and does not condemn but comforts and sustains. Is it not a comfort that you have known the relation of mother for a year. Even if the dear one should be lent to you no longer, you have had him for one precious year. You have clasped to your bosom a precious charge, which you had a right to call your son, and to it you stood in the sacred

relation of mother. Such an endearing tie! There is nothing else like it. This precious existence to which you have given birth can never be extinguished—it will run parallel with yours; yes, and its Creator's. What a grand and solemn thought! My God, "this life which I have dared invoke is henceforth parallel with thine." Will you not be abundantly rewarded for all your suffering and care, even if the dear child should not see the second anniversary of its birthday. To know that you have contributed one to the angelic choir, one to the number who cast their crowns at Jesus' feet and who will continue to do so through all eternity, is not this reward enough for any mother? But oh, if it lives and you are privileged to train a son for the service of Christ on earth as well as His glory above—what shall we say of this privilege? Its worth is beyond the power of language to express. God grant it may be yours, my darling, privileged daughter. We are helping by our sympathy and prayers.

How does Thornton feel today? A proud father, is he not? He has a right to be, for have not God's mercies been great to him, not only in the near, but also in the remote past. God be gracious to you both still, and the angel of His presence overshadow you ever with his special benediction. A mother's special love and blessing be upon you three.

Sabbath, November 15th

I was favored to be present at a delightful communion season in the Moravian Church this morning. It was indeed like sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. How good it is for His followers of whatever name to be one in Him. I brought a piece of the bread used, for you, unleavened and thin like a wafer. Divide it between you in token of our unbroken Christian fellowship and of our Lord's sweet remembrance of us and of the time not far off when we shall be no longer separated but eat bread together in His heavenly kingdom. Blessed hope, blessed assurance. But let us finish up our work well, that we may have no regrets for not having done our duty in watching faithfully for souls.

November 21st

Thanksgiving week. Busy enough, we shall be at the Home and outside at our several schools this week. You know how it always is. I have some collections to take in. Your father has engaged three barrels of crackers and Frances has some dressed dolls. We had a letter from Lottie Chandler saying that she would like to come to New York for Thanksgiving, as Mrs. Bailey's family were going to visit their friends, but she did not care to go to the Chesters' and she had no other place to spend the nights. She said she wished she might go to the Home, so I have arranged for her to go there if no better place offers. I should like to invite her here, but there is not a vacant bed in the house, and Mrs. Bennett has considerable care since the advent of the baby. So Fannie wrote Lottie how it was and told her to come right here and stay as long as she could and she would accompany her to the Home. She will be with us, probably, most of the time in the day. She wrote a very sweet letter mentioning some theological topics which have been discussed in the family and which she was anxious to talk with us about. She was kind enough to send us also two letters to her brother Lewis from Etta and Gertie, in which you and Thornton and baby were mentioned. They were quite a treat, I assure you, giving us a pretty good idea of the life of the children of missionaries. Well written too, not one misspelt word.

The month passes slowly in anticipation of your next letter. I do hope we shall not lose it. A letter from Mrs. Cowles, returning yours, says that Prof. Cowles will be in the city before long and will call on us; he would have brought Mary if he had been coming straight here. Is not that good news? Your father says he would go a great ways to see her.

We are having a most interesting convention in this city, most of the meetings in the Dutch Church. 29th Street house crowded; good must be the result. I could only go one evening. I wish there might be such an interest waked up in the Church that the spirit of worldliness would be killed.

I send you M. T. Jube's letter. I had a very pleasant one from her with two dollars for the Home, and foreign postage besides. I think your letters will do her good.

Now I must stop but don't want to one bit. Etta's letter spoke of the eclipse which she saw at Tirupúvanam. So you must have seen it, too. I suppose we lost the account in letter #24. I am very sorry. Ever so many people send love to you, and we send our hearts; oh dear, it all seems so cold. Let me know what you want. We are getting things together.

Your loving Mother,
M. I. Hubbard

In the Advocate for November 10th there is an article entitled "Work for the Master" and signed "H.," which means Hubbard.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(With lock of baby's hair, letter to Mrs. Hyde and Ellen, H. Treadwell, letter received on 29th January, 1869)

Letter #30

Tuesday, November 24th, 1868

My own dear ones all,

Today is little Josephine's birthday. She would have been 14 today—how much company for Fannie she would be by this time. She often comes to my mind while I am watching baby. He seems to grow more cunning every day—creeps all round and picks up everything. We have to be extremely careful. He will put his little fat hand into mine and "shake hands" whenever I ask him, and O how he shouts so strongly and loudly. He is no girl but a downright and upright boy. He shouts and he pounds and he pulls and pushes, he creeps on one knee, his right knee, and pushes with his left foot and gets over the ground very fast. A crust of bread is his great delight; it used to last a long time but lately will disappear very fast. We think more teeth must be starting because he is so fretful lately, but between his frettings he is so sweet and winning that no one can help loving him. He does what he likes with the servants; Antho's¹⁴³ white teeth show almost from ear to ear at a smile or even a look from baby, and he never seems more happy than when I let him take care of him a little while.

Mrs. Capron and her two little girls Annie and Laura have made me a little visit. It is so nice to see somebody once in a while, we had a very pleasant time. Do you remember those pieces of gingham, etc., that Mrs. Musgrave gave us to dress dolls for the Home one year? I brought the pieces that were left out here and today cut them up to make bags of for the women and children on Christmas.

¹⁴³ The Penfields' Matey boy.

Last week my cook's account came to a little over 4 rupees and this week 3 rupees, 5 pis, 2 pice—don't you think we are getting quite economical? O I do hope our debt will be almost paid this year.

Today I saw a picture of heathenism that I never saw before. A man beat his wife terribly right before our compound this morning. I asked Savani what it was for and she said, "the husband says to his wife 'go home'." "I will not," she says, and therefore he beats her. Of course, she said this in Tamil because she cannot speak English at all. I told her that in my country they never did so at all. The woman cried and threw herself round and hollered terribly, but finally our tapal went out and told them they should not do so right before our house, and I was looking at them, so the woman turned round and went home. So I came into the house and hugged baby and told him how thankful I was he was not born to heathen parents.

Tomorrow night we start for Mēlūr (16 miles) to spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. Burnell, Herricks, Chandlers, Washburns, and Miss Smith from Madura, and we are to be there. We all feel so delighted to have Miss Smith with us once more. She will not go to teaching again for some time, for the doctors say "perfect rest," so I hope to have her a little while, by and by.

Saturday, November 28th

I suppose Father's birthday came on Thanksgiving this time. It was the day kept here as that day. The evening before, we started at 7 o'clock for Mēlūr, Mr. Burnell's station, baby and I and the ayah in Thornton's touring bandy, and Thornton improvised a bed on the carriage. Not very comfortable, at least for me, but he declared it delightful. So we started. Baby slept on the mattress by my side all the way, and ayah at his feet. Thornton went first with the tapal man to carry the lantern before, and I came after Thornton. The road was very bad in some places, being entirely washed away with deep gullies right in the road, made by the recent rains. But we had careful drivers and arrived at 1 ½ o'clock at Mēlūr and slept the remainder of the night in the bandy, as baby was fast asleep and we were too comfortable to disturb ourselves and go in to the room prepared for us. Well, we had a delightful visit, and at 11 o'clock the Washburns and Miss Smith arrived on their way from Madras. It did seem like life from the dead to see Miss Smith back again. I did not expect to see her again when she left us. She looks very well and happy and really seems much better. Doctors pronounce her trouble neuralgia, so the Mission are all joy again. She said she should not have believed she had ever seen baby before and that he had grown so large and fat, until he laughed, and then she said he looked natural. Baby behaved just as nicely as can be, sociable and sweet to all; he would go to anyone. The children said they thought they never did see such a sweet baby before. They would take him out on the verandah and set him in the middle and play all round him, and he seemed to enjoy it most thoroughly. We had a sermon in the forenoon, a nice dinner and a little chat, and went to bed early because we were all tired with our several journeys. Next day after dinner we all left, having had a most delightful and profitable visit and all glad we went. The little change did us good: baby seems brighter, and I am better since our return, though we are all three very tired today.

Last night after we got here the tapal man came in and brought our bread and two letters, numbers 54 and 55 from you. I told Thornton it never "rained but it poured," for we were feeling so happy after our visit and glad to get home and had had such a nice ride home, and baby was so happy and good, and then your letters on top of all, and such good news. We were happy indeed, and after I have rested a little I shall sit down and write about the contents of your letters.

Well, it is just after dinner, and Thornton is playing on the organ for a man who often comes in to talk with Thornton. He is a very nice man and next to a Brahmin in caste. He is well learned in the heathen religious books, and Thornton and he have had a great many very serious talks. He is a merchant here and is a very rich man. We like his appearance very much indeed.

The ribbon Fannie sent is very pretty indeed. It looks so bright and happy somehow, so clean and nice, and Father's piece of poetry was very pretty, too—really cunning, I think.

Now then, in the first place I was so sorry that you were not permitted to go to the meeting of the Board; it must have been a great disappointment to you. I feel a good deal of it for you. Mother sick again, too, and could not see my box off; I am sorry, but I was greatly relieved to have the second letter come which was written by her own dear hand, showing that she must be much better. O how much delight she would take in watching baby play when she is sick. I expect the only difficulty would be to keep her from exciting herself to hug him too much. I cannot keep my hands off. When I lie on the bed and he plays round on the floor, he always looks up at me every few minutes and smiles so sweetly and will say “mam, mam, mam”—I feel as if I must hug him. He has not worried much for a few days past—six teeth now. What should I do without him? You shall have his picture the next time a man comes along, if we can get him to keep still long enough. He is so busy all the time.

Somehow I cannot write well today, and that is why I make so many mistakes, please excuse me. I suppose it is because my head aches a little and feels thick a great deal. I like to hear Fannie's everyday news. I like to know what she is doing every day—it is so different from my way of life. I want her to send me a little scrap of her new silk dress, it must be very pretty. I think how very sorry I am about number 24. I do hope it will come yet. I think I must have sent patterns of baby's little dresses and aprons in it, it was sent from Pasumalie while Mary was sick with itch and sore eyes, and baby with his eruption and sore eyes, and Thornton out here away from me a week at a time; they were long lonely days. I did not know that Julia Watson was married—how long ago did it happen? I wish I could sometimes go with her (Fannie) on her long tramp shopping. How we used to enjoy it. But I don't walk much now. This climate does wilt one right down so—it is so hot and exhausting, I do nothing compared to what I could and did do with ease at home.

The list Mother sent by the mail reads as if all would be just right and just what we want. I am glad you let us pay for part, that is just as we wished it to be. Don't let Father ever pay for the things we send for unless he is quite able to spare the money. We are so thankful to him for paying, or rather going to pay, for our carriage so promptly. We were a little afraid that, as he felt straitened, he might not feel able to pay as much money for us. But it will be a great help not to have that stand against us at the end of the year. We thought it a high price but could not get it for less, and, as we knew that a carriage from home could not come under a year and the freight would just about double its original price, we concluded (and all here advised us) to take it, and many a nice ride have Thornton, baby, and I taken in it. We have an old harness that Thornton got from Mr. Thomas at the same time with the carriage, but it needed a good deal of mending up and is far from being strong now, but is much better than none. O we are so happy together out here, we three, and love you all at home so much.

Well, I will write no more now and will enter my defense about sending that girl off with a whip, hereafter. How I should love to see you tonight. Thornton is in trouble about his congregation at Esali, but I will tell you about this by and by, too. Now goodbye, my darling ones all.

December 4th

I am afraid I spoke too strongly about baby's dresses for the last 2 months. I have been most thankful of his thick calico dresses (flannel sack and long sleeves and high necked aprons, too) and shall probably be for 3 or 4 months longer. It did not seem half as cold this season last year as it does now. I presume it is because I have been in the country longer. That is the way we get more and more sensitive to the least change every year. Won't you please send my little Testament that was Willie's? I think I must have left it at home. And please send us some of my old school books, the simple ones—baby is interested a long time, even now, with a book. He will read to himself a long time and sit in my lap while I mew and bow wow and moo and point to cat, dog, and cow, and seems highly entertained. Please send me one of the Tract Primers; we had two or three, I believe.

The only congregation that there is at present in our field except Tirupúvanam is 16 miles away at Esali. They wished a catechist and formed themselves into a congregation, not a single church member, but call themselves Christians and attend church. Last week one died and before he died requested a Christian burial, but afterward, his son, a heathen, insisted upon a heathen burial. The catechist and only one other person refused to join them and, not only that, but they brought all the vertikee¹⁴⁴, they call it here—I hardly know what English would be for it—perhaps doings would do—right upon the church verandah and then drank their toddy (rum) and danced, had their feast, and went through all the heathen ceremonies, even to putting rice in the dead man's mouth. This is when the catechist came and told us of it. Thornton is not quite certain yet what he will do. He has been prevented from going out there to hear their side of the question on account of the impassable roads caused by the rains.

Now about that girl, or rather those girls, for 2 there were that Wocham and I sent out with a whip. I could not talk to her if I would, except to tell her that it was Sunday, God's day, and she might come tomorrow but must go today. She would not go to church, and all except we were in church. I asked Mr. Capron about it, and he said when they were here they were obliged to do something, so after trying different ways, they at last had the culprit tied to one of the pillars of the verandah for a certain length of time. I had told the girls to go and talked to them to the best of my ability, and they heeded me no more than if I had been a stone. I determined if I could not make them mind me in one way, I would in another. You know, here the ordinary run of common people think a woman is nothing more than a beast, and if Thornton had said go they would have gone fast enough, but I was nothing. It made me indignant, especially as I told them that they might come and have all they could find on Monday. I spoke to them very pleasantly for a long time; then I grew decided, and then stern. I would not do the like again unless under very aggravated circumstances, but many of the people here have no idea of propriety or respect. Those girls did not mind my threatening them with a whip; it only stopped them doing what I told them not to do. Not half an hour afterward, one of them brought a woman up to the house to baby and did not seem a bit afraid. If we were not very sharp, or rather, decided sometimes we should [have] our compound overrun with people, and we should have neither fruit, chicken, grain, bush, or anything left that would be of any use whatever, either to them or us. I don't wish

¹⁴⁴ Possibly a transliteration of "vaitigan," vaithikan," or vaitikan," a formal ceremony or ritual. Another word for ceremony or rite is "thanikai," which might be varied to "vaitikai." The "t" or "th" and "g" or "k" are attempts to approach the Tamil phoneme, which is somewhere between the two English sounds.

to be sharp with them, but it is all they are accustomed to and all the way they understand. All our servants and all who know us know better, of course.

We have even to keep our cow manure under lock and key or our own servants would take it and we never could find out how it went. When we first came to the country, we trusted our servants a great deal—for this country, I thought, was very strict—and we lost ever so much in the way of flour, sugar, etc. I think we live upon just 1/3 now of what we did when we first came, but I am O so close. One would think so at home, but here it is custom, and servants all think that unless you keep strict watch, you don't care much. For instance, I found, on the cook's account, coconuts bought—I felt sure that we had enough of our own, so Thornton told me how to do, and every Saturday the gardener climbs three trees and brings the coconuts right to me. Now I have enough for myself and Mrs. Capron, and now it is a week since any was gathered and I have about 30 in the godown. Before I looked after them, we had to buy; it is just so with everything.

Saturday evening

Thornton is in his study preparing his sermon for tomorrow—baby is in his own little bed asleep, and his ayah has just come in from eating her rice and gone to lay down on the floor before him, and I am writing to you, seated at the dining room table—so now you have us all. Mother asks if we dare to lay baby away in the dark alone—he is quite safe from snakes in his high cot with mosquito curtain down. Nets are a great protection against snakes as well as mosquitoes. I always go in and see that everything is right before he is brought in at night, and before I go to bed I go in again. Savani sleeps there right before him, and she would be likely to know if anything were around, and we always provide her and ourselves with a candle and matches that can be lit without getting onto the floor. We have seen very few snakes. Thornton found a little one the other night in our bathroom, and I found the skin of one there, but that is all so far, for which we are most thankful.

Thornton wants me to tell you that he is most glad of any criticism on his letters, such as you made—for such things seem to come so natural here that we forget how they sound abroad. If, in the future, you notice any errors, please let him know. We have not yet received that little piece of paper, upon which is written his dedication when a boy to the missionary work, that he left at Mrs. Slate's. He would like it, please. Also, I am nearly out of narrow tape and ribbons to run in baby's aprons, necks of dresses. Will you please send us some? How nice it is to have something to look forward to. We live on the last box and look for the next. Fannie is quite right about the cup—we should have to pay a good deal on a silver cup, for we are charged here according to the value you write, and freight according to the size of the box. A plated one will do just as well for him—he is not an aristocratic little boy. Well, goodnight, my dear ones all. I think I will go to bed pretty soon.

Monday, December 7th

Thornton preached yesterday, and today his guide came and he has gone to Esali—I do feel so lonely without him. I had a little note from Mrs. Capron to cheer me, for their tapal came in today. O dear me, how I wish one of you were here with me. I begin to dread Thornton's tours for weeks before; it is so hard to be all alone so far away from anyone but natives. However, it is my part, and I have got baby. I often get blue and think what I should do should he never come back; what a lonely world it would be. But he always does, so I hope for the best for the future. Well now goodbye—this letter must go.

Most affectionately yours,
Lottie

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #59
102 West 29th St., New York
November 28th, 1868

My much loved daughter,

Your dear letter number 27 came today to cheer and comfort our hearts. You call it number 26, but it is really 27. You know you lost your count in Madura because you had left your record at home, but I have entered each letter, according to its proper number, on my book, so you must start your count one ahead. I cannot give you any idea how gratified I was with your letter this P.M. I was all alone in my room, Fannie had gone out with Lottie Chandler. I was taken sick with pleurisy and bilious affliction four days ago and have not yet left my room, lost our meeting at the Home on Wednesday, lost Thanksgiving, and all the bilious gatherings for dinners in the different schools and so on. But after all this, as if by special appointment, your precious letter came to me first, and I had the pleasure of an entire reading without interruption, before any one knew it had come. And then such pleasant pictures as I had, and the dear baby on the veranda with such a magnificent stock of playthings!!!—His laughing and crowing, sitting on a quilt and pillows behind him—going in his little carriage down the bed of the Vaigai river, thirty Tamil children around gathering up shells, the making of butter on such an extensive scale, your prospective school of girls on the veranda, etc., etc. It all occupies my mind so pleasantly that I shall have enough to think of till the next letter comes. But oh the one great drawback to all this—those ugly boils. What can they mean? From what Lottie Chandler says, I should not think it could all be from acclimation. I am afraid you will never be entirely free. How glad we are that the dear baby is better, though it is hard for you and Thornton to take your turns. But poor Thornton with fifty on him! I am glad he has not a wife like Job's but one that will try to comfort him and care for him tenderly. I do hope he is relieved by this time. Why, Thornton, I am so sorry for you. I do wish I could bear them in your stead. It would be all I am good for just now, shut up here in my room. But one query occurs to me. Who is to snap your fingers and Lottie's for scratching when the boils are getting well? I'll tell you what you can do. When you cannot bear the itching any longer, lay a thin piece of muslin, not book muslin but bleached muslin (old), over the place and then take a flesh brush and prick the bristles through. If you have not a flesh brush, take a hair brush. I believe I should almost lose my reason if I could not do this when the eruption caused by my new treatment is getting well. It is very comforting. I will send out a bottle of soothing extract next opportunity. Here comes our dear Fannie with my supper. A small portion, indeed, but all I can take just now.

Well, I had finished my supper and taken up my pen to write, when who do you think came in? Why Professor Cowles. I have not yet told you that he came Thursday morn and spent Thanksgiving with us, went over to the Home, opened the meeting with prayer, and afterwards made some remarks (to great acceptance), came back and spent the night, and went on Friday to Newark to spend the Sabbath with Mr. Brown. We were not looking for him here until Monday but were very glad to see him. I read him your letter, with which he seemed much pleased and said he was very glad indeed he had come back. He seems to feel quite a drawing to us, which I

am delighted to see. He said that he thought if he could not spend thanksgiving at home the next best thing would be to spend it with us, and he had made a great effort to get here in time. He came upon us very unexpectedly, while the family were at breakfast or just as they had finished. I was taken sick the day before and was in bed, but I told your father he must take him down to breakfast and then tell him that Mrs. Bennett had not a spare room, so that if he would accept of the offer to come to our room and shave and then wash in the bath room he would be quite welcome to do so, and moreover, that I wished to see him and was not able to be up. He accepted the offer heartily, and we gave him a warm reception. Your father waited on him with hot water, etc., like a brother, and I tried to help him along by joining occasionally in the commotion. Pretty soon Mrs. Bennett came in and said she had asked the loan of a room for the night from the family on the next floor, so it was all settled for that night. We had a very pleasant visit with him in the evening, Fannie and I, the rest having all gone to the Home. He went early to bed, as he was very tired, having rode all night in the cars. We had him leave his carpet bags here and told him to run in as it might be convenient. He made your father and I a present of his two books, The Minor Prophets and Ezekiel and Daniel. He is trying to get the third out and hopes to complete an arrangement, which has been proposed, to place the two volumes now in the hands of every home missionary. A gentleman has offered to pay him the expense, and he thinks he shall be able to accomplish it. The Appletons have made liberal offers, with which he is much gratified. He now begins to think that it may be well to put them also into the hands of every foreign missionary, which I sincerely hope he will be assisted to do. He is to stay with a cousin by the name of Phelps in this street over the Sabbath. I wish we could invite him here.

Lottie Chandler came, day after Thanksgiving. The rain prevented the family from going that day as they had expected. She spent the day here and went to Mrs. Chester's at night, and today has been here again. She likes to stay here better than anywhere else because our sympathies seem to be so much the same direction. She really is working very hard to sustain herself and help her brothers and sisters. She is not as pleasantly situated as she might be, but there are trials in every situation. We cannot expect to be without them. I think she feels right. She is learning lessons in life, which all must learn, and which will be a part of a valuable experience by and by. Her mother will get a long letter from her about the time you receive this. How much I would like to say what I cannot.

I am in hopes Miss Smith will find help in Madras, but very much fear her brother seems to have no idea that she will run out. I am sorry for the trial for you all. But it is in the ordering of Providence. I wish Miss Pollock was fit to take her place, but I suppose she could not. How is she employed, and how does she succeed? Give my love to her and to Miss Smith. I don't know but what I mentioned in my last that Mr. Smith says he would willingly pay the expense of more frequent letters for the sake of learning from you exactly how she was. Please note important changes also, make remarks from time to time, and try to draw it out.

How I wish I could help you in teaching these little Tamil girls. My heart goes out to them in warm love. You must send accounts of the school from time to time, for it will interest our friends very much. I shall try to get some sewing materials, etc., for you. Perhaps, by and by, you will be able to get a picture of the school taken. Lottie Chandler had one of her mother's school, and I should like one of yours with a key to it, giving the name of each child, and any interesting incidents connected with any of them. I do hope your new ayah will be acceptable. I wish you could go get a picture of one of the ayahs, whichever you think best. I would like a picture of Mr. Cornelius, too, and others as you find opportunity. Are they expensive? How

glad we shall be when our little treasures come. We will pay all expenses, and I hope to be able to send you some money towards the things, after a little. Our house is still vacant and, of course, takes us a little out of pocket.

How singular it seems to think of going down onto the bed of the river. Take care you are not there when the river comes down.¹⁴⁵ You have been very saving of your Aunt Sarah's berries, I think. I thought they would be all gone before this. I shall be interested to hear how you like the prunelles we sent on the Eastern Star. I suppose you must have them by this time. They are sometimes called apricots and sometimes nectarines. We shall take much pleasure in sending as much as we can by the next opportunity, and you must mention everything that occurs to you. The walking dress, etc., will be forthcoming. I am glad you spoke of it, for Fannie was beginning to feel that it was hardly worth sending. By the time it reaches you, you may need it. I should hardly think that baby would need more than he now has and those in the box in the bark Robert. I hope they will reach you in safety. What did you think of Fannie's picture? The musing and tearing of the paper pleased us very much. It seemed to bring the dear baby so near. I wish you would send us one pair of his worn out shoes sometime.

I am glad you have seen Lord and Lady Napier. How do persons address him in familiar conversation, "My Lord," "Hon." or "Mr. Napier"?! What would it be proper for you to say? And how should you address Lady Napier? You know we have never met a Lord and Lady! We hope the gods will never return while the new munshi is there or after he leaves. A pleasant fact, gods driven away. Tell us all such remarks you can gather. I infer from Lord Napier's surprise, in regard to your ladies' understanding Tamil, that the English ladies do not study it. I should think they would, that they might the better reach the natives, but I suppose they do not expect to act as missionaries. Do you imagine that Judge Thomas and his wife will ever come out to see you in your new home?

I am much interested in your women's meetings. Tell me how you conduct them; do the women seem interested, do they answer questions? Are you able to talk with them in Tamil? You need no apology for your letters. I know what it is to write under difficulties. I wonder you can write at all. We pray for you daily, hourly, and your dear husband, also, and precious baby; oh that he might know the Lord from infancy.

November 30th

I have been studying Fannie's eyes and I must say I was never more deceived in my life. When opposite a strong light, they are a kind of dark blue, but when a little in the shade or when she is particularly animated or indignant, they are a bluish black, not a hazel or brownish black like mine, but a shade of dark blue. So I give in to you about it and am glad I know so definitely just what color the baby's eyes are, and I shall often feel that I can look through Fannie's into his. Yes, Auntie feels already that he is an honor to his name. I have sent her some of your letters, those which had no private passages, and she has been much gratified with them. She sends very, very much love to you and "begs" that I will say all that is right for her, for I know how to do it so much better than she does. Baby shall have a nice new horse; Willie's is so broken he could not do much with it. He may look for playthings by the next chance to send. I do hope he will like his little carriage and that it will stand the climate.

Fannie will tell you, I suppose, about her teaching. She has gone up to the school this morning. She has engaged for this week, on trial, two hours a day, from ten to twelve. I hope

¹⁴⁵ In other words, when the riverbed suddenly floods.

she will be able to get along if it is for the best. But I would not have her tired, as she was the other day. Your father says not either. He says he would not have her so worried for twice the money. If she does not like it there, perhaps some opening may be found in private families. It would be pleasant if we could get along without it, and we may after a little, but now it seems to be a necessity and, as such, we accept it cheerfully, feeling that God has His own purposes to work out. I would so much have preferred things to continue as they were last year, but our loving Father knows best. Lottie Chandler was quite anxious to have Mrs. Green know about it. She gets a great many situations for the children of missionaries, and she thought she would for Fannie. So Fannie allowed her to mention it, and something may turn up from that quarter.

Lottie made me a present of a red and white worsted collar. She knit it while she was here. She gave one like it to the Home. I am trying to get some worsted knitting for her; she would like to help herself along that way. I have got some worsted and am going to let her knit me a sontag, for Fannie will not have time now, with what else she has to do, and then I should like to help Lottie a little. I gave my sontag to a Home girl (Mary Fullerton) who was going away into the country and was not clothed half warmly enough, and now I need one. Lottie will knit it while she is in the city at the holidays.

December 1st

Yesterday we had calls all day after Fannie came from school, and, among them, Mrs. Dilley from Rodman, N.Y. She is Mrs. Hawkins' niece. I knew her well when she was a young lady but think I have not seen her since her marriage. Of course we had much to talk over. She told me that Mr. Hazen preached in Rodman, before her husband went there, and was very much beloved by the people. Her husband is now the minister there. How good it is to leave a fair record wherever we go. It is almost sure to follow us. I feel much more comfortable than if I had not heard a good account of Mr. Hazen. Clara Hawkins came with Mrs. Dilley. They were looking at Mr. Penfield's picture, and Clara said she "thought he was such a nice man. She fell in love with him, the first time she saw him." So you see, if you had not availed yourself of your privilege, he might not have had to go very far to find a good substitute!! I trust that you will always have reason to rejoice so, now that you consented to share his joys and his sorrows, his labors and rewards. God bless you both, my dear children, individually and unitedly, in your own souls and in your united as well as separate work, and give you joyful reason to be satisfied with your acceptance of this untried path.

I am looking for Frances in, every minute, from school and think I shall try to go down with her to lunch. It is a week today since I lunched with the family. How good it would be to feel well and strong. But, I am hoping to live again in my children. That will satisfy me. Fannie has come in quite cheerful. Lunch bell.

December 3rd

Fannie tucked me up nicely on the lounge before she went to school this morning. I had had a good sleep when Jennie Baldwin came. I was very glad indeed to see her; she is going to give us a calico wrapper for a sick girl at the Woman's Hospital. I don't know that I have told you about her—Maria Kiernan. Jennie inquired for you, of course, and I told her the substance of your last letter. She said she might have brought us any quantity of pieces for you if she had known it a month ago. But she has given them to a poor woman, but would now lay them by for you. She was much pleased with the accounts your letter brought, and sent you love. They have very pleasant rooms in the 14th Street between 5th and 6th Avenue.

I went over to the Home yesterday in the afternoon, did not feel able to be there all day. It was Board meeting in the forenoon. Several inquired for you; Mrs. McGintey was one. She gave me the little scrap of poetry which I enclose for you, said she could not help thinking of you when she read it. She read it to me while I ate lunch in the Committee room, the tears running down her cheeks all the time. It was a very, very chilly day. The whole house was cold. We had so much to do that we did not separate until after dark; your father came over for me. I did not get warm until I got to bed with the heater. Today I am suffering from neuralgia and cannot go down to meals. But oh, what is it all compared with your boils and Thornton's? I shall feel quite anxious for the next intelligence and, if we do not hear promptly, we shall, according to your recommendation, draw the inference that you have another boil. Oh dear, I hear Fannie coming, so good-bye, darling, for now.

December 5th

Our first snow storm. I am still in my room, unable to go down, and can only eat a trifle here. How are you, dearest, and your precious ones? It is good to have Fannie home all day. She has finished the week better than she began and, on the whole, things look encouraging, though Mrs. F. seems to have very little notion of management, and her daughter not much better.

Professor Cowles will probably reach home tonight. He made us his last call Wednesday morning, shaved, got his luggage (two carpet bags), and left cheered and encouraged, I think, by his visit. He called at the office to say goodbye to your father, but did not find him in and left a copy of his last book, Ezekiel and Daniel, for us. So now we have the three and think them quite a treasure. I have not yet been able to study them much but shall make it my business to do so. What does Thornton think of his views generally? He is no millenarian, that is clear, and he seems not to be of the opinion that the Catholic Church is intended in those prophecies which we have generally supposed related to it. We sent by him to Mary a copy of Pilgrim's Progress with colored prints, a silicate slate, and a worsted collar. It is a trifle, but I thought it would show that we thought of her. It would speak of love.

Sabbath 6th

This must go tomorrow as Frances goes up to school. We have a precious season of prayer for the children this noon. The Lord hear and answer. I must tell you of one thing that Mrs. Dilley said. Some missionaries from India were at one time in her family, or else she boarded in the house with them, I forget which, and they told her that there were insects in the water in India, like worms, that were taken into the stomach and made their way through the system, occasioning great annoyance until they worked their way to the surface and pulled out, some an inch and some more than an inch in length. Fannie thinks she said she had seen them taken out and that it was some member of the Scudder¹⁴⁶ family who told her, and they said that all the water had to be boiled before it could be drunk. Have you heard of any such things, or is it all a myth? I fear there is some truth in it from her statement. Do let me know. Now, with ever increasing love to all three, I am

Your devoted mother,
M.I. Hubbard

¹⁴⁶ The Scudder family had been among America's early missionaries to India.

Mrs. Bennett came in while I was writing my name and begged me to find a corner for her love. I suppose your things by the Eastern Star have arrived long before this.

December 7th

I hope you will like our package or box. The slates will come in good time for your school.

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Tuesday, December 8th, 1868

My dear daughter Mary,

Your father is going to write a letter home in a few days, so I am going to have one all ready to send, too. I have been quite lonely today and I don't know what I should have done if I had not had little Thornton for company, for your father has gone off to visit a congregation sixteen miles away. He went yesterday, and we expect him back tomorrow.

Today I have had two Tamil girls come in to help me sew some bags that I am making to give the women and children on New Year's day. They are very nice, bright girls and can sew very nicely. The oldest is 14 and the youngest is 12. Baby likes to have them come very much. I often think how much he would enjoy having you to play with, for he seems so fond of children. He is a very funny little boy and makes us all laugh at him. He can creep all round and, when he sees any of us coming after him to pick him up, he will begin to laugh and creep just as fast as ever he can to get away. He tries to creep so fast he gets all out and cannot creep at all and so rolls over on his back and laughs right out loud. Sometimes he takes a notion not to have his stockings on, so he will pull and pull and they won't come off. So he pulls with all his might and finally tips himself over on his back, he pulls so hard. But he doesn't mind one bit; he is so earnest to get his stockings off so he scrambles up again and pulls one until it comes off. Then he seems quite happy.

It makes us very happy to hear good accounts of you and that you are a comfort to your Grandpa and Grandma. In looking over his books a few days ago, your father found a journal from your own dear mother, and he has been reading some of it to me. He means to keep it very carefully because by and by you will be very glad to read it. I do hope, my dear Mary, that you may grow up to be as earnest and devoted a Christian as she was. The journal was written when you were a little baby and shows how many trials and how much sickness she had, yet how patient and cheerful she was through them all.

Has your Grandma ever received a letter in which I sent patterns of baby's calico dresses and aprons for you to see? I am afraid, from what I hear from home, that neither yours nor the one I sent to my home at the same time ever reached their destinations. I hope they were not lost.

We are very glad Dolly can talk. I should love to hear her. We have no pets but one cat that plays with baby a great deal and never scratches him, no matter how hard he pinches her. She seems to know that he is a little baby and does not know any better. We have 20 little chickens about 4 days old that are very cunning, and we hope to raise them all if we can keep them away from the rats at night and the hawks in the daytime.

Give a great deal of love to Grandma and Grandpa and Uncle Charles and Aunt Sarah, and Anna and Freddie and Mary. And ever so much love from your mother to her dear daughter. I have cut a lock of little Thornton's hair to send.

Affectionately, your
Mother

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Esali, South India
December 8th, 1868

Dearest Mother,

I am reminded that it is time to speed another messenger along the homeward road. As you will see by the date I am visiting my only real congregation. I report two others this year, one at the station composed of servants, etc., and one other composed now, I believe, of one family or all that remains of it. But these two are not fair specimens of what we generally mean here by congregation, while this one at Esali is.

A congregation, in the usual acceptation of the term, is a company of people in a village, or in two or more adjacent villages, who, although giving no evidence of a change of heart, are ready for a change of religion. They promise to abandon heathen practices, and especially idolatrous usages, and put themselves under the teaching of a catechist who, if possible, resides among them. The catechist here is, in some respects, quite below the average, but he has qualities that, in great measure, atone for this defect. He is very ignorant and slow to learn. In fact, is one of the poorest members of the lowest class of our helpers in their semiannual examinations. In the monthly recitations of the helpers, he never yet has had a good lesson. Besides this, he is always whining about his small pay, large family, etc., while much better off than common laborers of his ability. But then he is indefatigable in teaching the catechism to the people and selling books and tracts. And really, for a man of so small calibre, he has great influence among the people.

The people here are low caste, which implies far more of ignorance, degradation, and even filth than is generally supposed at home. And lately, at the funeral of one of their number, most of them joined the heathen in attendance and, to some extent, in the customary, senseless rites which, in spite of his dying request, were observed at his funeral. I have been taking up a labor with them today about their conduct. According to their representation, the magnitude of the evil was not such as I had understood, but I fear there has been something besides truth told today.

This village is sixteen miles from Tirupúvanam and quite off the high road. Indeed, much of the way there is no road at all. Every time I have come here, except this time, we have been lost. This time I had a man come to me, as a guide, from Esali. With a yoke of oxen and a driver hired for the occasion, I set out in my touring bandy about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Two folding chairs, a folding table, a black satchel filled with books, papers, and a change of clothing, and a tin box of food and dishes, a few cooking utensils, bottles of water, tea, and lantern oil were nicely packed in the straw under my mattress. A blanket was spread over, with pillows at the front and then, in my slippers and a light touring cap on my head, I sprang in, and "Ort" was the command given. Antho, our matey boy, accompanied me to look after the cooking, etc.

December 9th, Tirupúvanam

Home again by 8 o'clock this morning. Left Esali about midnight so as to have the benefit of the moon, which was to rise soon after. Whether it did or not, I had no ocular demonstration, as the sky was thickly overspread with clouds. However, we came on nicely and, about 4 ½ miles from here, I found my pony in waiting and, leaving the bandy in [the] charge of Antho I rode on horseback. Found all well. If I have time I will write another sheet, but if not will send this as it is. We are all well. Baby creeps everywhere and steps about nicely when we hold his hands.

Love to you all, not forgetting dear Mary.

[T. B. Penfield]

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(From Lottie, had a passage of 54 days, two letters for Oberlin enclosed, baby came near being scalded—escape from snake, ride to a village, crossing a tank, getting into mudhole. Received March 9, 1869)

Letter #31

Thursday, December 17th, 1868

(Will you please send the enclosed letters on to Oberlin for us—Thornton wanted to write but did not have time.)

My dear ones all,

I wish you could know what great cause for thanksgiving we have that our baby boy is still spared to us. Mrs. Noyes and her three children have been visiting us for a few days; left this morning, and just before starting, the oldest, Bessie, a girl of 7, was carrying baby, or rather trying to lift him into an empty chair at the table, and she knocked over a pitcher of boiling hot water, dropped baby right into it, and ran screaming into her mother's room. Baby, of course, cried from fright; I caught him up and ran into my room with him and looked him all over but could find no scald. O how thankful, how grateful I was to our dear Heavenly Father. Poor Bessie was badly scalded—her right leg and foot, the foot quite badly. It seems almost miraculous that my precious baby escaped. Bessie seemed to suffer terribly. Poor baby could not have understood it, and it would have been so hard for him. Darling, little precious boy—he sits laughing on the verandah before me—has his little hat in his hands and is trying his very best to get it on. He gets it to stick on somehow, side ways and wrong side before, and then, with a smile of delight, looks up to me for an encouraging word. O he is such a treasure. The accident this morning and his narrow escape have just unnerved me for the day, and I am suffering from severe headache and sort of nervous excitement, but I feel as though I must write you this. Now goodbye, I am going to rest and keep quiet. What if the Lord had taken baby something as He took little Willie—

Sabbath 20th

Thornton is preaching on the verandah, for the repairs are not yet finished in the church. It is too cold and windy for me out there and, as I have just got baby to sleep, I will improve the

time in writing to you. I hope to begin my school about January 1st, for Julia¹⁴⁷ has at last consented to teach for the sums we offered her. I am so glad. The people on the verandah seem to be listening very well.

I am so glad Thornton can preach. My studies seem to be interrupted so often that I don't get on very fast. Either I am sick, or the munshi goes off to the village, or company comes. Thornton says he can see that I improve, and I think I do some—I can say pretty long sentences about some things, but when compared to the whole, I can talk very, very little yet. Thornton is just finishing his last prayer, so goodbye.

Thursday, [December] 21st

Mrs. Noyes could not take her horse with her to Mana Madura because the road was too bad for the carriage, so she left him here and we can take a ride together if we like. So this morning, early, Thornton was going to the village near, and I went with him. It was about three miles away, and we had a most delightful ride. The people were very glad to see us, and Thornton is going to try to find someone to teach a school there for them. They seem to want one very much and promised a house for the teacher. I tried to talk to the women a little but could not say much, only enough to show my good will towards them and a little interest in their children. We left soon, and the munshi and another man, Daniel, whom Thornton has recently engaged for a teacher, stayed to talk longer with them.

We had such a funny time—this is quite new business to me, going to a village, but Thornton often goes—so it was nothing new to him, but to me it was quite exciting. For the first two miles there was a pretty good road and only one mud hole and, as I followed Thornton's horse closely, I got along nicely through it. After we left the main road, we came to an immense tank two miles in length but not so wide; we had to cross it, and we had to take our feet out of the stirrups and cling to our saddles as tight as we could. The water came up to the body of Thornton's tall horse and, of course, higher on my pony. I did not think to take up the slipper to my saddle the first time and it got full of water. It was so funny. Coming back, I held up my slipper as well as my dress, etc., and we got over nicely, but when we came to the mud hole, I thought I would improve upon Thornton's road and struck out for myself by his side instead of behind him, and such a place as I got into, mud almost up to the saddle. My horse floundered round, and his jerks made me drop my dress that I was holding carefully up, and down it went in the black mud. Such a looking piece as I was when I got out—shoes, stockings, skirts, and dress terribly spattered and reeking in places with mud—it was too funny, and we had to have a good laugh over it. The horse keepers were highly amused.

Such looking villages as these are—mud huts so low and unventilated, narrow alleys between, and such a stench, and dirty looking people. The women came out to stare at us, with their hands all covered with cow dung, which they were mixing up for some of the many uses for which they value it so highly. I enjoyed it very much indeed. The only trouble in going off on a long horseback ride to Madura—we always drive in with our pony and carriage unless Thornton is going on a long tour; and then, of course, he is obliged to take his bandy with traps, etc. You will see by one of my letters that we even took the carriage to Mēlūr.

How often and often I think I would give almost all my possessions to have you see baby; he is so sweet and cunning and merry. His ringing laugh is such music for me, and the thousand and one things that he does are so funny and pretty. He has a pretty strong will of his own, and

¹⁴⁷ The munshi's wife.

Thornton says he thinks I shall have a time with him some day. His great fault is squealing, just at present. If he doesn't like anything, or wants anything, he squeals at the top of his voice but smiles the moment after—quick-tempered, like his father, and soon over it. I hope he will learn to govern himself as well as his father has. Mrs. Cowles says it is just the same with our Mary and hopes the same of her.

New Years morning

A very happy New Year to you all at home. It is very damp, cold, and rainy here today, and the poor natives go round with their one cloth stretched to its utmost to cover them. I do pity them. We had a very delightful visit in Madura and Pasumalie and returned home much refreshed by the change. Mrs. Noyes came the day we reached home and stayed two days. I kept baby shut in my room and his while they were here, for all her children are just coming down with hooping cough—I do hope baby won't have it until he is older.

I have been trying in vain to get his little red shoes on—they are a little too long but not wide enough for his little fat foot to get in. I shall try again, but I am afraid I shall not succeed. I hope I mentioned those mats of Alice McLaughlin's. I think they are beautiful and thank her very much indeed for them. Mother need not feel so badly about our things that she did not send—shoes, etc. Fannie's hat does me good service and I feel very happy under it. I can get slippers made here sometimes [with] native leather soles, etc., which last about two months at most and I keep along with them. I had a little pair made for baby, which came home last week, Tuesday, and now they are all burst out—he wears shoes out so fast. His precious little feet are so busy all the time, kicking and creeping over the floor, his shoes run right through.

Night before last Thornton killed a bat which measured 1½ ft from top of wing to top of wing across—it was the largest I ever saw.

We were all weighed when we were in Madura the last time. Thornton weighed 118 pounds, having gained 6 pounds since leaving home, and I weighed 109 pounds, having lost 21 pounds since leaving home. Baby weighed 22 ½ pounds. He is a treasure.

The two girls who live with Harriet Zilva, our pastor's wife, have just come in and given me a nice cake and some little round native cakes, our New Year's present from them. The verandah, back and front, are strewn with flowers, and all the vases full, so you see the day has begun. I will tell you what we do as it goes along.

My little school is to begin on Monday. I am so glad. I want you to send me some common brass thimbles, little ones mostly, pieces of calico, cheap thread, and needles. Cannot you get some of our friends to donate some? Also, canvas and bits of worsted. I don't want you to feel as if you must send these things, only, if someone asks if they can do anything, you might mention my wants. A little money, too, will help defray some of the necessary expenses.

The rain still comes, much to the detriment of our dove house, which is just far enough along to need sunshine, not rain. While we were gone to Madura, something ate or carried off all our little doves—we were so sorry, quite a loss to us.

We get our flour and kerosene from America, order it from the rooms; last time I sent for a bit of mackerel, too, which helps along nicely. Tuesday, bazaar day, we can buy mutton, but all other days we depend upon chickens, doves, and our mackerel. We almost never get beef. It is useless for us to try to tell you how much good your things from home do us. I often think I have not written half enough about them, but all I can write sound so little.

Mrs. Noyes had a letter from her Charlie, who is in the same school with Ogden Clark, and he spoke so well of him—thought him a conscientious and faithful scholar and a true

Christian. It made me so happy to hear from him this best of all news. Now we must have breakfast, so goodbye.

After breakfast Thornton had a meeting with his helpers; after that our servants came and adorned us with wreaths and flowers in our hands and set their gifts on the table; after them came the munshi, pastor, and catechists with sugar, eggs, chickens, flowers, raisins, dates, etc. I forgot to mention the masons, who were the first to come; they are now at work upon the dove house. Besides the things above mentioned, we had bread, plantains, and rock candy. When the catechists came we heard music in the distance. It drew nearer and nearer until they reached the verandah; then a servant came in to get us seated properly, then all came in, school children and all, and sang several pieces, gave their gifts, and went away. Limes were brought by each one, of course.

Thornton gave a sheep and curry stuffs for the servants, and I gave a bag and candies to each of the women and children, but the more people have, the more they want. The servants went to Thornton and asked rice also, and, when he refused, came to me. I told them that they needn't come to me after they had been to him and he had told them one thing, [for] I should not say contrary to him. They will find he and I agree and I will not counter his plans, or he mine, without good reason. We have a pleasant set of servants and we like them all very much.

Today I made a chocolate pudding for dinner, the first I have had since I left home. Instead of Fannie to help me, I asked in Antho, and we worked together. Antho is rather my delight, he is so good natured and pleasant; I always like to have him help me. Chinnepan is nice, too, but his province is in the kitchen, principally; besides, he is older and I cannot make him over quite as easy as I can Antho. Antho is not married, but Chinnepan has a wife and three children.

I have on my Indian silk dress and white apron. The dress is almost gauze, but it is just right for this season here.

Baby is quite a little mischief now. He can make his way all over the room by creeping and holding on to chairs, tables, etc., so we have to set things way where he cannot reach them or he would pull them off the tables. He has found how to open the china door and has once or twice almost pulled the saucers and plates down, so now we have to keep it locked. I do wish you could see him—his little sweet face is so guileless and pure, his eyes so large and eloquent. He is a little beauty and so happy all day long. He would be your delight and pride at home. You will probably have him a longer time than I shall, so I must make the most of the present time.

Thornton is very busy with his accounts for the year. It is a long, tedious work. I shall be very glad when it is all done.

Saturday evening, January 9th, 1869

Well, I am very sorry that this letter should be so long in getting started off, but I am so busy, especially since my tailor left and school began. My little school began last Monday with 9 scholars, though I oftener have 11 or 12, for they bring their little brothers and sisters with them, although my school is only for girls. They come at 8 and study until 11, and then from 2 to 3 they sew. When I always sit with them, and I go out every morning for a while, I enjoy it very much. They are very wild and untrained, but still I think I see improvement, even now. Baby comes to our door almost every morning and pulls and pushes, trying to get [in]. I hear the noise and open the door and in he comes, happy as can be. He said "papa" very plainly yesterday and today.

Sabbath 10th

I think I had a very narrow escape this morning. We had service in the church for the 1st time in four months the church has been being repaired, so I took baby and went over and stayed a little while, but came out as soon as baby began to be restless. Of course we shut the house all up while we're gone, having only one door unlocked, which was the side door to Thornton's study. When I came, I sat the baby on the verandah until I could get all the doors open and the light let in. I came through the study and, leaving that door open, went to the hall front door to open it. I heard a queer noise and felt as though something was rushing or moving in front of me—it was too dark to see. I felt nervous and could not get the door open, so I ran out. After a few moments, I gathered up courage again and went in. I could see a little better, for my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. I looked carefully but could see nothing, so I ran to the door and opened it, just as quiet as I could undo the fastening, and made the door fly. I could see nothing, so I went out and brought baby in, but before I could make up my mind to sit baby down, I thought I would look all round thoroughly once more, so I did and, just under the edge of the mat in the northeast corner of the big room, I saw a snake lying. I ran to the church and called Thornton, and he called some of the men and they came in and killed it. It was the same kind of snake that Thornton encountered in one of the outhouses and is the second killed here today. If it had been a cobra it must almost surely have bitten me, for I was very near it, judging from the sound and where we found it. I am very glad Mother is not fidgety and nervous, as some ladies are, for then I could not tell you all these things.

I must not forget to tell you that your letter number 57 came on New Years night and was quite a climax to our happy day. I will answer its questions, etc., in the next. I will finish this and send it off.

The Burnells come here on their way to the January Meeting tomorrow. The meeting is to be at Mandapasalie, Mr. Taylor's station. There is not room for us all to go, so only the gentlemen and a few ladies go. Thornton leaves me on Tuesday to go and [will] be gone over a week. How I shall miss him, but it isn't half as bad as if I had not baby—precious boy. Thornton has gone to hold a meeting in a village three miles from here. He has gone in the carriage, and I mean to go with him sometime when I can get baby ready to take, too. I could not think of leaving him at all. Now goodbye. I need not say love to you all.

As ever,
Lottie

January 2nd, 1869

(Private)

My own darling Mother,

I know I may tell you everything, and you will not think us ungrateful or misunderstand us or feel badly, will you? I am going to talk with you freely, just as I would do were I with you, and just as I always have done. Thornton has just finished making out the accounts for the year and finds our debt now amounts to rupees 760.3 and 1 pice. Last year it was 579.9.10, which shows our debt to be 180.9.3 more than last year. We both feel badly about it and see many ways in which we might have denied ourselves—for instance, the last cow and bandy, as well as several less expensive things. I have also cut down my house expenses to the very lowest figure, dismissed my tailor, etc., so I hope that the end of this year may find our load considerably

lighter. We find, on looking over our expenses, that over 1/9 of our salary this year has gone to pay for goods we have ordered from America and to meet expenses on them and those you have so kindly sent us. It includes flour and oil as well as what we receive from home. The rates of freight, shipping, and cartage down country are enormous, and we have to pay for these items on every article you send us, just about 2/3 of the price according to your valuation. The pleasure all you send give us would be worth far more than it costs us, if we could only afford it. We both feel very sorry to be obliged to write you thus, but after talking and thinking and examining our accounts, we thought we had better ask you not to send us so many presents, at least until we are quite out of debt, for, as I said before, things sent by you cost us two-thirds of the value you set upon them for expenses, so that, besides what you pay at home, we almost double the price here. Now do you understand me? We don't grudge the past one bit; I should have ordered less things if I had known how they would mount up, but I did not and am most glad the things are coming. So we shall enjoy these and try to make them last as long as possible. This year, and probably next, I shall only send for strictly necessary things. It is not that we do not value the gifts or that we do not appreciate the affection that prompted them, but at present we are not able to pay the expenses on so much. Mrs. Capron told me once that she was obliged to write the same thing home, for they could not afford to pay expenses that were so heavy. We have also been considering the question of our insurance, too, and have at last come to the conclusion that we cannot keep it up. We must strain every nerve to clear our debt or we shall get as bad as Mr. Chester. I am afraid we shall stand next him this year, as it is. It took us a long time to come to this conclusion about our insurance, but we cannot meet it. I am sure you will understand how we feel, and I feel relieved since I have told you all about it. Baby's coming last year, or rather his clothes, many of them, came in last year, which will last him this year, too.

Now I am very tired writing and will close. Thornton is all the world to me and seems to regret our necessary economy principally because it was for my comfort the insurance was started. But I shall be taken care of; it is not our duty to continue it now.

[Lottie]

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #61
102 West 29th St., New York
December 29th, 1868

My own darling daughter,

Your letter 27, as you have it—28, as it should be—has just come, and oh how happy we are over it, though we had to shed some tears in view of your lonely and homesick feeling, your aching face, and your wearying of heathen sights and sounds. I can understand it all, dearest, and sympathize with you most tenderly. Oh if I could only get to you and comfort and aid you, how gladly would I fly to do it. But if you were in this country I should not be able to get to you; but then, you might, perhaps, come to me, and it would be a little satisfaction to see you for just one week. But, I do pray the Lord to stay up your heart and give you sweet peace and rest in Him, such as no one else, not even a loving mother, could give. I am afraid the trouble in your face comes from not having your teeth attended to before you went away. I have always regretted so much that it could not have been done. But regrets are useless now.

As to your being in debt—how glad I am that you have told us all about it. You will find I have made earnest inquiries about it in my late letters, or perhaps in my last. I think you will be helped through in some way. Do not be disheartened. I do hope the money for the carriage has reached you safely. That will be one thing out of the way, and I trust we shall be able to help you more another year. We certainly shall if we can rent our house. Don't feel troubled about our helping you. It is what we expected to do and feel very willing and happy to make every possible effort to accomplish. You are only passing through the same experience with ourselves in having to be economical. I can remember when we found it very hard to make both ends meet, and many, I presume, thought us very close, but it was sheer necessity.

The Lord brought us through and set our feet in a large place and gave us not only houses and lands but, what was infinitely better, dear, devoted children, one of whom He has thus far allowed us to keep, one He has chosen for blessed service in a far off land, and the others He has taken to shine in His heavenly home. Have we not reason to be happy and to trust Him still, for ourselves and for those whom He has given us? “The promise is unto you and your children,” the Good Book says. We have rested upon it for ourselves, and now we do for you, our dear children, dearer to us than ever. The dear Lord will send you deliverance. Of course you could not be expected to understand fully how to manage with the strictest economy the first year, but you will improve as we did. But, oh me, I am afraid your means will not increase as ours did. If all the missionaries except the Burnells are in debt, why should they not, in a body, apply to the Board for larger salaries? It certainly looks as if the present amount was very insufficient. The dear Lord give you wisdom in all things.

It was so good to have you allude to the contents of the box. It seems so long ago that we had almost forgotten. We could see you both busy over the various packages, on the verandah, baby asleep, house quiet—could almost hear your exclamations of pleasure. We have let our imagination do this office by the packages in the Cromwell, for that missing letter number 24 is still unaccounted for. But won't you be glad when the bark Robert arrives? I expect it will be about a month after this letter. Wouldn't we like to fly over and be there when it comes, and have Grandpa set up the carriage for baby! Dear little lamb, I am glad he has another tooth. He gets them so slowly I fear he will be cutting the hardest in the heat of summer. But then you will have him on the hills, won't you?

Would it not be a good idea to draw your salary once a quarter, and then, unless an emergency be very great, not draw again until the next quarter comes around, and draw for your catechists, etc., separately? I cannot judge, I only suggest. Perhaps three hundred dollars every three months, or one hundred a month, would not anything like cover your expenses. How is it? Please let me know all, and then I shall better be able to help you out of your dilemma. What does your help cost you a month now? I suppose you did not bear any part of the expense of refitting your house.

Don't be troubled about us. We are just as comfortable as can be and have all the nice things we want. When we rent our house we shall have quite a surplus. So don't be worried about us. Fannie really enjoys her school, and I think it will be quite a help to us, and it makes a change for her. It is not good to be always with me, while I am so ailing, especially. She is so likely to be similarly affected.

January 2nd, 1869

A happy new year to you all, dear ones. Just two years ago today you sent off your last letters to us by pilot from on board the Isabella and were cut off from all possible communication

with home and Christian friends until you should reach heathendom, and you had not heard one word from us. Oh it was hard. I am feeling it all over anew for you. But it is past, and so it will soon be with all your other trials, for the present not joyous, but afterwards yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Oh, the blessedness of the result. Let us welcome all, then, as from the hand of a loving Father.

Yesterday it stormed fearfully. There were but few calls made. I succeeded in keeping your dear father at home, for I thought it not prudent for him to venture out, especially as the friends he would have called on live very far apart and he would have had to walk a great deal. I grow very careful of him as the years go by, for what would we do without him? And besides, how doubly lonely it would be, now you are gone, if we had not him to return to us every night. I suppose Fannie will tell you about the day, also our presents. I believe the one I like best is a beautiful little picture frame which she gave me. It is black, made of India rubber, I should think, with raised figures on it and oval places edged with gilt, for two pictures. I lost no time in putting in the picture of yourself and baby and one of Thornton. His is one of the old kind that Frances never liked, but she selected it herself and thought it looked so much better than it used to. It pleased me all the more to have her select it. The little frame can stand down or be hung up, so I kept it standing by me all day. Whenever I changed my seat I took it with me, much to your father's amusement, as I often saw from his quizzical sideways glances. But I did not mind that. It was next to having you there with me, and it helped to make me happy. I don't mean that I took it downstairs; it is always bright and pleasant here, but downstairs it seems so dark and gloomy—blinds and shades and curtains to the windows; but I do love sunlight so much and it does me so much good. To be sure, we had to do without sunlight yesterday, but our room was light and very inviting. We miss you sadly on these festal days, darling, but then we are thankful we had you so long, and we look forward to the time when we shall again be together without fear of separation, with happiness pure and unalloyed.

Lottie Chandler came Monday afternoon and went away Thursday noon. She passed the days with us and the nights at Mrs. Chester's. She made various purchases for her brothers and sisters and other friends to whom she felt indebted and to whom she had never been able to make any return before. I thought she manifested very good judgment in all she bought. She managed, in each case, to get such things as were fitting and without an extravagant outlay. I felt that her good sense and her kindly, grateful feelings were especially commendable. She thinks now she will be able to lay by a little to assist her sisters when they arrive. If she has her health, I have no doubt she will do well. She has got a fine start. She packed her things here, and your father and Fannie helped her. She seemed very much delighted that she could do so. She said she did not like to take them to Mrs. Chester's, there would be so many remarks made, questions asked, and then there would be allusions to what she had done, a long time afterwards. But here she felt that she was understood and could act without restraint. We like to have her feel so, for it seems a little like having a child come home. In some things, she is quite like you. She jumps up sometimes in the midst of what she is saying, throws her arms around my neck, kisses me, and says, "Oh, you are my dear good mother." It makes me think of times in the far past, not very far, either, when you used to do just so; only you would say, "Oh Mother, you're a duck" which meant, oh, I know how much. Would that I could feel again that loving embrace. I think I would never say, "don't hurt me," or "don't muss my clean collar!"

I asked Lottie what the salary of the missionaries was and told her I thought it was twelve hundred dollars. She said she never knew of its being as much as that. She did not know what it was now, but she remembered when her father and mother had only 200 dollars apiece. If you

are all paid at that rate now, or if you are not paid enough to be comfortable, you should certainly, in my opinion, send in a petition to the Board for an advance. Was Mr. Penfield mistaken in supposing the salary to be twelve hundred a year? You say it is 2175 rupees, including allowance for baby. That is only 1044 dollars. How is the 1200 made up? In rent? I thought that was free. Do tell me about it. I thought very seriously of writing to Dr. Clark for an explanation. How could he tell you that you could live comfortably and lay up something if that is all you were to have? It will be four months before I can get an answer from you, but do answer in full.

This piece of tatting should have gone in the last letter.

Your own loving mother,
M. I. Hubbard

1869

JMHubbard to Penfields

New York
January 1, 1869

Dearly beloved children,

I wish you a happy New Year, one and all.

While the storm rages without, the little snow birds are flying and hopping about in front of our window, evidently enjoying the new year upon which we have just entered, and reminding me of Lottie's desire to enjoy a snow bank. Would it not be nice if we could send you one?

With regard to your last year's account, I think you need not let your heart be troubled. It was to be expected that, until you were settled, your expenses would be more, and then I think you will find that, when you come to deduct the amount paid the helpers, yours will be much reduced. Would it not be well to draw your money quarterly and have the accounts kept separately by the treasurer? As the cost of living is much more than formerly, would it not be well for the missionaries to petition the Board to increase the salary of each, and thus relieve them of much anxious solicitude? Do not distress yourselves about the premium on your policy of insurance. I will pay that this year, having saved much more than is necessary for that by not drinking or smoking. As you say nothing about your buggy, we fear you are not getting the benefit from it. We hoped you would; do ride as often as you can.

I was informed yesterday that our church at Montclair had united on a pastor and had given him a call, and it was thought he would accept, as they offered him twenty-five hundred dollars' salary and the parsonage; he has received ten hundred. My informant could not give me his name.

Near 3 o'clock, and the storm is still increasing. There will be very few calls made today. I have not been out, and your mother says she thinks I had better spend the day at home, and I feel very much inclined to acquiesce, although I should like to make a very few calls. We have been favored with one by Joseph Hawkins.

We were much gratified with your last letter and happy to know that you were pleased with the contents of the box. Hope the two on the way will prove as satisfactory.

Our old and tried friend P. Penfield Stewart, of Troy, died a few days since, a good man and true. One of the Troy papers has quite a lengthy article in his praise, saying "we have lost one of our best men." Your dear mother has written a beautiful letter of condolence to our dear Sister Stewart.

I carried my blue ink to the office and must now use the black to finish my letter with.

Our last call on New Years day was by an old and tried friend, Mr. Dorr. He was full of life and love, as ever, although it is evident that he has failed somewhat within the past two or three years. We sang, as usual, "Sparkling and Bright in the Liquid Light," Frances playing the piano; we all enjoyed his visit very much. He took tea with us.

And now let me refer you to the most precious word of the Lord for what I wish further to say to you, Ephesians 5:1-2¹⁴⁸, also 1st Thessalonians 5:16-24¹⁴⁹. We are now observing the

¹⁴⁸ Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweetsmelling savour. (KJV)

world week of prayer. Subject for today, that God would pour upon His people the Spirit of grace and supplication; Monday, for the blessing of God upon families, and all youth and children. Tuesday, for the sanctification and enlargement of the Church; but I trust you will get an account of the prayers long before this reaches you. O what a joyful thought, that all the people of God are united in besieging the throne of grace for the richest of heaven's blessings on the race at the same time; may we not witness glorious results!

Thornton, I thank you for your faithfulness to our precious daughter; our hearts are made joyous that our confidence was not misplaced. The Lord's richest blessings rest upon you and yours, to the latest generation, according to the word of the Lord.

A thousand kisses for the dear little grandson; may he grow up to be a herald of salvation, chosen of God, and bless us.

"Peace be with you."

Your loving Father,
J.M. Hubbard

Please say to those who received the cloth (Was it white muslin or calico?) and sent us "plenty of salaams" that we wish very much to hear that they are all true Christians and then we may hope to meet them in Heaven. How much such news as this would cheer our hearts.

January 3rd

Today begins our week of prayer. I have not been able to go out, but my heart is in unison with the spirit of the day.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #62
102 West 29th St., New York
January 9th, 1869

My very dear daughter,

Just a year ago, on the seventh, we received the news of baby's birth. It came in the forenoon. What a day it was! One, indeed, long to be remembered, for a great load was taken from our hearts. We talked and wept and gave thanks to God. The letter had a passage of fifty three days, via Marseilles; several letters since then have come in forty nine days via Southampton; singular is it not? But oh, I shall never forget that day. A year has passed, since, with all its varieties of light and shade, but the recollection is as fresh as if it were only yesterday. It has been a sad year to you, in some respects, but in others, I trust, one of joy. What

¹⁴⁹ Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Quench not the Spirit. Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it. (KJV)

the present year will bring is wisely hidden from us. Let us trust and not be afraid. It may be the very best of our lives.

I went over and spent a couple of hours with dear Mrs. Hawkins today. She is very feeble, has failed much since I last saw her. She looks as if she might soon receive her crown. I shall try to go often, for I want to be much with her at the last. My old friend Erysipelas is on a visit to me, so that I am obliged to be careful so as not to be laid aside entirely. Today several missionaries have sailed from here for China, but we could not go to see them. They were earnestly remembered yesterday in prayer at the meeting in Dr. Rodger's church and today in the Women's Meeting at the Tabernacle. It seemed very good to me, yesterday, to be at the meeting in Dr. Rodger's church. It was dreadful walking, so wet and sloppy. Fannie and I went down in the Sixth Avenue cars. I got out at 22nd Street and went to the church [at the corner] of 5th Avenue. She went on to 14th to go and see Mrs. Baldwin, who is sick. I wanted to go, too, but I knew it would be too much for me to go there and to the church also. So I went to the church, for I was really hungry for a missionary prayer meeting. I enjoyed it much, came home strengthened and renovated. Church well filled. Many standing. I do hope great blessings may descend upon our missions in answer to the prayers offered this day. One of the clergymen, I don't know who, prayed in a very touching manner that God would tenderly remember those who had left home and native land. My heart responded, Amen.

How I do want to hear from you again. You did not tell us whether you had a good night's rest that time when you went to sleep alone in the guest chamber. I am very thankful to dear Thornton for proposing it. It was always hard for you to do without your sleep. The Lord give you each physical strength. I hope you will go to the Pulneys this year. Fannie fears you will not get liberty to go two years in succession, but I think that will make no difference if you need it, and I am sure you do.

January 10th, Sabbath eve.

Fannie and I are alone in our dear room, your father having gone to church with Mr. Bennett. It has been a sweet, quiet day. I did not feel well enough to go out to church. Fannie went this P.M. to the Dutch church, and father to the Home all day, and this P.M. up to St. Luke's Hospital to see a sick man who is the husband of one of our nurses at the Home. Both are converted Jews. They were delighted to hear from each other. A sick woman has died at St. Luke's today, and her children have been brought to the Home. The father is a drinking, but well educated, man, hopes to do better and provide for them. We have been watching the case some time through one of our teachers. Thus, day after day, some good act is done, some one of the race benefitted, and so may it be to the end. There is a very solemn state of feeling at the Home now, in consequence of the sudden death of one of the women. The others are beginning to inquire if they are ready. One of them has been over to see me for three Mondays past. The first time she seemed much bowed down with a sense of sin and a consciousness that her sins were not forgiven. I talked with her and endeavored to make the way plain, and we both prayed. She made no hesitation when I asked her to pray for herself, but seemed glad of the opportunity. The next Monday she came with a very happy expression on her face, said she believed prayer had been answered, her burden was gone, and her mind was filled with peace. I tried to instruct her, and we prayed again, and her prayer was such a contrast to what it was before that I could not but hope she has indeed found the Saviour. When she was going out, she spoke again of her great happiness and the pleasure she felt in coming to see me. "And now," she said, "if you have no objections, I will come to see you every week." The next Monday she appeared well, also,

and tomorrow I expect her again. If she proves to be truly converted, what a joy it will be. She seems to be trying to influence others at the Home. She is night nurse there, and the children seem attached to her. Will you not each one pray that our labors at the Home may bring salvation? We observed the concert today for the children and I do feel that prayer will be answered in their behalf. How I do long for your next letter. I am tired and sleepy, and I see Fannie is making preparations to put me to bed. So good night, dear darling daughter. You are with me in my dreams almost every night of late, and it is so pleasant, but you do not look as you did, but older and sunburnt. Well, we did not expect our soldiers in the war¹⁵⁰ to return looking as when they left home. If they had, we should not have thought they had seen service. God comfort and help you. I love you more than ever, and Thornton comes in for a share, of course, and then little Thornton cannot be left out. There is love enough for all three. Oh, if I could only be of some real help to you. But I will do all I can.

Monday, [January] 11th

A grand surprise for us today. Your dear letter 29 came so unexpectedly (28 you have it). I had been saying that we must not expect one before the 28th, and it seemed so long to wait. It is a real stormy day, and Fannie and I were both at home and very dull, for some reason or other, and so, by way of diversion, I had been reading *Lady of the Lake*, but it lost its interest when your precious missive was handed in, and then we had business enough for the rest of the day. I think you have succeeded wonderfully with your plan, but what is there at the top of the house? It seems to be but one story and you have 20 stairs to the top. Can you go out on the top and take a view? Is it a flat roof, or what kind? I wish you had marked where the snake was found which Thornton encountered, also the one which Mrs. Chester found. Have you seen any more? What a bother those white ants must be! Do you manage to keep them out by the water preventive? Really, you have quite a garden. What kind of a hedge is it on either side of the house? Is there a carriage drive up to the house? There seems to be none in front. We thought you might perhaps drive up anywhere to the verandah and get out. But then, I should think there ought to be a railing around, or somebody would be falling off. I am afraid you will stint yourselves if you try to live on \$15.00 per month. We shall be quite anxious to know how you get on and also how your account with the Treasurer stands. Please tell us definitely. How pleasant it is to know that the things suit you so well. But what else would you like? Don't fail to tell us. I do hope the little carriage will stand the climate well. Have you bedding enough?

Sabbath [January] 17th

A storm is gathering, and I am not feeling very well—some pleurisy pain, so I cannot write much more. I have been at home today and had a sweet Sabbath, commenced reading Prof. Cowles, on Isaiah. Shall be much benefitted by it, I know. We have regular heathen living next door to us. Just now, they are out in the yard, skating! And their shouts and laughter and loud talk are a great offense to us. The Lord bring them to a better mind. Oh what a blessing it is to have been brought up in a Christian way and respect the Sabbath, if only outwardly. We had letters from Brattleboro a day or two since. They were very much gratified with yours. Mr. Slate is in trouble in his business, has sold out. We do not know all. It is uncertain what he will do. Pray for him; I should think, from his writing, he was much harassed. How much we need to be stayed on God and build our house upon the Rock. I hope you have a growing

¹⁵⁰ The War Between the States

consciousness that this is your happy case, my dear children. The dear Lord perform all. This word in regard to you, and bless you abundantly in your labors. We are much gratified with the news from Miss Smith. Much love to all three of you.

Your devoted Mother,
M. I. Hubbard

Kind regards to your missionary friends. Love to Miss Pollock. Presume she has Fannie's letter by this time.

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

Letter #32

(Letter No. 32 came to hand on the 18th of March, last date Jan. 23. Had a passage of 53 days, contained an account of contents of box sent by the Clarence and a letter for Mrs. Cowles to be sent when the box comes. Lottie was soon to leave Thornton for Madura to stay while Mr. and Mrs. Chandler went to Madras with their two daughters who sailed in the Clarence March 10th, 1869.)

Saturday, January 16th, 1869

My own darling sister,

It is just a year ago today that our dear baby was baptised, and today is your birthday. May you have many happy returns of the day, darling sister.

Etta and Gertie Chandler came out yesterday to keep me company until Thornton returns. They are real good company. And what do you think they are doing now? I am sitting by the outside door in my room writing, and they are sitting on the floor with all my old playthings scattered round them. Baby is with them just as interested as can be. He does not try to touch the things that they do not wish him to touch but plays with two glass marbles, the little green top stone; the little brass candlestick pleases him wonderfully. He is all smiles and joy. A few moments ago the girls found him chewing one of the dolly's hats, which made us all laugh. The ayah is as interested as anybody. I little thought my playthings would amuse my baby, yet I always [thought] I should save them for my children, for I always felt as though I was cheated because Mother never saved hers for me.

Hereafter, if you will direct your letters to "Tirupuvanam near Madura" it will encourage our little Post Office here. I think that hereafter I will mail a letter to you between the 15th and 25th of each month. Thornton always writes home between the 1st and 10th, so if one letter is lost to one family one month, the other will be pretty sure to go right. Now I must stop and go out to get a little air before dark. The little pin you sent me, Fannie, is just the neatest, sweetest little pin I have. I think everybody admires it, and I only wear it on express occasions. I am so sorry that letter was lost that told all about the things by the Cromwell. I forget half now. The little red shoes that you sent for baby then are plenty long enough but not wide enough, for his little fat toes won't go in. I don't know but I mentioned this before—but forgive me, I cannot remember all I write. I think I will write things and then forget whether I have written or only thought of writing them. Thornton and I kept both the knife and scissors, in need of them, and did not know they were intended for Lazarus and Neys until we had used them a month or so—we were sorry. Everything that came was just right and very nice indeed. You had better send

us shoes—especially [for] baby, say one or two pairs, and a few for Thornton and me apiece, every time a ship comes. I shan't want any more gloves or veils for some time. I am well supplied. How we do love you—you are so good to take trouble about our things. It makes me cry sometimes to think how good God is to let us have such loving and true friends at home. Some here have no friends to send to.

How glad I am to hear that Mrs. Libby is through and so comfortable. That little baby will be a treasure, may it long be spared to be a comfort to her. Little babies are so sweet. I wished most thoroughly Mother and you could have been here when I was having that terrible time with baby in Madura. I can quite appreciate what you say about Lottie Chandler—she has a disease (pin worms) about her which, at one time, brought on St. Vitas dance and makes her very nervous. Tell Mother a hassock would [be] thrown away out here—the insects would cut it as quick as anything. The itch is nothing here. This ayah has had it since [we] have had her; sulfur and oil (thoroughly rubbed in) cure it completely and quickly. Baby has never had it.

We thank Father for his nice letter very much indeed. His letters are rare and we enjoy them very much. The more I think of it, the more disappointed I am that you could not go to Norwich. So many of our Mission were there, and our children whose parents are here; also Dr. and Mrs. Palmer and Miss Hartley, who are now on their way here. It would indeed have been a comfort to both you and us. I need not mention my joy at Grant's and Colfax' success—we feel comfortable and happy about America now. Baby lives on sage and rice and goat's milk now, but, alas, he is not like his mother—no red hair. His head is quite dark already, almost brown, and he sucks bones with greatest satisfaction, much to his father's joy. You would laugh to see the little lamb. With dress pinned up behind, great bib on, face all over chicken, a great leg in one hand—one stocking off and one stocking on, creeping round as fast as his little legs can go—and sitting down every few minutes to have a suck of his bone. I told Thornton the other day I shouldn't care to see your new silk dress here just then—he (little Thornton) is so sweet, despite chicken bones. I can't keep my hands off him. I say “no no,” and he minds instantly. He is so joyful and full of life and his merry laugh rings out so clear and happy. O you must see him—I feel just so sometimes.

Etta and Gertie sail for home on the Clarence March 10th and will probably be 18 weeks in reaching America. I hope you will see them. They have your address. They will land in New York and probably go to the rooms. They go home with a Mr. and Mrs. Hastings from Jaffna (Ceylon), who are taking some of their children home. I have never seen them. The girls can tell you ever so much about baby that I cannot write. How I do love you all. I wonder if Father doesn't want to be hugged by this time.

Sabbath 17th

Thornton will be home next week. O how glad we shall be to see him. Baby called “papa” right out in meeting today. He can walk a yard or two alone. Thornton does not know it yet; it is to be a surprise to him. The girls are to go home tomorrow, and I mean to go with them. Our carriage has to go for Thornton to Madura anyhow, and I will go along and bring him back on Tuesday or Wednesday or whenever he shall return from the meeting—a little surprise to him, you see, and I shall see him sooner. Baby will go with me, of course. I never go and leave him behind alone. O dear me, I don't know what I shall do when Thornton comes home again; it seems as though I never should be unhappy again, if I can only have Thornton back again.

Thursday, January 21st

Well, if I am going to get a letter off by the 25th I must be about it. On Monday last I took the horse, and the girls, baby, ayah, and I all went into Madura. I went so as to bring Thornton back, found three overlands¹⁵¹ for us—one from you, from Thornton's mother, and from Dr. Clark. Thornton came about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and we had a rich time reading them. Good news in all. Thornton and I are going to save that little piece of the bread Mother sent and eat it together some Sabbath day when we are together and have a sort of Communion by ourselves. We left Madura for home about 3 ½ and reached home after 7. Thornton seemed very tired indeed, but after having one day's rest he was obliged to start off on a trip to Pulney, about 80 miles, Mr. White's station, and will not be back until the middle of next week. I did feel terribly to have him go again so soon, but it seems for the best. The Whites leave for America very soon, but don't expect much. Mrs. White is a very kind, and could be efficient, woman, but she and Mr. White were never made for each other. He is the most feminine man I ever saw. And their children (3) have no training at all—disagreeable—though possessed of many good points. I pity them all, especially her. Be kind to her; she will appreciate it, and it will do her good. The Chandlers are going to Madras to see their girls off, and we are to go to Madura and stay until their return—probably two months, so we shall have Miss Smith with us. It will be a great interruption now, just as we have got started, but somebody must go, and we can leave probably as easily as anyone. We go in there in two weeks, not taking furniture or crockery, only clothes and bedding. It is a very responsible place, and I hope we can give satisfaction.

Baby says "baby" and makes salaam to all; he would shake hands a long time ago. I am so glad Prof. Cowles is going to New York. I do wish Mary could have gone with him. I hope you will see her and Mrs. Cowles, too, before long. I do hope you will. Mrs. Cowles says that Smith is studying now at Leipzig, and a gentleman who has just returned from studying at the same place says that Smith is doing splendidly, and that in organ playing he is entirely ahead of the students in the Leipzig Conservatory. Isn't that nice? Mrs. Chandler is always very much gratified to hear what you (Mother) write about Lottie and sends her love, and I think she feels that Lottie has a valuable friend in you. She says she has written her to go to you for advice. I am glad you can help her—she has had a hard time, poor child. We are looking forward to the coming box with a great deal of pleasure and anticipation. What folly or extravagance do you think I have been guilty of? —Braiding a bib like the enclosed pattern for baby. Mrs. Hazen had two sent to her from home, this and another, braided on marseilles, and they are so pretty. I found I could piece out one nicely, of the pieces of my sack, and I had a little braid that would do, so I went to work and it is almost done. Not much work, either. Don't you think it is pretty? You see I did not have to buy anything for it. Fannie, if you ever feel that you are going to have a sty on your eye again, take a piece of sealing wax and rub the smooth end of it on the place first, 2 or 3 times, 3 or 5 times a day, and it will disappear. Do it in season when you first feel it. Thornton has never had another since that painful one he had in Montclair, by the use of this simple remedy. I do hope Cousin John is not seriously injured. Doesn't that family seem unfortunate? My love to all the Bateses, please, and little Irene, too. I shall be glad of castile soap, for I took some (1 cake) of Mrs. Chandler and I am to replace [it] when I get some. I am so glad to have only good news to report of Miss Smith now. She certainly seems very well

¹⁵¹ letters

indeed—looks bright and happy and is a great comfort to me. It is almost 9 o'clock now, so I will close. I am afraid I sent a little piece of lace home in the letter that was lost, for a collar for you, for I cannot remember you ever mentioning it.

Friday evening

Another day has gone. O dear, how long they are without Thornton. The evenings are almost intolerable, not a soul to speak to, servants all gone to their houses, and baby asleep; so dull. I almost start at my own shadow. O don't missionaries have their trials, though—let anyone who talks about the luxuries and ease of a missionary life come and try it; I think they would cease their ignorant speeches. To be sure, we don't have to work on our hands and knees for our bread, but if we did, we could not do much of what we came for.

Baby's little bib is all braided and the scalloping commenced, and I have not sewed steadily at all today. I have been meaning to tell you for some time that, if you should have any small thing valuable to send, it is much cheaper to do it up in as small a parcel as possible, perhaps in a little box, and send it by book post; no freight is to be paid in that case. When we can afford it, I want to send Thornton's watch home in that way and either have it put in order or get a new one and send in return. I should have to inquire a little about it first, but that is a very nice way to send a book, large or small, or any small article. Thornton's watch seems to [have] given out and won't go. It is too expensive to have it sent to Madras and have it mended [which] costs more than the original price of the watch, which is a good silver one. (Sometime I hope I can send home for a new one and surprise him, so don't tell him.)

Well, now I must go to bed. It is so lonely to wake up nights and feel such a weight of responsibility upon one—so still and lonely. But it is all right. It is far better to have friends that would come if they could, and not those who wouldn't if they could. I am about to mail a letter to Leilia and think I shall be obliged to send the bib pattern in that, for this will be overweight, and that under. Will you please send the enclosed letters where they belong? If I require too much of you, just hint and I will ask less. I suppose Father has not and cannot rent the house at this season of the year. I am sorry for it. Always let us pay for what we send for. We expect to, and you must not feel badly or sorry when you do let us. It is all right and just as we wish.

With O so much love for you, all three.

Your most affectionate
Lottie

By the girls, we are sending a small box home, and it will probably be left at the rooms in New York for you. There is nothing of any value, only a few cheap trinkets which I have gathered for you. All that are of the least value have been presents to us, but we would much more enjoy having you have them. So you need not fear that we expended much for them. I had a letter written, to go in the box for Mrs. Cowles, but the box was nailed up and it forgotten, so I will send it by mail and you can keep it and send it with the things that are for her. Theirs are almost all numbered, and yours are numbered with an X on them. All that are not numbered, I don't write about them particularly, [are] to be divided between you. The most of the things are the same that I have written to Mrs. Cowles about, and I will write the same again for your benefit. Of the other things, the Medicine Box is one we brought out with us, but no one here knows anything about these items, and I do not know their strength, and I do not feel like taking the responsibility of using them, as Thornton knows nothing of them. So they have been just

about useless to us. A few I have used some, and some have evaporated. It cost us \$15.50; do you think Father could find anybody to buy it? Sell it for what he can get for it; if not, it will probably be of more use to you than us. You keep it; it is a nice little box. The key is in the trap of one of the little native boxes. We have filled up the chinks between the bottles with seeds which came from our garden. They are said to grow nicely in America. "India shot" is the name; they grow just opposite my bedroom door, so, if yours grow, you can tell what kind of flowers I have there. Please send some on to Oberlin. We also return your book of Mrs. Lord's poems; you sent us two, yours and ours. There are three sponges, I believe; the little one for our Mary, and a big one for my Mother and Thornton's mother each. When Mrs. Capron was in Jaffna (Ceylon), she hired a coolie to go for a day and bring her some, and those are some of them. There are 3 or 4 [?]—but I did not have time to write off the English—will try next time. There are 4 women. The two that I thought you would be most interested in and had better keep, perhaps, is the one standing, showing how Tamil women carry their babies, and the one where I have tucked a pillow under its head, showing how baby was sometimes got to sleep, only these things are all out of proportion. The woman's legs are much too short and bring the baby all wrong. These are Tamil toys; so is the elephant—I had two to send but could not get one in, so you may send this to Oberlin or not, as you have room or please. The shells are some we picked up from our river, the little Tamil children helping us. The little box is one I got on Christmas; so is the handkerchief and fan. Please give the box to Lilia. It came from Bombay, as did the fan. I would like to have the fan go to Mother, but perhaps I ought to send something to Mrs. Bennett. If you think so, please give it to her; if not, Mother must keep it with my love. The handkerchief is for Fannie. It is probably the work of some Mohammedan and came from Madras.

The pictures on the cards are for you, and those not mounted are for you and Oberlin—2 of 2 kinds, one for each of you of each kind. I believe I will write Mrs. Cowles' letter all over again. You won't send it on until the box comes, and, as yours are all numbered like hers, except [with an] X on yours, you will be reading hers what they are. I wish there was more for you—but by and by, I hope.

With ever so much love from us both.

Affectionately,
Lottie

(Private)

Mother dear, did you understand my last letter—the private part, I mean? I am almost sorry I wrote it. We don't mean to cut you off from sending us anything. Shoes we must have, though after the next box comes I don't think I shall need any more hats or gloves or veils for a year, at least, and perhaps baby won't. What I have written for I need, also some shoe strings. Send us these things and perhaps a little more, but not much. I hope you will see just how it is and not think us either selfish or ungrateful. In a year or two we shall be glad enough of lots of things again. Dear me, it is awful to be in debt. We try to economize in every [way] and I am sure we shall lift our load this year.

Most affectionately,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Tirupúvanam

Friday, January 29, 1869

My own dear Mary,

Your father will be sending a letter off soon, so I must have one ready to go with it. How you would love to be here now and see your little brother run round on his own little feet. On last Tuesday, all of a sudden, he started of his own accord and came clear across the room to me; he did look so cunning. Since then, he has walked considerably but still creeps a great deal. He has a way, now, of screwing his little face all up and shivering all over, as if he was eating pickles or something very sour; when he is eating his dinner, he shuts his eyes all tight and peeks out a little occasionally to see if we are looking. If we look the other way and pretend we don't see him, he will keep his face all screwed up until we look back again, then he begins to shiver and shut his eyes tight. He looks so funny it makes us laugh, and he laughs too. The other day he went to where there were two flatirons, and he lifted one way up off the floor. It weighed six pounds. We thought it was very heavy for a little boy 14 months old, who then could not walk alone. He makes salaam to the natives, which pleases them greatly.

Next Sunday I am going into Madura, and your father will come in there on the Wednesday following. We are to stay there two months while Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who live there, are gone to Madras to see their two daughters sail for America. We feel very sorry to be obliged to leave our station for so long a time, but someone must go. Mrs. Chandler has to send her daughters home to perfect strangers. She hopes they will find happy homes, but she does not know. Whenever I think of her two girls going away from her to strangers, it makes my heart full of thankfulness that our dear daughter is among those who love her and do for her as they would for their own. I hope you will thank God for this every day, and, as you grow older, you will try to relieve your dear grandparents of every care that you can.

I think you will have a very nice time at home with Grandma this winter. I used to think I learned a great deal more when I studied at home with my dear mother than when I went to school; she always made me understand everything so nicely.

Your father is spending the most of today over in the church, with his helpers, school teachers, catechists, etc. I expect he will come home very tired. Baby is taking his noon nap, and I think I will go and take a little rest, too, for I have been spending the last three or four days in packing our things for Madura, and I find it a long, hard job; but it is about through. Tomorrow I shall spend in cleaning the godown and getting sugar, flour, and stores, generally, ready to go on Monday morning. So, with ever so much love to Grandpa, Grandma, and all the rest, and your dear little self, from your

Affectionate mother,

L. E. P.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #33

(Letter #33 received April 9th, had a passage of 49 days. Last day Feb. 19th. Family in Madura for two months, baby improving rapidly, begins to talk and says Tamil words, walks also.

Saturday, January 30th, 1869

My own dear ones all,

I must be getting another letter started, so I will improve the few leisure moments I have. We have been very busy today doing the many last things to be done, and now nearly all the things are packed. Baby and I go in on Monday, and Thornton will come on Wednesday morning. I go early, at Mrs. Chandler's request, so as to help her. Thornton came home on Tuesday, just as I was eating breakfast, much to my delight. And baby, as to celebrate the day, all of a sudden came trotting across the room, all alone, to me, much to our delight. He walks quite long distances alone now, though he often gets in such a hurry that he tumbles down but he seldom minds it at all. The dear little fellow lifted a six pound flatiron off from the floor all alone a few days since; we thought it quite a feat for a little 14 months baby who then could not walk alone.

Harriet Zilva, our pastor's wife, brought us a young green parrot today, so we have another pet. It grieves baby sorely that he cannot take hold of it, but he would pull it all to pieces.

On Wednesday, while getting some thread to carry to Madura with me, I found Mother's letter that came with the Cromwell goods. I tell you it was a delightful surprise. I thought it was queer that no letter came with the things, but I thought probably you were in a hurry and could not write. It tells all about the things and was quite a windfall to us. Thornton's delighted to think that little black bag was for him; he says I never would have let him have it if we had not found the letter.

That Mrs. McLaughlin that we boarded with in London is a scoundrel to talk so about Thornton. He is one of the most easily suited men about his living that ever was. Isn't it just as easy to fix fish plain on Sabbath morning as anything else, especially as it was bought and given to her the day before? And, as to her keeping the Sabbath, I don't like to judge, but we did not think she had any Christianity to boast of. Miss Smith lost collars, and I lost stockings, and Thornton a pair of pearl studs, and we greatly mistrusted her of taking them. When we were leaving, she charged us a week's board more than we had had because she said we did not give her a week's notice, when she knew all the month that we were likely to go at any moment. A week's board for 7 persons was a great deal, especially as we had not taken a day's board of it. Mr. Herrick talked to her very plainly about it, and she always owed us a grudge about it. She had a mean, sharp eye, and was most tricky, to say the least. Since we left, she accuses Mr. Herrick of carrying off her keys with him, when we never had one of her keys. She is the meanest woman I ever met, so fawning and hypocritical. Thornton says, "O never mind; she hurts herself more than us," but I do mind—nobody shall talk so about my husband, if I can help it.

Monday, February 15th

I should have written before but for the press of duties. I came into Madura on Monday the first and have been here ever since. First was the local committee meeting, and the house was full of company; then I helped Mrs. Chandler pack and trimmed 7 hats for her and the girls. The girls had to have a supply against some being blown overboard, as generally is the case, with children. After they were off, Thornton was taken sick, distress with something he had eaten, and the same night baby had a high fever, which lasted three days. He now is much better,

though for a time he was very restless nights and fretful days, requiring much care and great anxiety on our part. He is very quiet yet, but is much better. He runs all round now.

The bishop of Madras has come here now. We went to hear him preach last evening and liked him very much indeed. Thornton has gone to call on him now. Miss Pollock is visiting Mrs. Hazen for a week or so, and Mrs. Hazen has invited us over there to dinner today. Your two letters 59 and 60 have come since I wrote last and, as soon as I can get a chance, I will write the answers to questions, etc. I wrote a note of welcome to Miss Hartley, and Thornton one to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer today. We are expecting to see the arrival of their ship Robert every day now. Those letters were so good and cheering. Only we feel very badly to have taken the money from Father for our carriage, when he is so short. The carriage is the greatest possible comfort to us. I don't really know what we should do without it, but I cannot bear to think of you having to pinch and scrape, and Fannie to teach, and make us such expensive presents as this. However, as we have it, I mean to enjoy it and let you have that satisfaction, if not the money. My chickens, six of them, have the chicken pox; it is very common in this country.

Tuesday [February] 16th

You know that the cows in this country never give their milk down unless they have their calf beside them; Cornelius's cow's calf died a few days since, and the cow refused to give down her milk, so they stuffed the calf's skin and the cow licked it. All the time she was being milked, a little boy wiggled the calf's tail at the same time to make the calf seem more alive—this is actual fact. Thornton goes to Tirupúvanam today and will return tomorrow. How anxiously we are looking for the Robert—these arrivals from home are the greatest possible comfort. O what would I give to see you all.

Our boils have all gone long ago—only our acclimation, I think. Boils are very common in this country.

You don't know how proud I am of our butter this week. During Mrs. Chandler's absence I have her two cows and take their milk for their (the cows') board—and I have almost a small bowl full this week. We are so glad you had such a nice visit from Dr. Cowles. Did you know he has been D.D.'ed¹⁵²? I hope you will see little Mary sometime. My little school has to be closed on account of our coming in here. If I had had a faithful teacher, I should have allowed it to go on, but with such an unsatisfactory person as Julia was, I did not feel it wise to have the school in her charge, and Mrs. Capron also advised my closing it under the circumstances. If the picture Lottie Chandler has [is] of the Madura Girls' Boarding School, then it is Miss Smith's school and not her mother's school. I have only one whole tin of Aunt Sarah's berries left. I keep them for company; they taste so fresh and nice, as if they were freshly picked and stemmed. Everybody speaks of them. Baby is running round in his little red shoes. I cut a slit down the front a little way and sewed the rosette over it so that it did not show, and they now fit him beautifully. He looks so cunning running round in them. Perhaps in selecting shoes for him you had better look to see if there is choice in the width across the toes and send the widest; fat babies have fat feet, you know.

We Americans could scarcely make up our minds to say "Lord" to Lord Napier but the English, generally once during the conversation, address him as "My Lord" or "Your Lordship" and avoid calling him anything most of the time. The same with Lady Napier. The English ladies never, so far as I know, study the Tamil language unless they are the wives of English

¹⁵² Doctorate of Divinity degree.

missionaries. As a class, they are very worldly and dressy, and most of their time goes to dressing fashionably and giving large entertainments. I must disappoint you about baby's eyes, for they have changed color again, and I should say they were as near black as anything, though not quite. At times they look jet black, but I think they are rather a grey black. Judge Thomas has left Madura; he was appointed to another place and so was obliged to leave. I think that little piece of poetry Mrs. McGinley sent is beautiful—please thank her for me.

That Mrs. Dilley was partially right and partly wrong. When persons are independent and bathe in the stagnant tanks or water in the native towns, they are in danger of having a very minute insect in the water lay its eggs in their legs and hatch out a most distressing wound, which occasions much pain and, after living and growing for some time, push their heads through the skin. When they have come far enough out, they wind it round a small stick and, as it works itself out, little by little, they wind it up on the stick. If it (the worm) breaks, the pain and suffering is intense. They are weeks in creeping out and are often feet in length. I have told you as near right as I can remember. I know of a gentleman on the hills who had one. Water found in the villages ought to be boiled and filtered before using. We all have wells of our own, clean pure water.

I think Fannie's dress is very pretty, but I hope that she won't have to teach long. I feel so mean to let you do so much for us. However, I hope you won't this next year. When you know that you are going to want towels, tablecloths, or napkins in about a year, send me the money and let me get some made here for you—I think they are cheaper than you can get at home and are very pretty and strong. I will try to find out the price and send you.

Wednesday [February] 17th

Thornton went to Tirupúvanam yesterday and, as Mr. Hazen is gone to Pulney, Mrs. Hazen, Miss Pollock, Miss Smith, and I are all alone here in Madura. I have the getting off of the tapals every day, so that I am pretty well occupied.

Many thanks for the piece of corn colored ribbon. Father's letter cheered us wonderfully. I wonder if he thinks this letter a volume. I hope that sometime we can have baby's picture taken with his eyes open. It is not often we can get a chance to have any pictures taken. Everybody says he is a very pretty baby. I am very glad Mother did not take trouble to send us any of that "Lodite of potassium" for we have a good supply of all such things in our Mission dispensary. The money for the carriage was all right, and enough for the harness, too. We do thank you very much for it.

O how I long and long to have you see baby; he is so sweet. He trots from one end of the room to the other, carrying something in his little hands, and leaves it over there, of course. How many times I have found my work basket all scattered round the room, thread all over the floor, work in one chair, thimble in his mouth, and scissors on the floor. How you would like to have him muss your work basket up that way; wouldn't you? I love to sit and watch him, so busy—he is regular boy—but so happy, a smile for all, and so winning, though at times wonderfully dignified, and then it is impossible to coax a laugh. He is very quick tempered.

Please say to Mr. Smith that all the doctors say his sister would probably be much better in this country than in America and that she seems to be improving fast, and we hope to report her well before long. I don't intend to let her come home until I come, which will be in 9 or 10 years, unless she is sick. I don't think she will be. Give my love to little Ida Hand. I hope I may see her some time. Perhaps I could have her pictures if they ever have any taken of her. I am

glad of all the tatting you send; it helps out wonderfully. I do hope my last letter will come to light.

Friday [February] 19th

This day all the tapals come in, one from each of the stations, so I am very busy. This must go tomorrow or wait a week—no news from the Robert yet. How much love goes with this, you don't know. Yesterday baby said "carcar," the Tamil for "crows" and [practices] it very often now. He talks his own way a great deal and, if anyone will answer him, keeps up a long conversation.

With so much love,
Lottie

TBPenfield to NGClark

Madura
Feb. 8th, 1869

Rev. N.G. Clark, D.D.
Sec. ABCFM

My Dear Brother,

When I wrote you last, our little son was slowly recovering from an alarming illness. Since then he has been steadily improving in health and spirits, till now he is quite well. For the measure of health granted both my family and myself, our thanks are due to him who alone can protect from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noon day."¹⁵³ In his merciful providence, we have been brought nearly through the dreaded cholera season without witnessing a single case among our helpers or people. Indeed, we have enjoyed remarkable immunity from sickness of any kind throughout the Tirupúvanam Taluk the last six months.

We have reported three congregations this year. One meets with us in the church at Tirupúvanam and is mainly composed of our helpers and servants and their families. We should not perhaps have called this a congregation but for the fact that some of our servants had been connected with the Romish Church previously, and as they desired their names enrolled among the members of a Protestant congregation, it seemed to us desirable to allow them the full credit of their position.

Our second congregation is quite small. It is all that remains of a once respectable congregation and about all even of the village, as there is but one man and his family, I believe, left in the village, beside those whose names are on our list. Cholera and famine have been the main agents in the work of depletion, many of the villagers in order to escape the latter have gone to Kandy on the island of Ceylon, where they found ready employment. Some of them are expected soon to return, and if, on again reaching their village, they resume their relations with the mission as eagerly as those who have already returned to Esali from similar service, we shall have cause to rejoice. The house formerly used for their meetings has fallen down, and as their

¹⁵³ Psalm 91:6.

own dwellings are altogether too close and dark for such purposes, the catechist assembles them on the ground in the open space in front of their houses.

One week ago Mrs. Penfield and I had the pleasure of attending the usual Sabbath afternoon service of this congregation. They seated us very comfortably in the shade of a tree, by placing for our use two inverted wooden mortars, such as they use in beating out their rice from the bush. A mat was spread at our feet, on which baby was seated, while the catechist occupied another at one side and the people arranged themselves on the clean swept ground in front. We commenced the services by singing a native hymn on the birth of Christ. One of the catechists then explained its meaning and urged the people to love and trust him as the only savior, showing them that it was not enough to bear the name of Christians but that they must be true followers of the Lord Jesus. The remarks were followed by prayer. I then read a portion of the 6th chapter of Matthew, asking questions as I proceeded, and explaining the necessity of prayer and its proper manner and spirit. The second catechist followed with a few remarks in the same line, some of which were quite forcible. He compared God to a father who is more pleased with the first attempt of his little child to speak his name than with the flatteries and compliments heartlessly paid him by others. The meeting closed with prayer and the benediction. It was a picturesque scene, that little group disposed on the ground or the grass and in different postures, cross-legged, with one knee up or both, or half recumbent, as suited the dispositions of each. The attention was good, and no thought of disrespect, I believe, prompted, as it surely did not prevent, one or another calling out or even jumping up as was done more than once to frighten the fowls from their grain, to drive an unruly cow out of the field, or to replenish the fire under the pot of rice which was boiling in full sight. In spite of these interruptions, which after all were far less in the open air than they would have been in a house, we saw reason to be encouraged with the simple-minded manner in which our message was received.

The third congregation reported has caused me some anxiety the past few months. First, I heard of the death of one of their leading men, and then that he had been buried with heathen rites. It was reported that most of the congregation had consented to and joined in these ceremonies, even to the extent of putting rice in the dead man's mouth, drinking arrack and dancing; and all this in the very shadow of the little house where they meet daily for Christian worship. On investigation, however, the only ground on which most of these charges rested proved to be mere hearsay, and the facts as far as they could be elicited seemed to be these: the son was a heathen, and in spite of his father's dying request and the wishes of the catechist and members of the congregation, determined to make a heathen funeral. When further remonstrance seemed useless, the better class of the people withdrew and had nothing more to do with the funeral. Most of the congregation, however, either out of a mistaken regard for the deceased or from motives of curiosity or indifference, remained, and two or three at least partook of the intoxicating beverages prepared for the occasion. This and whatever else could be construed as complicity with the heathenism, they readily admitted to be wrong and promised that on no account would they be betrayed into such conduct again. However, as the catechist and his family were quite desirous of a change, it seemed to me a good opportunity to test the strength of the people's attachment to him and perhaps even to Christianity itself.

Accordingly, after full warning and about a month from the time of the investigation alluded to, I sent one of the helpers to Esali with permission for the catechist to remove to another field of labor, and instructions about the care of the prayer house and other property of the mission. On his return, a petition signed by all the congregation and several of the leading heathen men of the village was laid before me, in which it was urged that they had now for many

years known the catechist and enjoyed the benefit of his labor, and being much attached to him personally, hoped that he might be permitted to remain. I learned too that the catechist and his family had been so much moved by the attachment manifested toward them by the people that they were quite satisfied to remain. The congregation had hitherto done very little, if anything, toward his support, but now pledged him six measures of grain from each family as often as they should reap a field. This was a most joyful and unexpected turn of affairs in a congregation that had seemed in danger of lapsing into heathenism.

Piramanur is about three miles from the mission house, and the school children of that village found the walk to and from Tirupúvanam tedious, especially when returning in the heat of the day after attending two services and having fasted since early morning. Accordingly, at their request I have excused them from attending Sabbath services at Tirupúvanam, and in its stead have organized a Sabbath school for them in their own village. The children meet with their teachers Sabbath morning to learn the lesson given them in the Testament catechism and hymn book. Sabbath school commences about half past three o'clock in the afternoon and has so far been attended by many men and children from the village. The novelty cannot of course last long, and when this has worn away will come the time to test the real worth of the movement. One of the catechists attends the school regularly. I have been present but twice and was quite pleased with the numbers present and their quiet and orderly behavior.

In proportion as I can understand the people and make myself understood, I am able to get into the heart of the work, and in the same proportion does the work look inviting. The great obstacle of a foreign language is far from being surmounted yet, but light seems to be breaking in and I am encouraged to press on. The assurance that you and all the dear ones at home are praying for us lightens our labors, and the word, "Lo, I am with you"¹⁵⁴ turns our very sorrows into joy.

Yours affectionately,
T.B. Penfield

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Madura
February 10th, 1869

My dear Mother,

The usual time for writing to you has come and finds me settled in Madura with the care of the treasury, in which there is now between three and four thousand dollars in gold, or double the number of rupees. Brother Chandler, the Treasurer, has gone to Madras, expecting to be absent about two months. Before going, he asked permission of the Mission to leave me in his place, which was granted. Accordingly, we have come in, "bag and baggage." We have leave, ourselves, to visit the Pulneys two months from April 15th, so that we shall probably have only time to go home and get ready for the hills after closing our responsibilities and duties here.

I shall have to go once in two or three weeks to look after the people of our own station but cannot leave the treasury more than a few days at a time. My longest absence will probably be about the 20th of next month, when I must make a tour with Brother Burnell and visit all the congregations and schools connected with his station, as he has permission to visit America and

¹⁵⁴ Matthew 28:20.

expects, soon after the above date, to leave India. I do not remember as I have told you; in fact, now that I recall the time of writing my last letter to you, I see that I could not have told you that he has been asked by the Mission to give to me the charge of his station sometime before leaving for home. This is the object of the proposed tour among his villages. You will see by what I have said that I am likely, for nearly a month, to have the care of both Mēlūr and Madura in addition to Tirupúvanum. However, it will be for so short a time that it cannot seriously affect me. The most that I expect to do in Madura, besides caring for the Treasury and sending money to the Brethren of the Mission as they may require it, will be to meet the helpers weekly and keep them all at work, as far as possible, and once or twice to visit all the congregations and schools in the limits of this station. When in here on the Sabbath, I shall preach as often as I feel disposed. I shall also have an opportunity to conduct repairs on the front wall of the premises if I find leisure and inclination so to do, for nearly the whole length must be rebuilt, and Brother Chandler will only be too glad to have it done for him.

I am sending a letter soon to Madras for Dr. Palmer to welcome him to the Mission, as is the custom here, and a very pleasant custom for newcomers, as I can testify. It did us ever so much good to receive such letters from the Missionaries when we first landed. So, as we are beginning to look for his arrival, I am sending on my letter to wait for him. We have had no Mission physician since Dr. Lord, who has lately died, left us. He left just before our arrival, so that it is a matter of great joy to us all that one is under appointment to fill his place and is already, as we hope, so near us.

My little Mary's birthday (but I suppose I cannot say little much longer), which came a few days ago, was not forgotten, and I fully meant to write her, this time, a good long letter. But it is almost time for the mail to close, so that I see I shall not be able to do so this time. Please tell her I am very sorry but will try to find time before the time goes by for another letter. At present, I have just about as much as I can attend to. Much love to her and all her cousins, as well as to you,

from yours lovingly,
T. B. Penfield

NGClark to TBPenfield

[Extracts]
Missionary House Boston¹⁵⁵
Feb. 15, 1869

4. It is desirable that all applications to the Bible Society or either of the Tract Societies should be made by communications sent through the Missionary House, as our information and endorsement are desired. In some instances this is not done. Expenses for all Bible and Tract work should be borne as far as possible by the Societies respectively.

¹⁵⁵ This extract was recorded in TBP's correspondence journal, inserted in a blank space at the end of TBP's letter dated Sept. 12, 1869. There was no room on the page at the end of TBP's letter of February 8, 1869, and his next letter starts on the following journal page. Presumably he wished to record the pertinent points of Dr. Clark's letter in as close as possible to chronological order in relation to his own letters.

8. Will each member of your mission, male and female, send or cause to be sent me a brief statement of the influences which determined the decision to become a missionary. Especially, I am anxious to know how many were interested in it through their parents. The results of this inquiry given to the world—not of course now with the names of individuals—may be of value to the cause. If anyone is in possession of facts in regard to others not now living or connected with the Mission, I should be glad of theirs.

N.G.Clark

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter # 33½

(Lottie says she cannot well alter her numbers, for she keeps envelopes on hand numbered ahead, so this makes two 33's. Last date March 18th had a passage of 46 days. Was expecting the boxes about the 24th.)

Madura

Wednesday, February 24th, 1869

My dear ones all,

We are almost too happy here just now for anything, unless it be to write the joyful news to our friends. We see by this morning's paper that the Robert arrived last Sabbath morning and landed her passengers on Sabbath evening. Her cable parted in the ropes, and she drifted along until she stranded. They, the passengers, were therefore obliged to leave her on Sabbath. No hurt has come to the ship or cargo, as we can learn, except that they have not yet succeeded in getting her off and free. Now for our fellow workers and our boxes—Dr. and Mrs. Palmer and Miss Hartley will, of course, come right to us, though probably not for two or three weeks yet, for they will have to stay in Madras a little while. There is always so much to be done. But aren't we joyful. We shall send the news round to the stations with all possible speed.

Your letter number 61 came on Friday, so cheering. Fannie's piece of tatting is beautiful. Isn't she going to send me some?

Baby is so sweet. He has a way lately of going up to any stranger who may call and laying his hand on their knee and talking to them after his baby fashion, with his little birdlike voice, as long as they will talk to him. He charms everybody, he is so like a sweet little bird. The other day he came trotting into the room with a piece of raveling in his mouth, and in his hand, too. Miss Smith said she "saw that the bird was going to build a nest." Almost everybody seems to call him birdlike in something. Now for baby's wooly sheep and his bandy and shoes, O I can hardly wait.

I keep a lot of envelopes numbered ahead and I cannot change the numbers very well, so I won't mind about the past but will go right on with the numbers.

Tuesday, March 2nd

I am so busy nowadays. Madura is a busy station, and Thornton went last week on a tour, leaving me to superintend. Today quite a number of tapals came in and I had considerable to do. Mr. Hazen and Miss Smith wanted to draw money and, as Thornton is away, I pro tem am treasurer and hold the keys of the treasury. Then a lady on the hills begs: Will I get a pith hat made for her little boy, and Mrs. Taylor sends for 150 pounds potatoes and 1 dozen ducks if I can find any, and ever so many of the gentlemen want books and tracts from the library, so I call

my cook and send him for the potatoes and ducks. I have a tailor doing my work for the hills while I am in Madura, so he is dispatched for the hat maker. James, the writer, goes for the books, and I go to the treasury. Then the notes are all to be answered, potatoes counted and sent to Mrs. Taylor. Only 25 pounds, or 100 potatoes, can go by this man. Must send the rest and the ducks by bandy in a day or two. While I write, a special coolie comes from Mr. Chester with a great order for books, which must be bought early in the morning and sent off. Then, Mrs. Capron has sent in a lot of her hill clothing to be made, and I have three tailors to keep in work for her; also my own and a little boy about as big as Johnnie Kent was when I left home, who earns 1 ama (2 cents) a day. I let him hem towels for the kitchen, baby's plain hemming, and rip my old dresses. I am turning the skirt of my black alpaca and my brown calico, tucking up baby's hill dresses, and patching servants' clothes, having some little drawers and shirts made for baby out of your piece of cloth.

To add to my cares today, I have had a most severe face ache—an old stump of a tooth—perhaps the doctor will put it out for me when he comes. Now my face is swelled up about as big as two on one side. Henry the Dresser gave me an opiate liniment to rub on, and it soothes it very much. If Thornton was only here—O how I miss him every hour. It is a great comfort to have Miss Smith with me now, and baby is the greatest possible joy. When Thornton comes home, I mean to talk with him as to the best way of meeting baby—lately if I take away anything he is injuring, or that he has got hold of that he ought not have, he will stamp his little feet on the floor and turn round and round, and scream, as vexed as can be. It only lasts for a minute, and then he is all over it and smiles as sweetly as can be. Sometimes I hold him still and, speaking very firmly, tell him that “Mama's little boy must do so,” “must be a good boy,” etc. Sometimes I snap his fingers or his mouth, which I think brings him to himself quickest; but almost always he is so sweet, a merry laugh for all. The tapal men take him up in their arms and kiss and kiss him. I don't quite like it, and yet it seems to show some tender feeling in these great, rough, ignorant men, and I rather want to encourage it than stop it. He is so sweet, he comes peeking round the doors or through the window with his merry eyes and hearty laugh, and one cannot for the life of them help catching him up and kissing him. He is such a little chatterbox, talks all the time in his baby way, articulates a great deal—though as yet does not talk our way. We hear nothing definite, as yet, as to when we shall welcome the doctor and party to Madura, or when we may expect our boxes. We are waiting anxiously.

About our debt—our salary is enough. Sometimes my wonder is that, in my ignorance, I did not sink us deeper than we are. I can make our expenses much less than they were, now that I know how. Sometimes I tell Thornton that I think the experience to me is worth all it cost. Some have learned at a higher cost than we. Thornton intends writing you all about it just as soon as he can find time.

Baby has but his six teeth as yet. I am glad you could help Lottie Chandler; her parents fully appreciate it. [As for] Miss Helen's and Miss Jennie's calicos, I gave two jackets off of one piece and three off of the other—and you ought to have seen how the men's eyes shone at the bright colors. One piece I am keeping to make a dress for baby when we come down from the hills, and the rest of the other I have laid aside for the future. Please thank them for me; they were very nice and most acceptable. A nice new jacket is a great present to a man here. Mr. Chester is most unreasonable in wishing the board to assume his debt, even now, with this great load on him. He spends money like water and has a dreadful time and gets into a passion every Mission Meeting because they won't vote him more and do just as he wants they should.

Thornton says he will draw you a picture of our organ sometime. Many thanks for letting baby give to the Missionary Ship. I want him to join the Dime Army, but how can I get the money to you? When he is old enough, he shall earn his money somehow. I proposed to Thornton to stay from the hills this year, but he says “no” so decidedly that I yield cheerfully—I know he needs the change, and he says baby and I need it. We have an allowance extra for our expenses while there, but it does not cover all the extra expense. I wrote you a long time ago, I thought, that Lazarus had left us. He left us last July, and I have only Antho for Matey, he who was cook boy before. I am my own head servant now. What a nice New Year’s day you must have had.

I look for Thornton home on Thursday. O how glad I shall be to have him again.

Sabbath, March 14th

Your most precious letter 62 has just come to cheer me in my loneliness, for Thornton has been home and gone away again. The doctor and his company reached Madura on Friday 5th of this month, and since then our hands have been more than full. However, we are all well, especially our precious boy. Thornton seems very much worn with doing double duty—more than double, for Madura has much more business to be looked after than our quiet house. We look forward to the hills with longing eyes. Baby is so fat and sunshine all through. He will pick up things and bring to me now when I tell him to—he is such a little bird. A day or two ago the old tapal man from Mrs. Capron’s station said to baby when he (the man) was tying up his tapal basket preparatory to starting, “Come and I will put you in my basket and carry you off with me.” Baby looked up at him and, running up to the basket, pointed with his little finger into it and said in his baby fashion something that sounded from his tone of voice like, “In there, take me in there?” The old man said “Yes, right in there,” then baby turned round and ran to me as fast as he could, shaking his head most emphatically and saying something very much like “no no no”—and then he laughed back at the old man, much to the amusement of all present. I don’t think he understood, but it did look so much like it. The doctor has a wife and two children, boys—one 2 years old and another three months, born on the way out. They are staying with us, as is the young lady, Miss Hartley. Their goods will not be here before the 22nd or 23rd of this month. It takes things so long to come down country in native carts, so we are looking for our box soon. Thornton preached here last Sabbath, and this Sabbath he preaches in Tirupúvanam and will make a hasty tour of all his near villages.

That profile looks just like my own precious father. How I should like one of you all. I went to church this morning but shall stay home this afternoon and teach a little class of Hindoo Britten girls who come every Sabbath. The ayah will go this afternoon. This morning I was obliged to leave my seat and go to sit among the school children, for they got to playing and, when I shook my head, paid no attention to it whatever. They were frightened into silence when they saw me coming, and sobered down considerably. I don’t think Mother’s dreams are far out of the way—I am not sunburnt, for I cannot stand the sun enough to be that, but I know I look older and am much more sedate than I used to be. My family, or those who sit at table just now, consists of 8, besides company every few days—somebody passing through stops for a day or two. I shall be glad of the quiet of our house when the Chandlers return. I do so wish Thornton was here to read our letters with me—I never enjoy them as well to read them alone. There is one from Mrs. Cowles, and our Mary, too. O if you only knew half how we value them.

Miss Pollock is here in Madura now, though she is staying with the Hazens. I do love her. She wears so well and improves so on acquaintance. You always know where to find her

and are always sure of her sympathy in sickness or any trouble—not that I have had occasion to experience it except when Thornton goes away. I suppose I have told you before this that Miss Smith is with us. She is so much company and, as I have often said before, is so like Fannie. I believe I love her as much as sisters ordinarily love each other; of course, no sister ever was loved as I love Fannie. So the cases are not in the least parallel. Well now, I must stop and get ready for my little Sabbath School class.

Monday, [March] 15th

Today is one of my quietest days, having no tapal except one from Mr. Burnell's and one from Mr. Herrick's station. And as I find a little while to spare, I am going to answer questions in your letters. I think we can buy cotton cloth cheaper here than in America. I know we can, both unbleached and bleached, and very good, too. I bought a piece of unbleached of 40 yards, about six months since, for 10 ½ rupees, or \$5 ¼ gold; it was very good, too. If I had a bit of it here I would enclose it. Mother speaks of my last year—it has been one of joy joy joy to me—and as I have so often said before, were it not that I am so far separated from my own precious father, mother, and sister, and friends, I believe I should be the happiest being on earth; but no one can tell the “home-longings” I have. God has been very good to me, and I can see that I have made advancement in divine life, though I am still so very far from what I long to be, and so unlike the motto Thornton and I have taken for ours, simple yet so comprehensive—“I want to be like Jesus.” It seems to cover everything we do. “How would Jesus act?” Dear Thornton, he is such a help to me in all ways. I rely so entirely on him.

Haven't I ever told you the result of my banishment to the guest's chamber? I most surely should have told you: Thornton took care of baby three or four nights and, at the end of that time, he had got baby into such good habits that he slept all night and has ever since. You see, he had got to expecting so much from me as I had laid myself out so much for him when he was sick, that he was not contented with ordinary attention from me. As soon as I disappeared from the scene of action he behaved as a baby ought, and we have had no trouble with him since, to speak of. The rule is a good night's sleep right through.

The news from the women at the Home is surely very cheering. We will pray for them. I wish I could send you surprise letters oftener. The top of our house is flat with a railing round it to keep one from falling off—the house is but one story. We manage to keep white ants from eating our mats by poisoning the underside. How sorry I am for Mrs. Slate. I hope things may not be as bad as he fears. Tell Fannie that we have coconuts, bananas, pawpaws, guavas, custard apples, sweet potatoes, beans, tomatoes, pumpkins, tamarinds, arrow root, cucumbers, and a prospect of tapioca, all from our own garden. The verandahs are a nice place for children to play except in the heat of the day. Baby has taken many a long ride round the verandah.

The first thing the new missionaries said when they saw baby was “what a beautiful boy,” “what lovely eyes.” Miss Smith says she doesn't see how the Palmers can love their baby better than ours, “he is so much the sweetest”—so I don't think it can all be my fancy that he is a beautiful child. Everybody speaks of it; I shall have to be careful he isn't spoiled—but he doesn't seem to feel flattered by attention. O how I wish I could send him home for a month or two. I rather think we may be glad to send him home when he is 7 or 8 years old. India is no place for children, they grow so fast, right up like a weed, and so indolent and stupid—it is the climate that is to be thanked for it. You will notice it in the Chandler girls; they are but 11 and 18 years, respectively.

I am glad Fannie “dropped out” of the school. O how we love you all. It grieves me to think that if I should come home even now, I should be a woman with a family and I never can be the child Lottie that I used to be. Well, well, never mind—I am your daughter forever, and Fannie will always be my elder sister, so loving and true. I have been interrupted every few sentences while writing this, and now must go and get a few annas for a poor paralytic boy who stands begging just outside my door, so goodbye.

Thursday [March] 18th

Thornton was up and off by the first streaks of light this morning to visit some of the villages. He will be back Sunday evening, so you see I am alone again—that is, as far as being without him. Last evening we were invited to dine with an English lady, the wife of a barrister, and had a very pleasant time. I wore my pink muslin. She and her husband and brother, Thornton, Miss Smith, and I [had] a very quiet dinner—8 courses and dinner at 7. Tonight is the evening for our weekly prayer meeting, and it is a great disappointment to me that Thornton cannot be here, especially as it is to be here. On Saturday we expect an English missionary, his wife, and four children to stay three or four days on their way to the hills—our house will be full to overflowing then. But that is the way in India. One here in Madura has to keep a sort of open house.

We have sold our sewing machine for rupees 250, as I could not use it; I had neither time nor strength. I am improving the time while I am in Madura to have my sewing for the hills done. I have had the skirt of my black alpaca turned and gored [and] my old brown merino made over into a dress cloak and cape for baby. Intend to put a row of velvet round the cape when I get any. I expect there is some coming—I think Mother wrote so—but if not, I can trim it with the black braid I have. He looks very sweet in it, and [I] have put some of the black buttons on it that you sent in the precious box. My old overalls and skirt to match have been made into warm, thick night dresses for him up there. I have wanted both black sewing silk and old black silk for lining sleeves round the wrists and down the front of baby’s cape, but not a bit could I find—so I think I shall have to send for a lot of black sewing silk and, if you have got any remains of any of your old black silk dresses, I should be most thankful for it. Thornton’s shirts are pretty badly worn; he has but two good ones. I am having the shirts made, as much as can be without the bosoms, and intend putting them in when the box comes. I am so glad a hoop skirt is coming. I have but the one you sent last; one a year, if they are good and strong, will answer, I think. Thornton needs a suit of black. His last has done him good service for two years but now looks very much worn and rusty and will be quite gone by the time another can be got out here. They have been darned and sponged and inked, but I don’t think I can spin them out much longer than a year more. I think I will, in the next letter, have the measurements ready, as near as he and I together can get them, and let you get a suit made and sent out. We are getting along nicely with our new rules of economy and have not yet overstepped the sum we allowed ourselves for the newcomers, and Miss Smith pays board—we will consider the first week a visit and charge board after that, but transient comers and goers, like the missionary and family referred to above, will not pay board, of course. We could have saved more, had we been allowed to remain quietly at Tirupúvanam, but, as we were sent here, of course our duty was plain. Selling our machine was a great help, and we have high hopes that our debt will be greatly diminished at the close of the year.

I don’t know the name of the hedge, I will try to enclose a leaf of it—I believe it is called “Maranthony” or something like that. The natives use it for medicine and to color their

fingernails red. We stop our carriage outside the hedge and run to the house, but sometimes we drive in and stop at the verandah. The verandah is but a step above the ground, so a railing is scarcely necessary. I have plenty of bedding.

Well, I think I will close this letter, as it must go on Saturday and I shall not have time to write a bit tomorrow, as it is our greatest tapal day when all come and accounts are to be settled. The gentlemen draw money and a thousand and one things to be attended to and notes written for every tapal—and Thornton being away leaves double duty on me. So goodbye to you all. 8 o'clock has struck and I must go and find work for my tailors, as they come at 8. With love to you all, love to all inquiring friends.

I am yours most affectionately,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Madura

Wednesday, March 10th, 1869

My dear Mother,

We are still in Madura, with our hands full of business. On Friday last we welcomed to our mission our new doctor and his wife and Miss Hartley, a young lady who comes out to work either among the women or in a school for girls. We were so delighted to see anyone fresh from home. We find them very agreeable and pleasant, and we think they will prove very valuable members.

Baby grows so fast. He is very fat now and just as pleasant as can be, generally. He has a very quick temper, but it does not appear often, and when it does it is over in a flash. He runs all round and is as cunning as possible. He has a smile for everybody, and everybody has a smile for him. He is very winning in his ways—how very often I wish you could see him, especially our little Mary. We are to be here a month longer and then go to the hills two months to rest. We are looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure, for the heat is getting intense on the plains now and will be on the increase for two months. I think we feel the heat much more now than we did the first year we were in the country.

Thornton preached last Sabbath and said that if any person had told him a year ago that in a year he could preach with as much comfort to himself as he did last Sabbath he could not have believed them. All tell him he is doing nicely and has a fine start, so he feels much encouraged.

We are very happy both in our work and in each other and, were it not for having left our friends, we could not ask to be happier in this world. Thornton and I feel every day how much we owe to our mothers for their kind and judicious training. We think alike in so many ways, though, when, had it not been for our similar training, we might make each other very unhappy by differing. I am sure I love Thornton with all my heart, and I never expected to find anybody I could love half as well as him. Now Mother, I am only writing this to you and I am sure you won't think it sounds silly.

I believe Thornton is to write you this evening, so I will have this ready to go with his. I hear baby's merry laugh in the next room, where he is having a romp with the ayah, playing bow peep behind the chairs. How Mary would love to see him. Give her my love, and tell her that we think of her very often and pray for her. Cannot we have another picture of her soon? We mean to get baby's picture taken before long—that is, if we have a chance to do so. My love to

all the brothers and sister, please. I suppose Anna is almost a young lady now. How we should love to see you all.

Yours most affectionately,
Lottie E. Penfield

TBPenfield to Cowles

Madura, India
March 10th, 1869

My dear parents,

The Chandlers left us for Madras just one month ago today and, if I remember aright, my last to you was written a little before their departure. Since then, we have been very busy, although I have not carried out all the plans I then had in mind. I do not think it best to do more than a due regard to my health permits, although certain of the less important interests should apparently suffer somewhat, for the time being.

I hardly think any of the real interests of my own station have so suffered thus far, inasmuch as I have done, in that line, full as much as I had laid out for this month. I have not, however, done for this station all that I had hoped. While in Madura, the correspondence with the brethren and the care of the treasury, medical and other stores, library and depository, together with helpers' and other prayer meetings during the week and services and Sabbath School on Sabbath, have kept me from visiting the schools and congregations that belong to this station, as I should love to do, though I have made a beginning in this direction and hope to do more still. I am greatly encouraged by the readiness with which I can preach in Tamil, provided I have carefully thought out and written the skeleton.

One year ago, I should hardly [have] thought it possible that by this time I could preach extempore with so much readiness and comfort to myself as I now can. I have set my mark high and so am very far from having yet attained it; however, I am greatly encouraged and mean to press on.

The days are growing very hot, and we begin to long for the hills. We must wait, however, a little over a month longer. We have leave to be on the Pulneys two months from the 15th of the coming month. I am almost sorry that we didn't tell you a few weeks ago to send your next two letters to us there. As it is, however, I fear that the letter which you should write us after receiving this would reach India just after we had come back again from Kodi Kanal. Perhaps another year we may manage it better.

Dr. Palmer and his wife, as well as Miss Hartley, have come. The former board with us, and the latter with the Hazens, in the next house, for the time being. We expect their goods in about two weeks, and the doctor will then, I suppose, begin housekeeping. He was a surgeon in the army all through the war, though detailed the latter part of the time for service in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau, where he remained till near the time of coming to India. His wife, too, was employed in teaching the freedmen, so that they seem specially prepared for the work before them. We are pleased with the newcomers on the whole, and hope they will increase, materially, our effectiveness.

And now a few words more particularly about ourselves. We are both in quite good health, though somewhat fagged by our labors and the heat, and look on our trip to the hills rather in the light of prevention than cure. It is more and more evident, continually, that the Lord

knew just what sort of a wife I needed when he led my steps to Montclair. I cannot tell you how deep a matter of thanksgiving is the evident favor and love she has won from all, and especially from the more influential and reliable members of our missionary band. She wears well and is growing into the work more and more fully. There can be only sunshine where she is. I wish you all, at home, could only know her as well as I do. Our little Thornton is a great treasure. He is now nearly sixteen months old and is large and forward for his age, we think. He is almost as tall, and fully as heavy, as the doctor's little boy, who is over two years old. He stands very strongly on his legs and runs everywhere. He occasionally shows a flash of temper such as I can imagine his father was capable of showing when a little boy. He is usually subdued very quickly, however, so that we are encouraged to hope that, by a careful and steady hand, we may be enabled to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He seems to understand a great deal that is said to him but is rather backward about talking. He quite makes up for this deficiency, we think, in the amount of jabbering he does in a most musical, as well as amusing, manner. In this way, he will keep up his part of a conversation for a long time, answering everything that is said to him as regularly and earnestly as if he knew all we said to him. He is a dear little fellow, as you can well imagine, and has quite stolen our hearts.

[Thornton]

Saturday [March] 13th

Thornton requested me to finish this for him, as he did not have a moment's time to write, either on this or on the letter he had begun to his Mary. We have been very much pressed with business for the last few days, and it has been all we could do, and more, to answer our many calls. The heat is almost intolerable and makes us pant for the cool air of our hills. With love to all,

Most affectionately,
Lottie E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #34

(Last date April 23rd, 1869, at the Pulneys; baby has six teeth, had a passage of 44 days. Received June 8.)

Madura

Tuesday, March 23rd, 1869

My dear ones all,

As I have a few spare moments, I will improve the time to begin my next letter. Mr. Thomas, wife, and four children (the oldest 4 years old) left us about 8 ½ o'clock last evening; Miss Pollock comes today to us and the Hazens [come] tomorrow; Friday Miss Smith's school is examined, and I shall have to give dinner and meals all day, for about two days, to the three gentlemen of the examining committee—so they come and go. The Hazens and Miss Pollock leave for the hills on Wednesday night. One living in Madura has to keep open house.

Two bandies of the home boxes came yesterday, but our boxes were not among them. I was rather glad of it, for I always want time to sit down and look them all over and over again,

and I had not a moment's time yesterday. We are looking for the rest of them every day. It is very convenient for Thornton to have the bandies come along two or three at a time, for he can take the invoice of those that come and get the "general" boxes all unpacked and distributed and out of the way before any more come, and get a little rest between.

Baby worries all the time today; one big tooth is almost through and seems to pain him a great deal, bites just as hard as he can on anything he can get into his mouth. The doctor and family still board with us. Such a run of company is very wearing and tires me all out, but somebody must be here to do it, and it is all the Lord's work. I often feel very thankful He permits me to work so hard for Him; I believe I love Him all the more for it. The prospect of the rest upon the hills seems cheering, I assure you.

I look for the bandy with our box every hour, for it must be near, although it may not come until tomorrow. The very thought that it is so near is most joyful. Darling baby, how I should love to bear all the pain of teething for him. Today is one of our busy tapal days—one has already come in with an order from Mrs. Washburn for two pith hats for her little boys.

Thursday [March] 25th

I am stealing time to write today because it is Mother's birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Hazen and Miss Pollock left us last evening for the hills. Tomorrow is Miss Smith's examination day. Mr. Washburn, Mr. Herrick, and Mr. Penfield spend the day in examining her school. Besides, it is tapal day, and we are also expecting the 12 bandies from Madras to come with their goods, so we bid fair to have a very busy day. How I should love to spend today in the quiet of Mother's and Fannie's room, but it is no use to wish. I am tired out and out again—at least I feel so—but if we are all well, I don't feel as if I had aught to complain of. We hoped to be relieved by the 14th of next month, but Mr. Chandler, in a letter received yesterday, expresses a wish to remain away until the 23rd, which will give us a month longer here. It is a great disappointment to me but cannot be helped, so I accept cheerfully. Soon after the bandies come, the doctor's family can go to housekeeping, and probably Miss Hartley will board with them, so I shall be greatly relieved in that direction. The ladies are all very kind, and it helps me wonderfully.

But to return to Mother's birthday—I should love to sit by her side all day long, by way of celebration, and have baby play round the room. How amused and happy and joyful we should be. Please accept my warmest love and most hearty congratulations, darling Mother. I wish I could write you a letter, but I shall not find time today, I fear. Thornton is driven with business but wants to write as soon as he has a breathing spell.

Monday evening, April 5th

Well, I have a long time back to write from, haven't I? But this is the first time I could command to write, except yesterday, where I made up my mind that I would rest all day. Thornton, baby, and I were alone for the first Sabbath since coming to Madura, and we enjoyed it most thoroughly, I assure you. The perfect rest was most delightful to me. Our splendid home box came on Mother's birthday, soon after noon. O how glad we were to see them. Thornton had his hands and mine full, apportioning the bandy line and assuring the invoices of boxes was all right, so we had to exercise patience until just about dark, when Thornton knocked the boxes open and left me to enjoy the contents, after he had taken a sort of bird's eye view of the inside. He had to go to the prayer meeting. But Miss Smith and I were both too tired to go on to Pasumalie to the meeting, so I invited her into my room and we enjoyed together and put the things out on table and chairs so that Thornton could see when he came home. The little carriage

is beautiful, you ought to have seen the servants' eyes shine. Anthony laughed right out, and Joseph (Miss Smith's servant) said, "Ma'am, it is for the doctor's baby or for ours." It is so funny to hear how one's servants claim joint partnership with their masters' property. It is never "is it yours?" but "is it ours?" The carpenters came round and looked at it and said, "That is one sort of a bandy indeed," the Tamil way of putting that is a wonderfully nice carriage. It quite takes the shine off anything they can do. It is well it came when it did, for baby quite fills it now and will soon be quite past it. You have no idea how fast they grow. He has six teeth coming all at once but bears up wonderfully under it. Three are quite through and three almost; he is quite fretful and peevish, but not as much so as I might expect. He is really quite a boy now, and so Thornton says he won't be a baby long. And a right hearty boy he is, too—there is no girl about him. He comes with a bound and throws himself right onto you, his way of hugging; he almost knocks me over already.

But I did not mean to get so far away from the box. All was so very nice I cannot tell where to begin. At first, I thought half the fruit was spoiled, but, on investigation, I found that two of the glass jars were broken, and four had burst the rubber tops, and all the rest is very nice. I had all stewed over and the tops put on again and it is delightful, especially the strawberries and raspberries. Everybody says they are so delightful. I had one can of the strawberries for the evening I had the prayer meeting here. I had 16 to tea (it was the time of the Pasumalie Seminary examination, and all my tiredness seemed to come to a crisis that evening, and I was obliged to go to bed about 12 o'clock and did not get up even to sit at the table at tea.) The Caprons, Burnells, and Mr. Taylor were here then, so I asked Mrs. Capron to take my place at the table, which she kindly did, so I stayed abed. All left next day, some to the hills and the rest home, so I was quite relieved. But on Friday night Thornton, baby, and I had to go out to Tirupúvanam to get some of our things together for the hills. We returned Saturday night, for we cannot be away for more than a day now. But Sabbath I rested all day and feel much better now; dear Thornton had to leave us again tonight and go to Mēlūr, to be gone all this week. Mr. Burnell gives over his station to him, as he is to have charge of [it] during Mr. Burnell's absence to America.

But our box—the hats were beautiful, only I wish Fannie had gone on and trimmed them. She would have made them look much better than I have. The plush one is beautiful and will match my poplin suit on the hills beautifully; baby's hat is very neat and pretty but is a little too large for him just yet. His shoes are too large, too, but better so than too small; he will grow to them in a few months. His stockings are very pretty—the small woolen ones just fit him and one pair of the cotton ones; the rest will do after a while, and the largest woolen ones next year. He is a large boy for his age. His leggings were beautiful and are just what I wanted for him. Please thank Mrs. Green and Mrs. MacGinley for me for their nice things; please tell Mrs. Green that the dresses are just what baby wants on the hills, and the pieces will be so useful for table covers and ever so many nice things. I have been wanting some little handy jim cushions¹⁵⁶ like those Mrs. MacGinley sent me. One goes into my work box, one into my traveling bag, and one into Thornton's touring work bag. Baby is delighted with his ball, and his sheep, too. He took it the first time and talked to it, "moo moo," and I would pinch and make it squeak back, which delighted him greatly. I let him take it a few minutes, and when I looked at him he had hold of it by one leg and was pounding it very hard upon the floor, so I saw it would not last him long, at that rate, so I exchanged and gave him Auntie's red ball, the knit ball, and the blocks, and put the

¹⁵⁶ Possibly a small sewing kit, including pins, needles, pincushion, and other such necessities.

lamb aside until he is a little older. Auntie's morning dress was beautiful, the sack, too, and so were all the dresses for baby and me. I was very glad of my purple dress, and now it is all made just as it was before, and I shall have it for the hills this year. I should have sent for it, but I thought that if Fannie had it made over for her it was too bad to take it away from her; but she is a dear, good, generous sister to let me have it again. Thornton's clothes are very nice indeed and give perfect satisfaction. My shoes are all right except the kid boots, which are ever so much too long. I shall have to see if some of the other ladies don't want them. The illuminated texts were very nice—I thank Fannie and Mrs. Bennett very much for them. (I have hid the cross away and mean to give it to Thornton on his birthday. He has not seen it yet, at all.) Please tell May Walker that I shall think of her whenever I look at the ring, and I thank her very much indeed. The three pieces of black and white narrow braid was just what I have been wanting for a long time, but I thought it would not be worth bothering you about such foolish things. The velvet was most acceptable, and everything else all came very nicely indeed. I have looked the things over, times without number, and it almost seemed as if you were near me. Mrs. Taylor's dress for baby is so neat and pretty; please thank her ever so much for me. Thornton's shoes are just right, I hope you remember the size—his bosom, and suspenders, too, and everything else. The curtains are just what we want in the hills and have come just in the nick of time. I am very much in want of coarse black thread, and fine, too; and pretty soon I shall want some stockings, a size larger than Mother's, please (my size is 8 ½), and one or two pairs of shoes for baby. I should like some patent leather slippers with anklets for him; and by the time it comes I shall need some thread, numbers 30, 24, 40, and 50. Mother's picture I love to look at, but it isn't half as handsome as she is. Dear Mother, how I do love her. Thank Mrs. Bradbury for Mr. B's picture. Please tell her I prize it very highly. I will return Charlie Bennett's picture; many thanks for it. I remember him, dear little fellow.

I feel as I could not thank you enough for your kindness in getting our box together and sending it to us. Thornton says repeatedly, "To think of their doing so much for us; how good the Lord is to us." If he can only keep well two weeks longer, I shall be very grateful. He is much worn with his many cares now. I must say goodnight to you all. It is Good morning, I suppose, with you. We are just as happy as can be out here. The "lines"¹⁵⁷ have indeed fallen to us in pleasant places. Good night, dear ones all.

Thursday, April 15th

Mr. Chandler arrived this morning, and our bandies of goods are started off for the hills, and we are to follow tomorrow. I do feel so relieved to think that rest for us is so near at hand. We have had a very hard siege this last week. I spent three days at Tirupúvanam packing up for the hills. Thornton came across from Mēlūr and met me there, and we worked hard together. Then, after we came back here, we had still to pack, for many of our things were to go to the hills, some back to Tirupúvanam, and others to be left here until we return. Altogether, it was much longer than if we had just to pack all our [things] at home and send them on. But now it is all over, and we have only one day more here, then pack ourselves off. I have two or three letters back of yours to answer, and I will take time when I am on the hills. Baby is all broken out with prickly heat, and his six teeth trouble him—his appetite is quite poor and, altogether, I shall be very glad to get him up on the hills. He is so uncomfortable that it makes him very

¹⁵⁷ Psalm 16: 6 – "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea I have a goodly heritage."

fretful, and he sort of complains all the time. It is fearfully hot below now—it fairly makes my head ache and makes me feel sick. I know it is all the heat; the air blows in like a breath from an oven—I don't know what we should do without the hills.

[Periaculam, Sabbath, April 18, 1869]

My dear ones all,

You can see we are safely thus far on our journey. We reached here about 4 o'clock yesterday, after having traveled from the day before, about 4 o'clock, until that time, with an hour or two of rest at Battalagundu for breakfast. We were tired enough, I assure you, and am glad of this day of rest before starting on our ascent. We shall start at 2 o'clock tomorrow morning and hope to reach Kodi Kanal, the end of our journey, tomorrow, about 9 o'clock in the morning. O how I long for a drink of cold water and a breath of cold air. I am sure it will do us all a world of good. Poor baby's prickly heat makes him very fretful, but I think he stood the journey as well as could be expected. Such a long, hot journey is very trying for children. I suppose you know that this is the station where David¹⁵⁸ was settled, and we are now in his house—it is a very large, airy one but not much of a garden, as I have just discovered. I always feel so sad every time I think how suddenly he was called to lay down his work. Mr. Noyes has now charge of this station, and the house is kept open for the use of the missionaries when going to and coming from the hills. The scenery round here is delightful and quite different from that at any other station. It is nestled down here at the foot of the mountains, and morning, noon, and night the mountains are most beautiful—so like Vermont scenery at home. With the rest of us, except Battalagundu, 16 miles from here, all is flat, with very occasionally an abrupt mountain or, rather, huge rocks, rising from the hot, sandy plain.

Thornton preached this morning from the text “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee” (Luke 12:10). At 4 o'clock this afternoon he is to hold a Sabbath School with them.

You will soon find out that we have made Julia Goodhue a life member (\$10.00 only) of the Home Co., and I feel as if I ought to explain why we did it at this time. It is a long story, but I will try to make it as short as I can. Thornton has been touring with Mr. Burnell 3 or 4 times; it is the custom to board whoever is visiting in your field and expect to be boarded by them in return when touring in their field. The first two trips, Mr. Burnell invited Thornton to go with him—the last two, which are, in reality, one tour. Thornton was obliged to go with him to receive charge from him, as he is to have charge of his field during his absence to America and was, of course, invited by him. The first time, Thornton offered to pay his board, but Mr. Burnell refused it so decidedly—sort of in a “once and for all” way—that Thornton understood that he wished nothing said about it again and supposed that, of course, he should return it sometime by Mr. Burnell touring with him, and he, thus, board him (Mr. Burnell), and so said no more about it. Just the last tour and the last day and hour, and almost minute, just as Thornton was leaving, Mr. Burnell said, “have we settled everything up?” and Thornton said yes, he believed so; Mr. Burnell said, “Do I owe you anything?” “No, I believe we are all straight.” So he asked a few more questions of the same sort, and Thornton could not imagine what he was

¹⁵⁸ David Coit Scudder. For his description of the house, see Horace E. Scudder's, *Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder*, Missionary in Southern India (New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1864). David Scudder served at the Periaculam Station from February 1862 until he drowned in the Vaigai River November 19, 1862.

driving at, and finally, when he had got to just the right place, he said, “Well, I should think you might offer at least to pay your board the days you have been here.”...

I find I have a little more time, so I will enclose some postage stamps for Arnold. Please give them to him with our love, and don’t let anybody, you or anyone else, think of returning the amount, on any account.

Kodi Kanal, April 23rd

I must get this letter off today or else make you wait a week—I thought I should have time to write ever so much more on this letter, but, getting settled and all, we have taken up the time. We got up the hills nicely. I will try to tell you about it next time. We are all well except baby. He is teething, I suppose, and is very fretful. I am going to answer all questions in your two last letters and send the measure for Thornton’s black clothes in my next. I want some strong elastic for garters for baby—the kind that buttons on the stockings and on the waist, and so keeps stockings up. With love ever to one and all,

Most affectionately,
Lottie

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Madura
April 5th, 1969

My dearest Mother,

You were not forgotten yesterday on the 69th anniversary of your birth. I intended to write you a few words, at least, but the attendance on two services, besides a missionary meeting, etc, etc., took up all my available time. You will be glad, I am sure, to read, and forward to Smith, the enclosed letter.

And now, one word about the Sabbath School in Oberlin. Will you please explain how busy I have been of late (I say you, meaning Father) and tell them that I hope now soon to find time to write them a letter. Meanwhile, with Mary’s consent, will you please read her letter to them. Perhaps it will satisfy them for a little time, or at least whet their appetite for a fuller meal.

I shall be very glad to receive money to spend on my station but cannot say, now, definitely, to what I shall apply it. I will inform you, however, in due time. If you wish me to apply it to any definite object, you will have to send it to the Treasurer of the Board, as so much to be placed to my credit in private account. In this case you will see no acknowledgement of it in the Herald, but I will make one by letter as soon as I receive it. The Executive Committee of the Board has given consent to this arrangement. Whatever is sent to the Board with expectation of having it acknowledged in the Herald, no matter how particularly its designation is mentioned, will only swell the general receipts of the Board, and the object specified will have no more of money than as if none had been sent. As this is the settled policy of the Board, all we can do is to inform our friends at home. I don’t say this by way of complaint but simply for your information and guidance. There is no uncertainty and no mistake about it. I could multiply proof if necessary, but suppose it needless.

I shall have to leave Lottie to fill out the letter, as I must now prepare to go to Mēlūr to receive charge of the station.

Your loving son,
Thornton

P.S. Pulney Hills
Friday, April 23rd, 1869

As you will see, this letter (by mistake) was not sent when written. I left it to be mailed but had not told Lottie just where I had laid it and she didn't find it. I intended, the next week, to send it without failure, but it got packed among my papers for the hills and so has not yet gone. We left Madura Friday evening, having been relieved by Brother Chandler's return, reached Periaculam Saturday evening, conducted services and Sabbath School there on Sabbath, and on Monday morning at 2 o'clock set out for this place, which we reached about 10. We have now got nicely settled down and are enjoying the change very much.

Love to all from us both.
T.B.P.

Please send the enclosed photograph to my father in law Mr. Hubbard. It is one he had sent for us to see. It is one of David Bennett's little nephews.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

Letter #35

(Letter 35 received July 12 from Kodi Kanal with letter for Willie Broadnax and measurement for clothes for Thornton. Mailed May 21, passage 52 days.)

Kodi Kanal
Tuesday April 27th, 1869

My own dear ones,

Today is the second anniversary of our landing in Madras. By way of celebration, Mrs. Herrick invited Miss Smith and us over there to breakfast. We had a delightful time, took baby, of course, which made one more than was our number on landing. We all talked over the good way in which God has led us, recounted our numberless mercies, and wished each other many more years of labor. Your dear letter number 65 came yesterday, by way of celebration, I suppose.

Today Thornton has all the children come for an hour to sing from 3 ½ to 4 ½. He taught them last year. They number nine at present—Herricks two, Caprons two, Noyes three, Washburns two; they will miss Etta and Gertie, as well as Mrs. White's children, to help sing.

What about Mr. Slate? I am so sorry for him and I do hope Father won't lose the money.

When the Caprons were with us in Madura one evening, baby got his father's short horsewhip and climbed up on a divan and was so tickled with his little feat that he stood on the top and laughed and shouted and flourished the whip so like a boy he made us all laugh, and Mr. Capron wanted to know if I did not think you could hear it across the ocean; it sounded so loud and clear it seemed as if you must. Sweet little fellow—he is such a thorough boy.

Mother asks about cutting and basting jackets for my little school children. I should be very glad of patch work basted, but I think she had better not venture upon jackets. My little

girls are not so far advanced as to wear jackets, many of them. Mrs. Chester has a high caste school.

We are very glad to get Thornton's dedication¹⁵⁹ again. (Private: Mr. Burnell asked Thornton if he did not think it very immodest to keep that little slip of paper to show to children. He is such a queer man.) Your letters are a trifle too heavy still. As you send them to the rooms, they have to have a thick, stamped envelope put on them, so your letters must be below weight when they leave you. But why not mail direct, yourselves; just direct to "Tirupúvanam near Madura, South India" and be sure they are not too heavy, and they will come right from you to us without going through the rooms at all, and will save the 3 cents postage to Boston. Please tell Fannie I thank her very much for the knit bibs, but they are most too warm for this country. I am so glad to hear such good news from Willie Broadnax. I will try to write him a note soon.

Friday, April 30th

I have invited Miss Smith to spend the day today and, as Mr. Hazen is gone to the plains for a few days to see after his station, and Mrs. Hazen is alone, I have invited her, too. So I improve the little time before they come in to write a little more. Baby grows more sweet, cunning, and manlike every day. It is so funny to see him try to put his shoes on and to put the shoe strings through, just as he sees me do. His little fat hands are all rolled up in a little ball trying to hold the little brass tag. Yesterday he tried to pull his high chair up to the table. He got it half way and then climbed into it and sat down, halfway between the table and wall, and seemed to expect some of us would do the rest for him. His little fat cheeks are getting quite red. O how I do love him, and what a treasure he is.

Your letter 64 brings news of another ship, Coringa. O how good you are. Fannie sends a list of what things are coming and, among them, is black and white thread, etc. How often it is that you send just what I am most in need of. How much we do thank you. It seems so cold to write about it.

Mother may be sure of our prayers for success in their Home labors. Trying things must often occur, as they do in our Mission, of which I do not think but to write; but I shall have ever and ever so much to tell you when I see you. I hope the plan of sending out young ladies may be a success, I am sure, but I do think great care should be taken as to who comes. We all love Miss Pollock and Miss Smith.

I do hope those baths may help Mother. I wish she might be well again. I am so glad Fannie is near Julia Goodhue. I am sure she will like her—I only wish they could always be as near. I am so glad for Fannie whenever she has any little treat, but I want her to enjoy it all without any drawbacks; too bad she must have them. How nice it is to hear news from Montclair. I am so glad Johnnie Beaman has become a Christian; how thankful Emma must be. We are always glad of dried apples; they are a great treat here—fruit, except plantains, is very scarce. I think Thornton's mother will send us some soon. I think I have answered most of Mother's questions in some of my preceding letters, but Thornton wants to write as soon as he gets time, and he will set all straight. He is now getting ready for his second Tamil examination, which comes off in a week or two. Oh he is very busy. We shall do much towards lifting our debt this year and are yet very comfortable. I have had enough from you for baby, entirely, this year, so that all I buy for him is shoes. The native shoes help me out; he can wear them for

¹⁵⁹ Thornton's statement of commitment read, "Dr. Scudder asked me to become a missionary and go to India and help him; and I intend to. T. B. Penfield, April 19, 1846."

common. He is such a heavy boy that he seems to be too heavy for his little legs, and lately they have looked quite bowed. So I am very careful with him and do not allow the ayah to let him walk a single step out of the house. She either carries him or he rides in his bandy. I cannot prevent his walking entirely. That would seem cruel for such an active strong boy, but on the smooth floor, only; I hope they will come all right in time. I should be so sorry to have him grow up bowlegged. I am very anxious to know what you will do, whether you will leave Mrs. Bennett or not and, if you do, where you will go. I do wish I could write oftener. I wonder what I should do if I got a letter from you only once a month—but there are two of you to write and only one of me. I should like very much to have something of mine go into the book Mother speaks of, but my experience is hardly rich enough to furnish facts of interest. My vocabulary is so small, and mostly confined to my household matters, that I have not been able to do much among the people and, whenever I have started on some plan, it has been broken up—like my school, by our being sent to Madura—and my teaching servants to read, by baby's coming. However, I hope for the future.

David Herrick has a May Day party today, and I am going to take baby round whenever he wakes up, which will be in about ½ hour; then it will be 1 o'clock.

May 5th, Wednesday

My dear ones, your precious letter number 66 came yesterday to cheer our hearts. We do thank you very much indeed, and before I proceed to answer questions, etc., I am going to say one or two things that I have had in mind to write for some time. One is that I appreciated baby's leather belt because it is such a saving to more expensive ones in wearing mornings and with my common morning dresses. So will you please send out another for baby. I had an old one that Father gave me from his store when I was about 12 years old, but a few months since it gave out and Thornton mended it several times but it is too far gone, so I would like another, please. There is a little verandah before our house up here, and very high, only three steps up, and just before the verandah is a pink rosebush. Yesterday baby fell off right into the rosebush, and when the ayah picked him up, his little hands and arms were all scratched with the thorns and one great thorn still stuck in a long scratch on his forehead. The brave little fellow did not even pucker up his face to cry but held both hands tightly closed, so I opened them, and in each hand was a tiny pink rosebud. He seemed to think that, as he had got what he went for, he was fully paid for his trouble. He did look so sweet, all scratched, but not a cry, grasping those two little red rosebuds, himself the sweetest bud in the world. Mrs. Hazen has come and wants me to stop writing and talk with her, so goodbye.

Mr. Hazen has gone to Pulney, his station, so she spends most of her time running round after me, for company. She has gone to change her dress, so I improve the time to write a little more. I thank Mary Jube very much for her nice little letter. She will very soon receive the one I sent her in January, I believe; or rather, she must have got it before now. The news of Lila's prospects is most cheering. I am looking anxiously for her letter. I do hope it will come soon. What a good letter from Will Broadnax, what cheering news. I must try to write him soon. What can we do with poor Mother? I don't know but that she will have to come to India yet. I am sure it would be warm enough for her. How I do wish she might be well again. Thornton did not graduate from the Union Theological Seminary. He took his last year in Oberlin, by special request, so Mr. Love will hardly find his name among the graduates.

How often I wish I could write oftener, but somehow I cannot seem to find time. I commenced with the munshi again this morning and hope to do something at Tamil while up

here. This is now May, so I feel sure that Mother is much better before now. We don't want you to send us a bit of money. We can get out of debt ourselves and meet the expenses of any boxes you may send. We mainly thought that if you knew how things stood, the estimated value of the boxes might probably be less. We don't want you to pay for the boxes that have come. Did I tell you that we sold our sewing machine for 150 rupees and our box bandy for oxen for 75 rupees? So it will help us very much. The difference in salary is probably accounted for by the difference between gold and currency. All missionaries have the same salary, except those who have many children—for each child an extra allowance.

We are all glad Mr. Chester's debt is paid, but he is just as queer and cross-grained as ever. I wrote and invited them to our house during the May Meeting, and they sent back word that they have accepted an invitation to the ex-collector's, a godless, worldly man who lives up here and has never had much to do with missionaries and who would never have invited them if they had not hinted that they wished him to invite them. So strange they are. I don't believe any of the rest of us would be hired to go to a house like the collector's, but he is vexed with us all and rather apes the English, and if we won't do just as he pleases, he is not in our houses and is therefore spared the necessity of saying he will never partake of our hospitality again, as he so often says when he is vexed; only, to use his words, he "will never step foot in a missionary's house again."

When Thornton is away, the munshi has Tamil prayers with the servants, but when we had no catechist, and the munshi was gone with Thornton, I used to let the servants read round and I would repeat the Lord's prayer with them, for I know that; so we got along very well. The Mission pays all our helpers; Julia is included—they are very generous indeed, and if you have all you need at home, don't worry about us. With the experiences we have already got, and all the nice things you have sent, we are well off. I think you may send boxes again now, if you haven't before this, and don't do sewing for us (that is, underclothes). If you want to send some nice little dresses or aprons and like that for baby sometimes, why it is very welcome, but it is much easier to get sewing done here than at home. The things I prize most highly from home are just what you have been sending—dress goods, trimming, buttons, stockings, shoes, hats, ribbons, books, etc., and dried fruit. It is much too much of a risk to send bottles of fruit, I think. Besides olives, rice, and curry and an Indian pudding. We send home to the rooms for all our supplies like flour, kerosene, and fish, Indian meal, beans, crackers. There is a paper that is sent to everyone in the Mission three times a year, and each one writes what they need, so don't you trouble yourselves about these things. How I do love you all.

Thursday evening, May 6th

Thornton and I are reading McCauley's History of English, evenings together, but his second examination is so near now (next week Monday) that he wants his time for study, so I think I will write a little to you, and perhaps a letter to Will Broadnax.

Baby is so sweet; evenings, he goes to bed between half past six and seven. Generally gets so sleepy and tired that he hardly can wait pleasantly to let me undress him (I always do it myself). Savani takes his cup of sago in and gives it to him in his room, then lays him in his little cot and he goes right off so sweetly. I undress him in the big room and, when Savani is ready, I put his bib in his arms and off he trots to Savani in his own room, as happy as can be—he does look so sweet. He has got so that I can give him anything that will not break and tell him to carry it to his Papa or Savani or Antho or the sweeper or Mrs. Hazen, and off he trots and gives it right to them. He is such a treasure.

This afternoon we had our weekly prayer meeting at Mrs. Herrick's house, and, as it was so near the first of the month, they made it a sort of monthly concert. We take turns in having it; we had it last week. Tomorrow Mrs. Capron has invited Mr. and Mrs. Hazen, Thornton, baby, and I to take dinner with them, so we shall have a pleasant visit, I expect. Well now, I think I will write to Willie.

O I meant to tell you how nicely the baking powder does. It raises things beautifully, I made some gelatin day before yesterday, and it was very nice indeed. Mrs. Hazen and I invited Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, Miss Meadows, and a Miss Schrader (a young Swedish lady who has come out to do Zenana¹⁶⁰ work) to tea with us that evening—all were English missionaries except Mr. Yorke, who is principal of an English Vernacular School and a Christian man. We had a very nice time indeed. Mrs. Hazen sat at one end of the table and I at the other. She poured tea for those at her right hand, and I for those at mine. I believe I have told you that she and I occupy the same house. The halves are just alike, and when we have company we set the table in my sitting room and show the company into hers, so it is much more convenient than it would be were we obliged to have the company and tea table in the same room. Well now, I must stop and write to Willie. Only I should like a little more gelatin before long. Please don't send us money. If Father pays our life insurance, that is far more than he ought to do; but we thank him very much. Don't send us money; we don't need it. We both feel that it is very kind and generous in you all, but our salary is enough for us, and we can live on it comfortably. We thank you just as much.

Wednesday, May 12th

The meeting began today. The gentlemen came up, all who were not up here already, this morning. And the first thing, Mr. Chester begins on his grievances. He says that, unless his grievances and "insults" received from others in the Mission can be adjusted or fixed to suit him, he will not come to any meeting or gathering except business meetings and will not attend our morning prayer meetings. A sad beginning, is it not? His grievances and insults are truly imaginary. He acts just as I have seen children at home—"if you won't play as I want to have you, I will never speak to you as long as I live." That is just him exactly.

Well, to pass to a pleasanter subject—I was blowing the fire a day or two ago, and baby came to me; you see, I was on my knees, blowing. He came working his way along over my dress till he got close up to me, then he put one little arm round my neck and put his sweet little face right under mine and put out his lips to kiss me—it was so sweet in him. He has never done so before. He will go and put up his lips to kiss anyone now when we tell him to; everybody loves him, he is so sweet and nice. He is just one year and a half old tomorrow, the 13th. I want Fannie to know how pretty my light hat is. Everybody admires it, and I think it is beautiful. Everybody says I look nicely in it, too, so I think I must; though I don't think I do, very. We have a croquet set up here, public property, and we all enjoy playing, very much indeed. It is very pleasant recreation and good exercise for us. The carpenters in Madura made it. Baby is so active, hardly still three minutes at a time. He can climb into the highest chair, even his high chair—he climbs up on the rungs.

I must tell you what a loss we met with the other day. When we came up here we left one of our cows behind. We had but just got up here when news came that her calf was born, so,

¹⁶⁰ In some parts of India, the women were kept secluded in a separate part of the house, as in a harem. Much of the missionary work in northern India, and some in the south, focused on these women.

when the calf was two weeks old, we thought we would like her up here. So she was then sufficiently recovered to make the journey. Thornton sent down a very careful man, our gardener Anthony, so as to be sure to have her brought up carefully, and ordered her to be allowed two or three days rest at every station. So she reached Madura and started from there remarkably bright and well, Mr. Chandler says, and traveled 16 miles. Stopped to rest, and started on one morning at 5 o'clock, traveled 2 hours at the rate of two miles an hour, and laid down and died—a curious kind of sickness, the natives call it. We can hardly think it fatigue. She had a little heifer calf, very sweet and bright. They brought it along and we are trying to raise it; but the cow was a great loss to us. However, as I tell Thornton, it was neither him nor the baby, so I feel quite reconciled, or, as he tells me, it was not the horse, which would have been a great loss, much greater than the cow. So we have our mercies still, you see. Good night, dear ones all.

Thursday 20th

It is a long time since I wrote last, and now it is time to mail my letter. Mission Meeting closed today, so our busy time is almost over. Miss Pollock spent most of the day with me; she took dinner here. She has been studying very hard and has passed her first examination at this meeting.

Mr. Smith must be between 38 and 40, I think, counting up from Miss Smith. Mr. Chester is not entirely queer—he has some of the pleasant traits and is so nice sometimes. We cannot but love him.

I have been cutting and drying peaches today. I think we shall like them better than if they were all preserved. They will be more simple and not so rich. Last evening Mrs. Hazen and I invited the Herricks and Taylors to tea, and Miss Pollock, too, of course. Before we had left the table we heard singing—“Auld Lang Syne”—outside and we all went to the door, and there were all the rest of our Mission. We invited them in, of course, and we had a very nice time indeed. We had a spelling match: Mr. Chandler was school master and called us all by our first names, Sarah, James, Elizabeth, etc. I didn't miss, and our side beat. Then we had an arithmetic lesson and a geography lesson. It was very funny, and we all enjoyed it; it stirred us all up and did us good.

I dreamed last night about Fannie, that she and I were riding behind old Charlie again. How nice it was, wasn't it?

Baby gets more and more cunning every day. When Thornton asks the blessing at table, he puts his little hands together. We made him do that, so that seemed to call his attention to what we did; so now, of his own accord, he bows his head but almost always peeks out of one eye, and, if his father is a little longer than usual, he drops his hands and lifts up his head, with such a deep sigh, it is quite laughable. I will try to measure Thornton's black clothes tomorrow and send in this letter—it is too late tonight. When I tell baby to go and kiss anybody, he will go and put his little lips to them so like a little bird. He has had a cold for a week or so and has learned how to blow his nose. It is very funny to see him take my handkerchief out of my pocket and blow his own little nose. He has taken to singing just as the doolie bearers sing—“sun-da-cum-ho-ho”—he will get a basket or his little chair and run round singing just as they do. It is very amusing, and he makes everybody laugh. He is so delighted when children come to see him, and he is so fat and rosy and heavy. How much comfort he would be to you. He says a good many Tamil words but few English, except “Papa” and “Mama.” It is the way the children

almost always do—talk Tamil first. It seems to come easier to them, and then they hear it so much.

Thornton is through his 2nd examination, and that, together with the meeting, has prevented his writing home at the usual time. I think I will stop, for I am so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open to write anymore. Ever and ever so much love to you one and all.

From your own
Lottie

I am looking for Lelia's letter every week. My love to her, please.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
Saturday, May 8th, 1869

My dear Mother,

We are here on these delightful hills again, you see, enjoying a breath of cool air. I cannot tell you what a blessing these hills are to us. I am sure we shall be able to stay longer in the country than if we had no relaxation or relief from the burning sun of the plains. Baby's cheeks are fairly rosy, a thing we never see on the plains—he is getting quite fat and cunning. He is beginning to talk—calls the sweeper “An-a-morl” very plainly and the matey boy “Antho.” He amused himself yesterday, trying to say “Thornton.” He calls it “Dorndon.” We think he is quite smart for a year and a half baby. He will say anything I give him to anybody we tell him to and puts up his little face to kiss them. I don't know that he really is sweet, only, as he is the only baby I ever knew much about, he seems so to me.

Today Thornton received most gratifying news from our station. Our station school has been under the direction of a heathen teacher who never had over 15 scholars, and those but very irregular—sometimes he could not get but six to come. Thornton was so dissatisfied with him that he dismissed him and put a catechist in for the present to see what could be done. But today we learn that there are 35 scholars, and last Sabbath, at the church, there were four Brahmin boys among them. We feel so pleased about it. When I go down, I shall have the girls from the school come to me to sew every day. I have a very pleasant prospect before me, have I not? The only thing is lack of work; I have not enough for them to do. I think I shall have to cut out some nightgowns for baby and let them make them—they had about sewed all my spare pieces of calico into patchwork before I came up here.

Thornton's second examination comes off on Monday next, and, as he had been so busy before we came up here, and his time for study has been entirely consumed by other duties, he has all he can do to get ready in season. He is very busy now translating and writing an English tract in Tamil, without the aid of munshi, dictionary, or any help whatever. It is a very long, particular work, but he seems to enjoy it.

The jackals trouble us very much, nights—they come very near the house and sometimes awake baby out of a sound sleep with their horrible cries. They begin like the crying of a child, then bark like a dog, and end with the most unearthly sounds. They steal chickens when they get a chance and devour dead carcasses, but I don't think they ever trouble man or large animals.

Our usual May Meeting begins on Wednesday next. All the gentlemen will be up, and every morning we have a prayer meeting at six o'clock. They are always so delightful.

We are always glad of your nice dried apples and hope we may see some more soon if you could spare them. They are a great treat to us. Give my warm love to our dear Mary, Brother Charles, Sister Sarah, and the children. It cannot be possible that Anna is 17—I can hardly believe it. How time flies. We have been in the country over two years and have been away from home 2 ½ years. How good it will be to see you all again. Sometimes my eyes feel fairly hungry to see the home faces.

My love to Father, and a great deal for yourself.

From your daughter,
Lottie

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
May 20th, 1869

Dearest Mother,

I am, as you see, days behind my time this month, for which I am very sorry. You will probably surmise that I have been more than ordinarily busy; which has been the case. I was subjected to my second examination on the evening of the 10th, and for a few days previously was closely confined by my studies in Tamil. Two days after, came the Mission Meeting, and the interim was closely filled with making up my annual correspondence and accounts with the American Bible and the two Tracts Societies in behalf of the Mission. By the way, if you should see in their annual reports or other publications statements or incidents from our field, you will know who the writer is. My position as correspondent with these Societies is a very pleasant position indeed, and I enjoy it much, but it brings some heavy work once or twice a year. Our “May Meeting” commenced on Wednesday of last week and has only closed this afternoon. We have a surprising amount of machinery at work in this immense district, and it takes a great deal of counsel and deliberation to keep it up to the highest state of efficiency. So much, indeed, that I fear we may yet be overwhelmed with routine work. With much less, either of men or means (I refer now mainly to natives and that which is needed to keep them all properly at their several duties), we might, with some spirituality, accomplish much greater results, as it seems to me. In this view, the Mission seems generally to concur, so that gradually we may contract our work in certain directions and look for, or team up, a more efficient body of helpers.

Your last letter, which came a few days since, was very welcome, as are all you write.

[May] 21st

Our weekly mail from this place, connecting with the overland mail, leaves every Friday about noon. So I must fill and send this letter today. Baby, as we still call him, is now a few days over a year and a half old. In most respects we think him rather forward for his age. He is quite stout on his legs and keeps on the go all day long. He is so fat that he is often called alderman, Dutchman, etc. He seems to enjoy and thrive in the cool air of these mountains. It is a good thing, too, for him to be with other children some. He chatters a great deal and talks a little, more in Tamil, however, than in English.

We occupy the west half of the central house this year, while Mr. Hazen and wife occupy the east half. The Washburns, with two children, have the house we had last year, and the

Caprons, with two, have the house in the same yard which the W's¹⁶¹ had. Miss Smith boards with them and is, to all appearances, much better in health than last year, though I judge that she still has, occasionally, a return of the pain which used to alarm us so. We hope now that it is nothing serious, though I fear that, if not cured, it will end in consumption. Since coming here, we have all three gained a great deal in health, especially Lottie, who seems now much more as she used to in America than she has for any length of time since leaving home. We hope that the worst of her acclimation is now over. She joins me in a great deal of love to our dear Mary, to yourself and Father, and all the dear ones at home.

Yours affectionately,
Thornton

CEHPenfield to MITHubbard

(Letter 36 received August 18, 1869, mailed June 17th, passage 52 days. Letter from Thornton about the debt, going down from the Pulneys, cutting down tree—jackals, Ourang ourang, letter for Mr. Walker and one for Oberlin.)¹⁶²

Letter #36

Monday, June 7th

Yesterday I was feeling poorly all day, for this high wind brings on my face troubles and makes me feel rather down, so yesterday I thought, "O if I could have a nice cheering letter from home, how much good it would do me," so I watched, as the time came for the mail to come in, but saw nothing of the postman. I had almost given up when there came a rap at the door and your dear letter number 67 was handed in. It was so nice and set me right up, and I felt better all day. You speak about my taking baby to pray with me; I have tried several days, but he is almost too small now. The first day I took him, the novelty seemed to keep him still about as long as he usually keeps his hands down at the table for the blessing to be asked, but after that, try my best, I could not even keep him from talking and trying to make me raise my head. It seems to worry him to see our heads bowed—I suppose he thinks we are crying. He often reminds me of Addie Johnston—he is so active, not still a single moment; even at the table he wants to keep throwing his hands round or stomping on the step on his high chair with his feet. His father calls him "little perpetual motion," and he truly seems so. I shall, and do now, have to exercise all my ingenuity to give him enough to do. Little as he is, I let him help me in every possible way. He can carry things across the room and shut the doors, pick up peaches and potatoes, etc. Yesterday he helped me bring in wood when the rest were gone to church. To be sure, he does not do much, and sometimes he picks up peaches [and] often runs away with two or three and drops them in the wrong place, and I have to go and bring them back; or, instead of putting potatoes into the bag, he will throw quite a lot on the floor—which he helps pick up afterwards—but still, I think it gives him a little idea of helping, and I can see that he grows more and more into it. I think he minds wonderfully for such a little child and such an intensely busy one. He does not, even now, sit in our laps a minute unless it be while I am putting his stockings on or dressing him; and he cannot keep still even to look at a picture. Poor little fellow, I am afraid

¹⁶¹ Probably meaning the Washburns, rather than the Whites, who had also been up the previous year.

¹⁶² Some of these topics do not appear in this letter but may have been mentioned in the enclosed letters to other recipients.

that yesterday he must have eaten something that disagreed with him, for, from about 12 ½ until morning, he could not sleep at all. Thornton just patted him a very long time, and then I tried it; then Thornton lighted a light and we gave him a drink of water; then Thornton patted again, and after a while I called the ayah and told her to try to get him to sleep. Finally I told her to take him out in the next room, so she did. It was then half past 3, so Thornton and I tried to get to sleep again, but I was so nervous and fidgety about him that I did not succeed for a long time. Baby fell asleep on the floor by the ayah's side, towards morning, and slept a little while but could eat no breakfast, and the little piece of toast and rice cake I got him to taste, he threw right up. He took a long nap this morning but keeps very quiet and does not seem at all well. I am giving him a simple powder of rhubarb and magnesia and I hope that tomorrow will find him better.

Friday, June 11th, 1869

Now I am going to answer your letter. I have received two letters number 66, so that is all right. I think Emmie did wonders in her concert. I wish I could have attended it. How sorry I am that mother is so poorly so much of the time; O if she could only be well. I am praying the Lord to open the way for you, somewhere, and I feel sure He will. I think the 3rd story would be too high for Mother, and I hope Father can rent the house. Mother's towels will be very acceptable. Those we buy here are cotton; I mean to send her a sample and the price sometime. I have not had to buy any yet. We get the weavers to weave them. You cannot tell how much the thought of another box cheers us. We can meet the expense; we don't want you to do that. And I hope a box will come by the next ship after this, too. They cheer us so much. What should we do without our friends out here? Mary Walker was very kind to mention that place to you. I am anxious to hear the results.

As baby grows older, he develops a very strong will. He cannot seem to come under, in anything, to anybody except his father or me. Even in play with the other children, he exerts all his efforts to make them get up or sit down or run around or something almost all the time. It costs me some anxiety, but still I hope that all will come right, with a firm, steady hand. I am sure I would rather he would be too strong minded than too weak. If directed right, he will, I hope, make a smart man. He is so energetic, and busy always, about something. Thornton says his energies will all be directed for the right or the wrong—he will carry tremendous weights one way or the other. One day Annie Capron insisted on lifting him up when he did not wish to be lifted up, and he squealed and did all he could to make her let him alone; still, she insisted on lifting him, and he just bowed his head and gave her an awful bite. She dropped him like a hot potato, and he has carried sway pretty much ever since. I was not present at the time, but I believe all the Mission children were, and they entered into a league not to tell me, for fear I should whip him—but Mrs. Herrick told me of it afterward. I suppose the children thought Annie did not do quite right to insist on taking him up, and that might have been another reason for not telling me. However, if they had, it would have done no good, for it would have done no good to whip baby for an offense committed an hour before. I only mention this to show his disposition. If the children don't behave, he will make them, in one way or another. Tell Fannie her tating has gone on to a great many of baby's bibs, and it sets them off wonderfully.

Monday [June] 14th

We are going to send our servants, most of them, down tomorrow—the cook, to get the house cleaned for us; the horsekeeper, to take the horse out to Tirupúvanam and bring our

carriage into Madura for us so we can get over the last part of the road quickly. Our cow goes so as to be ready for us at home when we get there.

Tuesday [June] 15th

I was interrupted yesterday, and now it is about 12 o'clock, and the servants have gone, and it seems quite lonely. The Taylors went down this morning, so we are the only ones left. We follow on Friday. I long to be at home again, although I do not expect to be as well on the plains as I am up here, and I dread the long hot journey exceedingly; but baby is so well that I feel as if it was going to be easy [compared] to what it was last year when the dear little fellow was so covered with sores. I think his eye teeth are nearly through. Yesterday he said "Papa's topy" (hat) very plainly, pointing to his father's hat at the same time. He lisped it out so cunningly; he is the dearest little fellow.

I am going to send this letter off this week, as Thornton last week forgot to put a sheet of his letter to his Mother in, so will you please forward it to her. We can now send letters via Hong Kong for 3 or 4 annas less than the old way, but whether it will take longer or not I do not know. I shall send one or two that way soon and see whether it takes longer or not.

Did I tell you that, since I have been away, the bats increased so in my godown that they were obliged to remove some of the tiles from the roof to get at them, and they then killed 487, besides what flew away, and I presume fully half flew away.

I should like to have a pair of congress gaiters. Please see that the elastic is good and strong and I think I can wear them nicely. I must send Thornton's measurements again soon, for he needs another pair; I think he will need 1 pair boots and 1 pair shoes.

Wednesday [June] 16th

I am all alone this evening, for Thornton has gone to dine at an English lady's house. She invited us both, but I felt so tired after our packing today (though I did none of it), and rain coming on, I concluded, and very gladly too, to stay at home. As we knew it would be a great disappointment if neither of us went, Thornton went; dinner at 7 o'clock.

I shall try to mail this tomorrow, I think it is very doubtful whether I send letters via Hong Kong or not, for, from further advices, we learn that the rate is the same and the mail leaves but once a month. I think we shall stick to the old way. We are fairly started on our packing and shall send off some loads tomorrow and follow with the rest the day after. Our servants all look as happy as can be at the prospect of going down. It is pretty cold for them up here, though it seems to agree with them nicely. I am looking anxiously for the next letter to know what you will do. Now I must close, with O so much love to you all—

[Lottie]

TBPenfield to MITHubbard

[enclosure]

My Dear Mother,

I have, for a long time, pleased myself with a promise of writing you and Father and Sister Fannie a letter. It is well, perhaps, that the promise was made mentally, or I should be liable to the charge of breaking my word, or at least to that of establishing the truth of the proverb that tells us "evil communications corrupt good manners." Although in the East, where some of the charitable keep their promises of assistance to the poor by writing the word "horses"

on paper and throwing it to the several points of the compass, I mean to keep my good intentions and carry them out some time. Our house, and especially my room, is just now in a state of blissful confusion, but if I stay to put it to rights, the garden of opportunity, like so many of its fellows before, will be lost, for the foreign mail is made up in Madura tomorrow.

The amount of our salary seems to be about as indistinct to your mind as the amount to be paid on the insurance policy [is to me]. I will now try to clear up the former for you and shall hope you will, the latter, for me some of these days. By referring to my letter to you, bearing date June 2nd, 1866, you will find that I there wrote thus: "The salary of the missionaries in the Madura Mission is 2000 rupees per annum, or \$960.00 in gold, equal to \$1,248.00 in currency when gold stands at \$1.30." Our salary is still the same (2000 rupees), with 175 additional for little Thornton, making a total of 2175 rupees or, as we would generally state it, half as many dollars, vis \$1087.50, or to be more exact, making allowance for exchange (as I did in the letter alluded to), \$1044.00. I noticed in the last paper that gold stood at 1.33 $\frac{3}{8}$, and I believe it has not been much lower since we left home. Now, were the denominator of the fraction 9 instead of 8, it would make our salary \$1390.00 in currency. I trust this statement will appear plain and give you a definite idea of the amount of our income, in all a little less than 173 rupees per month.

And now a few words to expenses. I will speak only of rupees, for, with the above explanation, you can, I suppose, put any sum you wish in dollars, so first of all: Hire of servants 1st: 50 rupees per month. This includes a tailor, which we do not have all the time, though some families do, I believe. Housekeeping or table expenses 2nd: 30 rupees per month. This includes food for cows, which you may call milk, etc., if you please, but does not include flour, sugar and kerosene oil, etc., which we buy at wholesale and for which I make an allowance by the year equal to 3rd: 24 rupees per month. Another item, which is generally called the Lord's tenth, cannot be omitted. You can scarcely have an idea of the nature and amount of calls for money thus devoted to charitable purposes. Although half the year has not quite gone, my account book shows an amount of over 127 rupees already expended and given thus. However, we will call it barely one tenth of our salary, or 4th: 17 rupees per month. Then monthly expenses of pasturage and ropes for cow and horseshoeing 5th: 5 rupees. Orders from America, such as personal clothing, provisions not enumerated above, etc., as well as expenses on them and on boxes from home, estimated at 6th: 20 rupees per month. We have been here little more than two years and our furniture, etc., bought or made here, including repairs on ox-bandy, and first cost of same, are just about 400 rupees, say 7th: 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ rupees per month. Our horse and cattle have cost 326 rupees or 8th: 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ rupees per month, which, taken together, makes 177 rupees per month, not counting goats, articles of clothing and personal comfort purchased here, additional crockery and lamps, repairs of watch, fuel while on the hills, extra services of servants, and other, etc.

So you wonder now that we have run under. All these things have seemed necessary, but cows, horse, and furniture will not have to [be] bought every year to the same extent as the first and second. We must keep open house for all the Mission and Englishmen, pretty generally, missionaries especially, and hence must have furniture, etc., like a tavern at home. It is on the items marked 7th and 8th that we hope to gain. We learn that most have to run in debt the first and second year but, by careful management, get out, in time. We have sold our sewing machine for 150 rupees, which will help us considerably. Our box bandy, too, for the same sum we paid Brother Tracy, and the little bandy for baby, too. So we hope to get out to some extent. Most of that marked 7th and 8th was expended last year and the partial year previous and, by not paying much for these items this year, we hope to make a still larger hole in the debt. The Treasurer has

just sent me a statement of our account for the year thus far, so I hope, in a few days, to see what progress we have already made in this direction. Please excuse my filling up all the corners so. I find that I cannot add another half sheet, even, without doubling the postage. Please remember me very kindly to all inquiring friends, and accept a heart full of love for you, all three, from

Your loving son,
Thornton B. Penfield.

TBPenfield to Cowles

Kodi Kanal
June 10, 1869

Ever dear parents,

It is with great pleasure, as the time for writing you comes round, that I find myself quite disengaged for an hour or two. Hitherto, I have been so busily employed since coming up the mountains that there has been little time to rest. But my employments have been generally of so different a character that I have found in them rest from those of the plains.

I have not been, this year, to a quarter of the picnics, excursions, and boat rides that furnished pleasurable exercise last year, but, for all that, I have found the change delightful and strengthening. We have had a portion of the yard, at the house where we lived last year, leveled off for croquet, and a set of balls and mallets were made while I was in Madura. This has been paid for by subscription of about one dollar apiece, and has often afforded us an hour's recreation towards evening.

The last 10 days of May, I worked very hard chopping and log rolling, as I had bought a tree on government land that must be taken away before the 1st of June or it would be confiscated. This is the condition on which we have to take trees from the government, if at all. Writing and Mission Meeting took up the first part of the month, so I had to make the most of the rest. However, it is all done now, and I should think I had, from that one tree, enough to burn for four months at the usual rate, or two years' supply if we are here but two months a year. The tree was estimated at 6 cart loads and cost me, standing, three dollars (gold). But it proved very tall and was over four feet in diameter at the foot, and so made probably at least a dozen cart loads. I and my servants did most of the chopping and rolling, though I hired others, to about one and a half dollars' expense. The heaviest logs we rolled over onto Mission land by the aid of blocks and tackle, and the rest will be piled up, as usual.

We hope not to be obliged to come out every year, though as to this, we must be guided mainly, of course, by the state of our health. For the sake of society, it is very pleasant to be here the months of April and May. But I do not think one of our circle would come merely for this. We, at least, shall be most happy to get back to our work again, as we hope to do in little more than a week.

I hear that the school of 6 or 8 scholars at Tirupúvanum has increased, since our absence, to 50 scholars, which is a very agreeable surprise. We put in a new teacher just as we left, and he has done well, as it seems. We shall probably divide the school, when we go down, into two or three departments. The girls will be taken under Mrs. Penfield's care, with one teacher, and I may put two teachers in the other department. I do not mean to lay out much of my strength on schools but, rather, in direct preaching among the surrounding villages and at Tirupúvanum, but I cannot certainly afford to forego the opportunity of teaching fifty wide awake and growing

minds the truths of our most holy faith. One great thing gained by the school is that the children, like pupils in the institution at Oberlin, are required to attend service in the church on the Sabbath, and so an opportunity is given to impress the truth on their minds, besides that afforded in the school weekdays. I may, the coming year, if circumstances favor, spend more of my time in the school than I should expect to do usually—and by the coming year I mean the time intervening between this and the next spring, for, as we generally come up to the hills April and May, and most of our schools take a vacation of two months then, our year of work seems naturally to be from June to April. My reason for spending more time in the school the coming year is that I may improve my colloquial Tamil which, I am sorry to say, is still very deficient. And I have been made to understand that teaching in a school was the very best exercise for this. I can preach now so as to make myself pretty well understood and with a good degree of comfort to myself, but conversation often—yes, generally—leads me beyond my depth.

I have written a short letter to the Sabbath School, which I will thank you to have read to them. I hope soon to indicate some special work for them to aid me in doing. By next year, at least, we hope to have a boarding school for boys in operation and shall be happy to have the school support as many as their means will allow. I suppose that \$15.00 (gold) will support a scholar one year but will tell you more definitely when I can ascertain the actual expense. The Mission supports 8 scholars and allows me to seek support of others from private sources. I should be glad to have 20 scholars in the boarding school. We generally look for promising boys from our congregations, hoping that some of them, by and by, will become preachers of the Gospel.

Much love to my dearest Mary, as well as to you all. I hear that letters can now go by China for less postage than the usual route but fear they will not go as quickly. I may send the next the new way, so please notice how long it takes this letter to come, and you can then compare the time with that of the new route. This starts off from the Pulney Hills noon of the 11th and, as I suppose, will leave Madura by noon of the 12th. With love as ever, in which my dearest Lottie joins,

Your affectionate son,
Thornton

TB Penfield to Oberlin Sabbath School

Kodi Kanal, Pulney Mountains, India
June 10th, 1869

To the Children of the Oberlin Sabbath School
Dear Friends,

Wouldn't you like to pay me a visit, this beautiful day, way off here in India? I am sure you would, and I certainly should be very glad to see your bright faces again. I would show you so many things, and we would talk ever so fast, while I told you of the strange things you would see and of the little children in India.

First of all, I would take you out in the yard to the trees, and you should have all the peaches you wanted to eat.

"Why, I thought you lived in India, they don't have peaches there, do they?"

Ah! But you see, I am not at home now. My home is at Tirupúvanum, 75 miles from here. We don't have any peaches there to be sure. But I am now on the top of a mountain nearly

a mile and three quarters high. Here we need a little fire almost all day long, and we have to wear our thick woolen clothes all the time, while at our homes on the hot plains we never need a fire even in the middle of January. Indeed, we could not have fires if we wished them, for we have no stoves or fireplaces in the house. We are only glad if we can keep comfortable by wearing the thinnest clothes and getting in the coolest place we can find. We are so worn down and exhausted by the great and continual heat that we are very glad, once in a year or two, to come up to the top of these high mountains and take a little change for a month or two.

We expect to go down again next week, and then we shall meet our own Sabbath School again. I wish you could see them as they rise up, class by class, and repeat their lessons. Let me tell you a little about some of these children.

How old do you think the youngest married couple is, that comes to Sabbath School? The husband is only 10 years old, and his wife is about 7 years old. "But they are really married?" Yes, according to heathen customs, they were really married a few months ago. And what you will think very strange, the little boy and the little girl had nothing to say about the matter. Nobody asked them whether they liked each other or if they wished to be married at all. The boy was visiting some friends, in company with his mother, nearly a hundred miles from his home. His uncle had taken him and his mother with him, in order to celebrate the marriage of someone else. But when they reached the place, the marriage had been given up, so the uncle determined to have this boy married to a girl he found there, in order that his long journey should not go for nothing. The boy's mother felt very sorry about it but, according to the customs of their caste, she, too, had nothing to say about it, as the uncle was the only responsible one, and he wished it to take place at once. The father, I believe, knew nothing about it till his wife and his son came home with this strange little girl, who, he was informed, was his new daughter-in-law. He was very angry at first, but the little girl is really very gentle and quiet and, as he cannot help the matter any, I suppose he has concluded that what can't be cured must be endured.

June 11th

Yesterday when I had written so far, I was called away and so had to stop writing. I have just been talking with the father of the little boy who was married, as I told you, a few months ago. He came up the mountains three or four days ago. He says that he is not pleased at all that his little boy should be married in this way and that he has sent the little girl back to her mother for a few years, at least. In about six or eight years it will be time for their second marriage, after which they could go to keeping house like married folks in America. When that time comes, if the father is not willing, still, to have the second marriage take place, he must give as much money as he could earn in a quarter of a year in his present employment, and then his son will be free, and the uncle cannot compel him to be married.

There are some castes in India that have even their babies married. One day, as I was going along the street, I saw a great procession of people coming. They were making a great noise with drums and cymbals and trumpets, which they probably thought very sweet music. When they came near, I saw that it was a wedding which they were celebrating. The couple who had just been married were being carried all around the city, that everybody might see who had been married. They were sitting in a sort of palanquin, open on all sides, and carried on men's shoulders by means of two poles coming out from the back and the front. They were almost covered with wreaths of flowers and decked out very gaily, but when I saw it I was very sad, for the husband was an old man, and the wife was a little girl, not more than four years old. In fact, I should call her a mere baby.

Now, my dear children, will you not pray for these poor people, that they may yet learn better and become true Christians.

At some other time I shall be glad to tell you more about the strange ways of these people, but now I must bid you goodbye.

Your affectionate friend,
Thornton B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Friday, June 11th, 1869

My own dear daughter,

Your father is writing to your grandmother, so I will write a little letter to you. Yesterday I was looking at the two pictures we have of you and thinking how fast you were growing and that it is about time we had another picture of you. I hope that before long you will have some more taken and send us one.

Your little brother grows every day and is so fat that your father says he looks like a barrel, with a head and feet, walking along. His cheeks have become very red since we came up the hills, and he has almost outgrown his dresses. They are both too short and much too small round. He is a very merry little boy and wants to play all the time. He is not still one moment. Even at the table, he must have a crust of bread or a bone in his hand to keep him busy, or he cannot sit still at all but keeps talking and pounding his feet or trying to do something else all the time. He can speak only a few words. He will take up a little footstool we have and put it on his head and go all round the room, singing "lun-da-cum-ho-ho," just as the servants do when they bring the dooly up the hills. He will come up to his father or me and stand right before us, putting his little fat hand on our knee and, looking right into our faces, will talk away, in his own fashion, as earnestly and as fast as he can, and we will answer him and ask him a question, and he will answer and seems to try so hard to make us understand him. He is a great comfort to us, and we often think how much you would enjoy being here to play with him and how much we should enjoy having you here. But one of these days, we shall want to send him home, and then you will have a chance to be one of the kindest, best, and most loving sisters ever was. The best way to show him how to do just right is to be just right yourself. Try to be as loving, obedient, and gentle to everybody as you possibly can; then it will all come very easy to be so to him when you have him to look after. Your father and I want, above everything, that he should learn to love Jesus the very first thing, just as soon as he is old enough to understand; and I shall love to tell him that his sister loves Jesus and tries to please Him.

It is almost time for the letter to go, so I must close. You must give ever so much love to your dear grandmother and grandfather and Uncle Charles and Aunt Sarah and all the cousins. Your father and I often talk of them, and we hope we may see them some time, if God pleases. With love and kisses to you, my dear daughter, I am

Your affectionate mother,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Received Sept. 15, 1869, last date July 22. Passage 55 days. Mrs. Hazen coming home, arrival of box by Coringa, very glad of chromas, baby's horse, etc. Baby rang bell himself for dinner, very proud of himself, snake in her bedroom, glad of Miss Roundy's and Mrs. Harmon's pieces.)
Letter #37

Tuesday, July 13, 1869

My own dear ones all,

You have all been in my mind for many days, but I have not been able to write and am hardly so now—my back has troubled me so that I could not write except what was absolutely necessary, so I have been putting off, from day to day, my home letter. I have not been down sick¹⁶³, only, after I had done all that must be done, I have had to go to bed to get rested—besides, Thornton was gone on a long tour from Monday to Saturday last week, and this week he is off again, though I look for him home on Thursday. If he can possibly get through by that time, he is coming home. Baby has one sore eye, so he and ayah and I stay in my room and baby's, with the doors all shut, in the dark. I hope I can keep both from being sore. Well, I must go and lie down now. But first I must tell you that our box on the Coringa came last Saturday, and you cannot tell how much good it did us. I want to tell you all about it but must stop now. If I could tell you one half the kind, loving, grateful thoughts we have of you all, it would more than fill my letter—but we do thank you with all our hearts.

Thursday [July] 15th

I could not find time to write yesterday, for Mrs. Chandler came out to spend the day, bring Eddie by, and she left this morning. Both baby's eyes are sore but seem better today so that he is quite lively. Poor Mrs. Hazen suffers more than tongue can tell. They will leave for home as soon as possible.

Private

She has not been able, for as many as 7 or 8 weeks, to make water unless doctor draws it from her with a catheter. Every time she makes water, or has a motion of the bowels, it throws her into convulsions. She will shriek so as to be heard all over the compound, and these convulsions now come on even when neither of the above things happen. She will sometimes wake from a sound sleep in one of them. The doctor says the neck of her bladder is completely paralyzed—ulcers have formed and broken, and he sees signs of more. He says “it is not death” he fears for her, “but living—enduring, for a long lifetime, the pains of purgatory.” Poor Mr. Hazen bears it nobly. You know that, from a boy, the missionary work has been, as he once explained it, his “life's idol;” and he was so particular, in choosing a wife, to get one who was, to all appearance, in perfect health. He brought the one of his choice, and she is the greatest sufferer among us. The question is how can she get home? Will any sea captain take her on board with her suffering as she does—she must go with a physician on board or she could not live, and doctors are only taken on ship when there are passengers; would a captain take her when she would so annoy or distress all others on the ship? It is a difficult problem, and what, to me, is very sad, she will not consent to let her husband write to her friends how she is. He has written several letters, but she will not consent to have them sent, and her father and mother are

¹⁶³ By this time Lottie was expecting her second child, due toward the end of January.

in utter ignorance as to her condition. I will never treat you so. I must lie down now, but when I next write I shall tell you all about our boy.

Baby is so precious, he grows more and more so every day. I think if we only train him well he will make a fine man, he has so much life, energy; every little while now he will come smacking his little lips for a kiss. You would be so delighted with him, I know. Almost everyone says “what a beautiful boy,” and I think so. Goodbye.

Saturday

Well, now for the box—everything was so nice I can hardly tell where to begin. The pictures are beautiful—Thornton likes “Easter Morning” best, but I love the happy, cheery face of the little barefoot boy altogether the best, so we don’t quarrel about them. Baby is of my opinion and points to the barefoot boy and says “baby baby” and kisses it. The vases are beautiful; so is baby’s cup, and I am glad it is not pure silver. I shan’t need to be so careful of it, or the spoons either. Please thank Mrs. Bennett for them and the books, too. Baby is delighted with his things, and they came just in time to amuse him during his sore eyes. He draws the horse round and calls it “bandy” and is really very careful of it. Instead of dragging it on its side, he lifts it up and brings it to one of us to set up straight upon the wheels. Thornton has put screws in so that it is very strong. The marbles and trumpet and ball amuse him greatly.

Fannie, you should not have sent me your pretty tidy and the cologne box, too. I should not wonder if it was a present to you. I thank you very much and shan’t send them back, but you must not do so again. I want Mother to thank Miss Roundy and Mrs. Harmon for those pieces, I was all out and was letting the children sew straight pieces of white cloth for practice, and how their little black eyes did shine when they saw the nice new patchwork. We have got “Speak the Truth,” “Thou God Seest Me,” and “Stand Up for Jesus” in baby’s room. They are good for baby as well as for the ayah. The other two are in the dining room; if we ever have a school room nice enough to hang them in we will put them there, but these rough mud walls are not fit.

The books are so nice. Thornton and I have read “Almost a Nun” together, and it is a real good book. I shall send it round so that all the ladies can read it. Baby’s and my dresses were so pretty, and the calico will come to good use sometime. I hate to use them for patchwork; I can make common dresses for baby of some, and skirts for the little Tamil children of some, so they can look nice when they come to church. Thornton’s writing paper is beautiful, so are our handkerchiefs—the coals are not sent to Newcastle—I am glad enough for them, they will save my buying. The shoes just fit me. They are the best fit you have sent out yet—they are marked 8 ½, but I think they must be large for that number. The little high boots for baby are too small; all the rest will do nicely. Those little striped stockings are beautiful, and the woolen ones are just what he wants on the hills. The wedding cake and candy got here very nicely and was a great treat. We made us each a glass of lemonade and ate the wedding cake, wishing great joy to Mary Jane and her husband.

We had our bamboo stolen last night that lifts the bucket up and down in the well, and the rope that ties it, too; we cannot imagine who stole it.

The tape and thread are just what I want. I wonder if I have spoken of everything—perhaps I shall think of something by and by—but all was so nice and satisfactory. In getting what I have sent for, you must let me pay the bill to the rooms. Mr. Chandler said he would request them to pay whatever Father might present. Now I must stop, with a heart full of love and thanks.

Monday [July] 19th

Where did the nice box of dried apples come from? It is marked "Greenfield, Mass." Who lives there? If you know where our thanks are due, please render them heartily for us; they are very nice and most acceptable. You will have to begin to send baby stockings 1 dozen at a time. I have been supplied up to now by some Mrs. Capron sold me—some that were sent for her little Laury and he died before they were ever used—but now baby is fast outgrowing them. The last pair you sent is marked 5. I think he should have two sizes larger at least. I think he will need them by the time they get here. I rather like short (legs) ones best, especially if they are white. Perhaps you might send a few pairs a size larger, besides the dozen 2 sizes larger.

One night between 12 and 1 o'clock, while Thornton was away this last time, I heard the munijuris (a sort of rat) making a great noise in my room. Baby had been very restless (it was the first night his eyes were sore). The ayah and I had been up with him a good deal, so I did not pay much attention to them, but afterward there came a great racket and I lighted my lamp and, without getting out of bed, looked out from under the mosquito net. Of course, they all ran, but I saw what was the occasion of the excitement among them. I had piled all our new books together on a chair, and I thought baby had knocked them over, judging from the racket—but no, they were all safe, but under the chair lay a snake 2 or 2 ½ feet long. A small one, to be sure. I did not dare take my eyes off of it, lest it should get out of sight, so I called ayah, and she called the gardener and Antho, who sleeps on the verandah, and they killed it. I felt like giving thanks—it was not two feet from my bed, and I had been running round tending to baby in my bare feet, a thing I cannot remember doing before for a long, long time. It was some kind of viper, not a cobra.

Tuesday [July] 20th

I forgot to mention the thimbles for the school. They are very nice, except that more than half are too large. The children and women, too, in this country have very small fingers, and the great trouble with all the ladies is to get thimbles small enough. The smallest ones are about right. You cannot tell how often I look at all the pretty things that came in our last box. From here, I try to picture you all and think over and over our good times together, until sometimes it seems as though I could not wait another year to see you.

Baby is very cute. It is funny to see how much he knows; the other day he was in a great hurry for his dinner, so he ran out and rang the bell himself, then ran in and called me to dinner. I knew he rang it, so I told him I could not come until Antho brought dinner and rang the bell—so he ran out and called Antho at the top of his voice.

We got a splendid puppy on the hills. He is now only 5 months old and is so tall that when he stands on the floor his head comes above the table. His mother is a fox[hound] and his father a greyhound and are both fine hunting dogs belonging to an English gentleman on the hills. They are immense dogs and so well bred. Baby thinks everything of "Tiger," and they play so nice together. Tiger never hurts him—I don't know what baby would do without him.

Wednesday

Had my women's meeting today, and I hope, next week, to lead, myself. I have written out my questions, and I intend to sing the hymn with Thornton every day until next week. I can say the Lord's Prayer but cannot make a prayer myself.

We hear that Mrs. Hazen is better, and it is a possible thing that they may leave for home in less than a month. Thornton and I get up by light, or a little before, every morning, and we

take baby and go out for an early drive. It is very pleasant, and I always feel better for it. We have very hot, dry winds now and no rain. Everything is parched and dry. We look for the rains most longingly, I assure you.

Thursday morning

I feel so bright and fresh this morning that I must improve the time to write a little. Thornton, baby, and I took a grand ride this morning before the sun was up, just at light and after taking a nice bath; after we reached home, we ate our slice of bread and butter and drank our tea, then I went to the godown and gave out potatoes to be baked for breakfast, plantains to be fixed. We are to have yesterday's chicken warmed for breakfast, and what was left of the pudding yesterday. I also gave out some sugar to have some guava jelly made, to go to you if I can get the Hazens to carry them. I don't suppose they can take much, but I want, if I can, to send a little jar of guava jelly and one of tamarinds. The latter we eat with vegetables, and it is nice to put a little in a tumbler, more sugar if needed, water, and strain through a thin cloth. It is a nice drink in very warm weather and for sick folk (a pause to see the horse's grain measured).

Thornton is drawing an immense map for his helpers, the last of the week, so that they can better understand their September lessons. They go into Madura and recite, every September, at our annual meeting. He has now been called off to doctor a boy or young man with several immense sores, probably the effects of bad habits. So many suffer for their sins in this country.

Today we took out a jar marked "spiced currants" and they are so nice. All the preserves you sent seemed to be keeping nicely and do taste so good. You cannot tell how I love the dear fingers that put them up for me.

I believe I forgot to mention Thornton's short bosoms—I think he prefers the wide plaits best, though he says he likes variety, but he says, too "you know I always like such things very plain," so I think his heart rather yearns towards the plain, wide plaits. He does not need more shirts just yet, but I will keep these for future use. Baby seems very fond of limes. He will get a piece that has had all the juice squeezed out of it and come sucking it to one of us—"good good," he says.

Well, now I must close. With ever so much love from us three.

Your affectionate
Lottie

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Received Oct. 19, 1869. Last date August. 25th. Had a passage of 50 days. Hazens' returning, snakes, river down, baby says Papa po-it, kar-nah; papa gone, can't see him.)

Letter #38

Tirupúvanam

July 31, 1869

Darling Father, Mother and Fannie,

Thornton started before light this morning for an eight-day trip out among the Mēlūr villages. I cannot get used to his going. Some of the ladies never seem to care one bit. I used to think that I probably should get accustomed to it, just as they seem to have done, but I don't seem to improve one bit. Every time is just as hard as the last, and I almost always give way to a

heartly cry after he has gone, but baby is so much company for me now, and he is so cunning. He has been amusing himself lately by saying “umbrella.” He calls it, like the old ladies (some of them), “umbril.”

Well, the Hazens left us on Tuesday last, on their way home. It was very sudden at last. A coolie reached us at 1 ½ o'clock on Tuesday, with a note from Mrs. Chandler, saying that if we wanted to see the Hazens before they left, we must come in directly, for they left that afternoon at 5 o'clock. We hurried with all our might, shut up the house and gave out supplies, ate our dinner, and were in Madura 5 minutes after 5 o'clock. They had not gone and did not go until about 8 o'clock, so we had quite a nice little visit with them. It was so sad to have them go—it is a sore, sore trial to poor Mr. Hazen, but he bears it nobly, like a true Christian. His last words were, “The Lord makes no mistakes,” and the thought is truly very comforting to us all. We are all very anxious about her. What sort of a surgeon will she find on shipboard? The doctor has been using some very strong medicine that has relieved her greatly, but he does not use it much, and another physician may not dare to run the risk of giving it to her, and he may be a little inexperienced fellow that she won't want to have tend her at all. And the worst of all is that she is, and will be, so imprudent—she is quite like a little child, with this disadvantage that she is a woman and you cannot treat her like a child. The doctor has gone with them to Madras, and both he and his wife have been like parents to her and are all worn down with the constant care and drain upon them. Poor little Mrs. Hazen; no tongue can tell her sufferings the last two months. But it is the Lord's hand, and I think the dispensation is being blest to her. They went so suddenly, and she so poorly, that I don't think they took anything with them, for our friends did not offer, and I did not ask them, to carry the jelly or tamarind to you. I hope you may see them when they land. They have your address and will try to call.

Monday, August 2nd

I had quite an interesting talk with a Mohammedan woman the other day. I was laying down, so she came and sat by the bed. She has been here before, so I know she has one grownup son, so I asked her if he was well, and she said that he was soon to be married, so I asked questions and I found that he had one wife already and she had a baby, and that he did not like her (the wife) because she was too fat! So he is about to be married to a second. He was married to the first when she was a baby. I told her that I thought that was very wrong, that our God and our Vuthams (Bible) told us one man must have but one wife, that it would be very displeasing to me if my husband should take another wife, that I thought that, under such circumstances, I should return to my parents! But it would be very wrong for him to do so. I asked her how she would like it, if she should happen to grow fat, to have her husband take another wife. O, she said, he had got three already! I asked if it was pleasing to her, and she said, “Yes, she did not care.” I asked if they did not quarrel sometimes; she said, “Yes, indeed, they had great rows, often.” I told her it was very sad to live so, and it was very wrong. She said that her husband has 8 children by his other two wives. I forgot, when I was talking to her, that the Mohammedans often have several wives. There are little houses or rooms built on each corner of the top of their houses, in which they keep their several wives.

Miss Smith tries all ways to make me say that I won't write home about her, but I won't promise any such nonsense. I will write what I like home. However, I did promise, when I was in Madura, that I would tell you not to tell her brother what I write this time unless he will promise to write to her, for either he has not written for a long time or else his letters have been lost. She has not received any. She has not been so well lately, from what I gather from others

round her—not from herself. I should judge she considers it inflammation of the pericardium. There is also an enlargement of the heart. Neither Dr. Palmer nor she, nor any of the Madras doctors, consider her lungs affected—so I learn from others. She is very cheerful, eats well; her appetite seems to be perfect, only at times she has a return of that pain, often in damp weather—a sort of neuralgia, I suppose. I think this is as near as those who know anything about her can come to it. She won't talk of herself. She is always "quite well, thank you."

I am so glad you like your new horse. I dreamed Fannie pierced her ears the other night and wanted me to do the same—think of it, Fannie.

All these extra flourishes are baby's. He runs up to me every few minutes to show me pictures, and then is when I get joggled.

They killed a great snake this morning out in the garden.

I am real sorry you could not go to Mrs. Willard's wedding. Thanks for the copy of Willie B's letter—he certainly has improved very much indeed. How nice of Mrs. D. Bennett to give you that glass—I am sure I love her for it. I am so glad to hear of Mother's tramps. Famous for her, isn't it?

Tuesday evening, August 3rd

It is pouring out of doors now; how welcome the rain is. The grass is really quite green, and the parched, withered look is wearing off. We had a shower for almost every evening this week. I told Thornton, the other day, that I thought you would be interested to know what I kept under my pillow, nights—I am getting real old maidish. First, handkerchief; watch, keys, two hairpins, a box of matches, and a candle. It is dreadful to live in such fear of snakes after dark, these rainy times. I hardly dare keep my feet on the floor. This evening I took Antho with me into Thornton's study to look up and on the top of the door. We both saw a snake. It crawled through from the inside to the outside—Antho ran outside to find him, but he got away—where, I can't imagine; it was not a large one.

Thursday evening, August 5th

Have not I a nice surprise for Thornton when he comes home; only I could not keep the secret and had to go and write him about it. Our cow that has been dry for a long time had a little heifer calf Tuesday night. Now we shall have more milk. Isn't that nice?

They have killed two snakes in our garden today, one immense fellow, over 4 feet, I should think, and the other only a small one. I am glad they are dead. Our river is down now; they say there is a good deal of water in it. I must go to see it soon, it is such a refreshing sight. We always go to see it.

Fannie did not tell me how she made her new dress like mine so I can make [one] like hers, I wish she would. I wrote, in my last letter, about baby's stockings. I have come across a lot that I had from Mrs. Capron that I had forgotten, so I think you had better send larger ones than I said—say, three sizes larger than 5. The space in the last letter looked long, but the stocking did not look so, one bit. It was one you sent. When you wish to send us money, all you need do is to have it credited to us at the rooms; they need not know the why or wherefore, concerning it. They may think we spent it out here for you, for all they know. However, Thornton and I think the best way is for you to expend it on things that we send for, and when you present our bill at the rooms it will be so much less than it otherwise would be, and we can expend the same amount for whatever is desired here, so it will be all the same; do you see? We

will count ourselves as having so much more money in hand, than otherwise. We thank all our friends very much, but please, dear Mother, don't lay our debt so much to heart. It worries me. We are paying it off some this year and will pay the whole in due time. You see if we don't, and we do not suffer for anything.

I took the opportunity, while Thornton is away, to have his study all cleaned up nice, and everything put in just as good order as I could put it; I think he will be pleased. I expect Mrs. Capron and her two little girls, and Mrs. Palmer and little boy and baby to spend tomorrow with me. I shall be quite gay here at Tirupúvanam. It is so nice to see somebody once in a while; only I am so sorry Thornton won't be at home to enjoy it with me—though if he was at home, I suppose he would be almost too busy to visit; he always is. Dear Thornton, I guess touring has its trial as well as pleasures. He always seems to enjoy preaching in the heathen villages very much, but, in a little note a coolie brought today, he says my note cheered him very much, “so far from home.” Home folks might say “so far from home” and not mean much, but he isn't given to such speeches much, unless he really feels “far from home,” so, to me, it means the more. Shan't I be glad to see him Saturday, though. He thinks he may be able to get here to dinner. Baby seems to miss his Papa very much—he takes great notice of his Papa's hat and umbrella and calls me to look at them. Then he puts up his little hands and says, “papa po-it, kar-nah,” by which he means the Tamil for “Papa's gone, I can't see him.” Then he runs to the study and calls, “Papa,” at the top of his voice and comes back looking so disappointed and tells me, “papa po-it, kar-nah.” Little lamb. Now good-night to you all.

Tuesday, August 17th

Dear Thornton stayed at home a week and now is off again in the tent. He left last night, and it is as lonely as ever without him. On his way home last time, he had a very narrow escape. He was in the carriage, and the horse took fright suddenly. Thornton has no idea what frightened him. Thornton succeeded in holding him until one of the reins broke, and then it was worse than ever and ended with his smashing the carriage against a tree, and Thornton barely escaped being crushed. One of the wheels was rent off and, at first, Thornton thought the carriage was done for; but we find that we can get it all mended for about 10 rupees (\$5 gold), so we feel quite rich. I was so thankful for my dear husband's preservation. When one side of the reins broke, the whole force came on the other hand, and the lines were wound round it so tightly that, in pulling off, it tore off the flesh pretty deeply in several places, but they are healing nicely. Thornton has two pairs of lines now, so that he can use the curb-bit, and he feels quite secure with that, for he could almost break the horse's jaw with it.

Now I am going to write about baby's stockings. What I have forgotten, every time I mentioned them, [is] that if there is any difference in price or strength or elasticity, I would just as soon have unbleached ones. It takes but one washing here to turn them white as possible, and if they are elastic I can get them on so much easier.

Friday evening, August 20th

The ayah came in just then, and I was sleepy and went to bed. Thursday morning, Mrs. Herrick and Joseph and David came out and stayed yesterday and this evening. After dinner they went home, so you see I had a good two days' visit and enjoyed it very much indeed. The boys are so nice with baby. I always like to have them come, and then Mrs. Herrick is such good company, so quiet and nice, no trouble and no excitement about her. Thornton will be pleased to know I had someone to help the time along. I look for him tomorrow.

Have I thanked Fannie for the tatting she sent in the letter? It is very pretty, and I do thank her very much. Mrs. Capron says that shoes vary in width according to letters, A, B, C, and D, A being the narrowest and D widest. I did not know it before and thought perhaps you did not. If Fannie will send me her secondhand little hats, as she has done once or twice, I shan't need to buy, or have bought, new ones for me. Hers do just as well and suit me nicely.

Baby is so sweet and cunning. He seems quite to have gotten over his naughty streaks—I mean of domineering and squealing—and is like a little May morning, except his will, which still has some pretty hard times getting subdued. Still, he generally minds very pleasantly and quickly. Mrs. Chandler gave me a book that has gone through all her family. The leaves were of cloth, bound in common leather, and then pictures pasted in as she got them, and it does delight baby so. That book is his great standby. He can always be amused with that. On two opposite pages of it are two pictures, one of Jesus ascending from the tomb and the other of Him bearing the cross. I have taken pains, whenever he happened to turn to them, to say that was “dear Jesus” up in Heaven, pointing up. Occasionally baby would look up at the rafters, but, oftener, he could not stop a moment to hear even that short sentence, and he wanted to turn as quickly as possible, so, as I did not want to make him out of sorts with pictures, I did not insist and only made the remark casually. As he turned by them about two weeks ago, the dear little fellow bought his great book, “Mama pitchers,” and, opening, showed me “Papa” (a great French soldier with red trousers on) and the ponies of the “ca-lu, ca-lu, ca-lu” and the “umbril,” etc., and, after a while, came to the pictures of Jesus. There he stopped and, putting his little finger on each, said “Jesus up there,” pointing up. He did not say it plain at all, and a stranger would not guess what he was trying to say, but I knew in a moment, and I was so pleased I had to stop and hug him, and he always notices them now. He has taken to looking at the albums lately, and I always show him Grandpa and Grandma and Aunt Fannie and say, “Would baby like to kiss?” So he kisses each two or three times and always leaves the pictures all wet. But I think how much you would give to have his sweet little lips press yours instead of the pictures, even if they did get you all wet.

We have one scholar here towards our boarding school and, after the September Meeting, shall have several more and hope to be able to begin fairly. We shall be very glad to get it going. Now good night. Baby sleeps beautifully, nights, now.

Tuesday, August 24th

Thornton came home Saturday morning, having [gone] all the way horseback. You know, two new villages have joined us, and he wants to see them, but the high caste people in the villages don't like it at all and are threatening the people with all sorts of things and troubling them in every possible way. To annoy Thornton, they would not let anybody who owned oxen to bring Thornton home, and he had to send, clear from here, oxen to bring his bandy home. They (the high caste men of the villages) are very wicked, crafty men and have formerly held the low caste people as slaves. Now that the low castes are determined not to be slaves any longer, they try to annoy them in every way possible. I presume it is to get our protection that they have joined us. We fear it is for no better motive.

I must tell you about my birthday. Thornton had been gone all the week before, so he gave me the day, which, I assure you, was a great treat. Then he brought all his tools, etc., into my room and out on my verandah and made me a nice set of hanging shelves for my room. They look real nice and are just what I need. I had a delightful day, could not have had one more so

unless you all could have been here with me. I sewed, and we read, and I had Thornton to talk to all day long.

Wednesday, August 25th

I am watching every day, hoping for a chance to have baby's picture taken, but nobody comes. I heard that a man was in Madura while we were on the hills. Why could he not have come when we were at home? Baby is a large boy for his age—fat and stout, full as tall and much thicker than little Mac Palmer, who is 9 months the eldest. You need not mourn over sending shoes too large; it does not take him long to step into them. He quite fills all he has had from home. The only safe way is for you to keep sending shoes a little larger every time and, if they should be too large when they arrive, it is a good fault, and he soon catches up with them. Two pairs that came last are too small—the pair of pretty bronze boots and the smallest pair of slippers. I thought he could wear the slippers, but I find he cannot. You can tell a little something from the measure of his stockings, about the shoes.

I see I have not told you that Mrs. Capron and her girls came that day and went home at night. But the doctor's wife's baby was sick, and she could not come. I had a nice visit with Mrs. Capron. I enclose a paper containing the address of Mrs. Washburn's brothers. She wrote and gave it to me and seemed very anxious you should know them. She is a very nice person, exceedingly quiet, but somehow I don't imagine you will fancy them; they are wealthy men. I sent the same once before, but I think it must have been in the letter that was lost, for you have never mentioned it.

Auntie's little green sack has been of great service to me. I have had three other sacks made from it, and they fit nicely—are a trifle too large but won't be so long, the little fellow grows so fast. Today is my Tamil women's meeting. We sing a hymn (I lead it), then they read a chapter, and I ask them questions about it. Then a little lesson in any easy sort of catechism, then another hymn, and then I ask one of them to pray, for I don't pray [in Tamil] yet. I say the Lord's Prayer, at the end, with them.

Well, now I must close and have this ready to go in tomorrow's tapal. Our September Meeting is in three weeks and we are invited to be Mrs. Palmer's guests. Thornton, baby, and I are all very well now. We all eat and sleep beautifully, and they say if one can do these two things in India, they are pretty sure to stand the climate. I wish you all were as well as we are. Miss Smith does not seem well, but I think all are pretty persuaded that it is not her lungs but her heart. I don't see her much lately. Miss Pollock is improving in health; we all love her dearly. Miss Hartley is a case—32 years old and can walk in no one's ways but her own.

With hosts of love from us, all three, to you three,

Affectionately,
Lottie

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #76
233 East 59th St., New York
August 9th, 1869

My beloved daughter,

Do you know that you are twenty-five years old today? Twenty-five precious years, and twenty-two of them spent with me. How thankful I ought to be, and how thankful I am! I only mourn that I did not do for you a great deal better while you were with me. How many lost opportunities do I now see. May it be a lesson to you in regard to the dear little one committed to your care. Teach him something of Jesus and His precious life and words every day. His understanding will surprise you, and sometimes you will find him repeating the same to the poor natives. I shall be very glad when he gets old enough to gather a few children about him and tell them some of the pretty stories in his reading books in Tamil. May God give him the heart as well as the ability. I think I must send you Little Henry and His Bearer in our next box. Perhaps I have already sent it; if so, you can give one to some other child. It is a very precious little book. I read it often.

How I should like to know where you are today and all about you; but it will come in due time. I always like to know about your birthdays. You are peculiarly near to me on those days, and I rejoice more and more in having been your mother. I long very much to see you, but the Lord graciously gives me contentment and peace, and great comfort in the thought that you are the light of one home in that dark land. May you find others springing up all around you which shall also reflect the image of the Saviour and be, in their turn, lights of benighted settlements where Christ is not known.

Is Julia a pleasant woman to work with? About how old is she? What a barrier the language is to one's usefulness! Do you see through it any better? I suppose dear Thornton is considerably at home in it by this time. Oh how I should love to see you all.

I am often reminded of you, always when Fannie sings "Just Before the Battle, Mother." You know Thornton sang it in Montclair. It was the first of my hearing it. It seemed so very touching. How I would like to hear him sing it again. Much as I wish to see you, I would not have you return, "till in honor you can come." I suppose you have turned your steps homeward before this and are spending your birthday in your own home. In what condition did you find it? Any signs of snakes? Fannie and I have not had a chance to go out together and get you a present. We are thinking of a nice white muslin sack. I think we shall have to find a pretty one ready made.

August 14th

We have been watching the papers for notice of the arrival of Thornton's brother Smith, and one day this week Fannie saw it: "Smith Penfield, wife and six children"!! We thought it answered, all but the six children. We had never heard of them. But the week has passed, and we have heard no more. I hoped he would call at your father's office and so find us, but cannot learn that he did, so fear they have gone on without giving us a chance to call on them. We are very sorry but do not think it at all strange that they should wish to get home as quickly as possible. It is possible Smith may have called at the house on 29th Street, for Mr. Bennett says that he was a great crony of David's and has often passed an evening there.

Each day we have looked for your dear letter, only to be disappointed. I feel doleful enough, but try to seem bright and cheery, and guess I succeeded pretty well. Your father thinks it will come on Monday. I reply, "Perhaps so, but you know there was one that did not come at all." "Yes," he says, "but you must remember there were thirty-five that did come." That is the consolation I get, and I accept it and make as much as I can out of it. By way of cheering me, your father took me in the belt line to the Park-Eighth Avenue entrance, where we have never been before and where the wagonettes start from. We saw two start off and wanted to go

ourselves but had not time. We walked around considerably and quite enjoyed the new views, bridges, etc., but nothing will quite fill my mind till that letter comes. We have not heard how you got up the mountain this time, and whether little Pet laid at your feet as last year. But we may have the pleasure of expecting.

Yesterday I had to go down to Mr. Man's office quite early in the morning, a long ride it was from 57th Street to Wall Street, almost to the ferry. Went in Third Avenue car and then took Wall Street stage in Broadway. Then I took 4th Avenue stage to 29th Street. Spent most of the day at the Home and, when I returned, brought John Hamilton with me. He called at the Home while I was there and knew no one but me, [since] Mrs. Penfield¹⁶⁴ had gone to Illinois. John is one of our boys who graduated at Oberlin two years ago; he has always conducted himself creditably and is an earnest Christian. I do think he appears very well indeed. He intends to study for the ministry as soon as his health is established. He has been very sick with typhoid fever. He will be here tonight to spend the Sabbath. This is one of the fruits of our Home work. He is minus his left hand, taken off by accident when a boy. Poor fellow. I cannot help pitying him, but he seems remarkably cheerful over his affliction, says it is not so bad for him as for the poor soldiers because he has been without it so long. If he had lost it after becoming a man, he would have missed it a great deal more.

Sabbath

I have been to Church, a great favor. Last Sabbath I was sick in bed all day. How much I have to be thankful for, if the longed for letter is withheld. We had a Mr. Milliken to preach for us, from Ohio, a young man, but he preached well, and it was good to be there. Text: "His banner over me was love." I think I never realized quite so fully before how much the flag or banner of a nation embodied, what a protection it is, how much it has meant in all past ages. But I cannot do justice at all. It was glad that I had enlisted under the banner of King Jesus, and I felt that His banner over me was love.

Your father has gone round to his Sabbath School and I have been resting on the lounge and now am going to read Madam Guion. Mrs. Brown gave me a new book the other day—Lamps, Trumpets, and Pitchers. I wish I knew whether Thornton would like it. I don't want to burden you with books, for I suppose you get very little time to read. This is a series of lectures on the vocation of a preacher. He represents preachers of some characteristics as lamps, others as trumpets, and others as pitchers, and gives very interesting accounts of some of the early Christian fathers as well as of some modern preachers. It is quite suggestive.

Evening

I have just left the parlor, where they are singing some very sweet hymns, to write a little more to you, for you are ever present with me. When your father came in from Sabbath School he wanted me to go with him and see the sick woman I believe I have mentioned in a former letter. So I went; she has failed very much, may go at any time and may live a week. She is very calm and trustful, says Christ is very precious. She can trust Him to the end. Her husband seemed much affected, said they "had lived together happily for twenty years and it seemed hard to part, but the will of the Lord be done." I felt that it was good to be there and was so glad your father asked me to go with him. We took her some flowers and some peaches. The flowers

¹⁶⁴ The more precise identity of this "Mrs. Penfield" is uncertain.

pleased her very much, but she is past eating. What a solemn hour it seems when the soul is near departing; how small it makes the earth look. Oh may we be ready when our permit comes.

John Hamilton says Dr. Clark delivered an address in Oberlin, not long since, in which he alluded to one missionary, Mr. Penfield, having gone out from there. I hope he obtained many more, or will do so. From the parlor comes up the pleasant sounds "Oh That Will Be Joyful" and "There's a Friend Ever Near." Now there's a lull. What is that they are striking up? Well really, I don't know, something very slow and dignified. But listen now, and you'll hear old Hartwell; there, isn't that good? "Hallelujah, amen." It is quite inspiring. It seems as though you must hear it. But you can't, no more than we can hear the dear baby shout. They are breaking up. One more delightful Sabbath is over. Goodnight, precious ones.

Tuesday, August 17th

This letter must go today. Mailing from New York gives us one day more. I hope you received the last, two weeks since, which was mailed from here. The letter from you has not come yet. Shall hope for it today. Julia Goodhue came yesterday but did not bring the package which Mrs. Burnell has for us. That was a great disappointment, for I thought we were sure to get that when she came with the chair. But the box containing them had not arrived when she left. Some of their baggage was left behind in Egypt, I think. Oh, I was so disappointed, but I did not let her know it. She intended to take the 4 o'clock train but missed it and came back here for the night. So, after dinner Fannie went with her to the Park and they went around considerably, rode up and back in the belt line. Julia was very, very much pleased. Julia has had a lunch and started. She hopes to get the seven o'clock train. She was very anxious to be present at the commencement of school. She seemed just the same as ever. She said it was so good to hear Mr. and Mrs. Burnell talk about you, seemed to bring you so near.

Breakfast bell, but I cannot go down, am writing in bed, sick all night, cold from change of weather. Your father had not time to go for Thornton's clothes, but presumes they are done. He has not been able to get the rent, either, but has got quite a number of orders for Mr. Bennett, and the money. He expects to get more. Julia's school, you know, is at Carmel. The present term is 19 weeks. They had seventy scholars last year. Now goodbye, my much beloved daughter, with kindest love to Thornton and many kisses to the darling baby.

Your own mother,
M.I. Hubbard

Private

Frances and I had quite a little treat over your "private" communication. I was not surprised at either of the three items. I shall endeavor to be quite happy over your prospects, though I would have liked you to have a little longer time between, for your own sake. I want you to preserve health and vigor, and the climate is debilitating, and the next summer may reasonably be supposed to be worse for little Thornton than the last, as the second always is, when the double teeth are coming, and you will hardly be in a condition to give him a mother's care. I know what it is, for I have been through it myself. However, since it must all be right, we will hope for the best, trusting our Heavenly Father's love and care. It availed for me and will, I have no doubt, for you. Frances feels very happy about it and wants to go right to sewing for you. You may depend upon us for some things, little slips for first wearing, flannel shirts, bands, and a piece of diaper, and I cannot exactly say what else now. I do wish we knew what

you would need most. It kind of seems like working in the dark not to know anything of what you have on hand. Do tell us. It may be we shall get them there soon after the event. But we shall not wait for information but go ahead. Don't reckon too strongly on its being a little girl, but fix upon some name for a boy, and then you will not feel so much disappointed. We shall have an article published in our paper, before long, on the birth of Samson. It was written by Mrs. Brown for the Mother's Journal. It is a very excellent article, and I would advise you to ponder it well. May the Lord grant you heavenly wisdom during the period previous to birth. Consecrate this child, which will owe its existence to you, solemnly to God, from its very conception. Disclaim all ownership of it yourself, and realize that it is the Lord's to be dealt with according to His pleasure. Keep cheerful, but do not indulge in levity. Endeavor to realize that you are laying the foundation for the character of an immortal being, and may God keep and abundantly bless you for His name's sake. We shall wait tidings, from time to time, with prayerful solicitude.

As to your head and Thornton's, I am not in the least surprised. Your new ayah is probably the cause. You will do well to keep larkspur seed on hand, steep it, and wash your head with it. If you put spirit in it, you can keep it ever so long by bottling it tight. You will undoubtedly be rid of the nuisance before this reaches you, but you may have a second trial. Look well to the head of your ayah. I wonder you did not take the itch from Mary. I was very much concerned about it, and especially about the baby. You will have to keep a sharp lookout for these things. Are you ever troubled with vermin in your beds? If not, I shall be very thankful. You cannot be too thorough with them.

I suppose Mrs. Yorke's case is, or will soon be, decided. The Lord be gracious to her. I remember hearing Mr. Taylor's family speak of her in Boston. Is she connected with your mission? How glad we should be to get another surprise letter! But you must not write too much.

I shall not regard your case as settled until we hear again. People often make mistakes. I am glad you do not look upon the matter in the light that many do and allow yourself to feel unhappy on account of it. That is a great mistake; children are the heritage of the Lord and should be welcomed and esteemed a blessing. Your poor cousin Mary has had a sad time from a miscarriage. Came very near the grave. It will be a long time before she recovers. It is well she is so near her mother. It would be a great blow to the family, all around, if they should lose her. Harriett is married, not quite to the satisfaction of her parents, but they hope for the best.

Now I must close, for this must go to the office. If Fannie can get any larkspur seeds, going up to the office, she will do so and put them in. If not, perhaps she will find something else. Again, I thank you so much for your surprise letter. It has done me a world of good. We should have sent some other kind besides rock candy, but thought it would grow soft before it got there. I think we'll try it, anyway, the next time. Do give the dear baby a shower of kisses for me. It seems as though we had done so little for him, and yet it has seemed to be all that we could, in the circumstances. There are many little things I cannot tell you, so far off.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Received Nov. 15th, '69, last date Sept. 22nd, passage 53 days. Speaks of going to Madura to the Sept. meeting, baby enjoyed playing with Mac Palmer, says thank you.)

Letter #39

Tuesday evening, August 31st, 1869

My own dear ones,

Dear Thornton was home last week, but off again early this morning to town, this week in the Mēlūr field. It is worse than lonely, but I won't repeat the same old story over. If one of you could only be with me, it would help so much. The ayah has just come in, so I will stop and [go] to bed, and see if I cannot be in better humor tomorrow. O if Fannie was only here. I never sleep well when he is away, somehow, I feel so much responsibility, but I am sure I could if Fannie were here. There is plenty of room for her, too—what nice times she and baby and I would have.

Baby has sore eyes again, ever so many folks have it now (the natives, I mean) and come every night for medicine. I put a drop of diluted nitrate of silver in their eyes. Well, good night—I do wish Fannie was here. What fun we would have keeping house together.

Thursday, September 2nd

We hear of the arrival of the Burnells in New York. Have you see them? I am afraid you were at Cousin Lucy's and missed them, but I do hope not. You are so good to write us so often; your letters cheer us so much. You cannot tell how they help, and I keep being afraid they won't come so often, somehow; but, as they have kept on so long, I hope so. The mosquitoes are terrible tonight. I can hardly write. As I have no tailor and do my own sewing now, it keeps me very busy, with all the rest I have to do.

We thank dear Father very much for his nice long letter—I am sorry I forgot to tell you about baby's bandy; I thought I did. Thornton had no trouble in putting it up. You know, he has a talent in almost all directions, and so the bandy went right together, without the least trouble. I am sorry I cannot say as much for baby. He seems to consider himself too big to ride in it, and far prefers getting out and dragging it himself, though sometimes he is very glad of it, and I don't know what we should do without it. If it had come when he was smaller, it would have been invaluable; however, it has not and will not come amiss.

I am so glad to hear any news from the girls, and I thank Mary Doremus for remembering me. I am just starting baby on the good habit of going to sleep by himself. The ayah always used to pat him, but I stopped that. I used to sit by his side and sing him to sleep, but since Thornton went away, I have done neither, and I think dear Thornton will be much pleased on his return. Baby found it a little hard at first and cried some, but I was firm and did not go to him, and tonight is the third night, and he scarcely whimpered. It saves me lots of trouble and time and patience. The carriage is not too small for baby; it is too light, and he is so heavy that, when he sits down in it, the springs press the wheels out slanting. But there is a bit too much of him, and the carriage is just the thing for a smaller baby.

We do enjoy the fruit you sent, very much indeed. I had no idea it would be so nice, and I really regret we are not likely to have any more soon. Everything except what got broken on the way is very nice indeed. The Mr. Stone Mother spoke about is a minister, and he and his wife are at the head of an institution for training the orphan children of soldiers, I believe, in Madras. It is not a Tamil institution, the children being mostly half and half—white and Hindoos. He is, I think, a good man, but O, of all fussy old men—nervous and fidgety as you can imagine. He hardly ever walks, but goes skipping along, reminding me of mountains skipping like lambs, and no wonder, for he drinks from 7 to 10 cups of strongest tea at one meal. Once, at Mrs. Herrick's, she tried in vain to draw him into conversation at the table. He took

almost no notice of her attempts until he had disposed of his 8th cup (I think) and, as he passed his cup for the 9th time, he said, “Now Mrs. Herrick, I feel refreshed; I feel now that I can converse,” which he proceeded to do, very pleasantly.

I do hope you will see Smith. Poor Minnie Bateham, she is indeed afflicted.

Baby has one sore eye again—I am so sorry; I do hope it will get well soon. He has had it for about a week, and it is hard to keep him in a dark room so much; however, he is very patient and good, dear little man. He has learned Fannie’s picture in the album. “Aunt Fannie” is too long for him, so he just calls it “Punnie” and kisses her. Now goodnight to you all. I had a nice little note from Thornton by coolie today and, in return, sent him a nice long letter and six little sponge cakes made of rice flour. He hopes to get home Saturday evening, so I am all hope and expectation. Goodnight.

Friday, September 3rd

I have just come away from my precious boy, and he is tucked in under the mosquito net for the night. He has been calling lustily for water, so I took him some, though I felt quite sure it was all a trap to get me in there. I found he only wanted a swallow or so, and then sat up as bright as a new dollar, all ready to entertain me. [He] began with his usual introductory speech, “Papa engay¹⁶⁵?”, but notwithstanding his great efforts to render himself so very agreeable that I should forget to come out and leave him alone again, he did not succeed, and I was finally obliged to speak very decidedly before I could make him stop calling and talking at the top of his voice to me out here. As soon as he is once quiet, he falls asleep in a few minutes, but as long as I let him keep talking, he is as wide awake as can be.

I do thank dear Fannie so much for her particular description of her visit to Montclair and Mr. Wolfe’s—it quite carries me back to the old times, but somehow I don’t wish I could have been there. I should love to see old friends, but that is all, except our loved America.

Mother asks if my children make patchwork. Yes, I let them hem my kitchen towels when I have any to hem—that is, the largest girls do—but the 4 little ones have not got beyond sewing over and over, yet. It takes lots of my precious time to baste for them and, if anybody should ask to do something to help me some time, do, please, ask them to cut a lot of patchwork and baste it—it will help me a great deal; and, if someone who wanted to help and could not do much, would send me a paper of needles or a spool of basting thread or sewing thread, it would be a great help. They use mine up so fast. They are both careless and awkward, and lose and break lots of needles.

Don’t I wish you could see baby though, he is so cunning now—I almost always, when Thornton is away, take a walk in the garden after the sun goes down, and baby runs along ahead. and he does try so hard to be agreeable. He points his little finger to quantities of things way off. I have not the least idea what he means, and he talks away about them, after his baby fashion, as fast as he can talk. Dear little boy, he truly is a sunbeam and a jewel beyond price, and everything else that is nice. He has taken to singing, lately, and such singing—it is music to him, though. I doubt if anyone else would think so—he hollers so loud, and all sorts of ways; sometimes we cannot hear ourselves speak, but it fills my heart with joy, whenever I hear it. Thank God for it. Now good night. Tomorrow night brings dear Thornton. I can hardly wait. He will not leave us again until after the September Meeting. How perfectly delightful.

¹⁶⁵ “Where’s Papa?”

Monday evening, September 6th

Thornton came, as I expected him, on Saturday evening, and I am all joy again. It seems as if we could not be happy enough, or thankful enough, when we are permitted to be together again after a separation. Everything seems so bright and happy. As Thornton often says, “the world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love.”

I want very much to have Fannie buy a little song called “Birdie looking out for me,” and the first line is “Two little busy hands, patting on the window-pane.” I want her to get it and sing it to you; I am sure you would think it beautiful—it is printed like a song, sheet music.

I hope you have seen Mrs. Chandlers’ girls before now, and probably you have seen the Whites—such extraordinary people one seldom sees. Mrs. Hastings, who took the girls home, says that the sailors on the ship nicknamed Mr. White “Paddy gone mad.” He does lack common sense so, and acts so like an idiot. They are entirely different from any of the rest of the Mission.

Thornton is practicing a little this evening. He wants very much to learn to play by rote and is playing, now, with that in view. Baby is asleep, and I am sitting in our room, writing to you. Baby seems to grow more sweet and cunning every day. His eye is still sore. He has found out that I keep the rock candy in a bottle in the almira in my room, so, often, he runs across the floor and catches hold of my dress—“Mama, come, come, Mama,” so I go, and he pulls me up to the almira and hunts round for his little cup—“cup Mama.” Then I say, “What can baby say?” “Thank you,” he says, so. I drop the least little bit in the bottom of his cup, and off he runs, quite satisfied. I guess this is repeated 4 or 5 times a day. We cannot get him to say “please” at all, but he took up “thank you” all himself and says it so sweetly. Now good night, all.

I take a small sheet of paper to write because all the large ones are in my big trunk, and I cannot get at them very well, just now. Thornton has gone to Madura again—a coolie came about 2 o’clock, with a note saying that the doctor’s baby, Paul, (born on the way out) was dead. I could not take baby in on account of his eyes, and I never could think of leaving him, so Thornton has gone in alone. You cannot think how sad it makes me feel. It is the first death in our Mission since we came—and what if it had been my baby? I presume it died this morning, as the funeral is to take place at 5 this afternoon, and they never keep a body more than 12 hours. It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him best.

Sabbath evening, September 12th

The baby that died was 9 months old and had always been delicate and seemed gradually to waste away. Poor little thing, it is better off. The evening Thornton went in to the funeral, while baby was getting ready for bed I felt so thankful and happy that my boy was still spared me, that I put both arms around him and, hugging him up close, said “My own dear, darling precious boy—You don’t know how Mama loves you.” Putting both little arms round my neck, and laying his little head on my shoulder, he said in his sweetest birdlike tones, “Thank you.” It was so sweet. I think he grows more and more gentle. Now, in addition to saying, “Jesus is up in heaven,” when I ask “who does Jesus love?” he will answer “Thornton.” For a good while he would always say “Papa,” and I could not get him to say Thornton. He is very susceptible to loving tones, and will be just as pleasant all day long when I am really loving to him. It is so funny, he will hold so still and let me kiss and kiss him over and over—and, at the same time, he will talk as fast as his little tongue can rattle, about all sorts of things, pretending, all the time, that he is quite ignorant of the fact that he is being kissed, when I feel sure he enjoys it. Perhaps at the end he will look up and say “thank you.”

His eyes seem quite well, and I am so thankful—I and Thornton—to have made it a special subject of prayer that they might get well before the Meeting, for we feared they would not; and it is only yesterday and today that we have allowed him a little light—today more than yesterday, and tomorrow we go in to the Meeting. So you can see they are well just in time, and we are so thankful. Well, now good night—it is eight o'clock and my bedtime. I go to bed at 8 and am up between 5 and 6, generally. I am sure I ought to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Madura, September 22nd

Well, have been here in Madura for over a week and have had a very pleasant Meeting. I suppose we shall go home tomorrow. Baby's eyes have been perfectly well ever since we came, so that we have been most thankful. He has had a lot of boils on his face, and the doctor has been giving him iron to purify his blood. He seems to be better now. I think his sore eyes, boils, and all show that he was run down, somewhat. Children are often afflicted so in this country. He has enjoyed this meeting and having little Mac Palmer to play with, immensely, and I am sure it has done him a world of good. He and Mac play so nicely together. Each gets a broom, and they sweep all round, or baby will call out, "Macky, Macky, come sit down," so they will sit down and sing together at the tops of their voices. Mac can say everything, and my baby only a few things, but he has learned a good deal from Mac since we came in. They are the same height, but Mac is 10, instead of 9, months older than Thornton, as I first thought. I had no idea they would get along so nicely together.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester are staying here with us, and they have been so pleasant and agreeable that one forgets all their cross streaks and cannot but love them. He can be so agreeable when he chooses. He is really a very efficient and talented man, and draws the natives to him, and has power to do a great deal of good.

I send a little piece of unprinted dupion¹⁶⁶ that was sent to Mrs. Capron. It is just what I want for Thornton's and baby's underjackets in the rainy season; also, nightgowns for baby. It is cheap and coarse and thin; thick would be unendurable, on account of prickly heat. An old dupion dress, if you have one to spare, would do just as well for nightgowns, for common, for baby, as white and new. You have no idea how fast baby wears out his shoes. They last him almost no time, so please send strong ones and plenty of them, for he runs through a pair of native shoes in about two weeks. They are made of such miserably poor leather, holes come right through the bottom and toes and sides...You must send two or three or even 4 sizes larger, for he grows so fast, and it will be some time before they get here. And please, let us pay our bills; I feel much more free to write for what I want, and then I know your generous hearts, and I would not, for anything, have you go without, yourselves, so as to send to us.

Mrs. Chandler can make herself most disagreeable when she chooses. You know we are staying at the doctor's, next house to the Chandlers', and almost every day she or he (Mr. Chandler is turned round her little finger) comes with some complaint against our servants or dog, and every time there has been no ground, hardly at all, for it. Finally, we told our servants they must not look at their house except when sent over on business—she is so dictatorial and disagreeable, and makes all her servants, and everyone else's, so uncomfortable that sometimes she cannot get them to stay with her—and I don't wonder—I would not be hired to live with her, as a servant, I mean. Yet, at times, she is most kind and pleasant. The thing is she wants to rule,

¹⁶⁶ Dupion (or doupion) is a fabric, such as shantung and pongee, made from the double, slubbed silk thread from two united cocoons.

and when she can't she remembers it against one forever. All this is most strictly private and must not go beyond ourselves, for such things are sure to come back in one way or another, if mentioned. Mrs. Burnell is a terrible gossip. But it relieves my troubled mind to tell you of them. The Chandlers would never have been sent to Madura, had there been anybody else who could have gone there; we all feel alike about it. The meeting, so far, has gone off nicely and pleasantly, and the doctor and wife have made us most happy and comfortable. They are very nice people, good Christians, and we all love them. Now I must close. With hosts of love to you all,

Lottie

(Private)

I am getting along nicely. The doctor says that, from what dates we are able to give him, he thinks I may expect confinement between the 23rd of January and the 9th of February, and he and his wife are both coming to be with me at that time. I think I have all I need, except what I have written about; you see I have all little Thornton's things. I need not ask you to remember me at that time. Although we both look forward to the time with joyful expectation, yet it must be a time of anxiety and suffering, and, though I do not fear or shrink from it, I feel that I need all the help I can get.

With love ever,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Tirupúvanam

Monday evening, September 6th, 1869

My dear Mother,

I presume Thornton will be writing his home letter before long, so I will have mine all ready to go with it. We were so pleased with your pictures. I think it is perfect, and so much better than the one we had. We do thank you so much for it. Mary's is very good, too, yet, as you say, I don't think it her happiest expression. How much we should love to see her, and I hope we may sometime. Little Thornton grows very fast; he is very tall and large for his age, full as large, if not larger than our doctor's little boy, who is nine months the oldest. He certainly is the stoutest and heaviest. He cannot say "sister Mary" yet, but he says "Mary" very plainly and kisses her picture in the album. Tell Mary I think he will love her as much as she loves him, just as soon as he is old enough to understand. We are looking anxiously for your next letter, hoping to hear good news from poor Minnie. We think of and pray for her very often.

Next week, Tuesday, our September Meeting in Madura commences. It is quite a holiday for us ladies, at least, for we all go in there and have a little visit with each other and a rest from the monotony of our daily routine. The gentlemen are in meeting all day, so it is more business to them than to us.

Poor little Thornton has very sore eyes just now, the country ophthalmia, and he has to be kept in a dark room all day long. He is very patient and pleasant about it. A great many of the natives have it at this season, and they [are] coming to have the medicine put in their eyes—"Sol. Nitrate of Silver;" it seems to be the only thing that helps the disease.

The days are very hot and close now, and baby is covered with prickly heat, though we sometimes have showers that cool the atmosphere most delightfully. They are a part of the early rains, and everybody is planting and sowing. We have got tomatoes, corn, beans, pumpkins, and some native vegetables growing in our garden. We don't expect much from our corn, however; the little squirrels eat it up as fast as it grows, and what we may get is not like our nice sweet corn at home. It is tougher and dried up. Still, it helps out, and we have so little of the kind that we quite value it. We have two cows giving milk now, and both together give about two quarts nightly and morning, so we feel very rich. We make all our own butter, though I have to see it measured after it is milked and after it is boiled (they always boil milk to make it keep, in this country). The cows are fed and milked by the back door, where we can see the whole operation, or else we should lose probably a good deal of it. It is dreadful not to be able to trust people about you, in the slightest things.

Thursday [September] 9th

Thornton has just left for Madura. He has gone to attend the funeral of our doctor's baby, about seven months old. It was born on their voyage out here and has always been weak and delicate. It is the first death that has occurred in our mission circle, and, I think, must have been very sudden. A coolie brought a note to us about an hour ago, stating the fact, but no particulars, and requesting us to come in. I could neither leave nor take baby, on account of his eyes, so Thornton has gone alone. It makes me feel very sadly. Thornton says it [brings] him right back to the death of his little Nellie¹⁶⁷, and I can but feel, as I look at my darling little boy, "why is one taken and another left? Yet, it may be me or mine next." I presume the little one died this morning, for the funeral is at 5 o'clock this afternoon, and a body is never kept more than ten or twelve hours in this hot climate. O how I do sympathize with those afflicted parents—suppose mine had been taken. They have one left, nine months older than our little son.

We are very much grieved to hear of Sarah's disappointment¹⁶⁸; it must have been great indeed, though I am glad she is doing well. Please give my love to her and tell her how sorry I am. It is so hard to realize that the children are growing up so fast. Anna—17 years old. I can scarcely believe it. I suppose you are expecting Smith and his wife home soon, if they have not already arrived. I do hope they will see my friends in the city, this time, without fail.

I am getting along with the little girls' school very nicely. The children are improving in all ways, and the little six year old girls can sew over and over very nicely, and some have commenced to hem. Thornton hopes to open our boys' boarding school after the meeting—indeed, we have one boy here already, and we have five more in view as soon as our school fairly opens.

September 14th, Madura

We came into Madura last evening, dear Mother, and this is the first day of our meeting. The meeting begins at 11 o'clock, and it is now before breakfast. As we are all ready and

¹⁶⁷ Ellen Josephine ("Nellie"—July 15, 1862 to August 27, 1863) was the second daughter of Thornton Bigelow Penfield and Sarah Corban Ingraham Penfield. She was born and died in Jamaica, West Indies.

¹⁶⁸ Apparently Charles' second wife, Sarah Ann Dutton Penfield, had suffered a miscarriage. Although Thornton's step-sister and both his sisters-in-law were all named Sarah, Smith's wife is referred to separately in this paragraph, and the more immediate reference to Charles's eldest child, Anna, would indicate that the subject was most likely Charles's wife.

waiting, I improve the time in finishing this letter. It rained last night a good deal, but we were nicely protected from it in our carriage, but I fear those coming from a distance were delayed, if not prevented, from starting as they expected. We are staying with the doctor's family, by their invitation. She feels the death of her baby very much, and I hope it may have a salutary effect upon us all at this meeting, making us feel the shortness of life, and the reality, and give us more earnestness.

Love to Father and our dear Mary and all our other friends.

Your affectionate daughter,
Lottie E. Penfield

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Tirupúvanam
Saturday, September 11th, 1869

Ever dear Mother,

Could I have written you yesterday, this letter would have been with you a week sooner than it now can, and for this delay I am sorry. I was prevented writing, according to my custom, by an unforeseen event which has plunged one family of our little circle in the deepest distress. Our good doctor has been called upon to part with his youngest, a frail baby 9 months of age. The news reached us soon after noon Thursday, and I called for the carriages at once and went in to attend the funeral.

Our little Thornton who, by the death of Paul Henry Palmer, has now resumed his place as the youngest child in the Mission, is just recovering from an attack of sore eyes, that has been more than usually protracted and tedious. He has borne it like a little man and seems really more gentle and loving, now, than before he had this trouble. He has occasionally a naughty fit but, as a rule, yields pretty readily to our authority. Lottie and I are so fully agreed in the matter of discipline, both as to theory and practice, that the little fellow finds an appeal of no sort of use and seldom makes one. He has just got to saying thank you, and does so with such evident earnestness as often makes it quite amusing. Even in asking for anything, he more generally says "thank you" than "please."

Lottie's health is pretty good now, though I have, of late, had much trouble from dyspepsia and consequent distension of the stomach. At times, there has been such an accumulation of gas in my stomach and large bowel as to interfere, somewhat, with the proper action of my heart and to raise grave questions about the result, in case the difficulty should increase very much. I am now using, with very good effect, a medicine prescribed by our doctor. He leads me to hope for a speedy and perfect cure from its use.

Wednesday, September 15th

We are now in Madura to attend the usual September Meeting. The helpers are to be in from all parts of our field, and we hope to see many of the members of our congregations these first two days. The exercises are to be mainly of a religious character today and tomorrow, on the account, mainly, of these latter. Then Friday and Saturday, more of a literary nature.

Baby seems quite over the trouble with his eyes, and my dyspepsia also seems much better. Our Mission have now all come together, with the exception of Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Noyes, who are (especially the latter) on the list of invalids.

[Thornton]

September 22nd

Thornton has waited, in vain, for time to finish this letter, so now he says I must finish it and send it off today. He is in the midst of the business meeting, which will probably last two or three days longer. We are all well and enjoying the meeting very much. With a great deal of love to you all,

Most affectionately,
L. E. Penfield

TBPenfield to NGClark

No. 5
Rev. N.G.Clark D.D.
Sec. A.B.C.F.M.

Madura
Sept. 20th, 1869

My Dear Brother,

Yours of February 6th was duly received for which we answer thanks. During the past few months we at Tirupúvanam have not been left destitute of proofs of the Lord's presence and blessing.

Among the first calling for mention was one in connection with our village school at Patkin, about a quarter of a mile from the station. The former teacher, although a heathen, was long retained in the hope that he would leave heathenism and make a public profession of his faith in Christ. He had often privately avowed his full belief in Christianity as the only true religion. He was intellectually convinced and it seemed to be cherishing the hope that he might, Nicodemus-like, come to Jesus by night. We had reason to believe that he prayed in secret, but he was ashamed to confess Christ before men, and so his outward life was conformed pretty much to the wishes of his heathen relations. He had at different times asked us to pray that he might have courage to [?] out from heathenism and serve the Lord. Meanwhile, his school dwindled away to about six or eight scholars.

At length, as we saw no signs of a determination to take up his cross, he was dismissed and the school put in charge of a catechist. This was on the eve of our departure for our health retreat on the Pulneys, where we spent two months pleasantly and with benefit to our health and spirits. On returning we found the average attendance raised from six to fifty. This seemed due mainly to the energy and good management of the catechist and perhaps partly to his unequivocal position in respect to religion, which shone the brighter from contrast with that of his predecessor who was surely not a Christian and scarcely a heathen.

The advanced class composed of about fifteen boys recite their lessons for the present on the side verandah of our house. They attend morning prayers regularly and are as quietly and

attentive as our servants. On the Sabbath all the members of the school attend both Sabbath School and divine service and with few exceptions conduct themselves with propriety. They give good attention to the sermon as a rule and can often repeat its substance on the following Sabbath. So far it appears they are as anxious as the children of our “congregation” to repeat correctly the verses assigned to the school from Sabbath to Sabbath. Most of them can repeat among other passages, verbatim, the 1st and 23rd Psalms.

It surely is no small matter to fill the mind with these beautiful and precious thoughts and to cause them to be spoken by the mouths of their own children in the houses of the leading Mohamadan and heathen families in Tirupuvanam, houses that without this single exception are most securely locked against the approach of the truth.

But I hasten on to give some account of our receiving two new congregations. Our principal congregation is in the village of Esali, and when visiting them two months since I noticed several new faces and surmised that they were those of a delegation from the congregation to be received that day in Ulakudi¹⁶⁹, some four miles distant. At the close of worship they came forward with profound salams to pay their respects to the missionary; a fine company of strong muscular looking men. Two or three remained to accompany my bandy and show the road. The others went in advance to assemble their families and the rest of the congregation. We were conducted by our new-found friends to their part of the village, when for the first time it seemed to occur to them that the fierce rays of the noonday sun might not be as agreeable to me as to them, and so their usual place of meeting under the scant shade of a small tree would not answer the present purpose. But where there is a will there is a way, even in heathen India, and soon a dozen strong hands were tearing away the palau leaves that had been tied together for a temporary side to one of their houses. Others raised a stifling dust by their haste in sweeping out the house and others still speedily laid the dust by sprinkling water about. The house thus thrown open was about four feet by ten and so could only accommodate the catechists who accompanied me, one who I learned was a village official, and the man who stood near and fanned me (as a token [of] respect) besides myself and my little table. I had scarcely taken my seat when a generous cup of new milk was pressed upon my acceptance. As the list was called the new people came forward, men, women and children, family by family, and seated themselves on the ground in front to the number of 56. Back of them was a dense wall of heathen and so that there was no opportunity to conceal the matter had they desired to do so.

They were first of all called upon to state their wishes and replied in a few words that they desired to be received as a Christian congregation. We then set before them such instructions as the occasion seemed to demand: The leading topics enlarged upon were refraining from all complicity with idolatry, the rest and duties of the Sabbath, the holiness required of God’s people, the example they are to set and the spirit to show before the heathen, and lastly the help they would need and how to obtain it. I introduced each topic with a few remarks and then called upon one or another of the catechists to explain and enforce it more fully.

We did not forget the cloud of heathen witnesses and though not directly addressing them strove to show them the folly of heathenism and the excellency of Christianity. We had this advantage over them that they felt it was not their meeting and so were not at liberty to interrupt or disturb us. On a subsequent visit to this congregation I had the pleasure of Mr. Capron’s presence [when I] was permitted to take and admire our first heathen spoils as the leading

¹⁶⁹ Also spelled Ulagudi.

members of the congregation came forward and threw down before us the implements which they had previously used in devil worship. When asked “But do not you wish them?” they promptly replied, “No. Of what account are they to us now?” They are passing through persecution at present, and we bespeak in their behalf the prayers of God’s people that [they] may not waver or turn back to heathenism.

On the 22nd of July we had the pleasure of receiving a smaller congregation in a village about the same distance though in another direction from Esali. The officials in this village seem kindly disposed toward those who have just joined us, so that I do not apprehend for them the same persecution which those in Ulakudi are called upon to [endure].

Our station day school is composed of little girls from the families mostly of our catechists and servants. Their morning session is devoted to the studies usually pursued in our schools and in the afternoon they [go to] Mrs. Penfield who instructs them in sewing. When once fairly at work their tongues are given profitable examples of intent in repeating Sabbath school lessons or the words of some hymn. They are making commendable [progress] both in their studies and in the art of sewing. A boarding school, while it increases our responsibilities somewhat, will also as we hope give us increased usefulness.

We are at present enjoying good health and are becoming more and more interested in this dark-minded people.

Believe me as ever
Your affectionate brother,
T.B. Penfield

TBPenfield to NGClark

Rev. N.G.Clark, D.D.
Sec. A.B.C.F.M.

Tirupúvanam
October 5, 1869¹⁷⁰

My Dear Brother,

The Lord’s dealings with me in respect to coming to India have been so marked that it is always a pleasure to me to speak of them to such as are interested in the cause of missions.

I suppose that I owe my earliest interest in the heathen to that devoted servant of God and friend of children who has but little more than a year ago entered into rest, James M. Fitch. For a time a missionary in the West Indies, he was compelled to leave the field of labor on account of the failure of his wife’s health. From my earliest recollection till the time of his death he was the superintendent of the Oberlin Sabbath School, keeping his Cove Mission fresh to the end. He incited us to be above giving to the Lord for missions what had cost us nothing and to earn the money we gave rather than ask our parents for it. For this purpose he offered if we would cut wood to give us the market price even for ¼ or 1/8 of a cord and the same for any produce we might raise for missions. I shall never forget the first quarter of cord of striplings my little axe had cut for the heathen and the pride with which I dropped in the collection bag the first quarter

¹⁷⁰ This letter was written in response to Dr. Clark’s request of February 15, 1869 for a statement of the influences leading to Thornton’s decision to become a missionary.

of a dollar I recollect ever to have owned, given me by Mr. Fitch in payment for the same ¼ cord of wood. Those fence corners, too, of Father's orchard where my first missionary potato patch was planted, hoed and dug. I see these now reclaimed from the grass and growing green again with a promise of good for the heathen.

Stimulated thus by a wise system of giving, our interest in missions never flagged. Nothing was more eagerly welcomed by our Sabbath School than the visit of some missionaries fresh from heathen lands. In my case, as Mr. Fitch once playfully said, "the nail was clinched by the coming of Dr. Scudder." This coming introduced an era in our school. For the usual sermon, not all of which was interesting or even intelligible to us children, was laid aside; to the end the days were given up to the Sabbath School when addressed by Dr. Scudder. He held us close listeners for an hour or so and closed with a request with which I have no doubt many a little boy and girl complied that day. It was to the effect that on reaching home we would procure each of us a piece of paper and having dated it write, "Dr. Scudder asked me to become a missionary and go to India and help him." After due deliberation and prayer we about the matter would record our decision. Mine, as appears from the identical piece of paper, somewhat browned with age, lying before me as I write, was thus recorded, "and I intend to. T.B.Penfield." This date is April 19, 1846. From that time on I have also felt myself pledged to the missionary work and never for an instant have I repented my choice. At several different times I have seriously and prayerfully reviewed the question but have always been led to reaffirm my childhood's consecration.

At first India only was the goal I kept in mind, but gradually I came to look on the foreign missionary work in different lands as substantially one and though still keeping India in the foreground I felt that the spirit of my consecration would lead me to go to that country which should be indicated by God's providence at the proper time. When my course of study was nearly completed a variety of circumstances conspired to point out Jamaica as my field of labor. Accordingly I gave up all thoughts of India. After a few years of service for the Lord in the West Indies He, who had by marked providences sent me up to that portion of the harvest field, by still other providences no less marked, opened the way for me to carry out to the very letter my early consecration after twenty-one years of waiting. With good health, a wife who is a true helpmeet in the work of the Lord, and the language already so far acquired that I can tell the story of the cross, what a joyful future is before me in this heathen land.

The Lord's name be praised for all his mercies.

Yours in Christ.
T.B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Received Dec. 9th, last date Oct. 21, Baby has had a hard time with sore eyes, threatened with blindness, commenced boarding school with four boys, low caste boy touched the cook's pot of rice and defiled it, letter 75 probably lost, steamer wrecked, fifty days passage for #40.)

Letter #40

Friday, October 8th, 1869

My dear ones all,

It is very unusual for me to postpone getting my letter under way until so late in the month, but somehow it has seemed as if I could not write. Our darling boy has been suffering, ever since a week ago, Monday, from his third attack of sore eyes and, on Sabbath morning, he, without our knowledge, exposed his little sore eyes to the direct rays of the sun. He ran to the door after his father had gone out to church and looked after him for 2 or 3 minutes; then he turned and ran into my room, where I was laying on the bed, and began to fret and cry and rub his eyes. I took some cold water and washed the matter out, and then I found he could not open his eyes. I gave him his bath and put him to sleep, and after he woke, it was nearly two hours before he could open his eyes, and then, only in the very darkest room. For Monday and Tuesday, the least ray of light seemed intolerable to him, and we kept him in a room so dark that we could hardly see our hand before our face. Tuesday evening, the doctor and wife and little Mac came out, and the doctor immediately stopped what we were doing and gave him a prescription to take internally, and a wash to be used in his eyes (we had been using the usual remedy for sore eyes—nitrate of silver). We have been giving these things faithfully, and now baby seems much better and can bear gentle light and has his eyes quite wide open. But O how I suffered those few days—I feared our boy would either be blind or have a permanent weakness, and we cannot be sure, even now. The doctor says I might well have been frightened, for it is a very dangerous thing and, unless we use the greatest care, he may never entirely recover. He said he did not think he could be well, short of six or eight months. O it was so sad to think that his beautiful, bright eyes might be closed all his life, or else be a source of constant pain and suffering. We prayed most earnestly that the Lord would spare us this affliction and, yet, that, if it was His will, make us a cheerful submission and say with all our hearts, “Thy will be done,” and I hope we have learned a valuable lesson. I feel that it has brought me nearer Jesus, and, now that the prospects seem brighter, I want to be truly thankful and still perfectly submissive, so that, if He still sees best to disappoint us, I may be thankful for the rod that brings me nearer Him. Thornton has been much more calm than I, and it does not seem as if he needed the lesson as I do, but I have been too sad and too anxious to write before now. I know you will sympathize and rejoice with us. I am sure I would not wish his precious eyes to be spared unless it was for God’s glory. Well, dinner is ready, so goodbye.

Saturday [October] 9th

Baby was so impatient and pale and sad; his little sweet face and closed eyes always made me feel so sad. But he is really better now, and we are full of hope. Your welcome letter number 76 came last evening. I received number 74 in Madura. Number 75 is lost, I expect, for the ship bringing last week’s mails was wrecked, and many lives lost, as well as the mails—special and cargo. So I fear 75 is gone down. We had no papers or letters last week.

The doctor is coming out again next week to see little Thornton. He thinks he may have to put blisters back of his ears. Mr. Penfield and the doctor expect to go to Ramnad next week, about 60 miles distant, on the sea coast, to be gone inside of two weeks. That district has been offered us, and, I presume, will be added to our field. It is under the English Missionary Society, at present. They are going to explore and make reports. I have had a great treat, for, on account of baby’s eyes, Thornton has been at home ever since the meeting, giving up two tours; but I felt as though I needed his help and sympathy, and I am not very strong now. Baby has got so far along now that, since the meeting, he has said little prayers to me, night and morning, repeating it slowly, word for word, after me. He cannot often keep still long enough to say the whole

himself, so I go right on, and say what he does not, without insisting on his repeating it after me, because I like him to do all he does cheerfully and feel that it is a pleasure, not a task.

We have, the first of this month, started our boarding school for boys. We have 4 boys at present, and it adds a good deal to our care. Supplies must be given every morning when I go to the godown—clothes provided, as well as firewood, oil, lamps, mats, cups, and plates. Thornton has to arrange their books, times of study, studies, and ten thousand and one other things. Four are almost as much care as 40 would be. We have got a cook woman who cooks for them, and they have had their first quarrel with her and made their first complaint that I did not give enough rice. So I feel that we are fairly started. Our low caste boys, one or two of them, touched the pot in which our high caste cook woman was cooking the dinner, and so defiled the rice. Thornton told the boys they had no business in the cook room, or with the cook's pots, in any way. So that was settled. Then I told the boys that I gave rice aplenty. So that settled it. It is so funny for them to complain, for I presume they live three times as well here as they would, were they at home.

Tuesday, October 12th

The doctor came out yesterday morning and returned at night. Baby's eyes seem not so well—they are much inflamed and very sensitive. He can bear almost no light. We fixed up a pair of wire glasses and green glass yesterday, so that, by covering them with a little piece of the thickest green veil, he can run round without hurting his eyes. He seemed to be suffering from the close confinement of his room, for we could not shut out light without shutting out the air also, and it was so hot and close that the dear fellow was all broken out with sores and prickly heat, which not only was bad for his eyes, but also made him much additional suffering. I think I am more cheerfully willing to have God's will done than I was before, and I think this continued trial is being blessed to me. I pray that it may be, but O it is so hard. Yet it is a great comfort and help to think that, if I saw all things as God sees them, I should wish it to be just as it is. I don't know what I should do but for Thornton's support and sympathy. I thank the Lord for him every day. We may be obliged to take baby to the hills, yet. I don't know. I hope the doctor understands his case; I think he is trying to do his very best. If we were only at home where we could take baby to some oculist, but that cannot be. There has been a photographer in Madura, but I could not have baby's picture on account of his eyes. We have been waiting so long for an opportunity to have his picture taken that I am quite disappointed, but that is so small a thing, beside the cause, that I scarcely think of it. How much rather I would that baby should lose his precious beautiful eyes, much as it costs me, than that they should be spared to be used in after life in any cause unworthy of a child of God's. My boy has not been shut out of heaven, and what is all else compared with that? But I think it is this uncertainty that is so wearing and trying; but God knows best. He does not willingly afflict. It is all love, love—

Monday, October 18th, Madura

Instead of coming out to Tirupúvanam on Friday last, as he expected, the doctor sent word for us to come in here, and bring baby, as he wanted him where he could see him every day, for some time; so we came in Friday morning and have been here ever since—or rather, Thornton brought baby and me 8 miles, and the doctor met and took us, and Thornton came in on Saturday and left before light, this morning, for home again. The doctor gave baby ether, Friday, so as to get him to open his eyes, for he kept them so tightly closed that we could not know how they looked. He said the globe looked all right, and all the trouble was weakness of the retina. The baby has seemed better ever since we came here, and the doctor says his eyes are improving,

though very slowly. He hopes to allow me to take him home on Friday, considerably improved and in a fair way to get well soon, but it is all uncertain. He has blisters back of his ears today and, if it isn't enough, may have to resort to even more rigorous measure to draw the inflammation from the eyes. I think the doctor does seem to understand it. He is very cautious, and kind and gentle, and tells me just what he is giving and why, which is a great comfort to me.

I am improving my time, while here, to study Tamil with Mrs. Palmer. The Burnells made sorry work getting home, I think, from what we hear. He lost a large check that was given him for the Hazen girls; also his own pocketbook, with considerable money in it; also the boxes with the Hazen girls' winter clothes, and lots of other mistakes and blunders. So you must not be surprised at anything that happens. We hope he may be able to recover some of his lost goods, but we don't know. Living in India 20 years is almost like living out of the world for that length of time, surely as far as experience in traveling goes.

When the back of baby's ears were blistered, I had to cut off his hair to make room and get it out of the way, so I send a lock of it. The darling boy is just as patient as can be, and my ayah does beautifully, so patient and kind to him. She is invaluable to me. Thornton goes off on a tour while I am here—my precious husband, so loving and gentle. He is indeed a helpmeet. I thank God for him every day.

Wednesday, October 20th

The doctor thinks baby has improved very much these two days, so I am feeling very much encouraged. I want some more of those thick green veils. You sent me one, and baby has worn it about out. They are a great protection when he has sore eyes, and I would like a host of them to fall back upon—the very thickest, dark green veil you can find.

Miss Smith and Mrs. Palmer are talking, and I cannot seem to write, so I will talk, too, and write some more tomorrow.

Thursday [October] 21st

Doctor says baby's eyes are still improving. They still look very weak, and Doctor says I must not allow him to look closely at anything. He will be likely to have recurrences of this trouble, more or less, until he outgrows it, which will probably be when he is 8 or 9 years old, and I must not allow him to read or use his eyes closely. He has a great blister back of his neck, and one behind each ear, so the poor little fellow is uncomfortable in more ways than one.

I look for dear Thornton tomorrow and, if it is possible, I may go home with him. It will be just as the doctor says—my heart is too happy to think that baby seems really so much better.

I seem to need another dress made loosely, so I am having the pink striped calico, like Fannie's, made up [with a] gored skirt (no waist now, I may like one made after a while), and I mean to let the tailors scallop a sack round and braid the scallops with white braid.

Since writing the above, the doctor has given baby chloroform and, while he was under its effects, applied nitrate of silver to his eyelids. He says they are much improved and that he thinks I can take him home on Saturday. Baby acts much better and, instead of going to sleep fretting and crying this noon, he would not go to sleep, but played and laughed round on his cot, so like his old self, it did my very heart good. So after a little while I took him up, and now he sits on the floor at my feet, with my work basket turned upside down, and the contents strewn all around him. Little treasure, how my heart is filled with thanksgiving, I assure you, and I am sure you will be.

I see that I have filled my letter almost entirely about baby, but that has been uppermost in my mind, and I have not done much else except do for him this month. So that is why. Next month I hope my letter will be longer and full of good news continued. We shall probably go to Mēlūr, with baby, for a week or two. The change will be good for him. Mēlūr is higher and healthier than Tirupúvanam. The house there is empty since the Burnells left, but there is a bed and table and a few chairs, so that we need carry only dishes and food, and a few little things besides. My ayah has done beautifully since baby has been sick, so patient and kind with him—she has been a treasure.

Now goodbye.

Ever your loving
Lottie

Private

I am doing very well indeed, myself. It has been pretty hard, sometimes, for I cannot lift baby at all, he is so heavy, nor hold him on my lap to rock him, except in a position not very comfortable for him—he presses against me so.

Thornton has had to do a good deal of that part for me, and the ayah, when she was here. Sometimes I fear I may be confined before my time, for I seem so large, and have so much motion, that I mean to be all ready, as soon as I can, against any such emergency. I think I have all I need.

With love, love, love,
Lottie

I (and Thornton) are very happy in the prospect.

TBPenfield to Cowles – continued from lost pages
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[October 10, 1869]¹⁷¹

...[Mary] has changed considerably since we saw her last. Will you please tell us her height when you write next. Please give her our love and many thanks for her letter and tell her that she may look for an answer next month.

¹⁷¹ Dated by reference and inference. At the time this letter was written, the boarding school in Tirupúvanam was barely begun. The Penfields had been assigned to Tirupúvanam as of July 1, 1868. On June 10, 1869, Thornton wrote that he intended to open a boarding school the following year and outlined what it would cost for the Sabbath Schools to support additional scholars. No mention of it was made in September. Thornton always tried to send a letter to his parents around the 10th of each month (usually waiting until the 9th or 10th to write), so this partial letter, which promised Mary a letter in the following month's mail, appears to have been written and sent in October before he wrote his letter to Mary on the 19th, in which he indicated that he had been contemplating her growth. Lottie's addendum to Thornton's November letter to the Cowles would seem to bear this out, as it refers to "poor suffering Minnie" and to Josephine's "great and continuing affliction." In December Thornton wrote about one of the boys of the boarding school having united with the Church. In March, Lottie's letter #45 to the Hubbards mentions that their boarding school then numbered 10 scholars. In May 1870, the Penfields were reassigned from Tirupúvanam to Periakulam.

And now I will go on, where I was when yours came, after expressing our united and deepest sympathy for the poor, suffering Minnie and her worn and afflicted parents. If she still lives and suffers, please assure her of our love and sympathy and our prayers that the dear Savior would comfort and relieve her in his own most tender and best way and time.

I was saying that we are just beginning our boarding school for boys, the first scholar having come during the present week. And now we shall be in want of funds for this special object. The Board allow us the expense of buildings, teachers books, cook, and support of eight scholars, but they do not intend to limit us to eight scholars. Most of the similar schools in our Mission have more than double the number supported by the Board. The rest are supported by friends or Sabbath schools at home. Now, this is just what I wish done by the Oberlin Sabbath School. It is doing just about the same thing, on a larger scale, that they did for me while I was in Jamaica (in the care of Maria Reynolds) if they support two or more scholars in this school for a year. But, in order to do this, the money must come in a different way than that (\$50) which I learn has just been sent.

For all this \$50, I shall not be able to have one more scholar or to do any other needed work than as if not one cent had been given. The Board is just so much better off in their balance at the end of the month or year, to be sure, and, if it is meant to go just like any other contribution to the Board, without any reference to the particular wants of the work at Tirupúvanum, then the Sabbath School have secured their end and can have, also, the pleasing fiction of having sent the money to us. But it is a pure fiction, as you can learn if you ask the treasurer of the Board. I do not ask it, of course, in the way of an addition to my salary, for I shall not be one cent the better off for it. But I do ask it in behalf of work that greatly needs to be done, over and above that which the Board propose to do—work that must be left undone unless it is done in just this way.

If I seem importunate in my begging, it is for the children just out from heathenism, that they may be given an education, in hopes that they may give the gospel to others about them still groping in heathen darkness. The end I seek can only be attained by sending the money from Sabbath Schools and friends given expressly for this purpose, to the treasurer at Boston, as so much on my private account. It is not necessary even to state to him how I am expected to expend it. Such suggestions, however, may be sent by letter to me and shall be faithfully carried out, and a full account of the same rendered to those who send the money, together with such letters as I may, from time to time, be able to write. You will, I am sure, use your influence to secure the right direction to the next gift of the Sabbath school.

I have so filled my sheet with this that I have room for nothing more now.

Your loving son,
Thornton B. Penfield

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Tirupúvanam, India
October 19th, 1869

My dear daughter Mary,

I have been waiting for a favorable time to write you a good long letter, but I cannot think of waiting any longer, and so, although I have not very much time now, I will begin, at least, and write as much as I can before the oxen come to take me to Esali and the other villages near it.

I am just starting off for a tour, to be gone a day or two, and if I begin this letter... When I had written so far, the oxen came and I had to stop writing. I was going to say that if I began this letter at home, I could take it with me to Esali, and finish it there. And that is just what I am doing now. I often think how nice it would be to have my dear Mary with me. I am sure she would enjoy it very much indeed, and I certainly would. But then, if you were here, you would miss all the privileges of civilized society, which you can now enjoy. Your cousins and playmates could not come with you, and you would see only little black faces around you from day to day, except at times of missionary meeting, etc. You would have no good District School nor Sabbath School, such as you are accustomed to. And even so, in a year or two, at most, you would have to be sent home, as we call it, to America. I often look at Annie Capron, who is just about your age, and I think, my little daughter would be about her height. Her parents are expecting to take her to America in a year or two.

While I am trying to write to you, there is a company of men here who are talking among themselves about the affairs of their village, and some of the time talking to me, and so I can hardly think, and find it harder, yet, to write. But unless I write now, I shall not get this letter done by tomorrow, and then it will have to wait another week.

Now let me tell you what these people are talking about. They used to be slaves, and they and their masters were all heathen. Now the government has set them free, and they have joined our congregation. So their former masters are trying to distress them in every possible way. These poor people used to eat the cattle of their masters when [the cattle] died of old age or disease. But now they are told they cannot have the dead cattle. I have told them that it is a very bad custom and hope they will leave it, but they say they want the skins, bones, and horns to sell. So I asked the officers of the village to give, as usual, and they promised to do so, but these poor people do not believe their word and are in great trouble.

They have just gone now, and so I shall have a little time to write to you in peace. You will be sorry to hear that your dear little brother Thornton is in danger of becoming blind. We hope he may recover without losing his sight, but the doctor is afraid it will not be so. He has to stay in a dark room all the time and suffers a great deal. The doctor has tried several kinds of medicine, but none has the effect he desires. I am sure you will pray for little Thornton, that the dear Lord would heal him and not suffer so great an evil to happen to him. I shall not have time to write another sheet this time, as I had hoped. Please give my love to your grandpa and grandma and all your cousins and uncles and aunts, and keep a daughter's share from

Your affectionate father,
T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Madura
October 21st, 1869

My dear daughter,

Your father has, this morning, sent the letter he has written, to me, to mail to you, so I will write and send along with it. I am in Madura now with dear little Thornton so that the doctor can look at his eyes several times a day. He, at first, had sore eyes such as children often have in this country, especially in the hotter months, and one day while his eyes were sore, he ran to the door and looked out right into the bright sunlight. You know, we always keep him in

the dark when his eyes are sore. The shock of looking into the bright light, when his eyes were so weak, was so great that for two hours he could not open his eyes, and ever since, we have had to be most careful with him. Some days we have had to make the room so dark that we could not see a thing in the room, scarcely, and had to feel our way round. The dear little fellow has suffered very much indeed, but he has been very patient and gentle. Now the doctor thinks I can take him home soon, his eyes are so much better. How glad your dear father will be when he hears it. The tapal man has just started, with a note to him, telling him the good news. For some time, the doctor was very fearful that baby would be quite blind, and we were very, very anxious; and you cannot tell how thankful we are to our dear Heavenly Father for making his eyes so much better, though they will probably be weak for some time, perhaps years, the doctor says.

How is the quilt getting along, you were making for us? I should like to give you a little hint about it. I am very well supplied with large quilts at present, but little Thornton needs a quilt for his little bed, about 2 yards wide and 2 ½ yards long. Don't you think you could finish yours for him? I thought I would tell you, because I want a little one so much.

Will you ask your grandma to send the enclosed three notes to the A.B.C.F.M. rooms and ask them to send them to Mr. Burnell? Mr. Penfield does not know where to direct them.

Your loving mother,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Mailed Nov. 18, 1869, received Jan. 21st, 1879. Miss Smith's serious illness and prospect of recovery, baby better, stay at Mēlūr, took scholars with them, T disappointment at not receiving anything by last vessel. Letter had a passage of 65 days.)

Letter #41

Mēlūr

November 1st, 1869

My dear ones all,

You see, by the date of my letter, that we have strayed away from home for awhile, and here we are in the house that the Burnells left vacant. It is Monday, and we came here on Saturday last. We started off our bandy with servants, provisions, etc., Friday evening; and we were up early Saturday morning at 8 o'clock, and off, as soon after as possible, in our horse carriage for a ride of 16 miles. But, to our surprise, when we got to the river, we found that, since our bandy had crossed the evening before, the river had come down¹⁷² and it seemed very doubtful whether we could cross or not, but, after waiting some time and finding that the water was not rising very rapidly, we sent back to the house for the rest of the servants who had not gone ahead. Each took charge of a wheel, and the horsekeeper held the head of the horse, and, with the help of the five men and the horse, we got across safely, the water in the deeper places coming just above the hubs of the wheels. We came slowly on, and took a lunch by the way, and reached here about 10 o'clock, or soon after. We enjoyed it very much indeed and are enjoying our stay here, too. We hope the change will do us all good. This house is higher and dryer than ours.

¹⁷² The rivers were dangerous during the rainy season, because of flash flooding, as in this case, where the water had come down from other areas, suddenly flooding through the usually dry riverbed.

It has rained every day since we came, and today worse of all, rain all day long. I am very glad of the little long legged stockings you sent to protect little Thornton's legs from the dampness. He seems perfectly well now, except a bad eruption all over his head and face, also great restlessness in his sleep, which we think can be accounted for by the coming of his last 4 great back teeth, and, if he gets safely through with these, we shall be very thankful. O how our hearts go out in thanksgiving that his eyes are so well. It was a hard, trying experience, but I do thank God for it—I am sure it has done me good.

It is just three years today since I gave Mother and Father my farewell kiss—precious Mother, standing in the doorway of our little cottage, and precious Father, standing on the wharf—and three long and three short years they have been, too. O I do hope the Lord will spare us all to meet again here below. Somehow, I feel as though He would, although Mother seems so poorly, sometimes. I am almost sure He will.

O how damp and dark and rainy it is out, and the poor people pass by with their one cloth round them, no umbrella or anything to shield them. I don't wonder so many are sick and have fever—no protection at all against this damp, chilly weather and cold rain—I wonder they live at all. Now I am going to lie down while baby is asleep. We have brought our boarding school with us, food, cook woman, clothes, and all. We expect to stay here about two weeks and can look after them better if they are with us. O how it pours.

Saturday, November 6th

Baby's eyes still seem perfectly well. I wonder if I shall ever forget this great mercy of our Heavenly Father. The little fellow is as bright as a new sixpence, and his merry shouts ring through the house, so joyfully. For weeks he has hardly made a sound, except a fretful cry.

Your precious letter number 78 came by our tapal this morning, and we had a rich treat—Thornton had just returned from a third tour this week, and I had taken our horse and carriage out three miles to meet him in his ox bandy and bring him in quickly; he was not expecting us at all, so baby and I gave him a grand surprise. Soon after we reached home, your letter came, and we were all ready to enjoy it together, which we did most thoroughly. Dinner is ready and I must go—I will write more afterwards. It makes us so sad to hear of Mother's continued illness. I do pray that it may please God to restore her soon. I always have one hope, and that is that, by the time the letter telling how poorly she is has reached us, she may be much better. My Advocates don't come regularly at all; I am sure I don't know why. The Chandler girls were a whole day in New York. They went to that Mrs. Ely's house, who is appointed to look after missionaries' children, but she was in the country, and they were with the servants in the house, all alone, most of the day. At night, a friend of their brother's, seeing the arrival of the ship in the paper, went to them and took them up to North Haven with him on the boat. Mrs. Chandler and I both feel very much disappointed not to have you see them. If you only had known that they were in the city, you would have given a great deal to have seen them. I hope you will get the box they bring all right.

I was very glad of the long legged stockings you had sent for baby during this rainy season and, instead of one pair of those little dark striped ones, I wished there were six, but there was one pair of long white ones that fit him, so when one got soiled, I washed it out, and so I got along very well.

Three years tomorrow since I last saw dear Fannie and our native land, and little Thornton will be two years old on the 13th—I can scarcely believe it. We cannot call him baby anymore; indeed, we have not called him so, much, for a long time. He is really naughty

sometimes—he and the ayah don't get along well together, at all. She does not know how to manage him, and he won't mind her, so I keep him with me all I can, and he is with her very little. I think it is just as well. I don't wish to send her away—I cannot do for baby all he requires, and, besides, I shall want her, soon, more than I do now, and she is as good a woman as I can get.

I study and read Tamil every day now and like it very much.

Monday, November 8th, 1869

How often our troubles come from an unexpected quarter. I was sitting hemming a little shirt for baby and studying my Tamil lesson for tomorrow, dear Thornton having just left us for a village 5 miles distant, when I heard “oraly va” (hurry come) and other similar cries of excitement among the servants, and my cook came running in, and all I could catch was Miss Smith's name. My heart stood still, for I knew she had been rather poorly lately, but nothing serious, we thought—a little cold and fever and prostration, this rainy weather, I supposed. After him came the doctor's horsekeeper, with a note from Mrs. Chandler, saying that our dear Miss Smith was very, very low, a sudden attack of hemorrhage of the bowels. She passed quantities of pure blood, and they feared she might not live through the night (last night). I scarcely read the letter through, I was in such haste to send it after Thornton. We sent a coolie on as fast as possible after his bandy, and [I] am waiting for his return. I suppose we shall go in to Madura—I should so like to see her once more. So sudden, yet some, I know, have been thinking she might be called suddenly (though not so soon), since we found her heart was affected, and we all thought and hoped she would live for years. Dear Miss Smith, she will indeed be a great loss—we have no other young lady her equal except Miss Pollock, and she has not the education or efficiency of Miss Smith. Mrs. Chandler says she says, “the valley is all bright,” she has no fear, all is peace, etc. Pray for us.

[Madura]

Wednesday, November 10th

Thornton has written you about our journey here, so I will pass that over. Miss Smith seems decidedly better, though not out of danger, yet, and we are all full of hope. I am with her a great deal, daytimes, for they won't let me watch nights. She is most sensitive to the least noise [which] seems almost to distract her. Mrs. Capron is with her now; and Mrs. Washburn, who took turns with Mr. Penfield, watching last night, has just left. Thornton left early this morning for Mēlūr. We could not both be away so long from the school and everything. He will pack up our things there and send back to Tirupúvanam, finish his tours, and then come back here, and if, by that time, we are needed no longer, he will take me home to Tirupúvanam with him.

We are all smiles this morning, and the lady watchers are resting so comfortably, for we all think her better. The doctor wanted ice for her, but we know of but one gentleman who had an ice machine, and he was on the hills. The English doctor, who has been very sick, called and, finding how it was, said he knew two other gentlemen who had ice machines, and he would send her some, so he has, every day. It seems to have been the saving of her, for she can take mutton tea, iced, and wine in it, and keep it down by taking a little ice in her mouth right after it, so that it nourishes her nicely. Before the ice came, she could not keep a mouthful of nourishment down, and she seemed likely to waste away for lack of sustenance. The ice came from a most

unexpected quarter, and it seems as though it were directly from God. Thus He cares for us all, way off here.

Little Thornton has a very bad cold, and I feel quite anxious about him. He coughs, and his nose and eyes run most all the time. I hope it may not affect his eyes seriously—they look very weak, though, now. I wish I had more long legged stockings for him to protect his little legs. Please send me some. How nice it will be to have a box from Montclair. I never expected such a thing. I am going to answer questions, etc., in your letters very soon—as soon as I can find time.

It is about time for baby to go to sleep, and I must rest, too, for I am to take care of Miss Smith from dinner to bed time (9 o'clock). Mr. Chandler and Miss Hartley, Mrs. Capron, and some other gentleman (Mr. Herrick) watch tonight. How good the Lord is to us, just suppose He does raise Miss Smith up again—it will be almost life from the dead, for Monday night and Tuesday it seemed as if she could not have many hours. Now goodbye, all.

Thursday, November 11th

Last evening Miss Smith did not appear quite as well as during the day. An ulcer made its appearance on her tongue, and there were some unfavorable symptoms, but through the night she rested beautifully and seems better this morning. The doctor never is away from her nights—he sleeps on a little cot in the next room, and is up every little while, and is where he can be called instantly. My times for the watching are from 5 ½ in the morning, or as soon after as possible, until after breakfast, and from dinner to bed time. There is little to be done for her but to watch; all she wants is quiet. As I was sitting by her this morning, she opened her eyes and said something. “Are you well?” I said. “Yes, thank you.” Pretty soon, she said, “shall you close the year out of debt?” I told her how great I thought our debt would probably be at the end of the year (I shan't tell you until we know certainly—but we are much encouraged), and she said, “I think you've done beautifully. I am so glad you are going to be here all the week.” It did seem so good to have her take interest in things again. She is so weak that she talks incoherently a good deal; her brain is in such a whirl all the time. She fancies she heard great noises and wants to know if [we] don't hear the thumps inside her body—they are so loud.

I find, on looking, that I have come away without my three last letters from home with me—we left in such haste. I am really very sorry. We thank you over and over, so much, for your nice present of Thornton's black clothes, but it is too much. We fully expected to pay for them ourselves. We need them badly, and you could not send a more acceptable present. Please send me more long legged stockings for little Thornton, both colored and white. I like to have his little legs covered during this rainy season, and woolen are most too thick. You must generally allow about a year's growth for such things when I send for them, for they generally reach me about a year afterward. You must do the best you can—if they are too large he will soon grow to them; if too small, they are not lost (and will be all right for the next). I want a few yards of good white elastic, an inch wide, for garters for him, and two yards will be enough at a time, for more might spoil before I could use it. Please send very strong; the skimpy kind runs right out, here; also, a few yards of strong black elastic cord, for our hats and nets. It seems so good to think of the possibility of our ever having another box from home. The last ship brought us nothing but a box of flour and a box of kerosene from the room (we ordered it). It is the only ship that has arrived, since we reached India, and brought us nothing, and I was not so brave as I thought, for I confess I did feel a little homesick for something from home. We shan't need to economize in that line any more, I hope. I wonder whether the ship that brings the Rendalls and

Tracys will bring us anything. We have only heard that they were to sail in October, and not that they have done so, yet. I have sent to the rooms for a box of graham crackers and graham flour (in tins of course). I am sure it will be a great treat, and now I must go to dinner, and then to Miss Smith. It is such a pleasure to do for her—so goodbye. Isn't this a begging letter?

Friday evening, [November] 12th

I mailed Thornton's letter to you this morn. Miss Smith has had a return of the hemorrhage—once this afternoon, and again this evening. Poor girl, she is all weakness, and everything is so uncertain. The doctor said, this evening, he should not be surprised if she recovered, and neither should he be surprised if she died tonight. But I fear he would be rather more surprised if she recovers than if she dies. It is brandy that keeps her up, now. I am so glad Thornton comes tomorrow. She is in such a critical condition that I want him here. Now I am going to bed—good night, all.

Tirupúvanam

Tuesday, November 16th

Here we are at home, once more, and it does seem good, notwithstanding rain, hard, all day long, and the usual arrangements necessary to get a house that has been shut up for two weeks into living order, especially when rats and bats have occupied it during our absence. We came home early Monday morning, starting at 4 o'clock. Thornton came, as I expected, on Saturday, and he and I sat up half of Saturday night with Miss Smith, and he sat up half of Sabbath night with her. All Sabbath day, though still very sick, she seemed much brighter, and there was a decided change for the better, and we all felt so hopeful. We expect a tapal in tonight, and we are anxious to hear how she is. We hope that she still continues to improve. On Sabbath day I sat with her from 1 o'clock until 7, and she was so bright and like her old self. But Thornton says that during the night she was very restless and fretful, as sick folks generally are; she could not be suited, and the doctor felt rather anxious, for fear it might bode evil—but we hope not.

I want to tell you what a miserable mistake I made last week: Thornton left his letter with me, to be mailed, first, to you, that you might read and remail to Oberlin. I have always referred to your letters for the address, so as not to make a mistake and, as [I] had not fixed it in my mind, I thought I was sure about the number, but the street I thought I might get wrong, so I sent it directed to 102 58th Street because I found I had no letter of yours to refer to and I could not recall it. As soon as I got home, I looked and found my mistake—233 57th Street. I shall never forget again, I am sure. So the next best way is to write, and send by this week's mail, which is the next one, telling you about it so that you can get it, if possible. I directed it in full care of Mr. James C. Bennett, so that I think you will get it, all right. I do hope so.

Thornton and I have just taken yesterday and today to rest. For a week he has not had a whole night's rest. Miss Smith and his necessary touring have broken in upon every night, and the excitement, and what little watching I did, and the long ride home, just about used me up, so that on Monday I was too tired to rest. We went to bed at 7 ¼ and slept until 6 next morning, and we both felt better. I was on the bed almost all day Monday, too. Today it has rained hard all day, and we have been getting to rights, a little, and doing what quiet things we could, for we are far from being quite ourselves, yet. Baby is as bright as can be—I have lately, when putting him to bed, after hearing his "Now I lay me," kissed him on both cheeks for papa and mama and each Grandpa and Grandma and Aunt Fannie and Sister Mary, all of which performance he

seems to enjoy hugely. So today he came, putting up his little face, and saying, “Grandpa, Grandpa,” so I went through the whole, twice, and he ran off quite satisfied. He is so cunning. I wish you could have him two days every week, he is such a little comfort.

Wednesday evening

I intend mailing this tomorrow morning so that it will be off in a good season for the mail. The doctor is very much pleased with my syringe, and there is nothing on it that tells where he can send for one. I told him I thought father would be willing to inquire of Mr. Dodge where they can be obtained, and get one and send in my next box. The doctor will pay me for it, and you can draw the sum there.

Miss Smith remains about the same, no decided change either way—so we still hope on. Rain all day today. Little Thornton has had his flannel dress on, and flannel drawers and long legged stockings, all day. He seems so bright and well now, and so happy and sweet. My heart overflows with thanksgiving. I cut out 2 long sleeved and high necked flannel underwaists and 4 pair flannel drawers for him today, and have one pair well on towards done. I want he should be well protected.

With love, love, love to you all from us both.

Most affectionately,
Lottie

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Mēlūr
November 9th, 1869

My dearest Mother,

You have often heard me speak in my letters of Miss Smith, the young lady who was one of our party of missionaries that sailed from Boston, three years ago, day before yesterday. And I am sure you will share our grief as you learn that she is now, as I write, apparently lying in the agonies of death. (A dispatch reached me in one of the villages yesterday near Mēlūr, to the effect that recovery was hopeless, and she has been in hourly expectation of her summons home, ever since.) Her tenacity of life is very great and, judging from what I have now seen, I should think it most likely that she would hold out for two or three days yet, but an unfavorable turn of her disease might result in death at almost any hour. She says, “The valley is not dark,” “The Savior is near and inexpressibly dear.” She is perfectly at peace and looks forward, with most earnest longing, to the time, apparently so near, when she may “go home,” as she says. I have never been beside a death bed that showed more of the power and glory of the gospel than this. In answer to the dispatches sent out, Lottie and I, with Thornton, came from Mēlūr, where we have been, somewhat more than a week. We reached here last evening about 9 o’clock. Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, who are residing but three miles out, and Miss Hartley, from the same place, had been, most of the day, in with her. This morning, Mrs. Capron, from Mana Madura, 18 miles beyond Tirupúvanum, and Mrs. Washburn, from Battalagundu, 32 miles in another direction, came in.

Miss Smith has, for a long time, been laboring, as it seems, under some variety of heart disease, and it may be that the present disease is aggravated by it. She has, however, been suffering from a sort of typhoid fever, which has greatly reduced her strength the last two weeks.

Sabbath night she was taken with hemorrhage of the bowels. It has been, to some extent, checked, or it would not seem that she could have lived until today.

There is not another lady in the Mission to fill her place, though some other will, no doubt, be called to take charge of the girls' boarding school. But I must explain how we came to be at Mēlūr.

I had a week or two's work of touring to be done there this month, so we went over, taking boarding school scholars, cook, and teacher, besides our own servants, bag, baggage, and all. We were getting on very well and enjoying the change much, though my visits to the village congregations took me away from Lottie more than half the time. I must tell you our adventure in crossing the river, last night, which was up to the waist in the deepest places.

We reached it at about half past seven, last evening, and were told that the only way to cross with safety was to procure a high ox-cart from the nearest village and have it dragged over by ten or a dozen strong men. So we sent two servants to the village to procure the ox-cart. Meanwhile, I went to the river's edge and made a mark, that I might tell whether the water was increasing or not. After about an hour, or it may be a little more, our servants returned to say that they could not secure a cart for us. About that time, however, some men came over who had just been helping the English doctor across, in his chaise, and they said that our carriage would be taken across much easier than an ox-cart. So I offered these men a half dollar to take us over, and they were to get all the help they needed. But before venturing in, we put our goods all on the seat with us and curled up our feet, too, for the water would come nearly up even with the seat. On looking at the mark, I found that the water was decreasing, and so we went in with prayer to the Lord to take us safely across. But for the urgency of the case, we would have waited for morning. However, I felt that there was no real ground for apprehension. The river is nearly a quarter of a mile wide, I should judge, and is paved, in a most substantial manner, by enormous flagstones, giving a firm roadway of about fifty feet width. Huge stone pillars mark the edges and are placed between one and two hundred feet apart. A strong cable was passed from pillar to pillar, along the up stream side of the road, so that, by keeping near that side, the men could occasionally steady themselves by laying hold of the rope. My horsekeeper led the horse, another man held the thills¹⁷³ with one hand, and the rope with the other, to help steer. Then there was a man to each wheel, and one or two to spare, I believe. (Lottie says they pushed the carriage from behind.)

And so, with two or three rests to let the horse and the men breathe, we came safely across. The current was heavy and roared dismally against the stone pillars, and in some parts, sand had accumulated to such depth as to make it heavy wheeling and so uneven that we had miniature hills and valleys, up and down which our horse floundered, and we were jerked and pitched; but, by the good hand of our God upon us, we were brought quickly, and without the slightest accident, to the desired shore.

Lottie has so often spoken of Miss Smith to her parents that they will be eager to get any news of her. Mr. Smith, too, looks to them for particulars relating to his sister's case; so I will send this letter to them to read before forwarding to you. It is now about 8 o'clock and, as I am to watch with Miss Smith from 1 o'clock on, I must retire; all the more, as I lost about four or five hours of sleep sitting up with her last night. I must go to Mēlūr tomorrow unless Miss Smith seems just about to leave us. Lottie will remain and will finish the letter for me. I hope to return

¹⁷³ The carriage shafts.

after 2 or 3 days. Love to you all, especially to my darling daughter, whose precious letter I hope soon to answer.

Your loving son,
Thornton

6 o'clock Wednesday morning, I must just add that Miss Smith had a better night's rest than any time previous for a week, as all agree. She has kept her nourishment down, too, and seems brighter this morning. So we begin to hope again. Lottie will add the latest news before the day of mailing.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Thursday evening, November 11th, 1869

My dear parents,

Thornton has left me to finish out his letter, so I began on that, but I found I was likely to write more than there was room for on his, so I took another sheet. You will rejoice with us to know that our dear Miss Smith seems really improving. The English doctor, here in Madura, has furnished her with ice, made by a machine belonging to one of the English gentlemen here, and it has helped her to keep a little nourishment down. She could not do it at all before. She takes a few spoonfuls of beef tea and wine every hour. She is in a gentle perspiration, now, and has no signs of fever. We are all so hopeful and thankful. It will seem almost like life from the dead to have her restored to health again.

Little Thornton's eyes are quite well now, another of God's great mercies toward us. It seems as though we could not be grateful enough to our dear Heavenly Father for sparing us from such a great trial as we feared. We thought of Sister Josephine on her birthday (yesterday), and I do pray that she may be specially relieved of their great and continued affliction; we look for good news in every letter. I do wish poor suffering Minnie might be relieved.

I do not expect Thornton back from the village before Saturday, and then, if we are not needed any more on Miss Smith's account, we shall return to Tirupúvanum. It is hard for us to be away from home so long. Our schools need our attention, and it always takes us some time to catch up with ourselves after we have been away.

How good it must seem to Smith and his wife to be at home again. I know it will be a great disappointment to my friends not to have seen them as they passed through the city. In one of Mother's letters, she speaks of seeing, in the paper, the arrival of Smith Penfield, wife, and six children, so she thought it must be our Smith and was looking for him every day. I am sorry he could not have seen them.

It makes us so happy to hear such good news from our dear Mary. I hope she will continue to be a comfort and help to you. I am glad she isn't here—this country is no place for children—and it is so good to have someone who loves her to take care of her. So many of the children of missionaries are left to strangers. It is very hard for both parents and children.

With a great deal of love to one and all, brothers and sisters, and all the children, and especially yourself, Father, and little Mary.

Affectionately yours,
Lottie E. Penfield

Friday, November 12th

I wrote my letter to you last evening. We were all, there, very hopeful, but about 3 o'clock in the morning she had a return of the hemorrhage and passed a great quantity of blood—even more than before—and she is very weak, and we are all most anxious. The doctor, however, does not give up hope. He says she may rally, even from this, as she did from the last. She still lives, and that gives hope, itself. I think she is no worse now (12 o'clock) than she was early this morning. May God see fit to spare her.

Affectionately,
Lottie E. P.

Little Thornton is two years old tomorrow.

MDPCowles cover letter to MITHubbard

Oberlin
January 25, 1870

My dear friend:

I am enclosing to you these sheets, originally written to you, but sent to me for perusal because Thornton's letter this month was very short. I have been very much interested—it seems almost as though I had been there and seen them all, it is so natural and life-like. On Wednesday next, which is Mary's tenth birthday, her cousins are to meet here and finish the quilt for little Thornton, which has lately been prepared. When that is done I hope we shall soon be able to send it to you, and also last summer's fruit, which I prepared for them. We are in comfortable health. Josephine's daughter really seems now to be gaining. She has seven abscesses, five of which have been probed, and eight pieces of dead bone extracted, since which she has suffered less pain, and some of the abscesses show signs of healing. She cannot yet be turned, on account of a curvature of the spine, to remedy which, they are now using appropriate apparatus. Josephine's health and faith hold out wonderfully. Smith and wife are well, and, we trust, doing well in Chicago. Charles' wife is in very delicate health, coughs badly this winter, but is bright and hopeful.

Yours in Christian love,
M. D. P. Cowles

Much love from my dear ones to you and yours.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Letter 41½ received Jan. 31, 1870 via Oberlin, had a passage of 44 days—visit from Mr. Herrick & Joseph & Mr. Capron, enjoy carriage, river a flood, history of a day. Little T can say "Children Go To and Fro" in Tamil—nine boys in the boarding school, one united with the Ch. Making dress from Mrs. Taylor—last date Dec. 9, 1869.)

Letter #41½

Monday morning, November 21st, 1869

My dear ones all,

This is rather a novel time to write, I confess—early Monday morning; but all have gone over to the church to prayers, and, as my room is turned inside out to be cleaned, and everything is sitting out on the verandah, I did not think best to leave. I have been having the whole house cleaned, mats taken up and everything, since I came from Madura, and today finishes it, my room being the last.

Wednesday evening, November 24th

Dear little Josephine's birthday, isn't it.

I had no time to write more Monday for, just as we were sitting down to breakfast of eggs, potatoes, and plantains (our chickens being out), in walked Mr. Herrick. I hurried up, sent for more eggs, had the cook make milk toast, and Thornton opened a little box of sardines, and we let him come out and take, just as we were. He was going to Mr. Capron's and, after breakfast, went on his way, saying we might expect him back Wednesday morning to breakfast, with Joseph (his son), who has been making a visit at Mana Madura. I thought I could well afford to have him take us unawares, for he brought us your precious letter number 79—and it was with a will I told him we should be glad to see him oftener.

We were just sitting down to tea, when I heard a great tramping across the verandah and through the front room, and in marched Joseph and Mr. Herrick, and Mr. Capron soon followed. I happened to have some cookies ready, that I had baked for Thornton to take on tour, but he had not taken them because he could get no oxen to go, so I got along nicely, but, after tea, found the bread all out; I took the cook to the godown and gave out flour, and he had to make biscuits at 4 o'clock in the morning to have them ready for early tea, before the gentlemen left. Then I called the matey and had him fill the bath tub. The ayah helped me dust the room and make the bed and a little single cot, and then tied on the mosquito net, and dear Thornton played the organ agreeably to our company. Now you see why I am writing just now—so much unexpected company ran us ashore for bread, and we [are] all waiting for the tapal man to come and bring us bread for tea; we are expecting him every moment.

Thornton is reading in his Tamil Testament at his study table, I sit by in my rocking chair, and baby sits on the floor looking at pictures his ayah is showing him. Last evening, Thornton said I must be sure to tell you what a great comfort and help our carriage has been to us. It has often saved us the expense of oxen, and so helped us very much towards our debt. We took a ride in it this evening; it is such a luxury. I can often ride in that, when I could not ride in a bandy with no springs. About a week ago, we rode in it to see the river; it was a most welcome sight, almost a flood. For years, it has never been known to be so high. Several bandies were swept away, and coconut trees, and great stones that form the causeway across the river. At Madura, there was too much water, if anything; several tanks burst, houses were washed down, and Thornton says he supposes quantities of rice fields flooded and destroyed.

The Chesters and Chandlers both seem very pleased with their things. I have stopped calling Thornton, Thornton, because baby began to call him so and, besides, we call baby, himself, that now, so I call the Senior Thornton "my dear" almost entirely, so little Thornton, lately, has taken to doing the same. It sounds so funny to hear him calling round the house for "my dear." Thornton said, the other day, he would be calling me "my love" next, so, sure enough, that very day, baby was inquiring "'my love' engay" (where).

November 26th

Father's birthday, isn't it. I should like to have given him 62 kisses. I am glad I gave him so many when I could. It is some time since I sketched a day for your benefit; I guess I will this evening, by way of celebration. But first, I must tell you about our Thanksgiving. Mrs. Chandler invited us to come in there and spend the day, but I could not think of taking so long a journey just for a visit's sake, so Thornton and I stayed at home and had a good dinner—pilau (pronounced like plow), the nicest dish India affords, we think. It is a Mohammedan dish—a chicken roasted and put on a large platter and entirely covered with rice, so that it looks like a mountain of rice; lay the rice aside a little, and you find the chicken. The top of the rice is adorned with fried potatoes, sliced and pinked around the edge, hard boiled eggs cut open and pinked, too, and raisins. It is good and is a very hearty meal. Tamarinds and plantains on the table. O I forgot the curry which must accompany it—we had chicken curry. Then we had a chocolate pudding, but we all ate so much of the pilau we had to leave almost all the pudding for today. I wish I could send Thornton's touring man Anthony to you for a day, he does make such a good pilau and curry. I am sure you would like it.

Well, now I will tell you about today. Thornton was up before 6, and I soon after, this morning. First, called ayah to take up my little Thornton and dress him, and after dressing, etc., we went out and had early tea, a cup of tea and slice of bread for us, and a cup of milk and bread for baby. Then I went to the godown to give out the things for dinner and breakfast, taking little Thornton with me, while the sweeper sweeps my room and the ayah makes the bed and dusts. After giving out the supplies for us, charcoal grain for horse, cottonseed tapers for the fowl, and food for the fowl and doves and dog, I stepped across the verandah to the godown where the harness is kept and where we keep the school supplies, and gave out rice (about 5 quarts), curry stuff, a little salt fish, green plantains for breakfast, or rather the 12 o'clock meal, and egg plants for the 5 o'clock meal, and oil for the school lamps—those are the general supplies for the school. Then I called for the dog's food—rice that had been boiled the day before for him, and saw it given him; then the horses grain was brought and shown, then baby and I came in and I looked to the skimming of my two soup plates of milk (I always skim my milk myself). Then I had my little season of private devotions; then the bell rang for Tamil prayers, 8 o'clock, over in the church. I did not go over this morning, and Thornton was too busy out in his shop to go, so the catechist conducted them with servants and school children. Little Thornton wanted very much to have me go out to Thornton's shop with him, and he pointed to my best little hat up on the nail, and said "topy mama, come" pulling my dress. I told him, if I did come, I could not wear my nice hat, I must have my old hat, and he must have his topy, too. So he ran out in the dining room and found his own topy, which he put on, also mine, which he brought to me and said, "Mama topy, come please come." So I took my sewing and we sat with Thornton in the shop until breakfast at 9 o'clock. After breakfast, English prayer, then Thornton heard my Tamil lesson, and then he came to his study, and I sat out on my side verandah and sewed on a pair of drawers for baby, and ayah sat in the doorway on the floor and did some coarse sewing, and little Thornton played on the verandah with a little pail of sand until the clock struck 11. Then ayah gave little Thornton his bath and put him into his cot and left him to take his noon nap, and I put on my hat and took an umbrella and went over to the church, it being Friday, when our boarding school studies, at present, and examined the little girls in reading, arithmetic, and geography, and the big boys in reading, geography, Bible lesson, arithmetic, and a sort of Proverbs lesson. There are two or three classes in each, and I don't have time to examine in all, so I take half [on one] Friday and half the next. I did not get through until 12 ½. Then I came home and read a chapter

in Matthew to the munshi, and also my next day's Tamil lesson. Then I went to lay down, and took my Tamil to study; I learned my two lessons—one in grammar and one Tamil vocabulary—then I rested a few moments, and then the clock struck two, so I jumped up and called the ayah and baby (both had been asleep). I changed my dress and, as baby was very fretful on first waking, I pretty much dressed him, too. Then dinner and after dinner—from 3 to 4 my little girls came to sew, and they learn a hymn while sewing; the ayah reads it first, and they repeat it. Today it was the first verse of "I Have a Father in the Promised Land." After the clock struck 4, they put up sewing, and I sang with them, practiced the new hymn, and ended with "Children Go To and Fro"—little Thornton can say it all in Tamil. It was about 4 ½ then, so I took some work out to Thornton's shop, where he was working for sake of the exercise—it was basting work for the school children to sew tomorrow. Little Thornton went with me, of course. I always keep him with me when it is a possible thing, and when I don't have him, his father does. We think it is best for him, and we enjoy it, and so does he. He is a really good boy with us, but he does love to bother the ayah. She cannot do anything with him except when we are present, and it does not seem so much naughtiness, on his part, as mischievousness. He will run round and round the bed, and she cannot catch him when she wants to wash his face or brush his hair, he laughing in high glee all the time, and such things. At about 5 ½ Thornton, little Thornton, and I took a little ride in our carriage; at 6 ½, tea, then prayers, and then little Thornton goes to bed, Thornton to his study, and I, too, generally, when I don't go to bed, which I often do at 8 or half past. I am generally so tired, and he is busy with his reports or accounts or Tamil. Little Thornton is so loving—sometimes I have the feeling come over me and I lift him up and say "Mama's little darling son," and he does look so delighted and puts up his little mouth. "Tiss tiss," he says, and coos away after his own fashion. Love will do almost anything with him.

Well, I am tired and sleepy. I forgot to say that after tea I got notes ready to go by tapal early in the morning, and gave the tapal man orders for bread, etc., and, at 4 ½, I called for the dog's food and saw it given again. Our [days] are all about alike and pass along so smoothly and quietly, and we are as happy as happy can be, away from home and friends. Good night, and many happy returns of the day for dear Father from us both.

Monday, December 6th

Our poor dog died last Wednesday—he had been sick for a long time, but we thought he would get better. He had boils and seemed run down generally. I suppose he could not stand the heat of the plains. He was sick a long time, about two months, and at one time he seemed to have fits. Poor fellow, when they were coming on, he would crawl up to us and look at us so pitifully, as though he thought we might help him. The morning of the day he died he dragged himself into the house and laid down in our dressing room. He did look at us so pitifully; seeing how weak and sick he seemed, Thornton called Antho, and they lifted him up and carried him out and laid him on his straw on the back verandah. He never got up again and died soon after noon. We miss him, poor fellow, and we none of us want another in his place.

Dear Thornton left this morning for a tour to Mēlūr. He will be back on Thursday, I hope. I intend to amuse myself by writing ever so much to you while he is gone. Saturday the tapal brought your dear letter number 80. What a joy your letters are to us, but Thornton and I both said, when we read it, "they do too much for us," and he said, "We should feel, just as well, that we had a loving father and mother and sister if they did not send us night dresses and a watch as if they did." We prize our friends too highly to be in any danger of forgetting that. But if either of the above things do come, they won't be sent back, I assure you, for Thornton's

watch is of no use to him now. It won't go right at all, and he has had it fixed and fixed and fixed, and still it won't stay fixed. I expect it is worn out—it used to be a splendid time piece. My little watch still goes nicely; it is beginning to have fits of stopping occasionally, though. I think it needs a little cleaning, but it usually keeps very good time.

We have 9 boys in our boarding school. Isn't that good? And the largest boy united with our church here yesterday, which was a great encouragement to us, though I don't suppose it was greatly through Thornton's instrumentality. He has heard the truth for many years and now gives good evidence of a change of heart.

Tuesday evening, December 7th

In a little note received from Thornton, he says Miss Smith has gone to Pasumalie, 3 miles from Madura, where Mrs. Herrick lives. The change will be good for her, and you see she must be much better to be able to ride so far. What a great mercy indeed.

We have been fortunate with another cow—a large, fine one that we bought, expecting her to have her first calf in about a month's time, but her calf was born dead before the time, and we did not expect anything from her. But she gives about a cup of milk, morning and night, and we are in hopes it may increase.

A while ago, there was an eclipse of the moon, or something of the kind, in the evening, and the people do not eat in the evenings until it is over. Our tapal man, a nice, bright fellow, came in to tell us of it and ask for a smoked glass, such as we let him take to look at the sun, to see it with. Was it not funny?

Today I have been sewing, all the time I could get, on that little dress that Mrs. Taylor sent me. It is so pretty and so nicely fixed, all is done that could be done on it, so carefully and nice—it has been too large for baby, but now it just fits him except that it is too long, so I hemmed instead of facing it. Please thank them again for it, it is so neat and such a pretty pattern.

Mother asks what books we read—they are easily told. I read Walks of Usefulness on Sabbath days, until that was finished, and now I am reading Life of Howard Mose or Life in Hall and Cottage—it is very interesting. When I give so much time to Tamil, I don't read much except what you send from home, except our papers, and it is about so with Thornton. When one of us (in the Mission) has any new books come in their home boxes, they almost always send them round to all the rest to read. No one has Oldtown Folks, yet, though I have read many criticisms in the papers on it, and I presume the rest have. I should like it very much indeed. Something new, once in a while, does us lots of good.

How sorry I am those people make dear Father so much trouble, I don't believe I would be bothered so. Can't he keep something under restraint all the time, and, when they don't pay, mark it off, and so save time and trouble and words? It must be very trying.

I am afraid Mother tries to do too much. Why cannot she be content to stay away from the Home, and save up her strength to make a home for our friendless children when they come home? They will need friends as much as anybody, and I am sure they have the first claim. It worries me to hear of her frequent illnesses. She goes to the Home one day, and is sick 3 or 4 to pay for it. I wonder if it is wise—her will and wish to do is stronger than her body, and I know how hard it is for her to keep still.

Mr. Tracy does not come with Mr. Rendall, after all, and we sometimes fear we may never see them again, he seems so feeble. How good it seems to be looking forward to a box again. It is almost next to seeing you all—something right from you. I hope there will be shoes,

and some good and strong, too, for this romping boy of ours. It will be a wonder if he lives to grow up, I sometimes think, for he does do such dangerous things and is so reckless. He has had 3 or 4 bad tumbles today, and I have taken from his mouth, within this week, a needle, a pin, and a piece of glass. Where he got them is more than I know—the pin he got on the floor. He is so heedless, dashes away at this, that, or the other, and seems to think he will get along all right. He is so cunning now, tries to [say] everything, and makes himself understood most generally. His will is very strong, and I have to speak very decidedly and spat his hands very often, and afterwards, lately, he has got a way of coming to me and looking up into my face, so sweetly, and saying, “Mama, Mama,” in his coaxing way, as much as to say, “Is it all right now, Mama? You are not vexed are you?” It is very hard to discipline him, sometimes, but he does seem to need it. I pray for wisdom every day, I want to do just the best way.

It is good to hear news from Montclair, but to think of Julius and Frank Wheeler being married. It does not seem so strange to think of Frank, but Julius—I cannot realize that he is old enough. Who did they marry? Anyone I know? Ever so much love to the Bateses, please.

The murijuri’s are a sort of rat, but not quite so destructive, I think; they look like ground moles, somewhat, and cannot see in the daytime very well. At times there are a great many of them in the house, and the other day Thornton found two building a nest in our organ. Little Thornton does not seem to know fear, except shyness of strangers, sometimes. The other day when we came home from Madura, I let him get out and take hold of the horsekeeper’s hand and walk a little way. We met a drove of cattle; he walked right on among them, with no thought of fear. One of them finally lowered her horns at him and ran up to him. I thought, of course he would cry and run behind the horsekeeper, but no, he stopped, picked up a little piece of dirt, about as big as a walnut, and threw it at the cow, much to the amusement of the man. He is not as afraid as I wish he was sometimes—he is a boy, out and out, and not the least mite of a girl about him. I hope he will be a comfort to you, some of these days. I look to him to take my part in caring for you, by and by, if the Lord sees best to keep me off here. His little face is not as pretty as it was, though I think it very sweet, yet, and his eyes are certainly very pretty, and so is his nose and mouth. He is not homely, by any means.

Well, now I must go to bed. It is 8 minutes before 9, and I am sleepy. Good night to you all. Thornton is in Mēlūr tonight—helper’s meeting all day, and he goes to a village this evening.

Love to you all.

Thursday, December 5th

As Thornton’s letter home is very light this time, and mine bids fair to be overweight, I think I will enclose these three sheets, and send them to you via Oberlin, if Thornton’s mother will be kind enough to send them to you. I am very anxious about Thornton’s last letter. I do hope you were able to find it, notwithstanding the mistake in the address.

Thornton gave me a grand surprise on Wednesday, instead of Thursday, as I expected. He walked in Wednesday morning, just before breakfast, much to my delight. With love to you all.

Most affectionately,
Lottie

AGHowland to TBPenfield

Madura West
Dec. 1st, 1869

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your letter requesting me to fill up the enclosed form and send, if any, interesting incidents connected with the distribution of Bibles and Tracts, has come safe to hand. I must inform you that the accompanying form represents only the books and tracts distributed by me, alone, in the town. Those disposed of in the outstations, during our itineracy, will appear in Mr. Chandler's statement.

It will be greatly interesting to know that almost all the highly educated men of Madura proffer us great respect for the sacred word. A respected Hindu friend of mine, holding a very high office in the town, makes it a practice with him always to read a chapter or two before going to his office. There are dozens of wealthy natives who have the sacred word always with them, evidently regarding it as something more than a code of morals. Whenever I have spoken to them about the "one thing needful," they have always been attentive and interested listeners. It may not be out of place here to remark that, notwithstanding the strict neutrality of Government school, it has always been recommended by teachers and text-book editors to read the Bible on account of its pure and sublime language. Thus, men are obliged to read it, attended by a charm which they would not deny.

Respecting the distribution of tracts, I shall content myself with one or two incidents. One day, last week, there was a tremendous "fresh" in the river. Vast numbers witnessed the grand scene. I repaired thither with my teachers and addressed them on the fleeting nature of all earthly joys and pointed out the immediate necessity for embracing the "true religion." They all seemed affected. A tract entitled "Build the dam before the flood comes" was found very suitable to the occasion. Almost everyone who received it was pleased, the heading of the tract being sufficient to attract crowds. I disposed of more than 100.

Another incident I wish to relate is this. Three criminals were led away one morning to execution. As is usual on such occasion, a dense multitude gathered round the scaffold. A sight of the criminals was sufficient to melt the heart and courage of the most hardened sinner that stood around. The word of God was preached there, I trust with effect. A large number of handbills entitled "A word of warning," prepared for distribution on occasion of Public Executions, were distributed.

I earnestly hope that the seed thus sown on such occasions will, in its own time, spring up and bear fruit to an extent which the sower had never anticipated.

As the Rev. Mr. Savarimathu is to be installed as a Pastor over the native church at Kodi Kanal, I am invited, as secretary to the Church Union, to perform the ceremony on the 12th instant.

With sincere respects to Mrs. Penfield, and my best wishes to your dear child,
I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours obediently
A.G. Howland¹⁷⁴

¹⁷⁴ The 36th Annual Report of the American Madura Mission lists A.G.Howland as one of the Native Pastors.

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Tirupúvanum, India
December 9th, 1869

Dearest Mother,

I think I acknowledged, a few months ago, the receipt of yours and Mary's pictures. They are a great comfort to us. Now I have a further request to make of you, if you will take time to comply: and that is that you will ascertain and let me know my dear Mary's height and weight, as this will help me to picture her as she is.

I do hope she is frank with you, and ready to take and follow your advice. Please give her my warm love, and tell her that I pray for her every day and hope she loves the Saviour and tries to please Him all the time. She will be glad to know that her mother gives little Thornton one or two kisses every night for his "Sister Mary," as well as his Aunt Fannie and each Grandpa and Grandma. His mother asked him a few days ago if he wouldn't like to see Grandpa and Grandma and Aunt Fannie, and he added, of his own accord, "And Sister Mary."

He is a fine fellow, we think, large for his age, and well proportioned, unless it be that he is too fat. He is learning to talk, now, very fast. His eyes seem perfectly well again, which we count one of our greatest mercies.

The greater part of my last letter (sent through the friends in New York) was taken up in giving particulars of Miss Smith's alarming sickness. I am happy now to be able to add that she has, almost ever since, been amending, though slowly, and now seems in the fair way towards full recovery of her health. Our Mission are all very grateful and joyful over her recovery.

You will rejoice with us in the good news I am permitted to send this month, about our first fruits, as we may call it. We were allowed the great joy of welcoming to the privileges of the Church, on Sabbath last, the first one who has united (with the church under our care at Tirupúvanum), on profession of his faith, since we came to India. The occasion was a very solemn one and will not soon be forgotten. We can hardly speak of him as a converted heathen, as his father, now dead, was a church member and, for a time, one of the mission helpers, and had this son baptized in infancy. He is a member of our boarding school, the oldest and best boy we have. His influence over the rest is great, and he seems to be trying to lead a Christian life. He thinks he was converted about two months ago. He attributes his conversion to his reading of the Bible and the preaching of the gospel here. He is from one of the congregations in the Mēlūr field, of which I have the care, in the absence of Brother Burnell. It seems that his attention was aroused by a passage in the chapter read by Brother Burnell in his farewell visit to the congregation, about the man who built his house on the sand.

Partly to make amends for a very short letter from me this time, I enclose one from Lottie to her mother, which you will please forward after reading,. The debt to which she refers is just about paid up now, and we shall be very careful not to overdraw so again. We don't, either of us, see just how it happened last year.

Please assure Josephine of our continued sympathy and prayers in her great trial. Glad to hear of Smith's safe arrival home. Hope he will do well in Chicago. Love to you all, and especially to my darling Mary.

Your affectionate son,
Thornton

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #85
 233 East 57th St., New York
 December 12, 1869

My beloved daughter,

Your letter number 40, which posts us to October 21, came to hand on the ninth, and how tenderly we do feel for you in your affliction, in regard to baby's eyes. I have feared very much for your own and for Thornton's, knowing that you would be tempted to use them too much, but did not think that the weight of the trial must fall on the poor child. We pray constantly that, if it can be the will of the Lord, he may not be permanently afflicted in this way. But, oh how sweet is submission and entire confidence in our Heavenly Father. I am much affected with your expressions of resignation. I knew, beforehand, you would not feel otherwise, let the ingredients in your cup be ever so bitter. But it is good to know the fact. Your life has been so bright and joyous that you have had little to be resigned to. But we all need routine grounding; the oak is stronger for the storms which it has to encounter. Do not let the fear of trials, my dear child, mar your peace. Enjoy your blessings without fear of the future. With every trial will come grace to bear it. Do not shrink from what may be in store. You will never be thrown into a furnace so fierce that you cannot discern the "form of the Father." And then again, every trial will promote your sanctification and be the means of enabling you to accomplish more for Christ, and the reward will be the hundred-fold. Therefore, my precious one, don't hold your beloved child tremblingly and fearfully, but take all the comfort you can with him, for God means you should do so, with a good and perfect gift like him, and, if the Lord sees fit to take him, why then, it will be a comfort to know that there is a representative of your family up there.

If I could give you my experience, it might help you, but it would take too long. I will just give you a little. Of course, my children were consecrated from the first, and I really felt they belonged to Christ and that I was ready to yield them to His call, but my heart trembled in view of a separation, and I laid a restraint upon my affections lest, unawares, I should come to feel too much that the children were mine, that is, my two first¹⁷⁵. I was constantly giving them back to God and saying, "Not mine, Lord, but thine." "Thine, Lord, and not mine." Again and again and again did I make this recognition of the fact that they were the Lord's, whether for life or death. And then the Lord saw fit to take my darling boy, my bright-eyed, my beautiful one, as beautiful and noble in his character as in his person—and to take him in such a trying way¹⁷⁶. Did my consecration hold? Was I resigned? Ah yes, I bless God to this day that he gave me grace to yield him cheerfully, and to feel even joyful amid all my grief, and—I cannot write it without tears—that I had such a treasure to give up to One I loved so much more. Oh I could write a volume about this experience.

The next little bird which sought our nest was the one which now plumes its wings under an Indian sky. Yes, my precious daughter, when you came, I said, this child, too, is the Lord's, but I am not going to hold her tremblingly, as I did the others, and restrain manifestations of affection lest I should make her an idol; I will love her all that my heart prompts, and if the dear Savior wants her, He is welcome to her. So I lavished affection upon you in your childhood

¹⁷⁵ Her first two children were Frances ("Fannie") and William ("Willie").

¹⁷⁶ There appears to be no record of how Willie died.

years, and took such comfort, such rich comfort as I can in no way describe. I thought but little about your being taken away, but always felt that I was willing, if the Lord so willed. And He let me have you for twenty years, and lets me have you yet, and has not only doubled, but trebled, the gift. And now I want you to be happy with the dear boy you have, and not be afraid you are going to lose him or that he is going to be blind, but feel that the Lord is going to use him for His glory, and that is just what you most desire. Seemingly, it is a great calamity to be blind and, notwithstanding all my philosophy and Christian resignation, I have shed many tears over the possibility that this might be the great trial in regard to the dear baby. But I can think of a great many mitigating circumstances; how much good a blind man can do if his heart is full of the love of God. Perhaps he will be able to accomplish more for Jesus than if he were blessed with sight. Do not distress yourself. Do all you can for him, and leave it with the Lord. It must be hard for you, in your present condition, and hard for Thornton, too, to be broken of his rest, but light is behind the clouds, and you must have faith to believe it. I feel for you most keenly, I do assure you. Can you not contrive to send the dear lamb to us and school yourselves to spare him? What a joy he would be to us, and how carefully we would tend him, and we would have the best advice. Oh if I might, before I die, have this great privilege, how happy I should be. I think it would really help to prolong my life. Your father feels just the same: "I wish we could have him here," he says, again and again. I am sure you would rather have him away from you than to stay and lose his eyes. Our physician at the Home makes the eye a specialty, and it is of great importance to us there. He attended Mrs. Bennett, also, when she was severely threatened with ophthalmia and was growing worse under an ordinary physician. Dr. L changed the treatment entirely, and she recovered, though her eyes are still sensitive.

December 13th

The letter that was lost contained no very important matter except the notice of Irving Crane's death. He died, I think, the latter part of July, of inflammation of the bowels. A great affliction to the family. Mrs. Heming has also gone, is buried today, I believe. Disease, pneumonia. She had a babe 4 months old, was not strong, rode some distance to make a visit; got chilled, and died suddenly—quite reconciled. This is all we have learned, as yet. There have been very many sudden deaths around us, but none among your acquaintances.

Evening

I was interrupted by a call from Mr. Bates and Lucy. They sat an hour and a half, looked at the Tamil curiosities, and were much amused and very much interested to hear about you, and sent love. They got along very well with the school, and think it a great improvement on the old plan of sending some of the children to White Plains and letting the rest study at home. They miss the dear baby, for it had a place in their hearts, though with them so little time.

I am alone; Frances has gone to a rehearsal of the Harmonic Society with Miss Hamlin, from Boston, Mrs. Morse's niece. She is now the soprano singer in Dr. Bellows' church and has a thousand dollar salary. Your father has gone out on a few errands, and my heart is with you, of course. We have been dressing dolls for the Home and fair for School No. 2. Frances, Lizzie, and self have dressed about forty and shall have more to dress next week. We did not know how to take so much time, but it must be done. Your father got a donation of twenty, besides many other toys, very nice indeed.

We shall look anxiously for your next letter, on account of those sore eyes. Do be very careful of your own, and I say the same to Thornton. What should you do if the disease attacks you? I think you should change your residence, for a little time, at least. I am afraid it is not very healthy at your own home. Mrs. Chester came to see us a few days since. She says friends in Norwich do not think Mr. Tracy will ever go back. She sent us a nice lot of fancy things for dressing dolls. She seems remarkably bright and well. Your father has come back and wants to read me the news. He is reading about the murder of Mr. Richardson. Was it not awful!

December 15th

That dear little lock of hair! I was meaning to write you for one. I have looked so long at the other little one, when he was six weeks old. Dear lamb, do send him home or, what is better, come and bring him. Don't think you must run the risk of his life or his eyes. God does not require it.

Your own mother,
M. I. Hubbard

The little "private" scraps [in your letters] are a great comfort to us. Many, many thanks, and a great deal of love to you three. Father says, tell them they must not overdo and wear out too fast.

Mother

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Received Feb. 14th, last date Dec. 22nd, 1869; passage of 50 days. Letter from Thornton also. Close of term examination, prizes, 9 boys, one united with the Church. Letter to brother, big snake.)

Letter #42

Monday, December 13, 1869

My dear ones all,

I suppose that, before this, you will have received the three sheets that I sent to you via Oberlin. This letter promised to be so heavy with good news, and one thing and another, that I sent those three to Oberlin because Thornton's letter was too light, only one sheet. How your hearts will swell with thanksgiving and joy, as ours have, when you learn that, in your private ear, we want to whisper that we are almost out of debt. Isn't God good to us? It won't stand so on the books; there it will stand about 200 rupees against us, but it is because we wish to have it so. We, neither of us, had any idea that it would be so; we thought that if we cleared half this year, we should do splendidly, and so we should, but we have been able to sell one bandy (the one we used before the carriage came), our sewing machine, and one or two other small things that have, altogether, amounted to over 200 rupees. That has helped us greatly, and our clothing has cost us almost nothing, because we have had so much from you, and we have been extremely careful of our household expenses and the buying of little things that count up so imperceptibly and often make so big a sum; then Thornton has done his touring in the cheapest way possible, often traveling 60 to 100 miles with our carriage and pony, so he has saved a good deal on his touring allowance. So that now, come to cast up accounts at the end of the year, to our joy and

surprise, we find we are almost square. I cannot tell the exact figures yet. We have lived very plainly and avoided visiting and company more than we should wish or could do another year. We thought it was now or never with us, while we were so well supplied with clothes, etc. We don't wish to have others know exactly how it is, for at home, the Board would think it very strange that we could do it, and besides, it would seem to reflect on others of our Mission who continue in debt (but who, I have every reason to suspect, have not made the strenuous efforts that we have to clear themselves). (Private: Mrs. Chandler is so extravagant—laces, embroidery, and fine dresses.) We cannot feel thankful enough—how good the Lord is to us—and we have given Him more than 1/10, too. In view of our good fortune, I invested in a piece of unbleached cloth, a day or two ago, good and wide (1 ¼ yards), and 28 ½ yards per piece, for about \$5.26, and today I have cut out 9 pairs drawers—6 skirts and 5 waists for our dear little Thornton. I expect a tailor this week to do some things that have been put off, on account of our straitened means, for a long time.

Darling little Thornton—he is so sweet and winning—he has just got his “ni-gow-now” (nightgown on), as he says, and has been kissed for Grandpa, Grandma, and all, according to custom, and is sleeping sweetly in his little cot, his little prayers all said. That little cup you sent him is invaluable, both to him and me—he can take it in his own hands and, if it drops, does not break, and I don't mind the dents so much as I should, were it pure silver. He takes a great deal of satisfaction with it. I found him playing in the mud with it today, much to my dismay; I quickly substituted an old tin cup for it, and I brought it in. What a joy he would be to you. I don't think Mother would go to the Home, as she does, if she had him to amuse her.

Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Palmer came and spent last Friday with us. We had a very pleasant visit indeed. Thornton says he guesses you will find out, by and by, that little Thornton is “sweet and cunning,” for he thinks I say so in every letter—well, any how, he seems more and more so all the time. I send a little piece of a coat of Thornton's—it has been most serviceable to him and is now about gone. If you ever, in your shopping, come across any stuff like it—I don't mean exactly, but similar—please send us some for coats for him. It is so cool and durable, and washes well, and always looks nice. I wish, if you have a chance to get them, you would send us some of Hannah More's writings, Shepherd of Salisbury Plains, or any other you can find. Her life was so interesting, and these writings were often alluded to; and I wish you would send us some more books as Life of Hannah More if you ever come across them. Little Thornton is two years and 1 month old today; can you realize it? If you don't have a chance to give this enclosed letter to Mrs. Hazen, please send it to the Rooms, care of Rev. H. C. Hazen, and they will know where to forward it.

Thursday evening, December 16th

Thornton is getting his annual letters off to the Bible Society and New York and Boston Tract Societies (he is correspondent for the Mission), so I copy them for him, and, while I am waiting for a little more work, I will write to you. I want a pair of rubbers for our little boy. I have an old pair that Mrs. White gave me, but they will soon be too small. I will send you the measure of these, and you may please send a pair considerably larger.

Friday, December 17th

You see I did not succeed in writing much last evening. This morning Thornton started early for Madura to attend to some accounts and Mission business and to do a little shopping—rice for school, a few yards calico for me, to recover an old quilt that I brought from home, and

some books for school, etc. I am so glad of those dark calicos, not for the Tamil children, either, but for our own little Thornton. This rainy season they are just what I need. I line them, waist and sleeves, and they will be very useful on the hills. Nothing ever comes amiss—I am sure to want it sometime. He does look so comfortable and neat in the high neck and long sleeved dark calicos, I think. The Mana Madura tapal man, on his way home, brought me a little note from Thornton, saying he cannot come home this evening as he hoped to do—the road, part of it, is too bad to be crossed after dark, so it is quite a disappointment to me. The bad road is the last mile and a half; the road is made good and macadamized all the way from Madura, except this last 1 ½ miles and, for a ways, that is dreadful. We hope the road may be finished up to Tirupúvanam the coming year. It will eventually be made good all the way to Ramnad, on the sea coast, and then it will reach the Caprons, too. Well, I should have liked to have had it good tonight so that Thornton could have come home; the recent rains have made it so bad, just now. But it is all for the best, though this staying alone is so hard. I do wish Fannie was here. I have not a thing for Thornton's Christmas present, and I have no way to get anything. I wish some of you were here to help me think of something to make. I look for a letter next mail, as we did not have any last week. I congratulate myself every week that I don't have to wait a month between every letter—selfish aren't I, but they are so good. There is a great drumming in the villages tonight, some heathen festival, I suppose.

Saturday, December 18, 1869

Well, Thornton came this morning. He says the mud is up to the hubs of the carriage wheels in some places. If he had any idea how bad the road was, he would not have taken the horse and carriage. The horse looked all tired out, but they are home all right, and I am most thankful. He brought your dear letter number 81. It filled our hearts with both joy and sorrow. It is so hard to hear of dear Mother's suffering. How I wish that she might be relieved. How gladly I would help nurse and care for her. I think Fannie ought to feel of considerable importance in the world—it is very few who are wanted so much in two places at once. What could Mother do without her? And how much I should give to have her here.

So a box is really started. O how delightful; it seems a long time since we had one, and this will get here in such good season. The expectation of it will help me over all hard places between now and then, and it will come just before we go to the hills. I tell Thornton he must wait for his Christmas present until our ship comes in. It is all so kind in you. God is so good to give us such friends—it does seem as though He took special care of us, way off here, and our cup runs over every day with joy and happiness, not the least of which is health. It is such a joy to have little Thornton so well and happy, he is just so fat and grows every day. I want him weighed the first opportunity.

Thornton is in his study writing his sermon for tomorrow, and I sit by the dining room table, for, if I sat by him, I should be pretty sure to talk, and he could not get through as quick. He brought home with him a lot of books, pens, pencils, paper, and pen holders and quills for his helpers and the scholars, a lot of rice for school, a bag of coffee, sugar, a box of candles, and a whole piece of bleached muslin for me. Isn't that nice?—about 42 yards for \$7 ½ gold—and I am going to have tailor, too, next week. I hope he will stay a month and have \$5.00 gold, a month. It will be a great help to me. I have done the most of my sewing myself, and I shall be very glad of help, now we can afford it. Thornton has not wanted me to sew so much, all along, but I don't think it has hurt me, and it saved just so much, you know.

We found no letter in the box of dried apples, and the other day I had them all spread out in the sun to give them an airing, and I did not see it then. I am so sorry to lose it; I shall surely write them. Now good night. I do hope Mother is not suffering still—I shall feel very anxious until I hear again.

Wednesday, December 22nd

Well, I am going to finish my letter now, for (I think) I have written about all that will go in one envelope. Little Thornton gets more and more cunning every day. He has had quite a cold in his head for a few days and has had to come to me for the handkerchief, so yesterday he brought me a wooden idol that a lady gave Thornton in America (it was an African idol), and said the baby wanted her clean; I attended to the “baby’s” wants, and he seemed quite satisfied. Just after dinner, he came running to me and said, “I want batter cakes and peaches.” I told him, “O no, he had just had his dinner,” so he ran out, and pretty soon came back, saying, “dinner ready now?” He sits by his father’s side at table now, and he is teaching him to feed himself, which he does very nicely, considering, and with a little help from his father.

We all rejoice that Miss Smith still improves—she gains, though slowly, and next week she starts for the hills.

Mr. Penfield has been examining our schools this week and today gave the first three boys in each school prizes—a knife, a book slate, and a little memorandum book with a lead pencil in it. He let them choose, the highest boy first—second next, and the third took what was left. The knives went first, book slates next, and the other books last. To all who could say the 1st, 2nd, 6th and 123rd—4 Psalms—without a single mistake, he gave 6 sheets writing paper, 4 envelopes, two pens and pen holder, and a lead pencil. At the end of the exercises, Abraham, our head catechist, got up and said they had a hymn to sing, so they sang two. I will try to get them the meaning written off and send you. 22 said the 4 Psalms. (Baby is brushing the wooden “baby’s” hair.) I could not go over, the walk in the hot sun is too much for me. I should have liked to have gone. Our boarding school has a feast this evening—rice, 4 kinds hot curries—mutton, salt fish, pumpkin, and beans are the 4 kinds—5 coconuts, a little ghee, and some native cakes. Tomorrow morning they go home for a two weeks’ vacation.

With ever and ever so much love to you all,

Most affectionately,
Lottie

Private

December 7th

I am doing nicely; of course, I am not well, and my burden at times wearies me greatly and gets heavier and heavier to carry, but relief is not far off, now—less than two months, and we hope and pray that the Lord will permit no accident and carry me safely through, giving us a perfect and healthy child, and one that shall grow more and more after the Lord’s own heart, His own child.

I am very glad that more night dresses are coming, for although I am well supplied when I am well, I think I shall be rather short in sickness, but I thought I could get along and did not wish to go to the expense just now, and I am glad I have not if more are coming. My short ones are all good, and 4 of my new long ones—so you see I am well off yet.

Thornton gave Mr. Burnell the money for J's¹⁷⁷ life membership—I suppose you will hear of it, sometime. From what Fannie says of Lottie Chandler, I should judge she was very like her mother, free to give and very free to ask. We expect our goats to have kids in a very short time, so they will be all ready to help me if I need the milk. Mother asks if we want another carriage for baby. Little Thornton far prefers walking now, and I am saving the carriage for the next little stranger, but if you could find some sort of rocking horse that could be sent out, a strong one, it would delight little Thornton. He does try so hard to ride this little horse—he sits down astride it and walks along, one foot on each side, and the poor little pony almost annihilated under his rider. If he can get along a step or two, he does shout so joyously—(not the pony, but Thornton). If you could get one in a “knock down” state, as they call it—that is, before it is put together, as our chairs all came out—it would not take up so much room and could be put together here. But don't try it unless you think best.

I expect little Thornton will go and stay with Mrs. Herrick during my confinement. I feel very safe to have him with her; but would it not be nice to send him to you during that time? It will relieve me of care to feel that he is well provided for until I am strong again. I am doing very well indeed, but sometimes it seems as if my time were nearer at hand than we thought for, but I cannot tell, I am sure. Mrs. Herrick is coming to stay with me while Mr. Penfield goes to the January Meeting, which will take him away from January 10th to 15th, but if I do not seem well, he will not leave me. I am about all ready.

You need not be afraid to let us pay for all we send for, for we can afford to do it, nicely. O what a mercy to be relieved of debt. Thank God.

December 18th

I should not think of having the little one baptised before the dress comes, even if I have to wait for it, but I don't think I shall, for the box will come in March, sometime, I suppose. I am so very large—larger than when I carried Thornton—that sometimes we think there may be two coming, or at least, if one, a very large one. What if there should be twins? Had you not better be thinking of names—3 sets—for 2 girl, for 2 boys, for 1 girl and 1 boy? There, you have work for the present, I think. If only one is sent, I think we have pretty much decided that it shall be either Frances Irene or William Anson¹⁷⁸. I believe I wrote you that the doctor thinks, from what data we can give him, that I may expect between January 28 and February 9th, somewhere.

I wish you could look into the little basket, all ready for the little stranger—it does look so clean and nice. Let me see, I will tell you what is in it. A suit of little clothes, all through, and a pair of Fannie's red shetland wool socks—a roll of old soft linen and muslin rags—a pair of scissors and a spool of silk—a soft towel—an old linen wash rag and one of the nice little sponges you sent—a piece of castile soap—the cushion of pins Mrs. Spicer gave me with “Heaven bless thee” on it, Mrs. Green's powder bag, and Fannie's cunning little brush and comb, and I shall put in an old flannel petticoat of mine to receive the little one until washed and dressed. I think it is all ready—you need not think the baptismal dress will be thought by us too plain—your things look very sumptuous by the side of mine, and Thornton and I both incline to plain and neat things. I don't think fussy things as pretty, or as suitable for missionaries. We

¹⁷⁷ Thornton had provided Julia Goodhue with a lifetime membership to the Home Co. (see letter #34 from CEHP to the Hubbards, dated 1869-03-23).

¹⁷⁸ Frances Irene was Fannie Hubbard's full name. Both Thornton and Lottie had had older brothers named William who had died in early childhood; Anson had been the name of Thornton's father.

don't mean to have to give an account of money or time wasted on dress. It looks so little out here—to live for such things when life is so short and there is so much to be done, and God is so good to us, and there is so little we can do for Him. The only objection I know of, in sending the watch in the box, is that we pay freight according to value—we should have to pay as much in a little watch sent in a box as on a big stove, that is why the Mission generally sends watches, etc., back and forth by someone going or returning. The next letter may, perhaps, spring the news; if not, surely the next one after. I feel as though the time was not far off, and I have to be very careful not to hurry it up.

With hosts of love,
Lottie

Not Private

Thornton has just read his letter to me, and I want to add that I fully agree to all that he has said. The insurance has been considerable perplexity to us, and it is not at all certain that we can, every year, be able to meet it, and if we lay aside what we can every year, there will be no danger of losing it, if there should be any loss of papers to or from us... We have been thinking and talking it over for a long time, and we both feel quite satisfied as it is settled.

With love,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to FIHubbard

(Received Feb. 15. Fannie's birthday letter, present of lace and insertion letter for Emma and Julia; Christmas feast and gifts, little boy's accident. 49 days passage, last date Dec. 29. "takin medcin mamma.")

Letter #43

Monday, December 13th, 1869

My own darling Fannie,

This will reach you soon after your birthday, and, in honor of our being out of debt, we presume to send you a little present. It is real thread lace, made in one of the girls' schools, I have forgotten where ... in Southern India somewhere—isn't it pretty? I gave about \$1.75 for the whole—I forget how much it was a yard. I shall love to think of you sewing it. We quite often have opportunities to buy lace like this, and cluny, too—wide and narrow and very reasonable; I mean to send you some more sometime, now we are out of debt. We are so glad, you cannot tell. Yes, indeed, Fannie, I do think that if anybody has cause for gratitude and love to our Heavenly Father, you and I have. With ever so many wishes for many returns of the day.

Tuesday, December 28th, 1869

This letter does not bid fair to be a very long one, because I have written so much lately. Saturday was Christmas, you know, and in the morning, when we got up, dear Thornton wished me a "Merry Christmas." I told him I did not believe it would be very "merry," for we, neither of us, had anything for the other or for little Thornton, and I should not have another Christmas pass so unnoticed, for it did not seem natural, and I felt a little bit homesick—but another year, little Thornton would be old enough to hand up his stocking, and it would seem more homelike—so I

walked to the bureau, and on the top of the lamp chimney was a little paper parcel, with “Merry Christmas to Lottie” on it, and there in a little box was a pair of gold studs made by the Madura gold smith—very heavy and very pretty. I was very much astounded, for I did not think, for a moment, that I should have anything; and then I was vexed to think he had got ahead of me so, but I tell him when our ship comes in I know there will be a Christmas present on it for him. He seems very happy to have got ahead of me and doesn’t seem to care half as much as I do about it. Eddie Chandler sent baby a little piece of cocoanut candy, so he had something. At 10 o’clock we had invited all the catechists and their families to come and take a cup of coffee with us, so they came, 14 in all (one or two were away), and I had some native sweet cake (a sort of hard biscuits) for them, some cookies, some plain round cakes, and a loaf of cake with raisins in it, and coffee. After refreshments, we went into the hall and showed them pictures, and talked to them, I to the women and children, mostly, and Thornton to the men. They were all very much interested in seeing my father and mother and sister. They all thought you and I looked very much alike. They were equally interested in Thornton’s friends, especially little Mary. We dismissed them about 12 or soon after, and I think they enjoyed it very much. I sent what was left out to the children in the compound, who did not come, the servants’ children. So you see we had a “Merry Christmas” after all. Now good night, dear sister—I am going to bed.

Wednesday [December] 29th

We have had quite a run of company the last week, first a Scotsman—he spent a night and left after breakfast next morning. The next day another Scotsman and an Irishman came and spent the Sabbath and went on Monday morning; next day a Dane came and spent the night—all but the first were poor and were on foot and were very glad of a comfortable meal and a cot in the front room; the first one took the spare room. Thornton’s cot, or lounge, for our front room was finished today and covered with the furniture print you sent. It looks so neat and pretty and feels so comfortable. Thornton has had all his helpers over here from Mēlūr today and, together with those here, has had his Helpers’ Meeting. He intended going to Mēlūr last Tuesday, but stayed because I did not feel like being left alone—it was so good of him.

I must tell you about baby’s accident this morning—Savani (the ayah) has a bottle that holds about a pint, in which she keeps her bathing oil, and it usually sits upon the top of the almira in baby’s room, quite out of his reach. But she forgot to set it up this morning, and while they were all over at the church for prayers, I was lying down, and baby ran into his room for a moment and then came back, half crying, with her bottle in one hand and rubbing his eyes with the other, and the oil streaming down his face and clothes from the top of his head—his eyes, his mouth, hands, and clothes all over oil. He held the bottle out to me and said “taking med-sin mama.” I took him into the bathroom and washed him with soap and warm water. He cried some, for the oil hurt his eyes (it was linseed oil), and he seemed to feel a little sick—he must have swallowed some. I told him he must not take medicine without Mama gave it to him next time, and I most devoutly hope he won’t. He sees his father give medicine to the sick folks, and I have had to give him a sort of syrup for a cold lately, so he thought this would be very nice, I suppose. I was most thankful it was as harmless as it was. Well, now I will stop.

Most lovingly,
Lottie

TBPenfield to JMHubbard

Tirupúvanam
December 23st, 1869

My dear Father,

Yours of the 30th August came duly to hand, and should have been answered a few weeks since but for the pressure of urgent business. I write now, especially to say that we have concluded to give up the insurance altogether. It is a difficult thing for us, at this distance, to understand and keep at all straight, and it has, all along, seemed as if any one of many slight accidents might lead to the forfeiture of the savings of years. Besides, we cannot, as we fear, every year spare the same amount of money. So, after a long and careful consideration of the question, we have concluded to drop it and remit to you, from time to time, such sums of money as we may be able to spare.

The fact that the insurance was not paid this year need cause you no uneasiness, as you may be assured it causes us none. We rather look upon it as an indication of Providence, favorable to the decision towards which we were previously leaning. I would gladly keep up the policy, and count its risks and inconveniences as nothing, if Lottie felt the slightest desire to have it so. I must say, however, that, on the whole, I am decidedly of her opinion that we had not better attempt to keep it up but send you, say, a hundred dollars or so each year, as we may be able, to invest in United States Bonds or other safe and good investments. Accordingly, I have not had the blank you sent filled out.

You will be glad to learn that we have reduced our debt this year, as it will appear on the books, to about \$150. I cannot say exactly, yet, for the treasurer has not sent in his account for the year, as yet. And although I knew just how much I have drawn, and about how much I can charge back to the Mission, there will yet, very likely, be a few more charges, which he will have to make against us, and exactly how much, I cannot say. When the account has been made out, I will try to find time to write again and answer Mother's kind letter.

And now I wish to express my warm appreciation of what you have done for me and mine. The carriage is of especial service and is a source of very great comfort and pleasure to us both. It has helped us, at least a hundred dollars, toward paying our debt this year, as it has saved my hiring oxen to take me on tours.

Our schools have just closed for the holidays. At the final exercises yesterday, we gave out quite a number of prizes, all of them small, however, and together costing, I should judge, about \$2. Among the rest were two of the book slates you sent, and which will be highly prized. We gave the boarding schoolboys a feast toward evening, and went out to see it placed before them. They looked quite comfortable and happy seated in a row along two sides of their room, on their mats, with a row of tin pans and cups before them, from which they ate and drank after we had withdrawn. Someone had composed, and all the children sang with much zest, two parting songs, making especial mention of Lottie's coming every week to examine and encourage them in their studies. They have now all gone home for two weeks.

Much love to you all from your loving son,

Thornton

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

233 East 5th St., New York
December 26th, 1869

My darling daughter,

I must write a line by Mrs. Rendall, although I know it will be some five months before you receive it. But it will be good when it comes, I know.

Oh, if I could only open my heart and show you how full it is of love, of genuine, motherly love, how glad I would be—love not one bit abated, but only increased, by distance and the lapse of time. Three others, also, to share it with you, and yet there is enough for all! What a blessed thing love is. True, it deepens all our grief's, but how it heightens all our pleasures.

Mr. and Mrs. Rendall called to see us yesterday, and we had a delightful interview, only it was so short. I do so want to be keeping house when such friends come to see us, for then we could have them with us more. But it is best as it is for the present, I suppose, and until we have word about the little boy's coming home. We shall wish to keep house then, for we could never think of his being restrained, as he naturally would be, in boarding. Mr. Rendall says the Caprons will soon be coming, and some others who have children, and "mix him up with a lot of children, and he'll come well enough." This was said in answer to my remark, "How will he come without his father and mother, and, I suppose, they could not come unless they were sick." Ah me, I wouldn't have either of you sick for that purpose, but for the sake of getting him here, if you could be, just a little, so as to come home and then get well right away. But what am I talking about? Do I forget the work and the precious souls to whom you are both ministering? No, no, I do not, but nature is weak, and I want to get the dear child home in the best way. I fear for those precious eyes, and then we are getting older every year and can have, at best, but little time and vigor for the training of a child. Then, again, we are lonely without a child to love and care for. It would cheer our way, more than you can possibly conceive, to have little Thornton with us. Do think of it, and talk about it, and pray about it, and see if you cannot conclude to send him by the first opportunity. Now, I am afraid you will think this is just no letter at all, with such a subject so prominent. My dear children, I know all about it, but the Lord will sustain you and give you comfort and peace, and then think of the nice long letters we should write you about him—with such a topic always at hand, no letter could be stale or dull.

It has stormed terribly today, wind and rain. I am glad Mr. Rendall and company have not started. Only your father and Mr. Bennett have been out to church. I have had a delightful time reading missionary intelligence. We got some "Missionary Papers" from Chicago, and various pamphlets, a short time since, and among them, "An Historical Sketch of the Sandwich Islands, the Micronesia and the Marques as Missions." I do believe you would be interested in it, and I think I shall put it into the bundle. We shall have one to send, and Mr. Rendall says he will put it with the other, already in Boston, in a box with his own baggage, and so you will get it before the box. In this bundle you will find two long strips of calico, basted for your little girls, to sew. Mrs. McGinley gave me the pieces, which were just of this size, and so I just basted them together. You might join them by a strip of calico between. You will find, also, some green tissue and green baize; we thought both would be useful, and I do hope you will find the boots just what you want for little Thornton. But, if not, say so, and tell us of anything more that you need, without hesitation. It is only a pleasure to get things for you, and we can do it just as well as not. I fear the new baby will be baptized before its dress reaches you, but hope not, though it will be right. How strange to talk of the new baby now. But how will it be when you

get this? Will you have it, or will the Saviour have taken it? Oh the uncertainty now; but I hope and trust, and wish you much happiness with your new delightful charge, and send to it many, many kisses. Your hands will be so full, I fear we shall not get many letters, and poor Thornton will be so overrun with work, he will not be able to write. But do take time, and employ all the help you need, and spare yourself, if you can. We will aid you. Love to you four, always in abundance.

Your own
Mother

1870

MITHubbard to Penfields

Letter #87
 233 East 57th St., New York
 January 1, 1870

Dearly beloved son and daughter,

I must address you unitedly on this bright New Year's Day and, with deep and tender heart yearnings, wish you a Happy New Year. May it be such indeed to you, and may the mercies of our loving Father in Heaven be doubled unto you all through this year. You will have trials without doubt—none are exempt—but oh, to see the hand of the Lord through them all and feel that they make the promise sweet and give new life to prayer. We know that you are thinking and talking of us today, as we are of you, and that you reciprocate fully our kind wishes. How good it is to be of one heart and one mind. We do earnestly hope that you will have great success in your missionary labors this year, and that it will be marked by some conversions; but, if it should not be, you should labor on in hope, not feeling the least discouraged. The gathering time will surely come.

Fannie and I are very quiet here in my room. She is writing for me. We have provided cakes, oranges, and apples for any friends who might call and, as we do not really expect any, I thought we would stay upstairs, as the parlors are too cold for me, and if any of our particular friends come, we could invite them up. Mrs. Bennett has made liberal provision for all in the dining room: turkey, chicken salad, pickled oysters, sandwiches, cake, nuts and raisins, apples and oranges, lemonade, and coffee. We have been down to lunch, your father with us, for a rarity. He went out this forenoon to visit two poor families and now he has gone down to the Home to wish the children a Happy New Year and say a cheery word all around, for they have sickness there, and it will be rather a gloomy day, I fear. That will be the extent of his visits today. It has commenced raining hard. Mrs. Davis and her two boys are here. Lizzie is quite a favorite with Frank.

We have just had one call, Roland. He was quite pleased with the curiosities from India. He thinks you will have to call a meeting and deliver a lecture when you get home. Now I must take up a Society letter. But oh if I could only know how you are, dear precious daughter, today, and how the darling baby's eyes are. God is merciful, and I will hope for the best and wait intelligence. We look for a letter on the seventh, which will post us to the latter part of November, but that will not be now.

January 7, Evening

Your father and Fannie have gone to meeting, and I am alone and now turn to you with great longings of heart. Monday night (3rd) brought your letters for Oberlin. How good of you to let us have the reading of them, as Lottie's letter was not quite ready. But oh how full of gladness and sorrow they made us. It seems as though the same fountain had sent forth sweet water and bitter, this time, at least. Our suspense in regard to Miss Smith is very trying, but we are hoping almost against hope. Her brother says he sees no reason for hope except from the remarkable tenacity of life which is peculiar to their family. Your father went right over to him with the letters, but, not finding him at the office, left word for him to call the next day, which he

did. He bore the news well, very well. It seemed not to be unexpected, for he has not really expected his sister to enjoy health. He read and reread and talked and canvassed probabilities as though he would fain come at the facts as they were at that very time, but finally said, "Well, it is of no use, the last date is November 12th and I cannot go beyond that. I shall wait the arrival of your next letter with anxiety, but please say to Mr. and Mrs. Penfield and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and the other missionaries that I am exceedingly obliged to them, and all our friends will be when they hear about it, and to Mr. and Mrs. Penfield for writing as much as they have. It is very satisfactory." He made a copy of the last Lottie wrote, to send to friends in Massachusetts, and said that if his sister should not recover, he should like a copy of all related to her. I told him I had no doubt he could have it, and so I wrote a few lines to Mrs. Cowles, put in an illuminated text for Mary, and sent off the missives. What a loss Miss Smith will be, but I think you will all rejoice that you ever knew her, and her bright example and influence will live in the hearts of many of those poor heathen children. God grant that she yet may live. Our letter next week will end the suspense. How great was our joy to learn that little Thornton's eyes were well. Oh what a relief. God be praised. Now I do hope the doctor will be able to tell you some way to keep them so.

Lottie and Etta Chandler were here on Tuesday when Mr. Smith came. We had a very pleasant visit from them. Lottie has been quite sick from overexertion and taking cold. The extensive Christmas preparations in Mr. Bailey's family were quite a tax upon her. Oh, why do people want to overdo such things so much? She is much better. Both seemed in very good spirits, though I think Lottie is depressed at times.

January 11th

Mr. Smith has been here this evening in the hope of hearing something, and yet relieved to know that we had nothing—would rather have the suspense than the worst intelligence. He had called on Mr. Case and learned nothing there.

Your father has said we were talking of housekeeping. We talk and talk, as people in New York always do when the year comes round, but what the result will be remains to be seen. We shall not take a third floor. There are very nice houses, four story, and brown and brownstone front, being put up on this block, designed for two families. We shall look at them, a new house would be so nice, but perhaps the rent will be exorbitant. The Lord will direct. We have had no rent for four months from our tenants in Montclair, and I have not much confidence in them, but your father is hopeful.

Mother

Write for anything you want. I do hope you and Thornton will like the watch. If it does not work well, don't be afraid to say so. We shall have a Waltham.

Your mother,
M.I. Hubbard

CEHPenfield and TBPenfield to Hubbards
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(Letter 44 from Lottie and Thornton, mailed February 4th 1870. Received March 24th, 48 days passage via Southampton. The letter to Oberlin mailed, at the same time and received on the 19th, came by the way of Marseilles and had the quickest passage by five days. Birth of

daughter, Frances Irene, on the 31st. All comfortable, account of school, New Years, Little Thornton well, happy playing in the sand, etc., accounts for year being made up.)

Letter #44

Tuesday, January 4th, 1870

My own dear ones all,

Please excuse this half sheet of wrinkled paper—it is the last of its kind in my desk, and I cannot go and get more tonight, so I will write on this rather than not write at all.

I wish you a “Happy New Year” if it is not too late. We had the usual time New Year’s Day—verandah all decorated and flowers strewn round, and our servants and catechists all brought flowers to decorate us, and limes and sugar and native cakes and raisins, etc., and we had a call from some of the principal men of the village with their flowers and offerings. Thornton had a little Christian book and treat for all who could read, and we gave our servants a sheep and 2.0.0. rupees to buy rice, etc., for a feast for themselves. We had a call from the elephant and the man who blows the village horn, and sounded several great blasts on the verandah, much to baby’s delight. We had a very pleasant day indeed. Baby looked so funny and very pretty all dressed up in the flowers that were put on him. He enjoyed it exceedingly.

I have just been having a dress made for him, high necked and long sleeves, after the pattern of the dress Mrs. Taylor sent me, of the remnant of that turkey red dress that Ellen and I had alike. There was just enough, and I had to have it faced, but he does look so cunning in it. The tailor and ayah were very much amused when I told them that it was a piece of one of my dresses when I was a little girl.

I have been helping Thornton for the past few days with his accounts; it is a job, I assure you, to get all written right. I believe everything is in shape now, and he is busy making out the totals so that perhaps this evening we shall know exactly how we stand on the book. He could not tell that until the account from the treasurer in Madura was sent in, and as soon as it came he set to work and has been hard at work ever since. He thinks he shall not be able to strike a balance before tomorrow, there is so much reckoning to be done. I believe I will just draw off the headings of his different accounts: 1st, Family; 2nd, Pastors; 3, Station Catechist; 4, Village Catechists; 5, Munshi; 6, Boarding School; 7, Station Day School; 8, Village Schools, 9, Books for Schools; 10, Building and Repairs at Station; 11, Building and Repairs in Villages; 12, Sanitarium (going to and returning from); 13, Traveling (to Mission Meeting), and 14, Forms; 15, Itineracy; 16, Miscellaneous; and, under each, a long list of items which require careful and close calculation. It is no small matter. Thornton’s book, so far, looks very nice and neat, and we feel quite proud of it. I hope you will get my letter of last week all safe; it had the lace in it for Fannie.

Friday evening, January 7th

What a treat we had Wednesday evening. I had been looking for an overland ever since the Friday before, but none came; but on Wednesday two came, numbers 82 and 83, both so good. I got the letter basket first and let Thornton know that there was one letter, so after we had read 82 and talked it all over, I asked him if he was too tired to read more, and he was so surprised to find there was another. I am so glad you bought the box at last. Fannie should not make fun of the ladies, and they look very respectable here beside what we usually see. She ought to have especially seen the lot we chose from and the “horrid things” we left. Do you wonder things from home look nice to us? That coming box fills my heart, or rather our hearts,

with joy, I tell you. I often tell Thornton I cannot see why God is so good to us above everything else. We seem to have nothing but peace, joy, love, and good things. Was ever any one as happy as we? My longing for home and friends, that occasionally will come so strongly, are almost the only hard things to bear—not that I do not always long for them, only sometimes it seems as though I could almost fly to you. I do want to see you all so much. We laughed till I cried over Fannie’s description of your getting the box open—I only wish there had been more in it.

There now stands against us on the books 96.6.4 rupees or about \$50 gold—and we have more than that on hand, so you see we are quite out of debt. Is not God good? If He had not allowed us to sell those things, we should have stood nearer 300 rupees in debt. Thornton said, last year, if we could clear off half this year, and half next, it was all we could expect to do (and give the Lord His tenth, too) and he did not know as we ought to give the Lord a tenth when we were owing so much. But we concluded to try this plan, and you see how He has prospered us.

Little Thornton is so dear to us—at dinner today, when we sat down, he put down his little head, saying, “Blessing papa,” so he began, “O Lord—done,” and raised his head, all done as devout as he could be. I am going to answer your letters at length when I have more time.

I have been taking the tapal man’s account tonight for the month; just a short time ago I sent him away with the accounts all settled, and just now he came to show me that I had made a mistake of 4 annas (about 12 cents), and I had given him so much too much. If he had kept it, I never should have known the difference, and he would have been so much the richer. How many men in his position at home would have brought back the 4 annas, I wonder. I love the people and I love the work. I told Thornton last evening, if people only knew what a happy life and work this is, there would be no lack for laborers in the field. The rush would be as great as to California for gold; but, poor creatures, how few know where true happiness may be found. As Fannie says, I am so glad that we, who do know about it, “all belong to each other.” Well, now good night—it is half past nine.

Wednesday, January 12th

Dear Thornton left me for the meeting on Monday, and the same day Mrs. Herrick, with her little boy, David, came and are with me now. It is so nice not to be alone and enjoy their company very much. Thornton will return on Saturday, whether the meeting is through or not, and on Wednesday the doctor comes to stay with us until—well, for an indefinite period.¹⁷⁹

I send a little piece of the dress Mrs. Slate gave me. Please send me some ribbon or the same colored velvet to trim it. It is so nice to think of all those beautiful things in our box—how kind our friends all [are], and how my heart glows with grateful love to our Heavenly Father for giving me such loving parents and sister. I have just been telling Mrs. Herrick that it was one of my greatest blessings to have had such Christian parents and such loving, pleasant remembrances of them.

Mother asks about our boarding school. The 50 scholars that Thornton spoke of in his letter is the school in a little school house near, in the village. We have, also, a school of high caste heathen boys, about 15 or 20, who have been reciting on our verandah, but are now in the church, and who study English. Our boarding school consists of 10 scholars, at present, mostly children of Christian church members and catechists. They have a house on the compound, and we have an allowance from the Mission for eight boys and support two ourselves. I give out

¹⁷⁹ Until the baby had been delivered.

supplies for them every day, just as I do for my own family, and they have a cook woman who does their work. We also look after and provide clothes and dishes, and those who are able pay 12 cents (4 annas) a month, tuition. It makes them appreciate their privileges more if they are obliged to pay something. Each school has its teacher and goes right on when Mr. Penfield is away, just as if he were at home. It is this school that I examine weekly, and my little girls also recite, with those, to the same teacher.

Private

Thursday, January 13th

I am getting along nicely, and am full of courage and hope. Thornton returns Saturday. The doctor comes on Monday, and Mrs. Capron on Tuesday or as soon after as the meeting closes, and none of the three will leave me until all is over. Kind aren't they? I think I am all ready. Dear Thornton is so thoughtful and careful. Before he left he arranged it so that the horses of our Mission gentlemen are all scattered at different stations along the road, and I have a man, a fast runner, here day and night so that if I need help suddenly, while he is gone, I have but to touch the train, as he says, and it will all go off as nice as anything. The coolie will run right to him, carrying word along as he goes, and at each station (about 6 miles apart), the horse will be all ready to bring him and the doctor right on, post haste.

Monday, January 17th

We have been out watching the total eclipse of the moon this evening. The moon is now, and has been for an hour or more, entirely eclipsed and is of a dark red color; and it is O so dark out.

You don't know what a surprise I had on Friday morning. You know Thornton was to stay at the meeting until Saturday. At least, he was not to reach home until that time, but a loved and well known voice outside the door of my room on the verandah waked me from a sound sleep Friday morning, saying, "It is just six o'clock, can you let me in?" I jumped up in an instant, I assure you, and let him in. He felt anxious about me, and so got excused sooner than he expected. I was so glad to see him. Mrs. Herrick left Saturday morning. I had had a very pleasant visit with her, indeed.

A day or two ago, the sweeper woman brought in the things little Thornton had collected and been playing with out under the trees in the sand. I could but laugh, and I thought I would remember to tell you. There was his father's waste paper basket from the study, the kitchen poker, the long handled dipper that I have to pour water with in the bathroom, and his own little wooden parnys or cups, his playthings.

Yesterday was dear Fannie's birthday—I thought of her very often and we spoke of it. We both wish her very many happy returns of the day.

We continue to hear good news from Miss Smith. She has written me several times, very cheerfully and lovingly—what a mercy she has been spared to us.

[Private]

Monday evening, January 17th

Still waiting. The doctor was to have come out early this morning, but last night a coolie came to him from Mandapasalie, calling him to go quickly to see Miss Taylor, who her mother fears is very sick—so he goes down there, and back as soon as possible. I hope she won't be very sick. I don't fear for myself at all. Thornton is with me, and today an old woman came out

to stay for a month or two. She is an experienced ayah and was with Mrs. Herrick through three confinements, and will be a great help. Besides, I suppose Mrs. Capron is in Madura by this time and, should I need help before the doctor returns, I can send for her—she is quite a doctress herself. Tomorrow I will have carried this little one just as many days as I carried little Thornton, as surely as I can reckon. I suppose that is why the doctor was so anxious to be here before tomorrow. But his being called away is of the Lord, and the Lord is as able to take care of me as the doctor is. I am getting a little in a hurry, for all is ready (except the doctor), and it is so uncomfortable. The doctor's wife cannot come to me because she herself is very poorly, sort of [an] intermittent fever, and she also is in an interesting condition which makes it harder for her.

My tailor is such a comfort just now; he is making a red flannel sack for baby on the hills, out of the red flannel you sent, and to be trimmed with the black braid you sent for trimming. By the way, I wish I had more of the narrow, it is so convenient, and more of the wider, too, for my dresses.

Thursday [January] 20th

The doctor and Mrs. Capron are here. They came yesterday and are waiting very patiently to be of help to me in time of need. I am feeling very achish now, but I am not sure that I am in labor yet—I may not be for a week or more. It is a great comfort to have help at hand, though I am sorry to keep them waiting so long when I know how precious their time is.

[January] 21st

Last night about 9-11 o'clock I had some very hard labor pains, and the doctor said it was really started and the vagina even was open—as large as the palm of his hand. But before morning, all passed away, and we are still waiting. It was a great disappointment to me, for I thought, now soon all would be over—and it is hard to keep both the doctor and Mrs. Capron waiting so long, though both are very patient and kind. But the thing is in the Lord's hands, and He knows how we are all waiting—and I do try to be very patient. I know you are remembering me. It was so nice to think I should be soon through, last night. It was a great disappointment, and I have felt it all day; but it will all be well.

Most lovingly,
Lottie

Wednesday, January 26th (not private)

We are all still waiting—Mrs. Capron cannot possibly be away from her home and duties longer than Friday, and when she goes, Mrs. Palmer will come; she is better than she was and [will] stay as long as I need her. Mrs. Capron and I are both very anxious it should happen before she leaves. She says she would so love to be of some use to me while she is here, and then she was going to write such a nice letter to you, giving all particulars that might interest you. She is such a nice person; but Mrs. Palmer is nice, too, and I know I shall have the best of care, whichever way it is. Today is the 272nd day. [The doctor] thinks I will have a very short, easy time, I seem to be taking it so moderately.

Friday, January 28th

Still waiting. Mrs. Capron left this morning, much disappointed that she could be of no use to me. I was sorry, too, for she is an excellent nurse. Mrs. Palmer came last evening and will stay until I need no one else.

[Lottie]

[February 3rd]

“She is a very respectable little lady,” said Lottie, just now, referring to the baby at her breast, which is three days old now (February 3rd); and this brings me back to the Sabbath night, January 30.

We retired about 9 o’clock, with no expectation that anything would happen before morning, more than we had had any night for a week or two. Lottie felt the need of some physic and, on the doctor’s advice, took a dose of castor oil before retiring. At a quarter before eleven, she woke with heavy backache, and nausea at stomach. At 12 her pains began to assume such a distinct type and to be so severe that we called the doctor and, within half an hour, the little one was born. The labor was much quicker and easier than with Thornton. The doctor says that he has attended some hundreds of confinements and, in all his practice, never had, before, so easy a labor case. It was hard enough, to be sure, but now that all is over, Lottie says it doesn’t seem as if it had been so very hard after all. While the little one was being washed and dressed, the doctor said to me, “You are a happy man. I would give a thousand dollars if my wife had as easy labor.”

The little Frances Irene was about as homely a little one, at first, as I ever did see, but every day and almost every hour since, has made changes for the better, till Lottie is now quite right in saying as I wrote at first. Her eyes seem dark blue and her hair dark brown, and she is a plump, hearty, good-natured little lady. She seems unusually bright—drank some goat’s milk from a spoon the first time we tried her, just as if she was used to it.

I intend to send this and one to my little Mary tomorrow, one via Marseilles, the other via Liverpool—both directed to you, that you may get the news the quickest way, whichever it is. Please make a note of the dates of arrival and let us know them.

Please remand to Mary her letter when it comes.

Love to you, all three, from your affectionate son,
Thornton

Irene was weighed the same day she was born. Just 8 pounds, lacking 2 ounces. Lottie sends her love, and promises to tell all about it when she gets well and strong.

Again, affectionately,
T. B. Penfield

February 4th

Both mother and baby slept well all last night, the little one only waking up to nurse and be changed twice. All seems to be going on very nicely.

Affectionately,
T. B. Penfield

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Tirupuvanum
January 18, 1870

Dearest Mother,

I hope you have not been very much disappointed by my failure to write you a week ago, according to custom. I had made my calculations for writing you on the 10th from Madura when on my way to the Mission Meeting, which was held the 11th and following days in Battalagundu. But I had a call in the afternoon from a chaplain in the British Service, stationed near Benares, and had to show him the sights of Madura, and so lost my chance of writing you that day. I rode all night and reached Battalagundu about light. From that time on, I was so fully occupied on committees or in meetings that I had no time to write you. As I felt that it would not be right to leave Lottie many days at a time just now, I was excused Thursday night, and came through by light next morning; 44 miles in about 11 hours. The first 16 miles were by bullocks, the next 16 to Madura by my pony and carriage, and the other 12 home by doctor's horse and my carriage. I found all as when I left. Mrs. Herrick had been staying with Lottie to provide against any mischance, and was glad to leave Saturday, early.

We have, at this meeting, been attending to several items of most important business, and hope that the changes inaugurated may tend to the furtherance of God's cause here. Our Seminary has been a vexed question ever since I have been here, and I cannot tell how much longer. It has been exceedingly expensive, as all the students had to be boarded and clothed, in addition to all the other usual expenses. This, for 52 scholars, the number supported last year, amounts to no small item. Most of the scholars were mere boys, and, even when they came to graduate, many were but little else. There has been great dissatisfaction, both on our part and at home. We have now disbanded the Seminary and established a Theological School for the training of a native ministry. In this movement we are all united and hope to receive the blessing of God. Mr. Washburn is asked to inaugurate the movement, but he had not fully agreed to it when I left. Mr. Rendall, for whose coming we look in a month or two, will probably be called to take his place.

Another change of considerable importance was the breaking up of the girls' boarding school at Madura, which, like the Seminary, has heretofore been more fruitful of expense than of results. This had 43 girls supported last year. In its stead, there is to be a female department in connection with the Theological School at Pasumalie for the wives and future wives of those who are looking forward to the pastoral work. Miss Smith, who has been at the head of the school in Madura, would thus go to labor at Pasumalie. Her health is greatly improved, though not fully restored.

We are all as usual, but hope to have news to send you by the next letter. I keep my dyspepsia pretty well in check by regular exercise, in the workshop when at home, and as I can at other times.

Love to dear Mary. I hope she will send me another letter soon.

Your loving son,
Thornton

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Tirupuvanam
February 3rd, 1870

My dear Mary,

Do you know whose birthday came yesterday? I do. It was the birthday of a little girl I haven't seen for between three and four years, and if I could get hold of her, though she was ten years old yesterday, I should take her up on my knees and give her—what do you think?—ten kisses or ten hundred.

I very well remember her that day ten years ago. I can see the room in which she was born and the bed beside which I kneeled, where her mother was lying, feeling very sick and weak, while I took that same little girl in my arms for the first time and thanked the Lord that he had given us a dear little daughter. We told the blessed Savior that the little girl he had sent us was not ours but his, and asked Him to help us to train her for Heaven and to fill her heart very early with His love. And now, my dear Mary, do you think the Lord Jesus has heard that prayer and filled your heart with His love? I hope so indeed. Your own dear Mother, before she went to Heaven, prayed a great many very earnest prayers for you, darling. Perhaps she is now looking down from Heaven to see how you are getting on. If so, what do you suppose she wishes most of all to see? I have no doubt it is to see her own little daughter an earnest, true Christian. That is just what Jesus wishes, too. Yes, and what I wish, too, most of all, for my dear daughter Mary. You won't forget, now, will you, darling?

Your letter, which came a few days ago, was very welcome. We were very glad to see that you were improving so fast in writing. The little paper doll and the feathers of the parrot came very nicely and are laid away carefully in a safe place till your little brother is old enough to prize them.

And now I am going to tell you a great secret. See if you can guess. You have a dear little baby sister here in India. Isn't that nice? Her name is Frances Irena Penfield. She was born on the 31st of February,¹⁸⁰ and so is now only between three and four days old. The same day she was born we weighed her. She weighed just two ounces less than eight pounds. What a "little sister" to be sure. That is what Thornton calls her. He often runs in to the room to see or to kiss "little sister," and he seems to think it very strange that she don't notice his kisses or pay any attention when he speaks to her. But very soon, if the Lord spares her life, she will be old enough to notice him all he wishes. She is a plump little baby and seems to enjoy herself very well. Wouldn't you like to see her? Well, we must all try to be patient, and some day, if it is the Lord's will, we shall all meet again and have nice enough times to make up for the rest.

You may please thank your Grandpa and Grandma for their welcome letters, and tell them that we are all of us now pretty well.

I shall send this letter to Grandpa and Grandma Hubbard in New York so that they may get the news too; and then they will, I am sure, send it right on to you.

Your loving father,
T.B. Penfield

¹⁸⁰ This was written in error. Irene was born the 31st of January; this letter was written February 3.

CEHPenfield to Hubbards

(Letter 45 received May 13, last date March 23rd. Mailed March 25th, 49 days passage, starting for the hills, little Irene a great comfort, want help for boys' school. Cobra killed, horse bought. Great idol worship, boys and catechist gone out with Bibles and tracts.)

Letter #45

Friday, March 11th, 1870

My dear ones,

How good it is to be able to write you all once more. I am almost well now, and seem to be gaining every day. Little Irene is so sweet, she grows pretty every day, but she was most decidedly homely at first. She is a good baby and lets us sleep with scarcely no interruption.

Tuesday [March] 15th

I had written just so far when ayah brought Irene to me to be looked after, and I found the easiest way was to change her throughout. It was almost time to put on her night clothes. I laid my writing things down on the seat where I was sitting, just outside the door of my room. I was so busy attending to her that I did not notice that Thornton (Jr.) had come along until he gave a most satisfied grunt, as if he was enjoying himself hugely; I looked up and, to be sure, he was in clover. He was writing on the back of your last letter with my pen and ink, and the ink was standing in puddles on the verandah under the cane seat, on "which the ink was" and he was daubed from head to foot, dress, apron, skirt and drawers, to say nothing of a long black streak on his face, hand, and arms. I finished the baby and then went at him, and set him up in a chair to think—for I have often told him not to meddle with my writing things. Two little ones keep me busy, I assure you, and all these evolutions in writing are owing to his joggling me.

Thornton (Sr.) has gone on a week's tour and I am alone with the little ones. It is the last tour he will make before leaving for the hills. I am so glad we are going, for I think we all need the change. Little Thornton is so naughty sometimes, nowadays it is almost generally; he doesn't think it is real badness so much as it is his heedlessness and his being so full of life and animation. He does not know what to do with himself, and then he is so impatient if his playthings don't go just right; if his horse tumbles over when he is dragging it, it seems sometimes as though he would annihilate it; and if the servants don't just do as he wants them to do, he does get so put out. His father manages him splendidly, and I try to. I always can make him mind when I set about it, but it often seems as though the only thing [that works is] a switch—he does not remember speaking to two minutes. He is sitting in a chair now because he got angry at the tailor and said "no po" (you go) to him because he would not let him pull his things around. O how often I feel the need of home to ask for wisdom from above. I pray with and for him often, and have him pray for himself. He is quick as a flash; it is soon over and then he is "so sorry." I think he will make a smart man, he is so bright and active, if he is only trained right, for he has many most lovable qualities.

I never had one half the comfort with him as a baby that I am having with little Irene. She is the best baby. I have not been up a single night with her once. She sleeps right through, from 7 or 8 until when the ayah brings her to me. I nurse her, and she goes back and sleeps until 5—almost as regular as clockwork. I eat all kinds of things, like farina, arrowroot, sage, eggs, etc., as much as I can. I always have one or the other for breakfast—a bowl of one for noon, with plenty of milk, and something for dinner, and I rejoice to say that since I have followed this system I have had plenty of good milk for her, so that, although we kept Thornton's goats and

both they and their kids are now giving milk, yet I do not need to use it for her at all. I mean to do my best to nurse her. Do you know that Irene means “Peace” in Greek? Somehow I do enjoy being a mother, exceedingly. It does seem like one of my greater blessings. I tell Thornton I do pity him, having to go off so often, and not being able to stay here and take care of the babies. He says he is glad I look at it in that light; he is quite content to leave tending babies to me. Now I shall want a hat for a little baby girl, a year old—and shoes—little Thornton wears a pair of native shoes just two weeks, and Thornton (Sr.) says, he thinks we had better try Mrs. Capron’s plan and see how we like it. She sends an order home to her friends for \$50.00 and has a lot bought and sent all at once, of the sizes she needs; so I think we will do the same.

Wednesday [March] 16th

I will finish about the shoes before I close the letter. Today is the greatest day for worship to the gods of any day in the year. For the last month, there have been processions and drums and great show, and today is the climax. There are two great cars drawn, which are done only once a year—everybody goes, and the cars are so huge that, although the distance round the temple is about $\frac{1}{2}$ (or less) of a mile, yet it takes them all day, from early this morning to late tonight, to accomplish it. It is going on about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from here, yet I can hear the heavy rolling of the wheels, the drumming and shouting. The rumbling lasts a few seconds and then stops, for all the united strength of the people can only stir the immense things a step or, at most, two at a time. Thornton was very anxious to be here to go over there; but the catechist and our school boys have gone with Bibles and tracts.

I have been interrupted once, and that was because Thornton acted so naughty that the ayah could not wipe him after his bath, not intentionally [naughty] but so active that he would not stand still a second—mischievous—so I amused him by saying “Patti cakes” (“patti caie,” “Batter cakes” as he calls them) until he was all dressed for his noon nap; then we took our eyes off him a moment, and he ran back to the tub, fell into the water, and had to be changed throughout. Well, both are stowed away for a noon nap, and I must do likewise, so goodbye for now.

Saturday [March] 19th

I look for Thornton home tonight. How glad I shall be to see him, and I have a surprise for him, too. Your dear letter number 88 came last night, and such a good one. Wouldn’t it be odd if Lilia and Alice Boyd should be neighbors? I wonder what salary Mr. Love is to have (if he goes there). I should think your plan of keeping house a splendid one. You will have such nice, easy times and be so much more your own masters. Don’t I wish I could come and stay with you a while with my babies—how we should enjoy ourselves and what grand times we should have. Thornton is a smart boy and is a treasure, and little Irene is the cutest little piece you ever saw—she will draw in her breath and hoist up her head, and I hurry and get her up straight so she can sneeze easy, and then, after all, she only gives a deep sigh and—little witch—turns as cool, and looks up into my face and laughs. She is right pretty now, and so, so sweet.

Mother asks how Thornton is a naughty boy, I think most of his naughtiness comes under the “two heads of great restlessness” under restraint, and his great heedlessness—he is so full of life, he pitches ahead and doesn’t stop to think a moment. He has been more than ordinarily naughty and fretful for this week, but last night he was quite sick, and he vomited twice, very freely each time, and has quite a cold. He puts his little finger down his throat and says “mama hurts.” Today he has been a real good boy all day today, so I think his naughtiness may be

accounted for by his sickness. He is so nice today. His tones are so sweet, and he minds so quick, and seems so happy. It is, as you say, he has more gumption than most of the servants. The ayah is a very good one, and I have seen no one I would be willing to exchange her for. She is very faithful and seems perfectly honest and seems quite to look out for our interests. She seems much attached to us and the children, but she is like such persons generally—she laughs one day at a thing little Thornton does, that perhaps she will find fault with the next time. She has no knack at managing, or not much. Often times I can avoid an issue with him by not commanding him out and out, but by getting him interested in something. He and she always have a fuss when he is to be dressed. I try to do it myself as much as possible, but she has to do it sometimes, and he will not stand still and he twists all round as much as he can just because he sees it teases her. Now, I say “Bah, bah black sheep,” etc., and he forgets to make a fuss and stands very good, without knowing it. This is only one little example. Mr. Capron said, when he was here, he thought he was very easily amused and made very little trouble, and when I said I thought he made considerable noise, etc., he asked me if I had ever had any brothers. I said no, not to grow up, and he said he thought if I had ever had much to do with boys, I would think this is a very good one.

Monday [March] 21st

Thornton came home Saturday afternoon, and we were so glad to be together again. Sabbath noon the horsekeeper came running to Thornton for a rope. They had got a cobra out in the garden, and they wanted to secure him, so Thornton went out and soon they came back, bringing a big cobra 4 ½ feet long, the largest we have ever seen. He showed his hood and ran out his tongue so spitefully. He was fully grown and the first one we have ever seen here, except those the jugglers brought along—and they had their fangs extracted. Thornton said that this time while he was away, he had been led to pray that we might be kept from snakes, especially—he did not know why, but his mind seemed to run upon it particularly—and now this great, deathly fellow has been caught and killed. What a mercy.

Today I heard quite a scuffle between little Thornton and my old sweeper woman in the bathroom, and I was just starting to see about it, and Thornton came running out, evidently victorious, with two sweet potatoes in his hand, which let out the secret. The old woman had taken them from a basket that was standing on the dining room table and hidden them in her cloth, and they fell out and, of course, she was quite adverse to having them displayed in that bold fashion. She is an old beggar woman who used to beg on the compound and, for lack of a better, and a sort of charitable feeling towards her, we took her. But she is the most stupid of the stupid, and I cannot make her understand the most simple sentence. They live out of doors on the compound from choice, and do seem so degraded I often think, Can it be possible that “Alahe” has a soul? It is very hard to realize it. They are of the “shoe maker caste” and are not allowed to live in towns, but you find their little huts all around the outside of the cities.

Our school (boarding school) closed Saturday, and the boys went home this morning. We can see that they have improved considerably. They were all so delighted to come back last term. I get much attached to them all; we have 10 now, 8 are allowed by the Mission, and we support two ourselves. It takes \$18 of gold to support one a year, and we hope we may get some of our friends at home to support some for us. So if any one wishes to help, please suggest our school. The money must be given to you, and you must write to Boston and ask them to put it to our account, just as you would do were it money you were sending to us for our own, and you must not mention that it is for the school or else they will put it right in with the general funds

and we shall not get a cent of it—that is the way they do. We shall be glad to get some help so that we can take more into the school. The little girls improve fast in their sewing, and the little six-year-old things really sew very nicely. They hem my matey towels sometimes, and I let one or two of the oldest hem some handkerchiefs once, and they were done very well. They have pieced one little quilt, one for each of the children's beds (I bought one at the Madura school; I forgot) and the dark patches I intend to give to the women for ... little quilts about 2 feet square for their little babies...when they have one—to lay it on, so that they (little things) don't have to lie on the "cold cold ground." The women don't wear them for clothes. The largest pieces I made [into] little jackets for the native babies. A little piece goes a good ways.

We don't expect the box before the middle of June, after we come down from the hills. It is a disappointment to us, but not half so bad as if it got lost on the way. The May Meeting may possibly be put off until June so that Mr. Rendall and Lucy can attend, but I hardly think so. So I have made up the nice piece of pointed and tucked trimming that cousin Marietta made for Josephine, and it looks very neat indeed. We both thought best not to wait for the dress¹⁸¹, for if the meeting is in May there won't be another opportunity for 4 months long and she would be then 7 months old and we hate to wait so long, but if the meeting is in June, all right. We shall have the pleasure of expecting it all the time we are on the hills. My Thornton has gone into Madura to do some buying and to preach in the villages on the way. I hope he will come back tonight. He will come if he can. We leave for the hills on Saturday and spend the Sabbath in Madura.

Monday evening [March] 21st

Well, I am still waiting for my Thornton. It is almost 9 o'clock, and yet he does not come. I wonder if he is not coming; he said he should come if [he] possibly could.

I wonder if I have ever described little Irene. She has blue eyes, not very light, and they often look very dark—her eye lashes are dark, and her eyebrows light and yellow—like mine—her hair is dark and she has a great deal of it. I should think she has as much as our Thornton had when he was a year old. She has a sweet little mouth, but her nose is rather flat. Altogether she is quite a pretty baby now, though not as pretty as our Thornton was.

You have no idea what a job it is to go to the hills. You have to think of everything—shoe blacking, salt, eggs, brooms, dishes, ropes for cows, chickens sheep, and food, clothes, vinegar, and everything we shall want for two months. We have a tapal once a week, who brings bread, etc., but nothing very bulky or heavy.

If the box comes while we are on the hills, if it is not too large or it is not very near the time of coming down, I shall have it sent up. I do wish you three could just peep in at our two little treasures. They do look so sweet asleep in their cots. Our Thornton has not seemed well lately. He has a bad cold and no appetite. He evidently needs a change.

Yes indeed, I don't wonder you were relieved to hear of Miss Smith's recovery—we are grateful, I assure you. They write that she seems quite well now. What a loss to her family Mrs. Henning must be. But who is "Mr. Irving Crane?" I really have forgotten—where did he live? I have tried and tried to think and I cannot recall. Thank father for his nice long letter—but what should I do if there was nobody to write but him and he wrote only once in six months, as he does now. I am right glad there are three of you. How glad I am that Fannie has a chance to hear good music once in a while. It is so much better than if she was way off in Montclair and

¹⁸¹ The baby's baptismal gown was expected in the box the Hubbards had sent.

missed all these and me, too. It must have been a great disappointment that Mother could not hear C. Brill; I know just how you all felt. I want you to give a great deal of love to Mrs. Hawkins and Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Green and Cousin Lucy and all the children and all my friends.

It is after 9, and I am afraid my Thornton is not coming, so I think I will shut up the house and go to bed. Our Thornton has been so sweet and nice all day. Ever so many times he has come and put his little arms round my neck (“darling Mama”), and he has been very obedient. He did not appear at all jealous of Irene until I began to get round, and then and now it seems to make him feel quite jealous to see me hold her. He wants to get into my lap, too (a thing he never thought of doing for months before she was born), so I move over as far to one side of the chair as I can, and he climbs in, and we rock away to “trot trot to Boston,” all three of us in grand style. I am anxious not to have him feel pushed out by her coming, for he might get to disliking her. He knows three verses: “The Lord is my shepherd¹⁸²,” etc., “Little children love one another¹⁸³,” and I ask him what Jesus said when he put his hands on the little children’s heads, and he stretches up and puts his hand on my great head and says “Suffer¹⁸⁴,” etc. He does that because I need to lay my hand on his head to show him how Jesus did, in the picture in his book. Well now, once more, good night.

Wednesday, March 23rd

Thornton did come home at 12 o’clock; no moon, and dark and bad roads kept him. But he brought us a new horse, \$125 gold—a splendid match to the one we have, so that he hopes to avoid the necessity of buying oxen for his touring. With horses, we can both ride together on the hills. We shall try the horses and see if we don’t like them better than oxen, as most of the Mission have. We have been busy packing all day and are tired enough tonight. Miss Hartley is to be with us on the hills. I hope we may be able to be a help to her. She is from a family where Christianity is not known; her parents are infidels, and she the only Christian. I think she feels the lack of religious training, and I do want her to see how happy and really Christian a family can be.

Now we are out of debt, you need not be so afraid to let us pay our own bills. Little Irene calls, and the ayah has gone to rice, so I must go and see to the little lady. She is so nice—today she laid and looked up into my face and laughed and laughed so sweetly. Thornton sends love, and so do I—hosts of it to you all.

Most affectionately,
Lottie

Private

I suppose you, Mother and Fannie, will want me to tell you the particulars of Irene’s birth. She was born Monday morning at 12 ½ o’clock. For neither Friday or Saturday or Sunday I had a motion of the bowels, so Sabbath eve I said to the doctor, “Ought I not to take something?” and he said Take a dose of oil. So I took it about 8 o’clock and went to bed feeling quite as well as usual—only uneasy, which I supposed came from my constipation. At a quarter

¹⁸² See Psalm 23.

¹⁸³ Possibly a paraphrase of John 13:33-34 (KJV).

¹⁸⁴ See Matthew 19:14, Mark 10:14, and Luke 18:16.

before 11, I woke with considerable pain, and I told Thornton I thought the oil was going to operate, so I got up and walked the floor for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. I thought of nothing but the oil, but, as it did not operate at the end of that time, and I was very sick to my stomach, and occasionally the pain was very severe, Thornton thought he had better tell the doctor. We could not quite account for it: the pains were not at all regular and not at all what I expected; none of these aching pains, you know, Mother, every ten or 15 minutes. The doctor came out half dressed, just to see what the matter was, and, after watching me a few moments, he made an examination and jumped up, saying, "It is coming right on fast, and no mistake this time; Penfield, you must empty the rectum as quick as possible, and I will go back and get my clothes on." So I took three or four enemas of salt and water (there was no hot water ready) and soon it had the desired effect. But oh, the pains increased so fast and were so heavy. I walked the floor with Thornton's support, almost in agony, but soon I gave that up and laid down on the cot which had been prepared for me, Thornton at my left hand and the doctor and Mrs. Palmer at the foot. I think 15 minutes after I laid down, little Irene had come. While I was in labor, I heard the doctor tell his wife, "It is wonderful—just see that," etc.—it came right along so easy. He said he never had had so easy and quick a confinement. In all, from the time he came to my room until baby was born, it was not more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour—but oh, I was worn out. I felt much more exhausted than when Thornton was born. It seemed as though I was too weak and tired to breathe. During the pains it seemed as if, [if] I could only stop and rest a moment, it would be such a help—but no, I must go right on. I rested just as I was until almost light, except that the doctor put the bandage on, and I had occasionally to have the napkin changed. I begged so for rest—I was so tired. Before light, Thornton took the afterbirth and buried it clear off, deep in the ground, and then Thornton washed me. I was cleaned and carried onto my bed, and it was all over. Doctor went home next morning, and his wife stayed 5 days. Thornton washed and waited on me every day, and she looked after baby. The doctor said it was well he was so near, for there would not have been time to have sent half a mile for him. I think we should have got on nicely if I had not tried to do too much too soon. I hope I shall learn, in time, how much I can do. Doctor says I had but six expulsive pains. We were so thankful to have it over so easily. Thornton has been the best of nurses, but it has taken about all his time. O how often I have wished for Fannie. I needed a mother or sister so much, and there was no one [who] could come. Thornton was so loving and gentle, I cannot thank God enough for him.

Lottie

Irene has an umbilical hernia just like Thornton's, only not quite so bad, I think. The doctor told me it was so five minutes after she was born. He said probably Thornton was so, too, and Mrs. Moss did not notice it. He says it is a defect in both children and cannot be accounted for, except that they were born so. I wonder if all will be so. I tried faithfully to cure Thornton and could not. Doctor does not seem to think I can do anything for it now. The strapping Thornton wrote you about worked like a charm, and now my breast gives me no trouble at all. Wonderful, isn't it?

Lovingly,
Lottie

My form has changed so that I had had to let my dresses out about an inch on each side. Fannie could not call my legs colossal statues now, for my garters lap an inch more than before my sickness—and I have expanded a good deal across my shoulders and breasts.

Most lovingly,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Kodai Kanal
Monday, April 11th, 1870

My very dear Mary,

Your dear father is going to mail a letter to you soon, so I will put in a little one for you. It gives us so much pleasure to hear that you are doing so well and are a comfort to your dear grandparents. Your letters, too, show improvement and make us feel as though our “little Mary” was really getting to be a large, useful girl. Your little brother Thornton is getting to be a large boy—he weighs 29 pounds and talks a great deal. He is 2 years and 5 months, nearly, and everyone is surprised that he can talk so well. He knows several little verses, too. I teach them to him when I am dressing him and when we walk out together. He says, “Suffer little children,” etc, “God is love,” “Little children love one another,” “The Lord is my shepherd, “Thou, God seest me;” and he can say “Twinkle, twinkle little star,” all through. I wish you could hear him say it; I think he says it very sweetly, indeed. He cannot say it quite plain; he says it like this, “like dimon in ki” and he always says the whole whenever he sees a star.

We are up on the hills now, and Eddie Chandler, one of the missionaries’ children, had a birthday party today, and little Thornton was invited; so after dinner, his father took him over, and he was the youngest one there, but he ran round with the big boys, quite at home, and did whatever they did, as nearly as he could, and seemed very happy, indeed.

And now I must tell you about the dear, precious baby. I cannot begin to tell you how sweet and good she is. She is 10 weeks old today and is as bright and cunning as a baby can be. She lies in my lap and looks up into my face and laughs so sweetly. She has blue eyes and dark hair. Sometimes we think it is going to be red like mine. She seems to be very fond of music, and when your father plays or sings, she is as quiet as she can be, and listens so attentively, she seems to enjoy it exceedingly. Little Thornton loves her very much, but sometimes he is a little jealous and wants me to put her down and take him up. He is such a big boy that I never think of holding him unless he is sick, so I move to one side of my chair and let him climb up, and, with little Irene on my lap and him by my side, we “rock, rock to Boston” and back a great many times. He always feels very badly when she cries, and sometimes he comes up to her and says “don’t ki ‘ittle sister,” “what’s matter,” “don’t ki.”

I am afraid you won’t see either of them until they are pretty large children, for, if God spares our lives, we want to stay here a good many years longer to work among this poor heathen people. I suppose you are going to school now, and I hope you are making good progress and enjoy it very much. And above all, I hope you love and try to please Jesus more and more every day. Now I must close, with a great deal of love to dear Grandpa and Grandma and yourself from

Your loving mother,
L.E. Penfield

TB Penfield to MDP Cowles

Kodai Kanal
April 12th, 1870

Dear Mother,

We are comfortably settled once more on the hills for a short time, which is a cause of great thanksgiving. Lottie and the children really needed the change and are already the better for it, though we have been up less than two weeks. I did not feel the same necessity for coming, myself, yet I have no doubt that it is worth, even to me, more than it costs, especially as it gives me a respite from my dyspepsia. I am not sure that I have kept you posted in respect to this. The prescription of our doctor kept it within something like bounds for some months, but if I omitted to use it for even one meal, I was in distress. In fact, I was becoming so tied to the medicine that I became almost as much concerned about this as about the disease, so I made a desperate effort to break my chain and was successful. I found that the persistent use of friction, applied by each hand alternately, say 200 times at once, would generally induce the gas, pent up in the stomach, to find vent, and so I would be relieved. Occasionally, however, I would have to resort to the medicine for a day or so. Sometimes I had to try fasting, and sometimes, giving my books the go-by, I had to lay hold of my tools and get some exercise. Since reaching the hills, I believe I have been as well as ever.

I am quite in hopes that I may, in these two months, lay in such a store of health as, by proper care of diet, exercise, etc., to escape my trouble. We have, this year, brought our organ with us to the hills, which is a great comfort. Lottie and I are practicing some duets for flute and organ, which gives some variety to our pleasures. Then, too, just before coming from home, we purchased a mate to our pony, and so can ride out together whenever we choose. We are at the East House, and the church is a little west of the West House (about 1 mile from us, or say $\frac{3}{4}$) while the Central House is about half way between that and us.

We like the house we are in better than any other we have yet tried, on some accounts. It has a flat, tight roof over our sitting and bedrooms, while the others have tiles or iron and let in the cold wind and dampness more than is pleasant. Then, too, this [house], or rather the half of it in which we dwell, has an eastern aspect and the finest outlook of any on the hills, we think. But I cannot stop now to describe it. We have Miss Hartley boarding with us while on the hills this year. She is singular, but we get on with her better than some do. That is to say, she gets on with us better than with some.

The Herricks are in the west half of the house and are very neighborly and nice. Our boarding school has a vacation during our stay on the hills, and we have brought 2 of the older boys with us to assist in different ways. The Mission supports 8 scholars, and we have 10, so you will see that we need some help. Besides, we should be glad to take in more scholars, and I think must do so the coming term, even though at our own expense. \$18.00 gold will support a scholar, and we shall be glad to receive, from the Oberlin and other Sunday schools, aid toward this project. Lottie has written Mary, and I join with much love to her.

Yours affectionately, as ever,
T.B. Penfield

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield – continued from lost pages

[May, 1870¹⁸⁵]

... His death was a great affliction to her, but she says it was not to be compared with what she suffered on James' account when there was a prospect that he would go to the drunkard's grave. She is not satisfied now with his Christian character, but he is steady and trying to do well, and she feels hopeful. She says his children have a very happy influence over him. He loves them very much. The little boy is active and restless and impulsive, the little girl, quiet, placid, and affectionate and has a happy influence over the boy as well as over his father.

6 o'clock.

I have been down to Mrs. Green's, since writing the above, for a pound of butter, and waited near an hour without finding anyone. Tom came, just as I was coming away, and said his mother had gone out into the woods, and I fear Jessie has run away and she has gone after her. Mrs. McDonough was there, also, waiting for her milk, so she took my plate and said she would get my butter. I hoped to meet your father and Fannie on the road and come home with them but had to come alone, and now it rains, and it is very good I did not wait longer. Such little things as these make up our life here, at least a large part of it.

8 ½ [o'clock].

Your father came without Fannie. We looked for her by the next train, but as she has not yet come, we have given her up for tonight. It seems very lonely without her. But the morrow will bring her, undoubtedly—that is, if the Lord will. How long before I may say the same of you, my darling, and your dear ones? I cannot forget that I am losing the [?] of the precious children, but it cannot be otherwise. I look upon children of the age of yours with intense interest. My heart does not feel sad, although the sight of yours would make it very glad. I am so pleased that you are learning how to lead their young minds to the Saviour. I am sorry to say that there are many Christian parents who do not do it. I don't know how many times I have thought of his being able to repeat three passages of scripture and of his coming and putting his little hand on your head, when you asked him what Jesus said to little children, and saying, "Suffer little children," and you must store their minds with God's truth, and you must do it in faith that they will be converted, and you must look for signs of grace every day. The blessing may come at a time, and in a way, you would least expect, or it may come so gradually that you will not know when the love of Christ began to be the ruling motive. Do not forget to exercise faith for them, just as you do for yourself. Mrs. Crane says she can do that now, and it was very gratifying and encouraging to me when she said, "You taught me that." She never had thought of doing it before, etc. It is good to know that our efforts have been blessed to anyone, whether belonging to the household of faith or not. There are many encouraging tokens here. Oh, for a refreshing from on high.

And now, my dear ones all, I must say farewell, commending you to Him who always tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. May you keep steadfast in the faith, laboring diligently till

¹⁸⁵ The date is identified by inference. This partial letter refers to Lottie's letter #45, which had been received May 13, 1870. It is reasonable to assume that this response would have been written within a very few days of the receipt of Lottie's letter.

the Master call, not, however, overtaxing the poor body, because our dear Lord requires servants, not victims. I long to hear more about your schools and about the new congregations. I pray they may hold out and become sincere Christians. Frances said that I must tell you, if she did not return to finish her letter, she would make it up next time. With dear love to all your associates, especially to those whom I know, Miss Pollock included, and an untold measure for yourselves,

Your devoted Mother,
M.I. Hubbard

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Periakulam
May 10th, 1870

Dear daughter Mary,

You will, I presume, be somewhat surprised to receive a letter dated from this place, but probably this will be only the first of a great many to be dated from the same place, for, according to the vote of the Mission, we are hereafter to have our house here at Periakulam. The word means a great tank or pond, and I understand there is really such a pond near the village.

Almost every village has one, from which the people can draw off, in channels, the water they need for cultivating their lands during the dry season, but this is one of the largest villages in this whole part of the country, and so it has one of the largest tanks.

I have been out, this evening, to see the town. It is much larger than Tirupuvanam but I do not think it as nice a place. Our house is a larger one than we had at Tirupuvanam and, if I can, I will try to send you a rough plan of it so that you can see something of how we are to be provided for. It is right at the foot of the mountains where our sanitarium is, and just about 16 miles from it. When any of the missionaries wish to go up the mountains, they bring all their goods right here, and then 30 or 40 men take their boxes, etc., on their heads and carry them up.

Wednesday morning, May 11th

I was not able to finish this letter last evening, and so take a little time this morning. I have made a hasty plan, which may give you a general idea of the shape, size, and position of the rooms. Mr. Noyes expects to go to America in a year, if not sooner, and we are to be here in order that we may assist him until he goes, and then take charge of the whole field, which he now looks after, which is the largest in our Mission, and, I think, the most important. Besides all this, there is the sanitarium to be kept in good repairs, with fine dwelling houses and a handsome little church. I must send you a drawing of the church sometime, I think.

And now let me tell you a story of what happened close to the house we are occupying now on the hills, only a few days ago. A tiger came in the night, to the stable of an English gentleman, and seized a horse that was fastened by a chain, and dragged it out of the stable and nearly killed it. I suppose it must have been very hungry, and so meant to make a good dinner off from the horse, but the servants heard noise and made such a racket, by shouting and beating the door, I suppose, that the tiger was afraid to stay any longer, and so ran off, and has not been seen since. When my matey boy told me about it the next morning, I could scarcely believe him until I went and saw the poor horse lying down where the tiger had left him. It was covered with terrible wounds and could not get up. Its front legs seem to be broken and, after a day or two, it died. We thought the tiger might come back again and try once more to secure the dinner it had

lost, and so an Englishman and a Frenchman took turns watching for it for a few nights. They took their rifles and climbed in a tree near the stable, but it was of no use, for the tiger did not come there again. This is the second tiger that has been seen or known to be on the hills for about ten years. So we are not very much afraid of them.

I am sorry that your last letter is not here, so that I could not answer it, but if I wait till I go up the hills and get it, this letter will be delayed a week; and so I think it is better to finish it and send it off today. Your last was a very interesting letter, and I am glad to see that you are improving in your handwriting, as well as in other things. I was glad to learn your height, weight, etc., because, in this way, I can compare you with the girls of the other missionaries, most of whom are now on the hills. You must be about the same age and a little taller than Bessie Noyes.

Did you know that we have a Sabbath school on the hills every Sabbath for these two months of April and May, when almost all of the children, with their parents, are together in the fine houses I told you of at the sanitarium? I am the superintendent this year, as I was two years ago, and enjoy the school very much.

Then we have a singing school twice a week, which is very nice. If you were here, I am sure you would have fine times, and no doubt you have just as fine times where you are, and it is a great deal better for you to be in America until you have finished your studies, and then, I hope you will be able to do a great deal of good. But you must try to do good now to your playmates and those about you by being kind and unselfish; for a selfish little girl is not likely to make a useful woman.

I wonder if you remember what I wrote you some months since, about private prayer and reading the Bible every day. I hope you will not forget it for even a single day, for it is of more importance to you than your breakfast; and if some day you could not get any breakfast, I am sure it would distress you very much. I am very happy to learn that so many of your little cousins are trying to please Jesus and have joined the church. I am not anxious to have you join yet, but I am anxious to have you be a true Christian and set such a good example before others that, when you offer to join the church, they will feel satisfied that you are indeed a true child of God. But whatever others think of you, do try every day, my darling, to live so that Jesus will be pleased with you. If you wish to make me happy, this is the best way.

Your little brother is learning to talk, now, very fast, and is generally a good boy, though he sometimes does naughty things. Your little sister is a very sweet baby, and grows pretty and nice every day. She doesn't cry half as much as Thornton used to, and sleeps all day long, so she is almost no trouble at all.

If your mother was here, she would send you her love. I came down to help Brother Noyes (as I call him) get up a nice boat, 18 feet long. I expect it will take about 30 men to carry it up the hills. Some of the turns in the path are so very sharp that it will be very difficult to carry it up. But we hope to start this evening and get it up at least by day after tomorrow. Please give our love to your grandpa and grandma and tell them that, though we are to change stations, our work will be mostly the same, and we shall need money from Sabbath schools in America to support scholars in this boarding school.

Your own loving father,
Thornton Bigelow Penfield

TBPenfield to NGClark

Rev. N.G.Clark, D.D., Sec.
Kodai Kanal
May 30, 1870

Dear Brother,

We are happy to report ourselves, our helpers and the members of our congregation at Tirupuvanam and Melur as enjoying good health. Our station school is doing well, though we are much inconvenienced by the want of a school house. This want we hope will soon be met as we have an appropriation in hand for the necessary buildings. Meanwhile we occupy the church for purposes of study and recitation. The members of the school have been making commendable progress in their studies especially since it has been placed in the care of the present teacher, who returned to us in January from Jaffna where, at the request of that mission, he had been employed for several months in instructing the native Christians in Tamil music. In addition to his duties in the school, he has, since his return, been of great assistance for an hour or two each day in putting up prescriptions for the sick who have come to the house for medicine at 7:00 A.M., averaging about 16 cases daily.

We have cause of encouragement at the village of Ulagudi, where we have a congregation lately received from the heathen. The members have raised the walls of a modest chapel and, while waiting on the carpenters' convenience to put on the roof, have covered it in with braided palum leaves, and the wife of the catechist, in a spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of imitation, has, in the absence of any available dwelling house, consented to live in the unfinished chapel temporarily in order that she might at once help her husband in his work. This she is doing with marked effect upon the children and women of the congregation.

The annoyances suffered by this people from their heathen neighbors and the village officials has culminated in what seemed to endanger the tenure by which they hold the land they cultivate. Through the favor of God, this danger has, as we hope, been averted, and we have the promise that no further annoyance shall be made. While we can place no confidence in this promise, we cannot doubt the preserving care of our Lord, and it is to be hoped that the people who, till lately, have never recognized any higher providence than the caprices of their numerous and vile deities may learn to recognize and fully trust in all emergencies Him who, as they admit, has helped them in this trouble.

On account of the death of his brother in a distant part of the district, my Munshi was called away for about a month. I am happy to acknowledge the kindness of a young man of the merchant caste who has often visited and conversed with me previously. During the absence of my Tamil teacher, he, with no hope of employment, came and assisted me in my studies every day except Sabbaths and Tuesdays (the latter the market day). I took advantage of his coming to change my course of studies and take up such books as were calculated to show him the folly of heathenism and lead to Christ. He became exceedingly interested in the Bazan book by A.K. Scudder and when we came to the portion which showed the absurdity of the account given of the Mt. Merier in thru Sastrane, in that both its breadth at the base and its depth below the surface of the earth was given as many times the earth's diameter, he said "What? Is it not true then?" On being assured that it was wholly untrue, he said with emphasis, "Then it's all a lie."

Your affectionate brother in Christ.
T.B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Tuesday, June 7th, 1870

My dear mother,

Your letter containing the news that you have heard of little Irene's birth reached us about a week ago, or rather, reached me, for Thornton was off touring in the villages but returned a few days after I received it. He had been gone about two weeks, and when he came home he only stayed five days, and today he left again to begin three or four weeks touring in our Tirupúvanam field. I feel his having to be away so much very deeply, but he says that is my part of the cross, so every time he goes, I think I will turn over a new leaf and be more brave next time. I feel really as though I ought to be very thankful that he is able to leave us all so well and comfortable. I am very thankful, and would not for the world keep him at home.

I suppose Thornton will write you of our change of stations—that is his province—so I will tell you of my affairs. The children are both very well indeed. Thornton is a great strong boy, so full of life and energy that I find it very hard to keep him out of mischief—not that he intends to be trouble, only he must be kept busy all the time or he does what he ought not. Little Irene is just as sweet and cunning as babies always are. She's a remarkably good baby and does not make us half the trouble Thornton made. She seems quite well, and you know Thornton never was well. The last box from home has got as far as Madura, and we hope to get it every day now, only if it does come, I shan't want to open it until Thornton comes home, it is so much more pleasant to open it together. I [know] how glad we shall be of the dried fruit you send—it is always nice. I am very sorry Anna's knit shawl for baby was too late, but I hope it will come yet.

We received a letter from Thornton's Aunt Roxie a short time ago—we were both so glad to get it and we shall both write her soon. It was very kind of her to remember us, and as soon as we get fairly settled in our new house, we shall write her.

How I wish dear Mary could see her little brother and sister. I hope she will sometime, but then they will be large children, and she will be a young lady. Well, it is all right. We counted the cost when we came and we don't regret it now.

How sorry I am for dear Minnie—I do hope and pray that she may soon be relieved. How much pleasure it would be to be able to relieve sister Josephine.

I am now in the hills—Thornton will move our things to Periakulam as soon as he hears of the arrival of Mr. Tracy. Then he will come up for me, and I and the children will go down. We thought it too long and hard a journey in the heat for the dear baby, so poor Thornton is to do all the packing alone. I am very sorry I cannot help him. We are expecting to hear of Mr. Tracy's arrival every day, and the sooner he comes, the sooner Thornton can return. We hear that they are coming through the Suez Canal by the new route. It is less complicated and cheaper and, if it is as comfortable, will be a great improvement on the old route. Mr. Rendall and his daughter have arrived safely and are at the station Battalagundu, sixteen miles from us, so we are quite near neighbors, which will be very pleasant.

It is nearly nine o'clock. I must go to bed, so goodnight, and love to Father and our dear Mary, and all the brothers and sisters.

Affectionately,
Lottie E. Penfield

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Madura
June 10, 1870

Dearest Mother,

It happens to me now, as generally, this time of the month, to be away from home and not having with me your letters. I fear I cannot answer as fully as I ought. I think I have told you that we are to be stationed at Periaculam, at the foot of the hills. I have left Lottie, still, on the Pulneys, and have come on to move our goods. We learn of Brother Tracy's leaving England on the 9th of last month, and may, therefore, expect him about the last of this month. I expect to go on to Tirupuvanam this evening. I have just been informed by the treasurer that he has received the following sums from Father, viz, \$51.00 currency, with gold at \$1.135 (making \$44.845+ gold) and \$30.00 gold. The two sums will support a little over 4 scholars this year, each scholar requiring \$18.00 gold per year. If I wrote you that \$15.00 a year was sufficient, I was laboring under a mistake, the sum always asked for this purpose by the missionaries being the former. I will try to write, soon, a letter to the Sabbath Schools that are aiding us in our work, and shall then be able to tell them what disposition I am making of the funds they, thus, generously put at my disposal. Our school relations are now somewhat changed, for instead of having only a small school of 10 scholars, 8 of which are supported directly by mission funds, we now have a share in the school at Battalagundu, which is for that station and ours jointly, and which numbered, last term, some forty scholars, several of them young men of great promise. Fully half of this number was from my field, so that I need support for 12, at least, beside the 8 mission scholars. I spent some time very pleasantly at the school, a few days since. The term was just commencing, and I found 30 scholars, already on hand, from my field. Of this number, I suppose at least a third will have to be sent back, for want of support. In speaking of my field, I should be understood as meaning Brother Noyes' and mine, which has hitherto been his and, upon his departure within a year, will fall to me, as is generally admitted. Brother Washburn, who now goes to the Seminary, had private funds both for his field and Brother Noyes's. These we cannot count on, since he has gone to take charge of the Seminary at Pasumalie, and Brother Rendall, who takes his place, has, as yet, none.

Under these circumstances the money received is very welcome. We look for some from New York, too, but we shall see, by and by.

Miss Woodcock's message is received and shall be attended to at once.

June 16th

The day of mailing has been changed, so this letter has had to wait 6 days. The mail is closing, and I must do the same, with much love to yourselves and Mary.

Yours affectionately,
T.B. Penfield

JMHubbard to Penfields

Woodland Cottage
Sabbath, June 12th, 1870

My dear precious children,

Here we are at last at the old homestead, amid the shade of the dear old trees, the sweet singing of the birds, and the beautiful flowers, it is truly good to be here in anticipation of having you join us six years hence with the darling children. The faces of the dear ones, far away, and memories of former scenes, crowd upon our vision, and who is able graphically to depict the past, present, and the future? Your dear mother can do that so much better than I can, I will leave that to her.

Well it has poured for the last two days, and I have not been to New York, as usual, finding employment in setting things right at home. But last evening, one little star, in company with the full moon, looked down upon us so lovingly we considered them forerunners proclaiming the approach of the great luminary on the morrow, and sure enough, he has appeared in all his glory, bringing joy and gladness to all the inhabitants of the land.

Frances walked with me to church this A.M.; we listened to an excellent sermon from the Rev. Dr. Berry, the new minister. It was very good to be permitted to worship with the beloved brethren who remain in the old church, (the Congregationalists having left and are worshipping in Pillsbury Hall). They seem very happy in having us with them again. There is a very loving spirit manifested on the part of each, and the new church go out in peace, numbering about eighty, and will build in due time.

Your own dear mother will write more particularly regarding our future plans. Suffice it to say I expect to find a good long epistle from you when I go to New York in the morning. Our new neighbor, Mr. McDonough has a dear little boy about two years old; he is a wellspring of pleasure, and his parents seem very pleasant and neighborly; he is building a new house for his brother, which is to face the north and the new street, which is to run through the center of the orchard. It seems very pleasant to have neighbors so near, and is more of an inducement to remain, but we hope to rent, as we anticipate a visit to New England in August.

Often we think of our dear little grandchildren, and long to see them, but we will wait patiently for the good time that is coming when children and grandchildren shall be brought to our loving embrace.

[June] 16th, Evening

Frances and I have returned from New York with your dear letter number 46, which we have looked for for some days. "Peace Be With You."

Your loving Father,
J. M. Hubbard

The Fulton Street Morning Prayer Meeting is still full of interest. I have just left it – 17th.

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Madura

July 18, 1870

Dearest Mother,

As you will see by my date, I am a week late in my correspondence this month, for which I am very sorry; but it has seemed almost unavoidable this time.

I am just setting out for Periakulam again after meeting the helpers in Tirupúvanam and Melur. We had communion in Melur yesterday and on the whole enjoyed ourselves very well. Not a white face beside my own; but what of that? Brothers and sisters in Christ were there and He himself was evidently with us. Three infants were consecrated to God in the rite of baptism, and one woman admitted to the church on profession of her faith in Christ. Hers seems a very satisfactory case indeed. She is the second one I have been permitted to welcome to the number of the visible church in this land on profession of faith.

These two cases amply pay me for what little I have suffered or done in India and for all I have sacrificed at home in order to come here.

Both seem to show as great a change in their life as the generality of converts do in America. It is very strengthening to faith to witness such triumphs of the gospel here. But we cannot rest thus. May these prove only the drops preceding a plenteous rain, which the Lord shall soon pour out upon us.

Your inquiries about boarding scholars are very natural and I will try to answer them as fully as I can in a limited space. But first let me say that our change of station will necessarily change our personal relation to the scholars, as you will not fail to see. Those who were with us at Tirupúvanam, with two or three exceptions, will remain there, while we shall be connected with a different school. Then again, the school for our station (Periakulam) has for years been connected with that at and for Battalagundu, some 6 miles distant, so that except when passing there or during vacations, we shall have personally very little to do with the scholars. They will, however, be well cared for by Brother Rendall and his daughter Mary, so that we need have no solicitude for their spiritual or temporal welfare more than if they were with us at our station. Let me tell, then, what we do for the children on \$18 gold. We feed and clothe them. Both food and clothing are of the simplest kind, yet sufficient for their health and comfort in this climate. They live chiefly on rice, prepared to be eaten with spices and other condiments, called curry. Occasionally we add a few vegetables, and once a week a little meat. They have generally three suits of clothes of two pieces each, viz a piece of white cotton cloth to fold about the body and legs and a tunic covering shoulders and arms and lapping over the cloth and made of the same material. The teachers' and cooks' wages and general expenses of the school are met by the mission, as also the support of 8 pupils. As to how much we see them, I can give no definite rule.

Their lessons are all taught by their teachers and we are in and out as leisure or duties require. When at home, I usually attend morning prayers with them and ask such questions as I see fit on the chapter read. My wife has had the charge of the school, has given out the supplies of food daily and clean clothes once a week, besides examining the classes in all their studies once or twice a week.

We encourage them to come and talk with us privately as much as they choose and enter into their little joys and sorrows all we can.

Three of the boys who were with us at Tirupúvanam have accompanied us to Periakulam. Two of them preferred to stay in our family as servants and do work enough to support themselves while we assist them in their studies privately. They may attend day school a few hours each day after we have established one, though this is not fully determined upon. One of these is the one referred to in the early part of this letter as the first one I was permitted to admit to the church on profession of his faith in Christ. We have great comfort in him. He is the only Christian servant we have.

The third boy who accompanied us to Periakulam is now studying in our school at Battalagundu, from which place I am today (the 20th) finishing this letter. He came to us from the island of Ceylon and is a very promising lad. He is a church member and I hope a sincere Christian. He hopes to fit himself for a preacher of the gospel and will spend his vacations with us at Periakulam working for the Lord in such ways as I may advise.

You may please thank all the little boys and girls who are helping us in our work and promise them soon a letter from their loving friend.

T.B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Tuesday, July 26th, 1870

My dear mother,

Thornton and I both feel so badly that your letter this week should be so delayed. He was off on his tour and I, supposing he had written, did not write. However, as my father used to say, “better late than never,” so even at this late hour we send a letter. Thornton left us last night for another tour in his villages.

Last Sabbath we had our little “Irene” baptized “Frances Irene.” She behaved very nicely. We had it done in our little church, and there were a good number of [people] who came from the villages to see it done. She did not cry a bit—she pulled her papa’s hair and untied his necktie and cooed to him, and reached over and caught hold of my face. When little Thornton saw his father and me standing up before the people, he slipped down from his seat and took his place beside us. It was very pleasant to have him by us, too.

I have got the box in which your bundle of fruit, etc., was packed, and we do thank you for it very, very much. It all came nicely. It was a little musty from being packed so long, but we put it in the sun, and it is keeping nicely. Little Thornton was delighted with his marbles. I have put the table away to give him on his birthday or Christmas, sometime, from his cousin Mary, and I know he will be delighted with it. The doll, I thought I would keep for little Irene when she gets older. I am afraid she would break it so soon. Mary said that the white muslin was for Thornton—but now he is such a big boy and is so hard on his clothes, that I thought it was not strong enough for him, and besides I found that I could get two nice little dresses for Irene, so I have done so. I thought if Mary knew how it was, she would be willing to have her little sister have the dress like hers. Little Irene looks very pretty in it, and I thank you very much for it. I so often think how much Mary would enjoy seeing and being with the two babies—they are so sweet and cunning, and oh how much we should love to have her here, and you, too, dear Mother—yes, all of you. They say Thornton looks like his father, though his eyes are brown.

I'm to begin a little school next month for girls, and have 12 promised already. I wonder if Mary would not like to baste some patchwork and send to me for them to sew. It would help me a great deal, for I have so much to do that I find hard work to get work enough for them. I have not enough pieces, either.

I cannot tell you how glad we were to get a letter from dear sister Josephine. We shall answer it soon. I wonder how long poor Minnie will suffer.

Give our love to all—Father, our dear Mary, and all the brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews. I am going to give the children a little ride now, so goodbye.

Your loving daughter,
Lottie E. Penfield

TBPenfield to CEHPenfield

Bódanaiakanúr
August 1st, 1870

Dearest Lottie,

How do you do this morning? Hope you have slept nicely and now are taking your early tea quietly while Thornton is running into all sorts of mischief and Irene is in the arms of Mrs. Sivatrian¹⁸⁶. We are planning a little surprise for you, darling, and so have engaged a coolie to carry in our notes, etc., this morning, by which means you will be able to hear from us much sooner than by Anthony's return on Thursday. It would be very nice indeed if I could claim to be disinterested in the matter of the surprise, but the fact of it is that I want a few extra things sent out by Anthony, and so I must send in an extra man. I will give you a list on another slip of paper. Our necessities mainly grow out of the rainy weather we are encountering.

The horsekeeper will, I suppose, tell you something of the time we had in getting on the first eight, or, as it proved, nine miles of our journey to this place. We found the bandies, at length, at a rest house a mile or so beyond the village of Ullanuggiram, but the evening was dark, cold, and rainy. We had a tedious time in lighting our lanterns, and finally one went out again. We found the road most miserable, and finally left it and followed a cart track into the jungle, supposing ourselves all right. However, all's well, you know, that ends well, and we, a little before nine o'clock, were refreshed by a cup of tea and lay down in our bandies to sleep the remaining eleven miles of our journey, which we accomplished a little before light Sabbath morning. I fortunately had on woolen pants and a heavy coat, but Brother Noyes, who was not so warmly dressed, has taken cold, which he is trying, with some success, to break up.

So here we are at Bódanaiakanúr where we have spent the Sabbath. I preached yesterday from David's words, "One thing have I desired of the Lord¹⁸⁷," etc. We have a good size audience here, and they listened quite attentively to the discourse. Brother Noyes took the lead of the communion service in the afternoon, dwelling mainly on the fulfillment of certain prophecies concerning Christ, given by Isaiah. At his request, I assisted in the celebration of the ordinance, dwelling, in my remarks, mainly on the pleasing thought that Christians are all one family and are soon to have a great family meeting and feast.

¹⁸⁶ Probably a reference to their ayah, Savani, who had just been married on July 29th.

¹⁸⁷ Psalm 27:4.

It was from this place, on our former trip, that we set out on our tedious trip over the mountains to Kodi Kanal. And it was within 3 or 4 miles of here, as near as I can judge, that we saw (that trip) the fresh footprints of a tiger as well as the carcass of a cow, whose blood it had drunk, scarcely cold, when we passed. How near wild beasts may be, we know not but are not at all fearful. Still, no doubt, it is well to be careful about going out unattended, by night, near the foot of these high hills, where there are, no doubt, plenty of wild beasts within a few hours' range of us.

I find, since setting out, that Brother Noyes' plan is to reach home (that is Periacúlam) by Thursday morning of next week. Now, that would run over a very important day,¹⁸⁸ as you are sure to remember. How shall we manage? Can you manage to postpone the occasion a couple of days? What unaccommodating things birthdays are, to be sure.

This cooly is to wait and show Anthony the road to Cómbe Wednesday. Please fill out the enclosed list and send it to me by Anthony. Kiss the little ones for me, and get them to kiss their mother for her loving husband,

T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to TBPenfield

Periacúlam
August 5th, 1870

My own precious husband,

Your letter makes me most homesick, dearest. I believe you have your trials as well as me. Savani is gone so long, days, and is so sleepy when she is here (I'll talk it all over with you when you come) that I almost have to take all the care of the children myself—and the little girls to sew every day, too, makes it pretty hard. I have had no time to lie down at noon for three days. Then, our mat man I have been nursing for dysentery for three days, and we have finally settled that, unless he is much better in the morning, he is to go home and come again. He is a very pleasant, nice man, and I like him ever so much. I saw one of his motions this morning and I feel very anxious about him. I don't think it is cholera; I think it is bad dysentery. I do hope he will get better. I told him not to work today. I was afraid to have him.

I bought a little surprise for you when you come home, but I shan't tell you what, only it is very very nice. Anthony got here about two and a half o'clock today (Friday). A hen came and laid an egg in your study today. Dearest, must you stay away so long, until Thursday—almost a whole week more. Well, I do think you have duties at home as well as the villages, and there are lots and lots of things for you to do at home—ever so much “waiting until Master comes.”

I think we are going to have a fine shower. Thornton has been a better boy for a day or two—dear little fellow. If I had only known Anthony was to return so soon, I could have had something ready to send you. Dearest, may Thursday come soon.

Evening

The butter I sent was some of our own churning—why was it not good? Mrs. Noyes sends you a cup full this time, and some pears to stew, also. I am so glad, for I have nothing

¹⁸⁸ Lottie's birthday was August 9.

ready to send on so short notice. Jothem is better. Two girls did not come to school today because Savatian whipped them yesterday. He says he whipped them because they went out without permission, and they all say he whipped them because they did not know their lesson. I hope it won't happen again. I'll tell you how I fixed it when I see you. I had a long talk with Savani, too, this afternoon. I told her that, if it was going to take her so long to cook every day, that she was not going to be able to do my work and Savatian's, too. I must have more of her time, and she says she will talk to him about it tonight. I cannot spare her so much day after day. Both yesterday and today I've had to take care of both the children and all the little girls' sewing too, at the same time, and simply cannot do it. If I pay an ayah, I must have her lawful time and not have a woman all fagged out with her own work, either. I have not said a word to her before. I have been being patient, as you said we must be, for a while at first; but when, day after day, she stays until 2 ½ past, I must speak.

I send, in the bag, two loaves of bread, six jams, and a cup butter. I do long to hear from you again. The rides, evenings, do me a lot of good. We went 2 miles towards the tope this evening and saw a jackal and a mongoose. We saw a mongoose last night, too, when riding up the other way.

I think the mat man brought on his dysentery by eating green guavas. I have been cautioning the servants against all green fruits. Thornton does not seem well, the same trouble as before (bowels out of water), feeling sick at his stomach. Mrs. Noyes has sent us some more strawberries—not so many as before, but a nice quantity, and I only wish you were here to enjoy them with us. Hadn't you better come home? Is it wise touring this rainy time? Thanks for the limes. The jackals do howl most dismally round here, nowadays, and the bats are getting very troublesome. Come home as soon as you can, won't you, dearest. With a heart brim full of love,

Most truly, your
“wifie”

Bessie sends her love to her Papa¹⁸⁹.

TBPenfield to Cowles

Periaculum
August 11, 1870

Ever dear parents,

It would give me great pleasure, this evening, to step in and see how you and the little girl I entrusted to your care and love are. But what would be better still, have a visit from you three, way off here in my India home. You would find our house quite out of order, as repairs are in progress that throw us into somewhat of confusion, especially in our friends' room, the mat of which has been taken up to be mended and is left unfinished by the workman, who has returned to Madura on account of illness. Our front verandah, too, has only just been relaid and is yet to receive the finishing coat of cement. Then, too, I have my study filled with papers, etc., which I am rearranging.

¹⁸⁹ Joseph T. Noyes, with whom Thornton was touring.

August 15th

Since writing you the above, the cholera, which has been making sad havoc in the villages around us, has claimed a few victims close at hand. One very promising young man, who was stopping a few days with his wife at the house of our catechist, Manuel Sylvester, only a stone's throw or so from our building, was, to all appearances, well one evening and died at 8 ½ o'clock the next morning, so rapid and fearful is the course of this dread pestilence. Both Lottie and I have had premonitory symptoms ourselves, which have yielded only to repeated doses of laudanum.

Of course, we cannot consider ourselves out of the reach of cholera, still, while it is raging about us. Yet, thanks to our kind "Protector," we are now in nearly our usual health again, and Lottie, perhaps, quite so. At such a time, we are forced to ask ourselves whether we are prepared to make a sudden and unexpected change of worlds, and, while feeling deeply our sinfulness and unfaithfulness, we yet trust that Christ is ours and we are His. We will believe. We do believe that He is our Savior. He is ours.

Yet how sweet is life, and how fearful the stealthy approach of this death-dealing pestilence. I am most happy to be at home at such a time to deal out the medicine for the sick and relieve my dear wife of the care and responsibility that would otherwise fall upon her. Little Irene has been suffering with sore eyes for a week or two. They are now nearly well again.

Please return my thanks to Miss Hall for her kind letter, which came to hand a few days since, as well as for the help for our school, which has been obtained through her efforts. We will endeavor to keep her and others, who are taking such a kind interest in these native Christian and heathen children, informed as to their progress and studies, etc., from time to time.

I do not remember who wrote last, Mary or I. But it is of no great consequence either way. I would write if I had time now, but shall be obliged to wait on account of pressure of other duties. Please tell her so, and assure her of my constant love and daily prayers.

I am eager to get all the family news, and thank you for keeping me so fully posted.

Lottie sends love, or, rather, gives her own in her enclosed letter.

Your loving son,
Thornton

TBPenfield to Cowles

[August 15, 1870]¹⁹⁰

Private

I have given our Treasurer an order to pay Miss Woodcock through the American Missionary Association the sum she speaks of and will try to write her about it in a few days. She must be right about the forgetful sort of person Mr. Penfield is for I have no remembrance of the circumstances. I suppose that it must have been given me just as I was leaving and at some

¹⁹⁰ Because this private message was separated from the letter in which it was enclosed, the date and recipient of it are not certain. Content and personal manner suggests that it was written to the Cowles. Circumstances cited suggest that it was written at the middle or second half of August 1870, so this "private" note, begun by Thornton and completed by Lottie, was probably an enclosure in the letter of August 11 (and 15), 1870 from Thornton to the Cowles, and has therefore been dated accordingly.

time or place when I could not conveniently make a minute of it as I did of similar orders for others.

[Thornton]

Thornton left in such a hurry that he did not finish this. I hope next time he will not be so hurried. It has been a very busy time just now.

Affectionately,
L.E.P.

Cholera is all round us. One poor woman was brought to our verandah while Thornton was gone, and died here. I was all alone with her. Our catechist helped me. It was so sad; she was a poor old woman.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

August 15, 1870

My dear mother,

Will you please take the trouble to forward these letters to my parents. My letter home will be too heavy if I succeed in writing all I intend. My letter home was written in great haste, most of it, and I did not think of anyone but them seeing it. You are quite welcome to read it, if you will make ever and ever so many allowances and not criticize it one bit. Please send Thornton's letter to them, too. They will return it. Very much love to our dear Mary and all our family.

Very lovingly, your daughter,
Lottie

TBPenfield to NGClark

Rev. N.G. Clark, D.D.
Sec. A.B.F.M. [sic]

Periakulam
Sept. 9, 1870

Since writing you last I have, in accordance with the vote of the Mission, removed with my family to the station of Periakulam, situated at the foot of the Pulney Hills, about 48 miles from Madura in a northwesterly direction. We have entered on the duties of our new position and find them pleasant and hopeful.

The church at Periakulam seems to be in a prosperous state both as to numbers and zeal. Its members are very harmonious and cordial in the support they give their pastor. He has been among them now only a few months but expresses himself pleased with work as it is opening up before him. As an instance of the manner in which the church are under his management taking hold of their duties, I may refer to their subscription for repairing the church in which they

worship. They had made pledges for this purpose to the amount of about twenty-five dollars. This they considered to be very nearly the measure of their ability. Now, however, in the hope that by a greater sacrifice on their part repairs of more permanent value may be made, they have entered heartily and quite unexpectedly to us into an agreement to increase the amount of their subscriptions fourfold. This offer has been made and even pressed upon our acceptance in a spirit that justifies us in believing that it will be fulfilled.

Mrs. Penfield invites the women of the congregation to meet her in a prayer meeting once a week and although many find a want of time or inclination to attend, a few are learning to prize them and it is to be hoped that they may induce more to follow their example. In this as in many other respects the distance of the mission premises (over a mile by road) from that part of the village where the most of the church congregation live we have felt to be a decided hindrance to our efforts.

We have opened a station day school for little girls who are to pursue the usual primary studies in the morning in a building on the premises used for public service or school purposes as occasion requires. They come to the house an hour or so in the afternoon to learn and practice what to the natives generally is the difficult art of plain sewing. While their fingers are thus occupied they learn and sing a few hymns and songs or repeat passages of scripture. For about a month however, owing to a variety of causes, the chief of which were the prevalence of cholera and the depth of the water in the river which flows between us and the village, the school has been broken up. We hope however on our return from the annual gathering in Madura, for which we are just setting out, to start the school afresh.

I have made two tours in company with Brother Noyes among the Periaculam and Kumlum¹⁹¹ villages and was quite struck with the hold which Christianity has upon the valley in which those villages are situated. It is evidently making its power to be felt and respected. To me it is a matter of sincere thankfulness that I have been called to push on a work so auspiciously begun. Still, however good a beginning, it is but a beginning and the great mass of the people are utterly unconcerned on the subject of religion. They do not care to enquire "What is truth?" Our church membership is still small in proportion to the number of persons under regular instruction whom we call our congregations. Our hope is in the help of the Holy Spirit to make the truth put before the people effectual. The heathen generally give us a respectful hearing and in rare instances make inquiries concerning our way that betoken a growing interest.

Until within a short time I was able to say what probably few who have spent three years in India and had mingled at all with the people could say, that I had not seen a case of cholera. The present season however, I have seen and known of a great many cases, and except where the most vigorous measures were used and that in its early stages, the disease has been unmanageable. The victims have been mainly little children, though a great number of adults also have fallen. In such a time of fear and danger that our own life and health have been precious in the sight of the Lord calls for grateful mention. The scourge has now been removed for the most part from us and we breathe more freely.

Yours affectionately,
T.B. Penfield

¹⁹¹ Probably Cumbum, appearing on the map on p.viii as Kambam.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #105
 Montclair, New Jersey
 September 23, 1870

My precious daughter,

My last, mailed yesterday, told you that a meeting was to be held in the P.M. I now report. About 15 ladies present. Mrs. Lansing presided. A society was formed for the purpose of awakening, among women, a more general interest in the missionary work and of aiding, with our friends, such efforts as shall seem most desirable. Mrs. Charles Smith was chosen president and Miss Mary C. Harris secretary and treasurer. The names of those present were taken as members and the amount, put down against their names, which each was willing to give monthly for one year. Mrs. Lansing put down one dollar, Fannie and I fifty cents each, so there was twenty four dollars secured at once. Others put down less sums, except Mrs. Brundage, who declined putting down anything at present. She was not in favor of forming the society; she thought the ladies had as much in their sewing society as they could do. She wished to do something for Mrs. Penfield, but that might be done by subscriptions—we did not need a society for that. All expressed a wish to do for Mrs. Penfield, and Mrs. Smith frankly stated that Mrs. Penfield's going was the origin of her interest in foreign missions, and even now she felt no interest beyond her field.

I had taken Scudder's *Life*¹⁹² with me and told them that it contained information of the place where you now were, even to the house you lived in. Mrs. Smith wanted to read it right away. Mrs. James Crane spoke for it next, and Mrs. Lansing third, and others in turn. So the book is in a fair way to be circulated. Miss Mary Crane seemed quite wholehearted. She said she had been very much stirred up by what I read to her on Monday from your letter, and she was anxious to hear more. I had it with me and was requested by all to read it. So I read what was proper, and you have no idea how interested they were. They said they could see, now, just how you were situated, and Mrs. Wolfe said, yes, and just exactly how your blue eyed baby looked. She sent much love to you, as did others.

Miss Harris said, in making some remarks, that we must do for our Lottie first. Lottie was our missionary. She was glad we had a missionary, right from among us, in the field. That was more than the other church had. Mrs. Lansing said the same. She was glad that one of our young ladies had had the courage and love to Christ to engage in such a work, she was glad her mother had been willing to give her up, etc.

[September] 24th

I had quite an ill turn last night, vertigo, faintness, vomiting. I was surprised, as I felt so well on going to bed. I had not been well for a few days, had dieted and taken appropriate medicines, and felt the effect to be favorable, and what the cause of such an attack could be I could not imagine. I am much better this morning but feel very shaky, am writing in bed.

Your father is at work outside, finishing up the repairs on the south side of the house. The heavy blows he deals seem as if they come from a strong, robust man. He has one man to assist him. It is very fortunate that we came out this summer, for if the underpinning of this part

¹⁹² Scudder, Horace E., *Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder*, Missionary in Southern India (New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1864).

had been neglected much longer, it would have been the occasion of a tumble down some windy night.

The morning is bright and beautiful, and so may the morning of the resurrection be to each one of our dear families when we are through with earth's cares and sufferings. Let us have patience to do and bear and, having done all, stand.¹⁹³ I felt last night that I could say, "Yes, Lord, now and here, if it be thy will," though I felt that I would like to leave my earthly house in a little better order when I went to my heavenly one.

The plastering in the kitchen closet fell down while the men were at work outside, so we had to take everything out, and oh the dirt and confusion—lime everywhere. We could get righted indoors now, if the men had only been to finish up the plastering. But we have to wait their time, and I greatly fear we shall be upset over the Sabbath. Today is Saturday.

I was going to say, in connection with that meeting, that little Thornton's letter interested the ladies very much. I produced it when I got to where you spoke of it in your letter, and half a dozen hands were stretched out to receive it. It was passed around after I read what you had written, by way of interpretation, on the back, and it would have pleased you to see the universal smile of pleasure. I was so glad to be strengthened for that meeting, for I had a dizzy turn of six hours in the morning. Mrs. Lansing told me that she had suffered so much from similar fainting attacks that she had been obliged to resort to stimulants, and in that way alone she was kept up now. She takes a gallon of California wine a month. I hope I shall not have to come to that. Your father has brought me some Bourbon whiskey, but I do abominate it. However, he is so urgent that I think I shall try it. As Mrs. Lansing said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."¹⁹⁴

Sabbath evening.

Frances, your Aunt E.¹⁹⁵ and myself are sitting around the little stand in the sitting room. Your father has just gone to meeting with Henry Green, who came up in their buggy for him. Fannie would have gone, also, if she had been ready. She has remained at home with me today. Your father and Aunt E. rode down with Mr. Green this morning. The service was very interesting; they both felt paid for going. Dr. Berry preaches such good sermons.

I have spent most of the day in reading Dr. Lobdell's memoir, and, really, I had no idea that traveling in Syria was such a difficult thing and exposed one to so many dangers—uncomfortable and dangerous modes of conveyance, as well as robbers. They had a hard time in getting to their station at Mosul, but the poor man's missionary life was short. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! To let a man of such rare qualifications just get to laboring in his field and then die. He was only twenty-eight years of age. But God knows best. He calls His children home in just the right time and way. Lobdell sent home many most earnest petitions for reinforcements. How strange that people are so slow to answer such calls.

I am so glad to hear such good news of Lazarus. I was really afraid you had lost something valuable. I hope you will tell us about your schools. Mrs. Brundage thought the ladies might as well do something for your girls' school as to wait till they learned about your

¹⁹³ From Ephesians 6:13.

¹⁹⁴ From Job 2:6.

¹⁹⁵ Possibly her Aunt Elizabeth. The exact family relationship is unclear, whether she was Mary Irena's sister or possibly a widowed sister-in-law. Her full name may have been Elizabeth Bancroft Treadwell, born October 21, 1804, from whom Thornton Bancroft Penfield's name was derived.

boys' school. Is there anything we can do for the girls' school? How are they supported? Do they live with their parents? Do you have a woman's meeting now? Perhaps I have asked this question before. I sometimes repeat, lest a letter should fail to reach you, and now, especially, I want items of interest for our meeting. But, I am getting sleepy, so good night, darling, and good night to your precious husband and your, and our, sweet little pets.

Saturday, October 1

A whole week gone without a word added to your letter. I have wished to write each day but have been so tired when the work was done. We have put up quite a quantity of grape sauce and think it is very nice. You shall have some. We have such a quantity of fruit that we cannot possibly use it all, and it seems a great pity to have so much go to waste. We have sold and given away all we could, and yet there are bushels left. How glad we should have been of it when we had so large a family.

The men have not come to finish up the plastering; consequently, we have been in an uncomfortable state all the week. We shall be gone next week to the meeting of the Board in Brooklyn, so it will have to lie over till the week following. Fannie and I are going to Mrs. Hawkins'. Where sister E. will go, we cannot tell till we get there. I may not be able to attend any of the meetings, but I shall be on hand to see missionary friends. I was greatly disappointed not to go over yesterday to New York to the farewell meeting of Miss Brittan and four other ladies who sail today. It rained pouring. Mrs. Smith and Miss Mary Crane and Mrs. James Crane were to have gone with us. It is all right, I know. Is it not good in Mr. Beadle to send you 25 dollars? I spoke of your high caste school to Mrs. Beadle when we first came over, and she said she would do something, and the other day she was here with Mrs. Ives and said that, when she mentioned it to her husband, he said, "Yes, to be sure, we will help her. We will send her twenty five dollars." I was so glad. My heart gave thanks to God right away. You know Mrs. Beadle sent you that pair of sheets. So I am sure you will have some help from here. Do you know you have not yet sent me a translation of that Tamil poetry which was composed for you at the close of one of the schools—the high caste, I think. Please send it, no matter if it cannot be made to rhyme. I shall get the ideas, and it will be an item of interest for our meeting.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Green very kindly gave me the privilege of a ride and of taking Fannie with me, but, as she could not well go, I took Elizabeth and went to Mrs. Crane's, Mrs. Wheeler's, Mrs. Harris's, and then round by Joseph Baldwin's home. Had a delightful time, the day was so pleasant; Frank accompanied us for driver. I did not go in at Mrs. Crane's because I met Mrs. Smith coming out, and I only called to leave a notice of a missionary meeting in New York and to ask them to go. It was to be on Friday, and five ladies, including Miss Brittan, were to be present. Mrs. Crane came out while we were talking, and presently Miss Mary Crane came along, so we had quite a missionary meeting in the yard. They all said they would go and seemed very much pleased, but it rained pouring, and we were all disappointed. Mrs. Wheeler was very glad to see us, brought down Frank's baby, two months old—a fine boy, but not a good shaped head, will improve, undoubtedly. His wife is one of twins, by the name of Crane, who lived in Caldwell, I think. I did not see her; she had been lying down and was in dishabille. We had a long talk of the olden time, the changes, our missionary society, and your work. Mrs. Wheeler wants something done for you, etc. Mrs. Harris also was glad to see us; Mary, too. I saw Fannie¹⁹⁶. She does not look sick, but they say she suffers intensely from an injured spine—

¹⁹⁶ This was not Lottie's sister, but her friend Mary Harris's sister, Fannie Harris.

ten years since she was taken sick, cannot help herself much but is very happy, able to say “the will of the Lord be done.” All sent love to you. We passed ever so many new houses coming home, you would not know the place.

Tuesday, October 4th

And so the month has come which brings the anniversary of your wedding day. An eventful month to us and to you. We shall think of you all the way along, comparing then with now. Truly your dear husband may say, “With my staff I passed over this Jordan, but now I am become two bands.”¹⁹⁷ Give God the praise for past and present mercies. You did not know of what ingredients the cup which you was to drink was composed. Has there been much of the bitter? How I would like to sit down and have a good confidential talk on the 23rd. But I imagine I hear you say you feel paid, and more than paid, for all you gave up and would do just as you did, if it were to be done over again. Thus it always is when we give up anything for Christ. He gives us, in return, a large reward with himself.

We do not forget, either, that the 2nd was dear Thornton’s birthday. Hearty congratulations to him, and best wishes for many happy returns. May each one be better than the last.

I wish very much to know how you get along with those ten high-caste families. Do their minds seem to open to the truth? Do send us the little notes you spoke of from Thornton; it would be so good to see something directly from him.

We are to start in about two hours for Brooklyn for the meeting of the Board, so I must finish and leave this for father to mail. I am feeling quite smart, for me, and hope to enjoy much. Yesterday I made grape jelly, only a little, grapes most all disposed of, did not know we were so near the end. However, we have one jar for you. I am so glad Fannie¹⁹⁸ is better today. She was miserable Sabbath night and yesterday. I hope the trip will benefit her, though she will be strongly tempted to overdo. Don’t forget that our Missionary Society here wait for special news and will be very, very grateful for any account of your school, household, or other employments, either general or particular. Mrs. Capron’s articles in “Life and Light” have pleased and enlightened them. Now, with tender love to each of you, and the two little pets, I am

Your sympathizing mother,
M.I. Hubbard

By the 15th we look for your letter, and await it with much solicitude on account of the cholera, but hope for the best.

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Madura
September 23rd, 1870

My own precious daughter Mary,

¹⁹⁷ From Genesis 32:10.

¹⁹⁸ Lottie’s sister, Frances Hubbard.

I think it is fairly your turn to have a letter this time and so have directed this to you. I have gone nearly two weeks over my usual time for writing but hope to be pardoned under the circumstances. There has been a great deal of cholera at Periakulam and we have been quite worn out with care and responsibility. I think I wrote in my last that we had certain premonitory symptoms (there I am afraid you will have to go to Grandma or to the dictionary before you will understand me) ourselves, and those increased to such extent that we were very glad to avail ourselves of an invitation we had received from Mr. Chester to come and spend a few days at Dindigul. We were gone about a week and a half and found that the change did us a great deal of good. We remained at home only about a week longer and then came here for the September Meeting. This occupied us a week more. Since then I have been to our old station, Tirupúvanam, to attend to a little business and give over the charge to Mr. Capron. Mr. Tracy was to go there, but he has such poor health that he has been allowed to remain in Madura, where he can see the doctor every day.

You will be sorry to hear that your little brother, Thornton, is suffering again very much with sore eyes. Two days ago they were swollen fully and could not be opened at all. The doctor came and did all he could for the little patient boy and we asked God to let him see again just as He thought best, and yesterday morning, to our great joy, we found that the Lord had heard our prayer and the little boy could see again. His eyes are still weak and pain him a great deal but on the whole they are a great deal better.

Your little sister Irene has two teeth now, and you ought to see how cunning they look, just peeping, in all their whiteness, through the red gum. You'd love her dearly if you could see her. I have no doubt you do love her now, but if you could only see her sweet little face and her loving ways I am sure you would love her more. Though, some day, if we all live, we shall have a nice time together, won't we, dear?

It is nothing but to do the Lord's will and tell these poor people about Jesus that makes us willing to live on the other side of the world from our dear daughter and our other friends. Sometime when you want very much to go somewhere and Grandma doesn't think it best, if you give up cheerfully and try to be so pleasant about it as to please Jesus, I am sure that you will feel far happier about it than you would if you spoke over her wishes and went, or if you even stayed away but grumbled at her or felt vexed, even if you said nothing that was naughty. Now that is just the way with us. We want to come and live with you in America very much, but Jesus doesn't think it best. So we won't disobey Him until He is pleased to have us, and we won't grumble about it, either. When my little Mary sees other little boys and girls so happy with their papa and mama, Satan will perhaps tempt her to think that Jesus is very hard not to let her be with her parents, too, but I hope she will always say, "No. Jesus knows best and will do what is right and good." If she can say so with all her heart, I am sure she will be full and happy as any little [girl] in America. I wish I had the time to write you a longer letter, but I am very full of business and must start for Mēlūr to do a little touring in about an hour.

When I was a boy I used to like those notes best that were filled up in every nook and corner. I wonder if you do, too. We are having very cool weather this summer. In fact, when I read, in the papers, how high the thermometer has been some days in America this summer, I am inclined to think that we who live near the equator are having the coolest time of it, after all; only think of it. Now see if you can tell where this goes to next, for if you can follow it you will do better than some little girls I have seen. The dinner is coming to the table, so I must hurry up and finish this letter at once. Please give my love to all your little friends and especially your cousins and tell them that I expect they will all be young men and young ladies by the time I shall see

them again, but they must not forget their Uncle Thornton, and he will not forget them. My love to your Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle Charles and Aunt Sarah.

Your loving father,
T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Madura
September 27th, 1870

My dear daughter Mary,

I am very glad to write you again, and although duties have pressed so fast, one upon another, lately, I have not been able to write, I have thought of you very, very often. There has been a little girl 10 years old visiting us for a month, and it seemed almost as though it might be you with us. Her name is Bessie Noyes, and she is the daughter of one of our missionaries.

Your little brother is very amusing, and I often wish you could see him. He was playing “tea” this morning with some little pewter cups about as big as a thimble. He had some cold water that he poured into them and called tea, then he would drink it. He looked so funny and happy that I laughed right out. He looked up at me, as sober as could be, and said, “I am drinking, Mama; you shouldn’t lap.” He meant laugh—he often comes to me and says, “Irene is lapping, Mama,” when he wants me to see that she is laughing. She is such a cunning, dear little baby. She can sit all alone and can creep a little, and she coos and crows and is so sweet. We build a tower of blocks, and she creeps up to it and tries to take hold of it, and, of course, it all tumbles down. Then she sits back and looks up at us all, first one and then another, so perfectly astounded, wondering where it has gone, I suppose. I thought I was going to have a nice quiet time to write you, but Thornton cried with his sore eyes and woke Irene up, so I had them both to quiet, for the woman who helps me has gone to her rice.

Evening

Your little brother has had a very hard time since noon. His eyes seem to grow worse, and he cried for about 3 hours, just as hard as he could cry, which made his eyes swell badly so that he has not opened them since I last wrote. Now he is asleep, and I am writing sitting on the floor close by a lamp which is hidden behind a chair as far from the bed as possible so as not to hurt little Thornton’s eyes. I tried to write in another room, but he seemed to know the moment I left the room and woke right up—though when he is well he always goes to sleep in the dark, alone. He wakes up suddenly and cries out with the pain, I suppose. When he cries, I begin to sing just as quickly as I can, and he quiets down again. He likes to have me sing “Where O where are the Hebrew Children,” “Little Drops of Water,” and “I am Jesus’ Little Lamb” best—but he likes “Cherries are Ripe” and “I Love Little Pussy,” too.

We expect your father home from his tour in the morning. I shall be so glad to see him. The very first chance I get, I intend to have the children’s picture taken to send you. I know you would like it, but unless some traveling photographer comes along, there is no one to take it.

And now, my dear Mary, there are very many things I want to know about you. I sometimes think, “If I could only have her right here by me and put my arms around her, just as I do around Thornton and Irene, and look into her face and talk to her, I should be so, so happy.” But I have not time to write all I want, so I will only write the most important. I know you think

you love Jesus; now I should like to know what makes you think you love Him. Do you love Him more than you used to do? And in what things do you find it hardest to do right? Can't you write us a good long letter and tell me all about these things? I do so long to know.

I want to write a good deal more, but your little brother cries out so often and interrupts my writing so much that I think I had better go to bed and get as much rest as I can, for I am afraid I shall be kept awake a good deal tonight. Very much love to your dear grandpa, grandma, and all the uncles, aunts, and cousins.

I am your loving
Mother
[L.E. Penfield]

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Periakulam
October 13th, 1870

My very dear Mother,

Your last very welcome letter, containing the commencement news, came to hand two or three days since, and we enjoyed it most thoroughly, I assure you. To hear so particularly all about your pleasant gathering makes us feel almost as though we had been there, too. It quite makes us wish we had been there. How delightful it will be if we are spared to see you all once more. In ten days more we shall have been four years. How long, and yet how short the time seems. Dear Thornton is out in the tent, touring. Last night it rained in the night very hard, so I feel anxious to know how he got along. Sometimes they get rained out of their tents.

Little Thornton has been having another hard time with the country—sore eyes. The doctor came to see him two days since and the little fellow is much better now. I feel it to be such great cause for thanksgiving.

Little Irene grows every day. She is so fat and happy. She creeps all around and sometimes, by holding onto a chair or bench, will balance herself for a minute on her little feet. She has two teeth and, at present, is suffering greatly with boils. The doctor lanced two very large ones on her breast when he was here, and she has one or two more coming.

I think little Thornton is a better boy than he was when I wrote you. I really think a great part of the fault was with me. I gave him things to amuse him and then expected him to sit down and amuse himself, but now I find if I lay everything aside and play with him just as if I was as much interested as I want him to be, it does wonders. I never felt as if I could spend time to play with him in that way, but I do think, now, that it is just as much my duty as work is. I am sure the influence on him is greatly for his good. Dear little boy, he has been so patient while suffering with his eyes.

Thornton's dyspepsia is much better just now, but about six weeks ago he was really very poorly and was much depressed in his spirits. In consequence, it was very, very hard for him, but I think he bore it nobly, and now he seems quite relieved of it.

We are very sorry to hear how ill you have been, but when we get the letters we always hope that by the time they have reached us our friends are better. I rejoice that Josephine's trial is at all lessened, and we sympathize deeply with Charles in his trial. It is too bad he should be obliged to leave, but I hope it is all for the best, and I am going to try to think, with Smith, that it probably is the best thing ever could happen to him. I hope the end will prove it to be so.

Since writing the above, Thornton has come home to stay for a few hours. Little Thornton is to have chloroform given to him every day this week and nitrate of silver applied to the inner surface of the upper and under lids of both eyes. It is very painful and, in order to apply it without irritating the eye, the doctor gives him chloroform. As he cannot be here to give it himself, he has shown Thornton how, so that for two days he has given it. The little fellow sleeps after it long enough for the hurting to be over, and wakes up as bright as if nothing had been done. He takes the chloroform very kindly, and it saved his eyes much pain and irritation by crying. So Thornton is to tour not further than eight or ten miles and come home every morning to give the medicine, until Saturday, when he may take his tent out further and be gone a week or two without returning.

We have six schools started, or at least in operation, now, except the village day school. My little girls' school was stopped first, on account of cholera, then the long walk in the hot sun, and I don't know when we shall be able to start it again. I think we shall be obliged to give them a lunch in the middle of the day, here, in order to keep this school. You see, our house is almost a mile away from the village.

I wrote a letter to Mary last month, so give her a great deal of love and tell her that yesterday we put little Irene in a high chair up to the table while we ate our dinner, and suddenly I heard our boy, Michael, who sets the table, etc., laugh right out. We were busy and did not notice the little girl, and she had helped herself to half a loaf of bread, which was on a plate near her, and was holding it, in her two little arms, up to her mouth, and was trying to bite off a corner. She did look so funny.

Well, little Irene has awaked from her nap, and I must take her up. Her papa and little Thornton are taking a short nap. It is very hot today. Give a great deal of love to all the brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews, and our darling Mary, and not forgetting dear Father and yourself.

Affectionately, your daughter,
L. E. Penfield

TB Penfield to MDPCowles

Periakulam
October 13th, 1870

Dearest Mother,

I was very glad to get your last and to learn about the family gathering. I should have enjoyed being one of the number very much, as you well know. How many years, yet, must pass before such a pleasure may be shared by me is beyond the reach of my foresight, and I do not dare to guess how few changes will have passed over the circle before then. How much we should, all of us, enjoy the prospect if we could foresee a meeting in which all of us, from the East and the West, might meet again. I have almost given up seeing Henry again in this world. Charles' trouble distresses us, but we hope it will not be such as to bring him into pecuniary straits. It isn't at all out of the question, his finding some post full as much to his mind as teaching Greek and far better to both health and purse. So we won't have any gloomy forecasting. If it weren't for his family and age and health (minor considerations all, don't you see), he might turn missionary and come out here to India. Wouldn't he have a warm welcome

from one, at least. We do so long for a sight of some of you, at times, that we can scarcely wait for the tardy years to creep along.

As Lottie writes you, I am in for a few hours from the tent where we are pushing the "itineracy" or preaching to the heathen in this district. The tent is pitched some nine miles east of here, and I, with my force of helpers, went to a group of villages about five or six miles south of the tent before breakfast. Then, after breakfast, I came home. We have had dinner, now, and in a few minutes I must set off again for the tents, stopping to preach in some village along the roads.

Our little ones have both been so poorly of late that we feared, for a time, that it would be necessary to go to the hills for a change on their account, but they are both again so much better, now, that we hope they will get on without this. We have been so broken up already, this year, that I should be very sorry to break up the work again unless Providence made it imperative. The rainy season seems to be on hand and necessitated my doing quickly the itineracy work I wish to do this year. By the beginning of the coming year it is likely that the whole of the Kambam field, together with the care of our health station on the hills, will be added to my present duties, and I look forward to it with mingled feelings of hope and mistrust. I know that I shall be inadequate to all the responsibility except as I am much in prayer and dependence upon the aid of the Holy Spirit.

If you will please excuse a few blank lines on account of the pressure of duties, I will close with renewed assurance of love to my darling Mary and you all.

Your loving son,
Thornton

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #107
Montclair
Address 554 3rd Ave., New York
October 20, 1870

My beloved daughter,

I have just sent off your last letter and commence another, to be written at intervals. We have so much going on, just now, I cannot take much time, at once, for writing. The citron melon is boiling in the kitchen for you, and Fannie is paring quinces for drying and for jelly. I have made some custard. Your aunt is just taking it from the fire. It has rained pouring this month, but there is a lull now. I should be glad if it would hold off so that we could have a good number at the Missionary meeting this P.M. at the Presbyterian church.

I went down to the meeting of the other society yesterday, with Mrs. Samuel Holmes. On the way, I told her something of your trials with little Thornton. She laughed and said it was the nature of boys generally. Some people had very quiet children, but it had never been her lot. Hers had been of the restless, mischievous kind. Her little boy of four years, her youngest, was a great care, required someone with him constantly, and even then it was not practicable to prevent his mischief. It was done so instantaneously that, although you could see it coming, you could not spring quickly enough to stop it. She thinks this busy activity must have some way to spend itself, and as the child gets older, it will develop itself in more proper ways. She says you must have patience and a constant watchfulness. I will add fervent prayer and great faith, that is

unswerving faith, in the promise of God. Oh how much is granted to the faith of parents. Little Thornton is a child of the covenant, has come from a godly ancestry on both sides, and you have much to plead in his behalf—many prayers laid up for him. How often have I heard my father pray for his children, his children’s children, to the latest generation. Take courage, my dear daughter; the promises are yours, and they are yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

It is bad, as you say, to keep saying “don’t”—has a souring effect on him and you. Still, it cannot always be avoided. Sometimes you can divert his attention, set him about something; at other times, tell him to see how long he can keep perfectly still, etc. Wrap a raisin or a bit of candy or fig up in a great many pieces of paper and set him to opening it and then to pick up the paper, etc. About his pouring the water on the table cover—I was real sorry. I know how vexatious such things are. Oh, how I had to watch against such occurrences. I think I should not have let him have water in his cup near the center table, but one has to learn by experience. I often wish we had him, and think we could find so much to employ him. But the Lord will direct about that. It seems so beautiful here, and there is so much room for a child, but I wonder every day what child is to be set down here.

Mrs. Burnell said they all thought you manage little Thornton so beautifully. She said she was speaking about his being such a good boy once with Mrs. Chandler, and Mrs. Chandler said, “Yes, but how could it be otherwise with such a mother!” I said, “Did Mrs. Chandler really say that?” “Yes, indeed,” said Mrs. Burnell, “and she is very strict.” “Well, that comforts me because it is said among yourselves. It is nothing I have asked for.” “Why, yes,” said she, “you may feel perfectly happy about her. We consider her a gem.” This was gratifying, not to my pride, but as an answer to prayer.

Well, I must stop for the present. Fannie has gone up to lie down, and I must see to things in the kitchen.

[October] 22nd

Oh what a busy day! Making quince jelly, marmalade, apple sauce, and, in the midst of all, your father brought home a chicken, and Fannie and I had to work to dress it. How reluctantly we did it, but we got through; it is work I have a great aversion to. I would rather never taste poultry than be obliged to prepare it for cooking. Your Father and Auntie thought it very nice, but neither Fannie nor I could taste it. This evening the Dodges came over, and we had a pleasant call; profitable, too.

[October] 23rd, Sabbath

The anniversary of your wedding, dearest, four years ago, and very much such a day; a little colder, perhaps. It seems like a dream from which I have not yet awaked. The sound of childish voices and the patter of little feet would help me to realize it, I think. Don’t I realize that you are away? Yes, indeed. I could not help that, but it seems as if you might come in at any moment, and then I think it all over and the truth comes home, and I am glad I have a daughter who was willing to spend her life for the dark-minded women of India, glad that she is able to bear all the trials and dangers and exposures so cheerfully, and that she can write, in view of the pestilence, even, concerning herself and her beloved husband, “living or dying, we are the Lord’s.” This comforts me and gives me great cause for renewed gratitude on this tender anniversary. God be praised for His mercy to you, my darling, during these four years. We could not know that you would see even one year of missionary life, and you have seen four;

have had both painful and pleasant experiences, and done something for the enlightenment of those poor Hindoos. Is not this something to give thanks for today? And I do with an overflowing heart. I think, in view of many considerations, the day must be a joyful one to you, especially when you look at your beloved husband, in whom you have known no disappointment, and your precious children. May each succeeding year be better than the last and marked by a newer and fresher intercourse with our beloved Elder Brother and a more entire absorption in the divine will.

But I am writing as if all was well with you, when I do not know but you are in the midst of deep trouble and the cholera may have marked one of you for its victim. God help you, as I know He will if it is so, and give that entire rest in Him, which will enable you to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." We await the next news with solicitude, though we know in Whom we trust. I am very glad of the accounts of deaths which you have given me. They have excited much interest, and everyone feels that they are simple and artless and not overdrawn.

I have spoken of my going to the Missionary meeting in the Congregational Church on Wednesday. I went, also, to the other, in the Presbyterian church, on Thursday, notwithstanding the rain. I did not think they would send for me at all, and so did not get ready as soon as usual. But when it was almost time, Fannie and I went upstairs, leaving the citron melon in care of your aunt. I sat down to rest a moment, leaning my head upon my hands, and thinking how preposterous it was to dress for going out in such weather, when Fannie exclaimed, "There's Mrs. Harrison's carriage coming up the road!" All was activity now. It would not do to think that we were tired, for we must not keep the man waiting out there in the rain. Well, we were soon on the way, snugly packed into the back of her big close carriage, and we two, with Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Smith, made up the meeting, but the Lord Jesus was with us, and we felt that we were more than enough to claim the blessing, and that from just us four might go out a mighty influence for good. With your two dear letters to read, one to us, and one to your two mothers, what did we care for the rain? We prayed and sang, and, though the room was cold, the glow in our hearts kept us warm. When I got to where you spoke of feeling so lonesome when your dear husband was away nights, and said, "between the rats and the bats and the jackals, I sometimes feel forlorn enough," Mrs. Smith could contain herself no longer. "Well, now," said she, grasping my hand, "I am going to own up. I have felt as if our foreign missionaries fared a great deal better than our home missionaries and had pretty comfortable times, but I tell you now, our foreign missionaries don't lie on beds of roses, and to think of Lottie Hubbard's being there among the rats and the bats and the jackals, alone, it's coming pretty near home. I think of her nights, one that we have known and seen and talked with, day after day, and loved as we have her. I tell you, it's no small matter. I think she's doing nobly." And then, when I read the next sentence: "But it's nice to have a husband you love so well you can't bear to have him away from you," etc., Mrs. Smith burst out again, "Now isn't that just like our Charlotte, always to turn to the bright side and never brood over troubles." And then followed a good deal of earnest conversations, which did us all good. I forgot to say that dear Miss Harris sent in a note of apology for her absence. Her sister Fannie was so ill she could not leave her. Well, our meeting lasted two hours! And we were all surprised to find it so late. Mrs. Harrison herself brought us home. Was she not kind? They all seemed so sorry we are going away, and we are sorry, too; it seems so good to be with those who are in such full sympathy with you.

I don't know whether I have told you that there has been a young people's missionary society started in the Congregational church, which is designed to be a Union Society. They work for missions in various ways, but mostly the Zenana work. They are doing different kinds

of fancy working, commencing something and then laying it by to send out for the Zenana women to finish, etc. They are basting patchwork, too, and I expect you will get some of this. The Dodges said last night that they were there Friday P.M. and it was very pleasant and interesting. Mrs. Israel Crane (Anna Barnes) is president, Anna Chittenden, vice president, and Mrs. Bradford, the Congregational minister's wife, the secretary. The children were in a room by themselves, with appropriate work in reading, and everything seemed very nicely arranged. Miss Helen and Miss Jennie were very much pleased with Mrs. Bradford. They said she had a very fine face, was agreeable, modest, self-possessed, and seemed to understand her position. They thought her the right one to command respect and be useful. I am very glad, for she will be a great acquisition to the village. That made three missionary meetings held in one week and on three consecutive days. Is not Montclair waking up?

But I have not told you what Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Harrison said, respecting your mischievous little boy. Mrs. Harrison said she thought most boys were so. She had had just such trouble with hers, and one of her nephews was a great deal worse. He would not only take dishes off the table, but pull the tablecloth and all right onto the floor. Mrs. Smith said, if you had given a specimen of a day with their little boy (James), you could not have hit it better, for it seemed as if it was he right over again, and she thought it was best not to see a great many things, for they would grow out of these annoying ways, and when they grew older, this restless activity might be turned to good account. They both sympathized in the great care it must be to you, and I have no doubt you will be earnestly remembered in their prayers. Another suggestion occurs to me. It is quite necessary that you should be decided. If little Thornton sees a roguish twinkle in your eye, as though you thought it was funny, he will not think you are in earnest, at all. Try to control him by your eye, as much as possible, without speaking, or by a movement of your finger. A little tap on the table, when he is meddling, will call his attention; then put up your finger in a forbidding manner. He will soon come to look at you when beginning to do wrong; and you will not have to say, "don't" so much. Another thing, you must try to forestall him; have your mind and eye on him so as to prevent such little pranks. And yet, you cannot always do it, but you know I used to tell you, here, in school, that you did not keep a sufficiently sharp lookout. Before you knew it, the scholars would get into disorder, and you could not tell how it began. This is very difficult for one of your unsuspecting and genial nature, but you must try and remember that there must be order in the school and in the family, and roguish, active children must always be watched. You need not let them know it. Often have I made an errand into a room, my real object being to see what the children were about.

[M.I. Hubbard]

TBPenfield to RPEllis ¹⁹⁹

Periakulum, Madras Presidency
South India
October 21, 1870.

My dear Aunt Roxy,

¹⁹⁹ This letter was never finished, but was afterward copied by one of Mr. Penfield's Tamil teachers at Mrs. Penfield's request. It was retyped by his son, Thornton Bancroft Penfield, April 21, 1920. Aunt Roxy was almost certainly Thornton's father, Anson's sister, Roxa Penfield Ellis.

Your letter dated February 27th was a very pleasant surprise, indeed. I had not forgotten you, by any means, and still considered you, as ever, my very dearest aunt. Nor did I think myself forgotten by you, upon whose continued prayers I count far more than you may think. Still, our lives, by the ordering of Providence, run in such different channels, filled, no doubt, on your part, as on ours, by varied and engrossing cares and anxieties that I had no right to expect from you so long a letter as that which came to hand a few months since. You cannot understand the full sweetness of receiving such a remembrance from an absent friend till you have been years without one pressure of the hand or one loving glance from one of the dear ones on the other side of the globe, or even a sight of an American outside of our own little circle of missionaries. One's hands are strengthened by the thought of the earnest prayers that follow us, but our hearts so long for some tangible proof of continued love that every letter is devoured. Our parents (Lottie's and mine) and her sister are the only regular correspondents.

But this reminds me that you have never seen my Lottie. Let me introduce you, then. Her mother, Mrs. M. I. Hubbard, you may have known of as the Secretary of the American Female Guardian Society, which post she has filled, with great acceptance, for a period of 21 years, though now nearly, or quite, an invalid. My Lottie is of light complexion, auburn hair, and within a couple of inches of my height. She was the sunbeam of her father's house, and now of mine here in far-off India. I will try to persuade her to write you a few lines, herself, that you may feel better acquainted. We should have been glad to pay you a visit before leaving the country but were greatly pressed for time and with hurried preparations for the voyage.

The Lord has given us two little ones, whose names are Thornton and Irene. The first, a wide awake, romping boy of nearly three, and the second, a gentle but bright little miss who, at 8 ½ months, is creeping all about. The season has been more than usually trying, and both our little ones and we have been out of health, but we are, all of us, nearly well again now. We have been located here at Periaculam only a few months but think we shall enjoy the work here very much when we are once fairly engaged in it. We have been placed here in anticipation of the departure for America of the missionary who has been, for many years, in charge. His field is one of the largest in our mission and, in some respects, is the most important, as the work has reached such an advanced stage of development in the number of churches, with and without native pastors, which must be supervised, as well as the usual work to be done for the heathen as yet unreached. Mr. Noyes expects to leave about the beginning of the year, and the weight of our burden will then be fully felt by us for the first.

Our principal work, just now, is the "itineracy," as we call it. Its main aim is preaching to the heathen.

We take with us from six to twelve helpers. [We] pitch our tents at some large village, from which, as from a center, we go out, morning and evening, to the smaller villages within a radius of about five or six miles till all have been visited, when we move our tents a few miles, striving, by this way of successive stages, to preach Christ in every village and hamlet in our whole district. Thus, although I have placed the name of Periakulum at the head of this letter, I am now, while writing this letter, in camp. Our tents are pitched near a small village about four miles southwest of our home. The tent stands a little off the high road leading from Kambam to Madura, and the catechist's tent is on the roadside. On the other side of our tent is a fine grove of tamarind trees, whose roots are moistened by the water of one of the tanks so common in India—moisture lakes, you may call them. We almost always pitch our tents near these lakes, for they furnish the water for the horses or cattle with which we travel, as well as for our servants and catechists, and, when no well is to be found, for ourselves, too. It sometimes happens that

the only well in a village belongs to the high-caste people, and so we are shut out from its pure waters. I have been refused a drink of water when several buckets full had been drawn and were standing on one side. However, I think that this prejudice, like other caste barriers, is beginning to yield, as no such discourtesy has been shown us in any of the Periakulum villages during the four months of my residence here. It is very cool and refreshing, this hot day, to hear the voice in the branches of the grove and watch the waves as they sweep over the water of the tank in obedience to the power that breathes upon them, and to think: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. I believe I shall live to see such refreshing times in the Spiritual world, now so dead and still, all about me in India, when the heart of the people will be moved, as the heart of one man, in obedience to the breath of the Almighty.

The thought is inspiring indeed, is it not? Let me give you some sketch of this morning's work. Soon after five o'clock, while my cup of tea was drawing, the helpers (a native pastor and seven catechists), came to my tent, and after two or three verses of a hymn, calling upon the soul to keep Christ in remembrance, one of our number led in prayer for the blessing of God on the Word about to be spoken in the villages, and then we separated into parties of two or three, each according to previous arrangement.

Hastily swallowing my biscuit and tea, I mounted my pony and joined my party, whose names were John and David. By some miscalculation, the villages to which our attention was directed, proved to be much farther from the tent than is customary, and I was glad enough of my pony. The first village we entered was one of about 400 houses. As we proceeded on toward the center, the people gathered about us, and, selecting a shady place, for the sun, though not high, was hot, I motioned to David to begin, which he did by reading a little tract called "The true Gospel proclamation," in which the creation, the fall of man, the nature of sin, and the way of salvation, together with a few other important things, are spoken of in the briefest possible way. He followed with a few explanatory remarks and gave way to John, who spoke mostly on the folly of idolatry and the worship of dead men. I then took my turn. I tried first to find if anything Mr. Noyes had been saying to them, at different times for so many years, had been remembered. They could not tell a thing. This was the most surprising, as he has to pass straight by (you might almost say through) this village, on his way to his principal congregation, several times a year. I asked them to hear me patiently, in spite of my bad Tamil, inasmuch as I had lately come to the country. I then explained my reason for coming and tried to impress them with the fact of sin and deserved punishment, as well as the way of pardon. A crowd of about 100 men, women, and children gathered around us as we spoke, and gave undivided attention, not asking even one passing question, as they are so accustomed to do.

Then, leaving the catechists to sell them books and tracts, I mounted my pony and rode over to a part of the village where those of a caste somewhat lower than the highest lived. I found a good audience, though I had to speak in simplest terms and doubt if much I said was understood. The people seemed to drink it in with a stupid gaping wonder, and looked, when I had finished, as if they could not tell one word of what had been said.

Passing on, I found a group of people in the road, about to go to the fields for work. I asked what they were waiting for and learned, as I supposed, that the gang of workmen was not full and they were waiting for the rest; so, asking permission, I spoke to them of our relation to God and Christ for about ten or fifteen minutes, and then, as they were evidently anxious to get to work, I asked leave to pass on, which was readily granted. The men of the party were quite intelligent, and one or two men were inclined to cavil, but the women rebuked them and told

them to listen, and this they did to such purpose that, as I rode on, I overheard them repeating to each other the main points I had urged.

About half a mile distant, I came upon another village, where I had perhaps the largest audience of the morning. The people, at first, as I spoke, manifested supreme indifference but gradually grew interested as I went on explaining our “new way,” as they call Christianity. They spent their chief artillery here, as [they do] frequently in other villages, on our way of charging a price for school and story books, tracts, and portions of Scripture, urging, especially, that formerly it was the custom to give away such books to anyone who would take them. In their minds, a custom had thus been established; and to a Hindoo, custom has the force of law. So I called upon them to show a single book of all the thousands sown broadcast in former times, adding that what came easily went as easily, and I supposed not one could be shown, as all had been destroyed, and saying that the price we asked was not more than about a quarter of the cost and was demanded as a pledge that they would prize them. They saw the reasonableness of the thing, but, as they were able to show one book which had been presented—the Gospel of Matthew, time worn and evidently read, I gave the owner of it the Gospel of Luke to match it and as a sign of my joy that he, at least, prized his book.

While I was speaking, the catechists came up, and one of them added his instructions to those already given. One man, at length, broke out with the cavil: “You tell us not to commit sin, yet you are now committing sin, for one of your toes is resting on something filthy.” This led the catechist to explain the difference between unintentional defilement of the body and sin, which seemed to be a new idea to them. Then another, who had hitherto shown the greatest interest in all that had been said, put in his word: “You won’t be angry if I ask a question?” On being assured of the contrary, he said, “If we were to join your way, would our bellies be filled without work?” He was shown that idlers are usually rogues and criminals, and thus silenced, though far from ashamed. Two of us, only, went to the next village, which was a very small one. Thus the morning passed away only too quickly, and I reached my tent to breakfast at about 10 o’clock.

Our work this morning was about the fair average. We seldom have any abuse or remarkable success. Still, the work is a blessed one and one that we all love, that of giving the good news, often for the first time, to those who are in the darkness of heathenism. There is no calling I could, for one moment, think of following in exchange for that of preaching the Gospel. I have had the privilege of speaking of Jesus and his love to the emancipated negroes in Jamaica and have tried nearly a year of pastoral duties in dear native America, but I have not known such true joy in either as in this, of laying on no other man’s foundation, but preaching Jesus Christ where he had never been named before.

Much of my strength is expended where my chief hope lies, in preparing those who are under my direction to preach Christ more efficiently, and in raising up others suitable for the work. If the native preachers can only be imbued with the enthusiasm of the Gospel Spirit, they will do the work far better than foreigners can expect to do it. The mission spends as much as it can reasonably be expected to do in this direction, and then allows us to look to friends, Sabbath schools, and other sources to make up the deficiency.

Now, would it be asking too much of you to try to interest the Sabbath school of the church you attend, and perhaps the sewing circle, or friends in some more private way, in this object? For every \$18.00 gold sent to me, I can support a scholar a year in our boarding school, sixteen miles from Periakulum. This meets board and clothing for term time only. Perhaps, however, you would prefer to undertake the whole expense of one of the more promising boys

who will need board and clothing in vacation, as well as a few extras – say, in all, about \$30.00 gold. If you should wish to do either of these, Father will gladly tell you how to send the money. It should be sent to the Board for my private account; otherwise it will only be applied to the support of those already cared for by the missionaries and will not meet the necessities of my case. You are at liberty to read extracts of this letter to friends or make any other use which, in your judgment, will help the cause.

Will you kindly remember me to cousin Frank²⁰⁰ and give her my warmest love. I should be very glad of a letter from her if she can find time to write me. If you can, on receipt of this letter, send it to Oberlin for Mother to read. She will esteem it a great favor and would send it back without delay.

[Thornton B. Penfield]

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
November 10th, 1870

Dearest Mother,

You will no doubt be surprised to see a letter written from these hills, by me, at this season of the year, but not much more than I am to see myself here just now. I am up here on the doctor's order. He seems to think that I ought to have come up here instead of going to Dindigal a few months since, and has been fearing, ever since, that I would have to come up or be down with a low fever.

I had a severe attack of diarrhea the last part of last month, much worse than any I have had before. I broke it up, before the doctor could reach me, by the use of cholera medicine, but was very weak, with slow pulse. The doctor thought there was danger of fever setting in, and sent me off in a dooly to the hills the next morning after his arrival. He stayed a couple of days to help my wife pack her things, and then accompanied her and the little ones up here. I have been on the hills, now, 10 days, and have gained gradually but surely, and can now begin to write letters and look up accounts, etc., again. I am taking a tonic pill three times a day. Yesterday I rowed a light boat a few rods onto the lake and back again, and today went about twice as far without seeming to injure myself, so I hope soon, with judicious exercise and great care of diet, etc., to get at least my usual health and strength again.

I must retire now and add more another day, and so "good night."

November 14th

Since the last date, we have had very trying, wet weather and, with the exception of yesterday, have hardly been able to stir out of the house. Yesterday I managed to get out and attend the Tamil service in the church, and got back again between the showers. I think we have much more rain here, during this season, than on the plains. I miss the outdoor exercise I was beginning to take, but still think I am decidedly gaining, and hope in about two weeks to go down again for a tour among the villages.

The attack I have had of trouble in my bowels is a new thing for me. I have, from childhood, been troubled with constipation, and never, before this year, that I can remember,

²⁰⁰ Probably referring to Aunt Roxy's daughter, Frances Ellis.

have had a tendency to [have] diarrhea hang on for more than a day or two. I have been wondering, of late, if it could be that I was about to be troubled as you are generally in the summertime²⁰¹. I hope not, certainly, as it will be likely to interfere sadly with my work.

I hope soon, now, to be able to tell you to what purposes I have appropriated the money sent by Father, at various times, gathered from the contributions of Sabbath School scholars. If we had remained at Tirupúvanam, we could have determined definitely just what to apply it to. That is, we could have named the scholars. As it is, we must wait a little until Brother Rendall lets us know which of the scholars are unprovided for. We are very thankful, indeed, to the scholars who have sent us their contributions, and shall, the coming year, be glad to get and use, for the support of scholars, all they can spare.

When I am in better health I will try to give you a more satisfactory letter. Love to my darling Mary, and to you all.

[Thornton]

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Kodi Kanal
December 13th, 1870

My dear daughter Mary,

It always gives us great joy when we receive a letter from you, and we read it over a great many times, and your papa and I talk together, something like this: Your father says, "I think this is a better letter than the last. Mary is improving in writing," as I take it and say, "Yes, I think so, too, and it pleases me to see her words all spelled right." And so we talk, back and forth, about it, and I often think, "If our dear Mary could only see how much we think of her letters, she would be very happy."

I think little Thornton will answer his letter tomorrow. Your father read his letter to him and he seemed much pleased with it and kept saying, "yes, yes," to all he read. I will send a little lock of Irene's hair. She has become quite sick, and we have been very anxious about her. But she is better now, and we are so thankful to our dear Heavenly Father. She is very sweet and cunning, and I am sure you would love her. When we say "kiss" to her, she smacks her little lips so daintily. She used, sometimes, to say "papa" and "mama" and to stand alone, only holding on to a chair with one hand, but she has forgotten all that since her sickness and is only now just beginning to recollect them. She and her little brother think a great deal of each other, and when she sees him coming, she often stretches out her little hands to him and laughs. It pleases him very much, and he comes up to her and kisses her and says, "dear little sister. Isn't she cunning, Mama? See, she loves me." Dear little fellow, he is very funny sometimes, and I think he is trying to be a better boy than he was. When he does not feel quite happy about anything, he says, "It feels me bad," and I say, "Where?" "Here," he says, placing his hand on his chest. Last night when I put him to bed, I said, "Now lie down and don't play anymore." He didn't want to go to sleep, so he said, "It feels me very bad down here, Mama," and I said, "I am very

²⁰¹ "Summer complaint" or "cholera morbus" was a common malady whose primary symptoms were diarrhea, intestinal cramping, and vomiting, which mimicked, to a lesser degree, the symptoms of true Asiatic cholera, and was usually the result of food spoilage, due to inadequate preservation of foods and a lack of refrigeration.

sorry.” “Yes,” he said, “I not comfor’ble. I thick. I got fever.” So I told him if he was no better in the morning I would see about it, so he laid down and in a few minutes was fast asleep, and I heard no more about his fever.

I am glad you enjoy your studies so well. And I shall be very glad of all the patchwork you send. The quilt you sent has not yet come, but it may be in a box that is now on the way. I shall be very glad of it, for up here we need very warm clothes and quilts.

Little Irene has four teeth through, and they look very cunning. I don’t think she will be as mischievous a child as Thornton, for she seems so gentle and quiet, and I hope she will help her little brother to be good, too.

We are very, very happy together—your father and the two little ones and I—and I often think if you were only with us our cup of joy would be full. Well, sometime, if God sees best, we may all meet together, and then how happy we shall be. God is very good and kind to us, dear Mary, and we cannot do enough in return for all his loving care for us, can we?

I have been very busy all day, and am feeling not very well tonight²⁰², and I must be up early in the morning, for your father goes down to the plains very early. So I think I will close. With a great deal of love to your dear Grandma and Grandpa, and a heart full for my own dear Mary.

Very affectionately,
Your mother,
L. E. P.

TBPenfield to Cowles

Kodi Kanal
December 13th, 1870

Ever dear parents,

My usual monthly letter is now 3 days overdue, and I must delay no longer writing you. There is no material change in our health or prospects, I believe, since writing you last. I have improved somewhat in strength and general health, and so, I suppose, in ability to combat successfully the tendency to diarrhea, which still troubles me. I am taking ale, a bottle every 2 or 3 days, and think it is doing me good, though I am not very sure. At any rate, I shall stop its use in a few days. I seem to experience the greatest benefit from ginger tea, a cup of which I have to take every few days. I have now been up the hills a month and a half, and mean to go down for a day or two, if the weather permits me to, tomorrow morning.

We have now moved into the house which the Noyeses have been living in, and find it much more comfortable than any other on the hills. I hope we shall be allowed to keep it, inasmuch as our work must, of necessity, take us up here in some of the worst weather. Brother Noyes is one of the healthiest and most robust members of the whole Mission, which is very likely accounted for largely by the fact that he is up here so much of the time. If I can get quite over this tendency to looseness of bowels, I hope I may be able to do a strong man’s work hereafter.

Our little girl has had another ill turn since I wrote you last. We were quite concerned about her for a few days. She was very stupid and had green stools. The doctor came at our call

²⁰² Lottie was in the first trimester of her third pregnancy.

and did a great deal for her. Before that, she was beginning to stand and even walk by the assistance of a chair, but she has forgotten all such accomplishments and is now only beginning to learn over again. For 2 or 3 weeks she wanted to be let alone. It troubled her to be noticed or spoken to. I suppose the trouble was teeth just starting. She has 4 through, and we are looking for more.

I have to compile and write the Annual Report this year and shall be happy to send you as many copies as you can make of service. Perhaps each school that sends money for the support of scholars might like one. The older members would certainly find something of interest in it. I think I have already acknowledged the sums received through you, but will do so now, at all events. I can let you know, I think, by next letter, the names of the scholars who are supported in this way, as our accounts for the year are just being made up. I have received \$51.00 currency and \$27.50, as also \$30.00 gold. Together they amounted to 199 1/3 rupees, or the support of 5 1/2 scholars for one year. We shall be glad of much more next year, if it is possible. Father inquires if the native helpers in our field understand English, so as to use commentaries. A few of our best men in each station do. If you could send us one copy of each volume for each of our stations (12 in all) for the use of such natives as understand English, and one for each of our 2 libraries it would be a great boon indeed, one for which we should all be very thankful. My intended letter to Aunt Roxy has not gone yet. When it comes, you will be at liberty to copy such parts as you can make of service. The Hubbards would enjoy reading it, so, if you please, you may send it on to them and they will forward it, if you give the direction. I must now close my letter with love to you all and a hearty kiss for Mary.

Your loving son,
Thornton

1871

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Kodi Kanal
February 1st, 1871

My own dear Mary,

I expect you know whose 11th birthday comes tomorrow. I am going to write to my dear daughter this evening, as I have so much to do that I fear that I may not find time tomorrow.

Your little sister's birthday came yesterday. She was one year old. She is very bright and makes her way all round the room, either by creeping or holding onto chairs and walking by them. She says "Mama" and has 5 teeth through and a sixth about through. Whenever she sees a stranger, she puts up her little lips to kiss them, or else kisses her little hand to them. We think she is very sweet and cunning.

Your father said, at the tea table tonight, that he wondered when his two little daughters could be able to celebrate their birthdays together, and I told him that I thought that whenever that time did come we should have to celebrate the day which comes between (February 1st), and so have them both together. Little Irene eats with a spoon very nicely. I love to feed her and I am sure you would.

Your father has gone to sit up all night with Mr. Taylor, who has been brought to the hills and who is very sick indeed. The doctor has great doubts of his recovery. It makes us all feel very sad to see him so ill, but he seems very happy and calm. I think perhaps your Aunt Josephine might remember him. Mrs. Taylor remembers her very well.

Mr. Burnell wrote us of seeing you when he visited Oberlin. It made us very glad to think he had seen you, and we heartily wished we could see you, too. Little Thornton grows very fast, and improves, too, I think. He prays for "dear sister Mary" every night, and sometimes says "Home, Mama, we go America and see sister Mary." I tell him sometime, I hope.

We hope you are getting along nicely in your music this winter. Who is the maker of your new organ? I am sure it was very kind of your dear grandpa to get it, and you must try to improve all you can. Perhaps sometime you can give your little brother and sister lessons. Would you like that? My dear Mary, God has brought you to see another birthday, and I trust that he will spare you to see many more, and that each one may find you a more obedient and loving child of Jesus. We are anxious for your improvement in manners, music, studies, etc.—but all these things are as nothing to the great desire we have for your growth in grace and in likeness to our loving Jesus. This is the great prayer we offer for all our dear children—may they be true Christian children, above everything else. Well, now I will say goodnight, for I am very tired. You must try to imagine 11 warm kisses

from your loving
Mother

TBPenfield to MCPenfield

Kodi Kanal, South India
February 13th, 1871

My dearest daughter Mary,

I have put your name, as you see, at the head of a larger sheet of paper than I usually send home, and it is to be, all of it, your letter, for, you know, a few days ago it was your birthday, and I want you to feel that you are not forgotten, by any means, in our far-off India home.

Do you remember when I did forget you once? You were so little at that time that I presume you will not be able to recall the circumstance even when I remind you of it. Besides, it was only for a few minutes that I forgot you, and I was so sorry about it that I'm sure you forgave as well as forgot it. It was when your own dear mother and darling little sister Nellie, and you and I were all living in Jamaica.

Your mother and little Nellie were in Kingston, spending a few days under the care of the doctor, and you had, for a day or two, been at Lewisburgh with Mrs. McGregor, our nearest white neighbor, who lived with her sister and their children one mile from us, down a long and steep hill. The morning of which I am writing, I was all alone at our home in Brainerd, and all the children of the Sabbath School and their teachers and friends were gathering slowly together at the chapel a few rods off. For there was to be a Sabbath School celebration that day.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, they were all in their places, class by class, and, after singing a hymn and praying, we all formed into procession, with flags and banners flying, and marched down the hill to Lewisburgh, that the children might have the treat of hearing Miss Stella McGregor play a few pieces of music on the piano.

When we reached Lewisburgh, I found them all very glad to see me, but my little Mary, most of all. But how about forgetting? We are just coming to that, as you shall hear. When the children started back up the hill, I mounted my pony and told you to wait for me, just a minute or two, while I saw the children in order and fairly started. As they went on, I saw considerable confusion. Some of the larger ones were thinking more of the cakes, candies, tarts, lemonade, etc., which they could have on the hill, I suppose, than of their little brothers and sisters who were very tired, so I had to ride on a ways to check them and cheer the little folks up.

We were all getting on nicely and had passed the gates of Lewisburgh when I remembered the little girl who was told to wait a minute, and immediately I wheeled my horse about and went cantering back as fast as I could to the house. I found her, with her brave little heart bearing her disappointment as well as she could, but when she saw me, she could not stand it any longer and burst out crying. I felt bad enough to cry, too, but that would not do, you know, for a big man like me, and so I took the little girl up on the horse before me, and away we went, and were so happy together that we soon forgot all about it.

Sabbath, February 26th

I am very sorry to say that this letter, as you will see from the previous date, has been waiting nearly two weeks to be completed. But it shall wait no longer, for I will finish it today, or else I must send it off without finishing, for it is really too bad that you and your Grandma should have to go so long without hearing from me. I have been very busy and not very strong, which may serve to account for, but not to excuse, my long silence.

I am now in a village called Cinnamanúr (the last syllable, which means "village," being pronounced as if spelled "oor" like poor). This is one of the largest villages in my field. It is said to have a thousand houses and perhaps five or six thousand people. This is the first time that I have been able to come to the villages for nearly half a year so that, as you might imagine, I am very glad to get out here and do a little missionary work.

And now, let me tell you a little about this congregation. A few months ago there was a dispute about some land, and they all left us and wouldn't come near the church, although the catechist did all he could to quiet and satisfy them. A few days ago, I received a letter from them, saying that they were very sorry for their foolish conduct and now they would come back and attend church regularly.

So I expected to see a good congregation today to hear me preach, but I waited an hour after the time, hoping someone would come, and then the catechist and his wife came, bringing two others. The rest had all gone to the courthouse, he said, to defend a poor boy, one of their children who was accused of stealing. You see, the native justice of the peace, or Tasildar, as he is called, is a heathen, and so holds his court on Sabbath as well as any other day; and then these people are not Christians but only those who attend service on the Sabbath when they feel like it. So I suppose I must be very patient with them and see if I cannot, by and by, teach them something better and lead them to give their hearts to the Lord. The catechist promises to try again to get them to come out at 3 o'clock this afternoon. We shall be very glad if he succeeds.

Later.

We have had our afternoon service. About six or eight persons came to meeting, beside those who were here in the morning, so I feel quite encouraged.

My health is now much better than it has been, though I still need to be very careful of exposure and of food. I shall probably have to live, for the most part, still, on the hills, at least a year or two, as my field is so feverish and subject to cholera. I should be sorry for this, only that it seems to be a matter that is altogether in the hands of our heavenly Father and I am sure He will do just right. Darling, I hope you are beginning to trust Him more and more and will go to Him with all your joys and sorrows, and try every day anew to please Him.

Your last letter, and the one that accompanied it, from Alice, were very welcome and interesting. I was very glad to hear that you are so happy there with your grandparents, though I had never doubted it, nor had your mother. She does not mean to question it by anything she wrote, as she says, but only to inquire whether you enjoyed yourself spiritually, and whether you maintained such close and loving communion with Jesus as to make you really happy. Dearest Mary, you may be sure it is our greatest anxiety for you that you lead a thoughtful, earnest Christian life, a life hid with Christ in God. You are not too young for this, though many people may think so and perhaps be so unwise as to tell you so. Your conscience, however, will, I am sure, tell you that they must be wrong. Darling, don't forget that your loving father is praying for you every day that you might have grace to serve Jesus acceptably.

You will please tell your cousin Alice that her Uncle Thornton is very glad to get the first letter in her "New Correspondence" and will try to find time soon to answer, though he has so much to do that he finds very little spare time even for so tempting a pleasure as correspondence with the dear ones at home.

Your brother had croup a few nights ago, but he was nearly well again before I came down the hills nearly a week ago. Mr. Taylor, one of our Mission, died on the hills nearly a month ago. I hope you and I may be fully prepared before we are called away. Love to all.

Your affectionate father,
T. B. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
March 1st, 1871

My very dear mother,

As this letter to you is not full weight, I will enclose our orders, and I am sure you will kindly forward them to "Langdon F. Ward, Esq, Treasurer, ABCFM, #33 Pemburton Sq., Boston. It will save our writing an extra letter.

We are both very sorry that we were unable to send a letter last month, but Thornton's poor health, together with his extra and heavy labors with the annual report, and Mr. Taylor's sickness and death, made writing almost impossible. Then, I have, now, Mr. and Mrs. Howland, with their two boys boarding with us, they all being in very poor health, increases my cares considerable.

The children are both quite well and little Thornton certainly does improve a great deal. I think he is really trying to be a good boy now. He is a great comfort and help to me. I don't know what I should do without him.

Very much love to our brothers and sister. We think of and pray for Josephine and Minnie very often. How glad we shall be to see you all again.

Ever lovingly,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
April 12th, 1871

My very dear mother,

Your last letter, or rather, the one from Father, reached us a short time since and filled our hearts with sorrow. It seems as if the maxim "misfortunes never come singly" was verified in this case. We are very anxious to hear again of your health. Oh, if the Lord can only see it best to spare us all to meet once more, face to face, here below. What a trial dear Josephine has had, and what a loss; we can but be grateful that their lives were spared.

Today we received the package which contained the patchwork sent by yourself, our dear Mary, cousin Alice, and Mrs. Wilcox. It will be of great help to us when I am able to have school again. The calico for little Irene is just in time for the little pet when we go down to the plains in 2 months. The dried fruit is always acceptable, and I do prize it very much. It is a great treat. Very many thanks for all your kindness and thoughtful love.

Now, I think you would like to have me tell you just how Thornton seems, to me, to be. He is certainly far from strong. Any little extra exertion or the slightest indiscretion brings on a return of his weakness (diarrhea), and a few days in Periaculum quite pulls him down. It is such a feverish place. He said, the other day, to me that if we had been here a few years longer, he should be quite decided that he ought to go home and see if his health could not be thoroughly reestablished, and then come out again. But it is hard to break away, especially when we are so much needed in this field. We are waiting and hoping the Lord will decide all for us. But if He should see best to send us home for a time, how delightful it would be to see you all once more.

Still, I would not go for that alone. We sometimes think Thornton inherits your troubles, but we hope not.

Little Thornton and Irene are very well indeed. Thornton certainly improves. He is more careful and less troublesome. Little Irene is as sweet as possible. She is beginning to walk alone a little. She has, several times, taken six or eight steps quite alone. She is so pleasant, if we talk to her, or if we don't, she will open the conversation and talk a long time, after her baby fashion, so sweetly. Then she will laugh as if we are having a very pleasant topic for talk. She says some words but not many. She and her little brother are great friends and love each other dearly. She puts up her little lips to kiss him, often several times a day. Several have remarked that Mary's picture looks very much like her, but Irene has blue eyes.

Well, I am very tired tonight, and I think I will close and go to bed. I have a family of 10 to provide for—perhaps we have not mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Howland²⁰³ and 2 boys, 10 and 12 years old, and a Miss Townsend, from Jaffna, are boarding with us, also our Miss Smith—so we have quite all we can do. Love to Father, and thank him for his letter. Much love to our dear Mary.

Ever your loving daughter,
Lottie E. Penfield

Will you please send Thornton's letter to my mother. He has never written so much about himself before, and I am anxious to have mother see it.

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
April 12th, 1871

Dearest Mother,

It is time that my monthly letter was on its way to you. How much better than silence it is to get letters 6 or 8 weeks after they were written, yet how unsatisfactory in times of anxiety. The last received left you somewhat better than for a few days previously, but what may be the tidings contained in the one now, as we trust, nearing India, we cannot know. What would I not give, within my power, to run in and see how you are this evening and, if you were able, have a good chat with you over matters of common interest. Somehow, forebodings of the worst have been much on my mind of late, so much so that addressing a letter to you seems, in a measure, out of character. But I will not yield to such feelings. You are, as I will still hope, better and enjoying comparatively good health again.

The last letter from home was sad enough, too, aside from the news of your illness. Poor Rachel—I deeply sympathize with her in this heavy stroke permitted by God to fall upon her so suddenly. What will she do now? Do you learn her plans? I suppose so, through John, who has probably returned, or will have done so before this reaches you, from a personal inspection of affairs and interview with her. John's case, too calls out our sympathy even more than usual, and Minnie's full as much. May all be sustained in their trials. You may be sure we do not forget dear sister Josephine in the hardness of her lot. Sarah seems to be the only one of all the family who is not, just now, caused to pass through deep waters, unless Smith, too, should be added to

²⁰³ Mr. Howland was a missionary with the Jaffna Mission in Ceylon.

the number, and I take it that even he does not find the ground quite solid beneath his feet, in a worldly point of vision.

My own health is still so precarious that it is still, to me, quite an open question between India and America, if not between short and long life. I have purposely avoided writing much on this subject, as I find it better to lead my mind in other channels; beside, even the remotest prospect of being obliged to break away from my work is one that gives me great uneasiness and grief. If the Lord may only see it best to grant me a speedy return of health, how grateful I shall be. You will, I am sure, wish to learn particulars, now that I have, in a general way, implied so much.

My trouble is a chronic tendency to diarrhea. The slightest cold taken, or over exertion, especially in the way of walking, brings on a return of my trouble. I do not dare to allow a movement of the bowels oftener than once in 36 or 48 hours, for fear that the disease should get the upper hand, as it has every time I have tried it. To be sure, it yields again readily to treatment. A cup or two of warm ginger tea and perfect quiet sets all to rights, apparently, for the time being, but the worse of it is that it seems to be only for the time being. I have not been under the doctor's care for some 4 months, but have put myself, once more, in his hands, and he is to try, I believe, a combination of strychnine and some tonic, as iron or quinine, taken in minute doses.

I have been down to the plains once in three or four weeks, so far this year, and have had a pullback each time. I have now been up about 3 weeks, and mean to stay on 8 or 9 weeks more before going down again, and see what comes of it. But I am sure I have said enough on this head, and gladly turn to something else.

I would like to know how a certain matter strikes you and Father. It is the propriety of keeping on heathen teachers and schools begun by Mr. Noyes. I think I can tell you, quite briefly, the chief pros and cons, as they lie in my own mind.

The cases are two, and are slightly different. One is in the high school, where English is taught. Most of the scholars are high caste boys and are learning to sing our Christian songs and the doctrines of the Christian religion, although from a man who makes no profession of following the teaching he gives. Brother Noyes' idea was to get hold of high caste boys in the hope that some of them eventually might be reached by the Truth. The school, by government aid, is more than half self-supporting.

The other seems to be more important. It is our first attempt to get hold of a hill village. A Christian teacher could not gather a school there, as yet, but the heathen master keeps up a very respectable one, as to numbers and intellectual progress. My hope would be to make this movement an entering wedge for the introduction of a Christian school, in time to come. I visited the school a few days since, and had a talk with the scholars, before their parents, on the nature of the true God and what we must do in order to be saved. I hope to send a catechist to talk with them in a few days, and perhaps he may stay a week or two among the people and try to get hold of them.

Most of our Mission are already on the hills for our usual 2 months "leave." Mr. Chester hardly ever comes up except for the May Meeting, which is held here. With this exception, all the Mission are likely to be here for at least a month. The Annual Report, of which I was the compiler this year, is passing through the press, and I shall be glad to send you several copies, for the schools now contributing for support of our scholars, and others. You will find acknowledgements, in the appendix, of all monies received the last year.

My warmest love to Mary, I hope she is a great comfort to her grandma in all her weakness. A heart full of love to you, dearest Mother,

Love from your ever affectionate son,
Thornton

MITHubbard to Penfields—continued from lost pages

[Letter #118]

April 14th, [1871]

We are all in good condition up to this date, thanks be to God. Be careful of yourself, my precious daughter. The dear Lord give you health and strength equal to your needs. How I do hope you will have a comfortable time until August²⁰⁴ and thenceforth. How earnestly we shall pray for you. Let me know fully how you progress, in a private note.

I have much writing to do between now and 1st of May, so I may defer your letter a week. Therefore, you will not be anxious. Moving will be a hard job, and I dread it, but the Lord will carry us through. We have a nice black silk sun umbrella to send you. I do hope you have got your flour, etc., ere this.

Dear Thornton, do be very careful of yourself. I greatly fear you will have to leave the field. I hope you will not at least, until others are sent out to take the places of those who go. We shall send you wine, next summer. May it prove of service. I rejoice to hear of your continued love and faithfulness to my dear child. You have endeared yourself very much to us, by your loving care of her. God grant that you may have many years of happiness together. I can leave you both in His hands with the most perfect confidence that all will be well. I often am with you all in my dreams and it is very, very pleasant.

So your clothes were not an entire failure. That is good. Are the white clothes we sent of any service to you. I wish we could send you something of value, but we give you a large place in our hearts.

Your loving mother,
M.I. Hubbard.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

131 Broadway, New York
April 17th, 1871

My beloved daughter,

In my last, I enclosed a photograph of Dr. C.²⁰⁵, and in the one previous, one of Mrs. Dorr, taken in Paris. They were to be taken out if the letter was overweight, but, as they were found all right, I hope it will be so on the other side of the water and you will not be taxed with extra postage.

²⁰⁴ Lottie expected her third child in August.

²⁰⁵ Possibly a photograph of Dr. Cowles, which would have been sent from Oberlin to be forwarded to the Penfields.

I've thought a great deal of little Thornton's request for you "to take him up if he should be put in a box in the ground, like Mr. Taylor." I remember when our dear little Willie had just such a dread of death, and I wanted it should be done away, and so I took him and Fannie to walk around Trinity Church. We stopped and looked at the railing, and I bent over them and told them how it was that the bodies that were buried there would not be there always, but that Jesus would come in great power and glory and wake them all up, and those that had loved Him would be clothed in white robes, more bright and beautiful than they could possibly imagine, and they would go up to Heaven, with Him, etc., and that these new bodies would never grow old or know pain or sorrow or sin, etc. I pictured it just as beautifully as I could. I had to make quite an effort to be heard through all the din in Broadway. We halted at several places all around the ground where the graves looked attractive, and I felt that an impression for good had been made. But how was I repaid for my labor? When, as we turned from the graveyard to come home, Willie, after running on a few steps ahead, as was his custom, turned square round and waited till his sister and I came up, and then, fixing his fine black eye upon me, said with great earnestness, "Mama, I won't be afraid to die." "God grant it, precious one," I inwardly responded. From that time, he never manifested any dread of death, and this little remark of his was a great comfort to me after his death, about three months after, when within three weeks of three years old. I trust in the right time you will have the same or rather similar experience with little Thornton. But some children have a repugnance to death and the grave, which it seems impossible to control. In such cases, I should wait patiently, and Providence will indicate the proper course. Oftentimes, indirect remarks and allusions, conversations between older persons, and the drift of one's own feelings, will have a marked influence upon a child. The dear Saviour give you wisdom in all things.

On Saturday your father went over to Montclair with a Mr. Houghton, who lives not far from us, to see Mr. Wild's house. Mr. Wild told your father, if he would sell it, he would give him \$300 for the college in Jaffna, besides his commission. So your father is anxious to sell it for him. Mr. Houghton was very much pleased with the plan and with Montclair. Mr. Wild's carriage was at the depot, and his man drove them around. They stopped at our place and Mr. Houghton thought it was charming. Some of our pear trees, he said, were some of the handsomest he had ever seen. Coming home, he remarked that he did not know when he had enjoyed an excursion so much, and if he could exchange lots from Mr. Wild's place, he would do it. Mr. Wild is to look at his lots; they are near Central Park. Perhaps they will agree upon terms. Your father is quite hopeful; he wishes very much to get the \$300 for Jaffna.

April 18th

A busy day. I had just finished clearing some drawers and packing some things when Aggie came with her little brother Charlie. She had not been here very long when Lucy came. We had all just finished our lunch when Miss Jennie Dodge came, and Fannie prepared lunch for her while I read to them your last letter, in which they expressed much interest. Mrs. Bates and Miss Jennie had just left when Mrs. Angell came, and right off, Mrs. Hustace and Grace. So we had our hands full. Mrs. Hustace wished me to show Grace the things you sent from India. I did so, and she seemed very much pleased. I don't think she had ever seen anything of the kind before. She's 11 years old, and sometime, when you have an opportunity, if you could send her some little thing like that box of Lilia's perhaps, I think it would be doing good. They have means. Mrs. Hustace said today she should remember you in the next box. They are so much out of our circle that what you might send to Grace would elicit no remark among our other

friends. I am tired and have to put up a package for your father to take to Montclair tomorrow, and I want to finish the letter to brother Charles, also, so goodnight, darling.

April 19th

Just as I had finished the above, the doorbell rang, and our good friends Bishop Reinke and wife, of the Moravian Church, came to spend the evening, making 12 persons today. We had a very pleasant interview, Christian experience the principal topic of conversation.

April 27th

Four years today since you landed in Madras. How much of mercy you have experienced, in the time, as well as we. Our hearts have gone out to you very much today, although we are in the midst of packing, expecting to go in the morning. If it remains tomorrow as it has today, we shall not go. We have had many friends to see us, and among them, Mrs. Hustace, who brought a doll for little Irene, in a little red riding hood, a box of splendid blocks for Thornton, and twenty dollars in money, for you, not ...²⁰⁶

[M.I. Hubbard]

TBPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
May 14th, 1871

Dearest Mother,

Although I am four days late this month, the letter can still go by the same mail as if it had been written on the tenth. The mail for England and America is made up once a week at Bombay, to which part is sent by rail, most of the way, and will be all the way, we hope, within a few years. However, railroad extension in this country is pushed very slowly indeed. We are kept advised of the latest safe date for our home-bound letters by the authorities. At present, it is Monday, here on the hills.

The last from home cheered us up greatly, as it spoke of your improving health. I am very thankful, indeed, that you can have the comfort of carriage rides, even if it is round and round the orchard, these muddy days. Rest and pleasurable exercise may work wonders towards restoring health (by the blessings of God), if judiciously distributed through the day.

We will still cherish the hope that we may meet again in the flesh, Providence permitting, though the time to wait seems long, and the prospect, humanly speaking, exceedingly dubious. My own health is, I think, a little better than when I wrote you last. I still continue to take the pills, prescribed by the doctor, three times a day, though they are nearly gone. Another day finishes them, I believe. The prescription is then to be changed. For a couple of weeks, I have been suffering from a severe cold, which, as the weather has been quite rainy, has been rather obstinate and has only, within a few days, yielded to treatment. As might have been expected, my disease has been somewhat increased on this account.

I have not been down to the plains, now, for between 1 ½ and 2 months, and expect to remain up nearly a month longer. It remains to be seen whether such a length and stay as I shall, by that time, have made on the mountains has given me strength enough to battle successfully

²⁰⁶ Subsequent pages are unavailable.

with the heat and malaria of my field. I suppose there is no question that my field is the most unhealthy of any in the Mission. My hope is that, by frequent visits to these heights, I may be able to carry on the work. If I break down, I don't see how the work is to be done or who can take my place. But this, I trust, I am learning to leave with the Lord, since it is His concern rather than mine. I had a delegation of my catechists up here last week, and so learned something of the progress of the work. But little seems to be doing just now. I don't mean to accuse the catechists and teachers of unfaithfulness. They seem to be going on with the duties usually required of them in their schools and congregations. But it is aggressive work that tells, and the earnest spirit, and here is where the missionary is most needed in his field—not as a task master to see that suggestions are carried out and duties done, though even this, too, is sometimes needed—but to keep all alive and earnest, mainly by the example of his earnestness and love for the souls about him. I have been able to be in my field so little, as yet, since I came to this station that I can scarcely call my work here begun, or much more than begun.

Mission Meeting commences here day after tomorrow (it being, now, Monday the fifteenth), and we are all busy making our preparations for it. I hope we shall have but little contention this time. Surely the death of one of our number²⁰⁷ since our last meeting ought to lead the survivors to a more tender and generous spirit toward each other than has been sometimes exhibited.

I hope, soon, to find time to write the Sabbath Schools at and near Oberlin. If you find opportunity, you may assure them of the same. We are pleased to learn that Mary is so well and growing so fast. Will you kindly tell us her height now? Our warmest love to her, and our prayers, always, that she may ever please God.

Your loving son,
Thornton

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Kodi Kanal
May 18th, 1871

My very dear mother,

Father's last letter was a great relief to us, telling us, as it did, that you were better, and containing more cheerful news than the one previous had done. I believe we wrote that we had Mr. and Mrs. Howland with their two sons, also a Miss Townsend, from Jaffna, boarding with us. After a stay of about nine weeks, they left about two weeks ago. They were very nice people, indeed, and made as little trouble as possible, yet it is a great relief to be by ourselves again.

Thornton has been taking tonic pills, by the doctor's order, for some time past, and we really think they are helping him some, though improvement comes very slowly and sometimes we think does not come at all. Dear Thornton is generally very cheerful and hopeful, but sometimes the clouds do come, and it is hard to keep sight of the bright side. He certainly does not gain as fast as we could wish, yet by the greatest care he keeps up and round.

The little ones are both very well. Thornton grows very fast and is a better boy than he used to be. Irene walks all round and says a few words. She calls "Thornton" very plain, and

²⁰⁷ Rev. Horace S. Taylor, of the Madura Mission, had died February 3, 1871.

calls herself “little girl” or “girlie, girlie, girlie.” She is very sweet and cunning and exceedingly bright for so young a baby.

Those little aprons you sent already basted can, by a little alteration, be made into little skirts, which will please the little girls very much. They hardly have any use for aprons. They like little jackets very much, made the very simplest way. Please thank Mrs. Wilcox and Alice for the patchwork they sent, and also dear Mary for the patchwork and bed quilt. I shall keep it very carefully. I was about entirely out of dried fruit and was so glad to get more.

This is a very rainy season, so damp and chilly, on the hills now. I think the weather is very much against Thornton. We hope to go down to the plains about the 8th of June, and we shall be able to see how well he can stand the change. We long to be able to live below again, and go on with our schools and be able to give personal supervision to them again. But, as Thornton says, our health, as well as all else, is in His hand, and He will let us work again as soon as it is for His glory. We are very happy, indeed, and have only cause for joy and thanksgiving. It is so restful to give ourselves no uneasiness about the future. We know it all will be right.

Isn't it about time we had another picture of Mary? We are very much interested in all you write about Josephine's or Charles' or Smith's family or any of the rest. The money father sends us is of great help in keeping our boys in school. Without it, many would have to leave, and some of our young men are very promising.

With a great deal of love to you all, especially to yourself, father, and our dear Mary.

Ever affectionately, your daughter,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to TBPenfield

Pasumalie

Tuesday evening, June 20th, 1871

My own dear husband,

Muttu came home about 7 o'clock this morning, horse and carriage seemingly all right. Your little note comforted me not a little, though I have been very happy and free from anxiety. Children both well, though Thornton has been quite mischievous and fretful today. Today, at table, I said to Irene, “Where's Papa?” She looked all round in our room and everywhere, and then called out, “Come Da, Come.” She knew what I meant.

Well, we have had quite exciting times since you left. First—Muttukrisnas called the evening you left—also Miss Pollock (whom I intend to invite out to visit me soon, perhaps stay a week with me), and the Palmers. Second—Anthony came to talk with me about “oma carriuns” which I could not understand so I had her wait until Miss Smith came over, when, after much circumlocution, I found the long and short of the matter was: Pusari (Mrs. Howland's horsekeeper) had promised her, on the hills, to marry her, and she wanted us to take him with us when we returned to the hills, and so keep her with us. Upon inquiry of Chuiripan, I find that she says that he promised to marry her, but it is much against the wish of his friends, who are making a great “row” about it, and the thing is likely never to take place, so she must not bolster herself up with false hopes, and I will try to give her some good counsel, though things look very bad to me, for why should he have promised to marry her unless he wished to gain certain ends at the time while on the hills. I don't think he has been near her since we came here. I am sure I

hope she is not in trouble. Excitement number three—Miss Smith came over and slept with me, much to my comfort. Excitement number four—Miss Smith declared this morning that she heard very unusual sounds in the night (which I did not hear) and which, she having an attack of nightmare during the night, I laid to that. But this morning we found that during the night three men (probably cullais as there are lots living round here, Mr. Washburn says) came and drove off our cows (the calves were fastened up in the hen house) as far as the church, but the cows made such a calling out for their calves that it awoke our servants and Mr. Washburn's watchman, who ran after them and brought the cows back. So tonight the cows are fastened in Mr. Washburn's cow house, and they have lent me the chains that used to be used to chain up their oxen. Tomorrow I am to buy two great padlocks for them, when we hope they will be secure. A special cause for thanks giving, isn't it? What a loss those two cows would have been to us. The calves are locked up in the hen house. I have felt very grateful all day. Tomorrow we are going into Madura to spend the day with Mrs. Capron and do the shopping necessary. I hope you are all right, dearest. It is such a great comfort to have Miss Smith sleep with me.

Wednesday evening

Home from Madura, safe and sound, dearest. We had a delightful day, children well and happy, and I think my purchases have been very reasonable and, I hope, not extravagant. All are necessary—and I prayed, before I went, that I might be led to make only such as were needed and best.

You will see our nice overlands. How do you like Mary's picture? I wish her hair was not curled, so that she would look just as she does every day, not extra fixed for the occasion, don't you? It looks too old for her, too, as your mother says. Miss Pollock is coming out on Saturday morning and may stay a week with me; she seems real glad to come, and won't it be pleasant for me. So you see, dearest, how the Lord is caring for us. I am very comfortable and happy, though very tired tonight, but I thought I must just talk to you a few minutes, dearest of all the world to me. I only hope you are as comfortable and happy as I am, and as well. Good night now, dearest. I'm trying to be a prudent wife. My back aches some, and I must stop. Love.

Thursday morning

Your tapal goes today, dearest. How anxious I am to learn how you are. I am sure these letters will be a great comfort to you. We slept beautifully last night and are all right this morning. My heart is full of gratitude. Why should I ever fear, with such an all powerful Father. We are so weak and faithless.

Please bring me, when you come,

Two small sized lamp chimneys.

The Washerman's sheet (for putting round dirty clothes)

Your own good topy.

Three pillows.

A piece of whalebone from the upper shelf of the almira in our bedroom.

And please lock the book almira²⁰⁸. I think that is all.

²⁰⁸ Another term for armoire.

It seems as though you have been gone a month already. I wonder how long it will seem before you really come back. I just said to Irene, "Where's Papa?" She ran out to the edge of the verandah and pointed to the carriage, talking as fast as her little tongue could run.

I have attended to all the business you have asked me or written about. Mr. Washburn pays no more here for grass than elsewhere. I send your desk, two loaves bread and butter, one dozen potatoes, dates, one cake, one pie, one bottle jelly, as there is but one bottle of jam here. I hope you will relish this jelly. Your little note came this morning, dearest, and cheered me greatly. I do hope you will keep well and happy and have a prosperous tour.

God bless you, my own husband. Thornton says, "Why does Papa stay so long?" Please be sure to return this tier box and the cup and pie plate, in fact, all the dishes now sent. I will send the horse Saturday morning.

Ever lovingly,
L. E. Penfield

A nice full tapal for you, isn't it, dearest. I hope there will be letters to send next time, too. The Washburns and Miss Smith are very kind indeed.

Your own
Lottie

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Wednesday, June 28th, 1871

My very dear Mary,

The last mail brought us each a letter from you, as well as one from your Grandma and Grandpa, and your picture. We were very glad to get them all. I was here all alone with the little ones, your father being away in the villages; but next day I sent a cooly to him with a big tin box. Would you like to know what I put in the box? Two loaves of bread, a cup of butter, a little roll of dates, a loaf of ginger bread, a mango pie, our letters, and some mail from other people to him. I thought he would think he had a very nice tapal box this time, and I was sure your picture would be of great comfort and pleasure to him, for we have been wanting one so much for a long time. I think it must look older than you do, as your Grandma says.

I do wish we could get pictures taken of little Thornton and Irene to send to you. I cut Thornton's hair the other day and saved a piece to send to you. I will send a little bit of Irene's hair, too. It is so hot and dry down here that the poor little girl's hair stands out straight, all over her head. It makes one think of a porcupine, with its quills sticking straight out. She has been very fretful all day, and I find a little point of a new tooth through, and I presume others are not far behind, which may account for it. Little Thornton thinks a great deal of the lock of hair you sent. He wanted me to get it out and show it to him every little while, and when anyone comes, I must show them "sister Mary's hair, very long hair." He was quite disappointed when I cut the lock from his head for you, that it was so short.

His Grandma Hubbard sent him a lot of tin dishes, which are a great delight to him. So yesterday he was getting me some dinner with them and some stones for food. He began to talk to himself. He said, "This is rice and curry, this is potato, this is plantains, and this is meat, it's a roast, a nice fat roast shoulder. Yes, it's the nice fat roast shoulder of a donkey. Mama, you like

a piece?" So I played eat my piece of donkey, much to his delight. He said it so soberly that it sounded quite funny. Irene is just as cunning as possible. She runs all round and tries to do everything she sees us do. Her great delight seems to be to get a book and climb up into a chair and sing.

Your father is not at home, as I said, or he would write to you with this, so you must wait to get his letter until next time. It is almost 4th of July. I expect it will pass very quietly with us, while you at home will have very noisy times. How anxiously I used to look forward to that day when I was a little girl. I never supposed that I should be where people took no notice of the day. I hope you will have a very pleasant day and meet with no accident. Give a great deal of love to all our friends, and keep a great deal for yourself.

From your loving mother,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Pasumalie
June 28th, 1871

My dear mother,

I am very, very sorry that our usual monthly letter was so delayed this month. It seemed almost impossible to send at the right time, as we were moving down from the hills, and after we were down a day or two and Thornton had left me to take a tour, I was obliged to send for him to come back, as I was very poorly. We came, as soon as I was able, to Pasumalie, where I have near neighbors, the Washburns, and am near the doctor in Madura, and he has left us here while he does his touring. About the last of July he will return, and probably not leave us again until after the September Meeting, when we shall all go back to the hills. When we first came down, Thornton said he had not felt as well for months as he did then, and we were greatly in hopes that the long rest on the hills had quite restored him, but he writes me that he has been threatened with a return of his trouble since he left us. It is a great disappointment to us, although we know it is all for the best. He is, just now, on the hills for two or three days, attending to work up there, but will return to his villages the last of this week. The weather is fearfully hot. I never felt so wilted by the heat before, and others have spoken of it.

I mailed a dozen reports last week, which we hope will reach you safely.

You say you sometimes think you should like to taste our fruits. I wish you might, but I am sure you would be disappointed. The "luscious tropical fruits" we hear so much about are not ours, and Thornton says we have no such fruits here as in Jamaica. Both he and I were greatly disappointed. Just now, we are able to buy clean dates and a few pretty good mangoes, which we consider a great treat, and it is the first time since we came to the country that we have been able to do so.

This letter must go by this mail without fail, so I will close. With love to all.

Ever affectionately, your daughter,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Pasumalie

Monday evening, July 17th, [1871]

My very dear mother,

I am afraid you will miss your letter this month if I don't do the writing, for Thornton is so busy. He has been home for less than a week, once, since I last wrote, but is now off again and will not return until the last of this week, when I hope he will stay with us for some time, and will then find more time for his correspondence. I found this letter written to Aunt Roxy among his papers, a few days since. It is the second copy made from the original, which was written while Thornton was in his field, and which was too disfigured, by the time it reached home, to be sent. I copied it, but that was kept so long we could not send it. Then Thornton let one of his Tamil teachers make this copy, which I find has not yet gone, so I take it upon me to send it along, just as it is, thinking Aunt Roxy would rather have this than wait any longer for the promised letter. It is too bad, and I hope she will forgive us the delay this time. We will try to do better next. She will see, by the dates, what our intention was a long time ago.

We are all much the same. Irene has not been well for some days past. I think she is teething, and it is that that makes her so very fretful. Little Thornton grows very fast and is a large boy for his age; he is not as troublesome as he was. I think he really tries to be a good boy, though it is pretty hard, sometimes.

Thornton finds a great deal to be done in his field. His long absence on the hills, although it did him much good, was hard on his field, and he finds much to be done. His people are very glad to see him, and he seems to be enjoying his work as much as ever. We have about made up our minds that, for the present, at least, say two or three years, we shall be obliged to live on the hills. He cannot be in Periaculum but a short time without being sick. The place does not seem to agree with him at all.

My letter, this time, will be rather short and uninteresting, I fear, but I am not very strong now days, hope to be better in a month or two. This letter will at least let you know that we are all well and happy. Next mail we look for another letter from you. The last contained Mary's picture. Give a great deal of love to her. Little Thornton often talks about her and wants to know why she does not come to see us or, as he expresses it, "Will sister Mary come to see us yesterday tomorrow morning?" His ideas of time are rather indefinite, and to express any time, either past present or future, he generally puts it "yesterday tomorrow morning." Love to all our dear friends, and a great deal for yourself,

from your loving daughter
Lottie E. Penfield

Will you please send these letters to Aunt Roxy. I do not know her address.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

137 Broadway, New York
[n.d., 1871]²⁰⁹

²⁰⁹ Circumstances mentioned suggest that this letter was written in July or August, 1871.

Oh, Lottie, when this reaches you, you will probably have another birdling added to your Indian nest. Oh, how my heart flies to it. How I would love to take it in my arms and bestow upon it my blessing. But I send it, and, with it, my warmest congratulations to you, my precious child, for I cannot but hope that you are safely through and have renewed cause for gratitude and praise. How anxious we shall feel until the intelligence reaches us. Do be very, very careful, and not try to be too smart. Be willing to get well slowly. How I do wish I could be there to help to take care of the little ones. I know you cannot trust the natives, and you don't want to tax the missionaries. After all, there is a good deal involved in having a family anywhere, but it pays in the end. I hope you will not have a childless old age. I am glad I haven't. What would I do without Fannie and you? Although you are so far away, your letters are a great deal of help and comfort, and I always feel strengthened and cheered after reading them. By the way, I have forgotten to say that Mary Crane came up to hear your two last letters and was very much gratified. She certainly shows a great deal of interest, and said we must tell you that the fifteen dollars she sent was for your own private use, to get whatever you chose for yourself and the children. She was surprised we had not so understood it. She said we must not fail to tell you, so here you have it.

We have received from Mrs. Cowles the letter Thornton wrote respecting his health, and were much obliged to you for requesting her to send it. You had told us about the same things, but we were glad to have his ideas. Now, let me urge you not to delay too long. If he does not get better, come home quickly. We will make you all most welcome. It is better to live and do good here than stay there to die. Don't delay. I trust you are willing to follow the leadings of Providence in the matter. If you come, we may not need to send the box we shall have ready by the next opportunity. Let us know in time, if possible. The Lord do what seemeth Him best. I cannot ask for one thing or the other. The Lord knows; with Him we leave it. But that new baby fills my thoughts. How I do want to see it. You must direct now to 137 Broadway, till you hear further. How great a blessing to have another little immortal to train for Heaven. God give you grace for this new responsibility, that you may be able to say, by and by, Behold, here am I and the children whom Thou hast given me.

Your loving mother,
M. I. Hubbard

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Pasumalie
Saturday morning, August 12th, 1871

My very dear mother,

I am sitting by dear Thornton's bedside writing to you. He feels very sorry that another month must pass without his writing you. I hope another month he may be able. The Lord has brought us into a tight place, and only He can lead us out of it. My dear husband has been attacked with "gastric fever," which, together with his dyspepsia, has laid him quite low. At times he is in great distress, and when not so, he has high fever, else great weakness and prostration. His food causes him the distress; he is able to take only the slightest nourishment—beef tea, tea, etc.—in very small quantities. Last night he was in very great agony for about two hours, after which he got some relief, and then seemed perfectly exhausted, yet so uneasy and so

much fever he could not sleep; and the doctor, who was here and spent the night, gave him a dose of morphine, after which—it could not have been far from 3 o'clock—he slept until morning. Today he is more free from pain, but fever still unabated, and great weakness. Everybody is very kind to us, and we both know and feel that it is all ordered right, though it comes pretty hard just now, for I am able to do so little. I have been expecting my confinement almost hourly for the past week, and am not in a condition to do much; still, it is a great thing to be able to keep round and see that others do right.

Thornton wants me to give his love to you all, especially little Mary. He seems to enjoy great peace, and feels it is all just right. It is a great pleasure to wait on him and be near him. I don't know what I shall do when I am laid aside and shall not be able to go to him in his seasons of distress. But the Lord knows all that, too, and He will give strength for all that comes. I cannot write much now. The children are both pretty well, which is a great mercy. The doctor is coming out to stay again tonight; he is very kind. How I do hope dear Thornton will have a good night. I think this attack has been preparing for a year past, ever since he had that, so like cholera, he has been ailing—sometimes more, sometimes less. How often I long for one of our mothers or sisters to be with us.

August 13th

I am very thankful to have such good news to report. Dear Thornton slept very well last night and has had a very quiet day, though one of tossing and tediousness. His fever is less, and he really seems to have gained some. We are very, very grateful for this improvement. I hope there may be no pullback now. He has still to be more careful of his eating, taking but one-half cupful of nourishment every three hours, and then allowing his stomach perfect rest. He says he hopes that if he gets well over this, he may be better than before for a year. I trust it may be so. Doctor still comes at night.

August 15th, 1871

I think this should be mailed in the morning so as to go by this week's mail, so I will give you the news up to this time. Dear Thornton is decidedly improving, though he keeps his bed entirely and takes nothing but tea and milk. He takes his medicine by enemas, so giving his stomach entire rest, except his food. He had seemed quite bright today, and stronger than before, though the days seem very tedious to him. I am still round, a wonder to myself and all others. It seems as though the Lord was allowing me to wait and be a little help to Thornton, and see him fairly started up before taking me down. I certainly am round far beyond all our calculations. It would have been very hard for me to have been laid aside while he was suffering so much. I do hope this sickness may be a climax of all his ailing, and he may be better than ever after recovering.

Our little ones both keep very well, which is a great mercy. Little Irene was vaccinated a short time ago, and it took very well. Dear Thornton was, too, and it took nicely, showing he needed it. We are so rejoiced to hear the good news that Minnie is more comfortable. I wonder if it will ever be possible for her to walk again, even with crutches. All that you write of Mary is very interesting to us. I hope that by another month you will be able to see a little written by Thornton himself. He cannot tour very much again for some time to come. His last tour was a very hard one, and he suffered many inconveniences, which may have helped induce this illness. I am so thankful he was taken here, with me, and not way off in Periaculum, all alone. In all our hard places, how much of mercy and loving kindness we can find if we only look for it.

If you will please send this letter to my friends it will greatly relieve their minds and save my writing the same thing to two different places. The natives have all been very kind. The catechists from our station who were studying here, five in all, have taken turns watching every night since we needed anyone. All the Mission are very kind. With much love to you all, especially our dear Mary, I remain, ever affectionately,

Your daughter,
L. E. Penfield

TBPenfield, Jr to MITHubbard²¹⁰

August 19th, 1871

Dear Grandma,

This day Papa died and he has gone up to heaven, and Mama is sick. Sometime we will go and put some flowers on Papa's grave. The grave yard be in Madura. We are going up to heaven when we die. I tell about little Flora. God sent her. God means Jesus. She is a good baby, not making any trouble. Tell Grandpa that I've got sore eyes. Irene, too.

Goodbye from
Thornton

EChester to CEHPenfield

Dindigul
August 21st 1871

Dear Sister Penfield,

In this hour of your bitter sorrow I know not what words to speak. If I tell you that your sorrow is all our sorrow and that we are praying that our kind Heavenly Father may support and sustain you in this His own hour of trial, I can, at least, thus assure you that you are much in our thoughts and in our hearts.

Only when we try the mercies of the Lord can we realize how great they are. And our prayer will ever be that you may know more and more, day by day, and hour by hour, of the comfort of giving up all to our kind, loving Heavenly Father and being just led by Him. I cannot, in words, tell how much we feel for you. How willingly would we help you bear your great burden. But no, our merciful Father in Heaven would make it all a blessing. We pray for you, dear Sister. The Lord, only, can comfort you.

Most very sincerely,
Edward Chester

²¹⁰ Although the letter does not indicate which grandmother was the intended recipient, the letter of Oct. 29, 1871, to Lottie from her mother, suggests that it was received by Mrs. Hubbard.

EFTracy to CEHPenfield

Tirupúvanam

Monday, [August] 21st [1871]

Dear Lottie P.,

You have scarce been out of my thoughts for the past five days; indeed, ever since we heard of your dear husband being so ill, as he was the middle of last week, and we prayed his Lord that in all your time of trial or afflictions you might have the sensitive presence of the Savior with you as a sympathizing, very loving, tender Savior, upholding you and causing you to feel that He would never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him. O how desolate and lonely you must feel, and I have no doubt you feel that the future is, to you, very dark, with the care of your three little fatherless children; but, my dear sister, there are many promises in the Bible for you, that you can now appropriate to yourself and the dear children, that you never thought, before, of applying to yourself, and I think you will find great comfort in recalling all such passages and in trusting yourself and all your dear ones to the care of your Heavenly Father, for vain is the help of man without this blessing. Be assured, we do most heartily sympathize with you and would be glad to do something for your personal comfort, were it in our power to do so.

You will be glad to know that Rajapur and Abraham, the catechists, and their wives, here at the station, have manifested the deepest interest and expressed their sincere sorrow at your great affliction. They have not forgotten you in their prayers.

With very much love, believe me, my dear sister,

Yours as ever,
E. F. Tracy

SChester to CEHPenfield

Dindigul

August 21st, [1871]

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble! Oh yes, though He send the trouble and affliction! The loving arms will still be about you, darling, sustaining you in this great trial and affliction. I would gladly come to you, if only to give you one kiss of sympathy, but Mr. Chester thinks at present you ought to see as few as possible and keep as quiet as you can, but I mean to come very soon. With a heart full of love and sympathy.

Affectionately yours,
S. Chester

WTracy to CEHPenfield

Tirupúvanam
August 23rd, 1871

Dear Sister Penfield,

I feel as though a note from me, at this time, would almost seem like an intrusion in this time of your deep sorrow, but I trust you will allow me to express my sympathy with you in your sad bereavement. The Lord has come very near to you, my dear sister, and laid His hand heavily upon you, taking away the light of your eye with a stroke, and I should be glad, were it possible, to help you bear the heavy burden; but vain is the help of man. He, only, who has smitten can bind up the wound He has made, and we have His own word for it that “He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men²¹¹.” And “as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him²¹².” May He fulfill all His precious promises to you and your dear children and make this affliction to work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. It is in such times of sorrow that the Savior reveals Himself most cleverly to His people, making their joy to abound, even in the deepest sorrow. May He be thus near to you, and may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus.²¹³

We remember you often in our prayers, and it may be a comfort to you to know that our native Christians remember you very tenderly in all their prayers. That the Lord may fill your heart with His precious love and make the consolation of His grace to abound in you is the earnest prayer of your brother in Christ,

W. Tracy

JRendall to CEHPenfield

Pulney
August 24th, 1871

My dear Mrs. Penfield,

The Lord has, indeed, laid his hand heavily upon you, but, in doing so, He also has his hand underneath, and thus you are sustained. I was very much struck with the expression of a late convert, Satyanathan²¹⁴, to which Mary²¹⁵ alluded. Yes, it is very sad to us but very pleasing to God. I was reminded of that passage “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”²¹⁶

This thought cannot remove your sorrow; but it will help you to bear it. I had become very much attached to our departed brother and shall feel his loss very much. It was always so pleasant to sit down and talk with him about the work in which we were engaged. He was

²¹¹ Lamentations 3:33.

²¹² Psalm 103:13.

²¹³ From Philippians 4:7.

²¹⁴ The name means “Servant of the Truth.”

²¹⁵ Probably his daughter, Mary Rendall.

²¹⁶ Psalm 116:15.

planning wisely for the good of that station, in making an effort to secure well qualified helpers, and I feel sure his plans would have been blest, had he lived. I hope his successor will be able to carry them out.

I was very sorry I did not see him when he last passed through Battalagundu. How the pupils in the Battalagundu School will mourn his loss. He was so kind and considerate to them that they all looked to his coming to Battalagundu with great joy. I shall soon meet the poor boys in their sorrow. Yes, dear Mrs. Penfield, we all shall mourn his loss as a brother beloved, and as a faithful and earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. How much, too, we shall miss you.²¹⁷ You have indeed been a joy in our circle and a blessing to us, as well as to the natives for whom you have been permitted to labor.

“Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.²¹⁸”

As ever,
Most sincerely yours,
J. Rendall

HZilva to CEHPenfield

Ramnad
August 26th, 1870

To Mrs. C. Penfield
Dear Madam,

Afflictions, trials, and sorrows are innumerable in this transitory world, which, doubtless, you have also experienced; but who is to comfort and sustain us except our crucified Savior who bore all sorrow for us. We have heard from Mrs. Chandler that our good Rev. Mr. Penfield is no more in this world. Truly, we both deeply lament and sympathize with you. It is a great trial to you. But, dear Madam, Jesus the Friend of sinners is always with you to take care of you, to help you, to comfort you, and He will comfort your drooping heart and take care your dear children and give you all grace you need. We are both well. I hope you are gaining health and your dear children doing well. Myself and Harriet's many thousand regards to you, and please to remember us kindly to Master Thornton.

I remain,
Dear Madam,
Your ever obedient Servant,
Henry Zilva²¹⁹

²¹⁷ A missionary's widow was always expected to return to the United States rather than continuing to work in the mission field.

²¹⁸ I Peter 5:7.

²¹⁹ Henry Zilva was the native catechist in Periaculum.

HETownsend to CEHPenfield—continued from lost pages

[n.d.]²²⁰

I always remember, with much pleasure, the weeks spent at your house, and Mr. Penfield's kindness, without interruption, while I was there. His helpful, affectionate spirit was always beautiful to see. Those qualities which made him dear to you make him the more missed now that he is gone. Yet, I think we love to recount the virtues of our friends who are gone.

Poor Mrs. Sanders²²¹, left a widow in a strange land eight weeks after she had arrived, has left us for her parents in New York. She is an only daughter, greatly petted by her parents and brothers, and has always had their help and assistance. Has never been called to act for herself until since her husband's death, and now she has started to make her way back in sorrow and loneliness, over the same path she so lately came in joy and hope. My heart bleeds for her. May the everlasting arms be her refuge and support, and God give her strength as her day. And so, also, to you, my dear sister. I send many kisses for all three of the darlings. God bless them and be more than a father to them.

Yours, with earnest sympathy,
H. E. Townshend

P.S. Mrs. Smith²²² desires me to send her love and sympathy. Her health is very poor, Miss Laura is at Dr. Green's²²³ for medical treatment. She has been, and is, a great but brave sufferer.

Give much love from me to Mrs. Washburn and Miss Smith, and keep a large share for yourself.

H.E.T.

SPollock to CEHPenfield

[n.d.]²²⁴

Dear, dear sister,

My sympathies and prayers have been with you all these days, and now my heart aches with a longing to do something for you. Oh how powerless is human sympathy to comfort in such a trial, but the "Everlasting arms" are very strong, the "peace of God" is very sweet, "passing all understanding," and I believe both are yours.

How petty all my little trials seem when I think of you. I am ashamed that I should ever have murmured. Oh, dear friend, our Father is very pity-ful. He is very tender, and that is all I can say to comfort you.

Yours, with love abounding.
S. Pollock

²²⁰ Probably September or October, 1871

²²¹ The wife of one of the Jaffna, Ceylon, missionaries.

²²² The wife of J.C. Smith, another Jaffna missionary. Miss Laura may have been her daughter.

²²³ Dr. Green was the Jaffna Mission's resident physician, considered a missionary assistant.

²²⁴ September, 1871

SPollock to CEHPenfield

Madras
September 11th, 1871

My dear Mrs. Penfield,

I am very, very glad to have received a note from you before I go, and very glad you are able to write once more. That was the first note you have written, and this is almost the last one I shall write in India, unless some unforeseen circumstance should prevent my going on the 14th, in which case I shall certainly write again.

You do not know how I longed to be able to go to Pasumalai once more and see you; but the effort of going on Sunday was more than I was able to bear, and I was so poorly ever afterwards that I could not even write to you. I feared, when I saw you, that I should never see you again but did not dare to tell you so; you had enough to try you, poor child. I would not have missed seeing your dear face that day, and of seeing your baby just once, for anything. Dear friend, how I long to comfort you, but I know that One more loving and tender and compassionate than I am has been near with his comforting presence, and what more can we ask for you.

A dear friend once gave me the 3rd chapter of Ephesians, from the 14th verse on, until the end of the chapter, as her prayer for me. I now wish to give it to you, in turn. Will you mark it in your Bible, and consider every word of it as my earnest wish and prayer for you and yours?

I shall most gladly go to see your friends, if I go to New York at all, which I hope to do. I anticipate quite as much, from the meeting, as your mother and sister possibly can.

I wish to give you my address in Scotland, and, if you are able, after a few weeks, I would rejoice to hear from you there.

Care Miss Agnes Clachem
No. 11 Union Street.
Glasgow

I am still in a state of uncertainty as to my plans, and have been in perplexities many. You will have heard, before this, that Mrs. Marden is not going at present. I must go alone, I think, but I feel as if the kind, loving friend, who has led me all my journey through, will care for me and bring me to my home in safety; but even if He should call me, it is but going home to be with Him. Now dear, dear friend, good-bye until the day when we shall hear the song of the "hundred and forty four thousand," and shall join them with our new harps.

Yours with dearest love,
S. Pollock

CEHPenfield to Cowles

September 24, 1871

My dear parents,

I have only been waiting until sufficient strength returned to write you a particular account of the incidents of dear Thornton's sickness and death, as they are in my mind. I thought, at the time, I never could forget them, but I was not able to write then, and there was so

much crowded into a short space, and my mind was so occupied, that I find I cannot recall all things as clearly as I should like.

I want to begin back about a year ago. It was in August 1870 when, perhaps, you will remember we wrote you about the prevalence of cholera in Periaculum. The illness he had, at that time, was, beyond doubt, an attack of cholera. It was a very solemn time with us both, but especially with my dear husband. A day or two after the attack, he arose very early one morning and went on the top of the house, where he spent a long time alone. Later in the day, he told me that he had felt much shrinking at the thought of death, but thought it ought not to be so—that it was not for the glory of God that His children should fear when He called—and that he desired to have such perfect faith and love that he should know no fear and no shrinking. He said that he spent those morning hours in telling the Lord all about it and in entreating Him to give him the perfect peace and freedom from fear he so desired. He seemed to have been wrestling with God for this blessing, and God heard and answered, for he said, as nearly as I can now recall his words, “I feel as though I had reached a higher platform than I ever stood upon before, and I shall never descend; my feet are upon a rock, firm and immovable; I shall never fear as I did before. It is so sweet to leave it all and know that all will be for us just as we would have it.” He added what he had sometimes mentioned to me before, that he often felt that he might not be spared to labor many years in India. From that time until his death, I do not recollect to have heard him express any of his former fear.

This last year of his life he seemed to grow in grace very perceptibly. Others, as well as myself, noticed it. He was so gentle, tender and thoughtful, both at home and with his helpers. I know he had many conflicts with himself, but he gained many victories. Many trying things occurred, and he often came to me afterward and would say, “I was so strongly tempted to say so and so, but I did not. The Lord held me back, and I do thank Him.” Even after that attack of cholera, he was constantly suffering from either dyspepsia or diarrhea—never both at a time, and seldom long without one or the other. In November, Dr. Palmer sent him to the hills after a bad attack of the latter, where he recovered his strength after a few weeks’ rest. He took several tours after this, but I think never remained much longer than a day in Periaculum without an attack of diarrhea. After attending the March Meeting in Dindigul, he came to the hills, intending to rest from touring, entirely, for two months, which he did.

When we went back to Periaculum early in June 1871, he came to me, after being in the house about 24 hours, with such a happy face, saying he had never felt so well on the plains, since coming to that station, as he did then. He really felt better, and perhaps we should, after all, be able to live there. A few days later, he brought us all to Pasumalie, stayed with us about four days, and then took a long tour in his field, of nearly three weeks. After his return, he said he must go once more to his field before staying with me, as there was trouble in some of his villages which needed attention. This, his last tour, of some ten days, proved to be a very hard one. After he came home, he said it had been the hardest tour he had ever taken, and that he had tried to do too much in too short a time. He had had two or three returns of his trouble, and the last was much like cholera, though, with prompt treatment, yielded very readily. I never saw him appear so rejoiced to reach home as he did at this time. He repeatedly said to me, “How glad I am to be at home again. It does seem so good. I have had a hard tour and need rest.” I said, “I am so glad to have you here, and to feel that now it is your duty to stay for one, and perhaps two, months. We shall neither of us feel that perhaps you ought to be in the field. Your path of duty is very plain now—we shall be together and nurse up each other.” He responded very cheerfully. He seemed to enjoy all his home comforts so much, but instead of playing with the little ones, as

he often did, he would take them on his knee and talk quietly to them. And when little Thornton asked to ride on his back, he would answer, "Not today. Papa is very tired and his headaches. Perhaps tomorrow." He once said, "How sweet the voices of one's own children are. It is music to my ears."

He returned from this tour, July 22nd, Saturday. On the 23rd he went to Madura and preached in one of our native pastor's churches, administering the sacrament and, afterwards, visiting the jail, with Mrs. Chandler, and talking to the convicts. He was vaccinated about this time, which took well, and for several days afterward he complained of feeling very feverish but said he thought it might come from his vaccination. His food also hurt him. He seldom ate solid meat but took soups and broths, but gradually ate less and less until one night, about this time, he had a terrible sick headache and vomited several times. We thought that after that he would probably be better, but each day that week found him worse. We sent for the doctor, who said he should put dear Thornton through a course of treatment, as the secretions of his skin were not natural. And after he had gone, Thornton said, "That means that I shall be worse before I am better." I was up with him so often in the night that, after a day or two, he requested the helpers (five in number), who were studying in the Seminary at Pasumalie, to take turns watching through the night, which they did very cheerfully. So I had only to rise for his food and medicines when I was called. He was very thoughtful of me and afraid I would overdo, up to the very last.

The 9th of August was my birthday. He was on the bed most of the day, but put on his dressing gown and sat up in an easy chair most of the afternoon. All he could then take, besides the doctor's medicines, was bread, tea, and extract of beef broths. Sometimes even this gave him great distress, although taken in very small quantities; he had no appetite.

On the next day, Friday, I had the room on the other side of the house prepared for him, as I expected, every day, to need my own room, and the noise of the children disturbed him. We had but one double bed, beside single cots lent us by our friends here. I put two single cots together in the room for him, as he refused to take the big bed because he said I should need it, and I saw it would worry him if I insisted. When he saw the two little cots, he did not fancy them and wanted one sent away, saying one was enough. I told him I thought he would find that he would feel cramped on so small a bed, but he thought not, so we put one away. That night the doctor and one of the catechists stayed with him. Soon after midnight, I heard him groaning, and I hurried in to find him on the floor, in such agony that he could neither sit, lie, or stand. He had just been taking a little extract of beef broth, and it refused to digest. The doctor had tried to relieve him, in vain. I pulled the mattresses on the floor and laid them side by side and stayed by him until he found relief, but it did seem hard to see him on the floor. He looked up to me afterward and smiled, saying, "You knew best. The little cot was not large enough." I sent coolies into Madura as soon as possible, and before breakfast Mrs. Chandler had very kindly sent out a nice double spring bed with two mattresses. I never shall forget his look of joy when he saw the bed. Mrs. Chandler came, too, and had it all nicely put up for him. He looked at the bed and said, "I think I can sleep on that. I thought the Lord had not provided any better bed for me, and I meant to be satisfied and not complain."

He found it impossible to sleep nights without being fanned, and it seemed to trouble him that anyone should be obliged to stand and fan all night. So the Thursday (17th) before his death, he had his bed moved directly before the window, where a good breeze was coming in, and he thought he would be able to sleep without fanning. Mr. Washburn was to stay that night and slept on a cot near him, while one of the catechists watched. About midnight, I heard dear

Thornton talking, so I ran in and found he had not been able to sleep at all and had been obliged to have the fanning continued. I fixed his bed and pillow and tried to make him more comfortable. He then asked me to pray with him that he might have patience, so I prayed that the Lord would permit him to sleep and give him rest. But if that was not best, give him patience and perfect peace and resignation. When I finished, he thanked me so pleasantly and said that was just what he wanted to say, but he could not control his mind to form the petitions. I told him the Lord knew how weak he was, and He also knew the desire of his heart. He must not feel troubled, for the Lord understood it all. I left him and heard nothing more that night.

The next morning I found he had slept sweetly, after I left him, until light. His head seemed very weak, from the first, and he complained constantly of feeling so bewildered and confused. He said to me several times, "I am glad you can stay with me so much, for you seem to settle me as no one else can." I sat with him from early morning until night, with the exception of a few minutes at meal time and an hour or so at noon, when I felt the need of my usual noon rest. And the last 5 or 6 days I had a cot brought at noon and set directly before his door, where I could see him and he could see me all the time. It is a great comfort to me, now, that I was able to be with him so much, almost to the very last of consciousness. Once, when I was called out, he said something about my not going or hurrying back. I explained why I must go. He said, "When you are here I feel so safe, but when you are gone I feel so bewildered." I said, "Muttu is here, and Jesus will never leave you." "Yes, I know that," he said, "but there is no person with whom I have such communion of soul as with you, and it seems as though Jesus had given me one end of a little cord and He holds the other. He lets me wander the length of that little cord and then draws me to himself again. Just two days ago He gave me that little sign."

For about 4 or 5 days before his death, he had lived almost entirely on milk, less and less quantity each day. The last Friday he took but three tablespoonfuls all day, and feeding it to him very slowly, a few drops at a time, he was obliged to sit up half an hour each time after taking it, to allow it to digest. At one time he said, "What a work this is for a man's stomach to digest one tablespoonful of milk—how my stomach is laboring. It is almost gone now. There, it is digested now." I said in surprise, "Why, can you feel it as plainly as that?" "Oh yes," he answered. "Could you, when you were well, feel it so plainly?" "No, only since I have been sick." Doctor was giving him enemas of beef tea and quinine. Friday morning (18th) he tried to sit up, but after a few minutes returned to the bed, saying, "There. I have sat up for the last time until I am better."

The day before, we had sent little Thornton to Mrs. Herrick's because the noise disturbed his father. Friday morning Mr. Herrick came in, partly on business and partly to see if he could do anything for dear Thornton. When he entered the room, Thornton's face flushed and he closed his eyes. Soon Mr. Herrick left, to return at noon. I then said to Thornton, "You were very glad to see Mr. Herrick, were you not?" He answered, "Yes, I should have cried if I had not been too weak." Mr. Herrick and Dr. Palmer came at noon, and Mr. Herrick stayed by Thornton, giving me a chance to do some necessary things about the house and for the children. Towards evening I thought, from some things dear Thornton said, that his mind was wandering a little, and mentioned it to the doctor. He said, yes, the disease had been going to his head all day. About dusk, doctor came in and said they were to have a season of prayer at Mr. Washburn's house (about two minutes' walk from our house). Dear Thornton said, "Ask them to remember me, especially." When Doctor and Mr. Herrick came back, dear Thornton showed very plainly from his speech that he was not himself. He had, all along during his sickness, wanted me to sit

upon the edge of his bed in order to be near him as possible. This evening he made room for me as usual. I sat down and took both his hands in mine. He looked perfectly contented, and said, "Now, don't leave me for an instant. I would trust you always and anywhere. You and I and cold water will weather it through together, but I won't trust one of them," glancing at the gentlemen. (In referring to this later in the evening, he said, "I was wrong; I should have said, "The Lord and you and I and cold water.") I said, "Well, you know one is Mr. Herrick, one is Mr. Washburn, and one is Doctor. They all love the Lord, and if they love Him, they will only try to help you and not trouble you. We will trust them, won't we?" He said, "Yes." But he still seemed desirous of having me near him.

But, as I had lost my usual noon rest that day, and having done more than usual, I was exceedingly tired. So I told him I would go to my room, slip on a loose dress, and come and lie on the back of his bed so I should still be near him. Doctor and Mrs. Washburn followed me to my room, and Doctor said, "My dear sister, are you prepared for the worst?" That was the first idea I had that dear Thornton was considered dangerously ill. I said, "It cannot be possible, doctor, that you think him as low as that." He said, "He is a very sick man. Had I better speak to him of his danger, or do you think it would shock him less to come from you?" I said if what he said was true, I wished to get back to him as quickly as possible, and I would mention it to him in a quiet way. I did not think it would startle him, but there would be less danger of it from me, I thought. I went back to him and, after being there a few minutes, I said, "Thornton, it is all right, is it not, whether He spares you to toil and labor longer?" "Yes, it is all just right," was his answer. "The doctor thinks you are a very sick man tonight." "It is all right," he answered.

Finding him so peaceful and willing, a thought of my own prospective loneliness rushed over me, and I said, "Dear, dear Thornton, what shall I do without you? We have been so happy together, and you are so dear to me." "Jesus will comfort you," he said, and almost instantly began to call for "air"—"camphor"—"water"—and, fixing his eyes intently before him, called, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," more and more earnestly each time, gasping for breath, and calling still more loudly, until his tongue refused to articulate the precious name. He had gradually raised himself into a sitting posture, and his face had become very much distorted. Every feature seemed standing out, and he gesticulated wildly with his hands. The name "Jesus," with the first syllable pronounced, faded away into stuttering, inarticulate sounds, and, as he fell back, the doctor said, "He is gone," and immediately began praying. But before he had finished, dear Thornton revived and called for "a little more air, air, camphor."

It was a chilly, rainy, windy night, doors and windows were all wide open, and he was being fanned with all a man's strength. And yet he wanted air. After a little, he became more composed, and Doctor said, "We thought you had gone." "Yes, I thought so, too," he answered. Someone asked him if he knew them, and he then pointed to each one, calling each by name: Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, Dr. Palmer, Mr. Herrick, and Miss Smith. He turned to me and said, "Oh, this is terrible. It is worse than death; it is ten deaths in one, but not one pain too many. Jesus sends it all." The doctor said, "You don't suffer much?" "No, not now, but between times." What he meant by "between times," I am not sure. At another time, he said, "If the Lord spares my life, I will be a more loving brother than ever before." I said to him, "This will be a terrible blow to your mother. Have you no word for her?" "No, Jesus will comfort her." The doctor then asked him if he would like them all to go out and see me alone. He said he would, so they left us alone. He then said, "Goodbye. Meet me in heaven. Cling close to Jesus; never, never leave Him for an instant. Jesus will help you to train the little ones for Him. And don't

ever be sorry you came to India.” I told him I never should, if it had only been to comfort him in these last hours.

The delirium again returned, and he began shouting, “India is Christ’s;” “It is Christ’s,” and then sang in a loud, clear voice, “Jesus Shall Reign Where E’er the Sun,” etc. The rest then returned, and he continued singing different hymns, the rest joining with him: “Jesus Can Make a Dying Bed Feel Soft as Downy Pillow Are,” etc., and “Forever with the Lord,” and “How Sweet and Heavenly Is the Sight,” etc. I cannot now recall the rest. He carried air, bass, and tenor as correctly as when well, only it was wild, and he sang with a terrible earnestness.

I cannot tell you how very hard it was to see my precious husband in such agony, as he seemed to be, while those terrible convulsions lasted. He turned to me several times, when he seemed to have an instant of consciousness, and said, “This must be very hard for you.” Finally he became comparatively calm, and I left him to go to my room, intending to return immediately. But when I got there, my limbs almost refused to bear me, I felt so tired and weak. Doctor said I ought not to return, but I had promised Thornton I would. Doctor said he would go to him and tell him how it was, and if he still said come, I might go. But Thornton, with his usual unselfish consideration, said stay, so I laid down and rested until morning.

Occasionally, through the night, I heard him call out, “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,” but he had no return of those dreadful convulsions. Doctor, Mr. Herrick, and Miss Smith stayed through the night. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn went home to rest and be prepared to take the place of watchers on the morrow. Miss Smith came every few minutes and told me just how dear Thornton was.

Toward morning he became rather belligerent and struck at both Mr. Herrick and the doctor, saying, “You need not think I am afraid of you.” Soon after, Doctor said, “Penfield, did you know you gave me a cuff just now?” “Yes,” he said, and laughed.

Before light I felt that my time was near at hand. Doctor sent for Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. Washburn also came. About six o’clock I went in to see dear Thornton. He laid for a long time with his eyes closed and breathing very feebly, but I think he opened them, before I left, and recognized me. I think it was then that he clasped his hands together and prayed, as near as I can recollect, these words: “Oh Lord, forgive my sin, my great sin. If Thou will restore me to health, then will I serve Thee only.” And then his voice assumed an imploring tone, and he prayed the “Lord Jesus” to “come quickly.” During this prayer he gesticulated a good deal with his hands clasped.

Being in a good deal of pain, I returned to my room, and about 10 o’clock he called for me. He was lying as if very, very weak. I said, “Do you know me, Thornton?” He nodded assent. I said, “Is it all ‘Jesus’ still?” He again nodded. I then repeated the lines he himself had quoted the evening before,

“I am a poor sinner,
And nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ,
Is my all in all.”

He formed his lips to repeat the words after me, but they gave forth no sound. I kissed him again and again, and he tried to return it, but had not strength. He raised his arms as if to put them round my neck, but strength failed him. His eyes then began to look strange, and I saw that the fearful convulsions were about to return, and Doctor led me back to my room. That was the last time I ever saw him.

The friends then began to sing to him and sang for an hour without cessation. The first hymn was “Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?” He joined with them. Then, “Shall We Gather at the River?” and many such hymns. I afterwards learned that they sang to drown his cries, for fear they would reach my ears. I was in the other side of the house, and doors and windows all shut between, but I heard dear Thornton above them all. His shouts were more like the frenzy of a maniac, and they afterward told me he seemed like one. They thought he was not conscious of his suffering. At times, it took five men to hold him on the bed. Mrs. Washburn said it seemed to her as though his brain was being twitched in a thousand different directions. He lost the sight of his right eye. The doctor said ulceration set in. He also lost the use of the lower half of his brain. All said it was better I should not have seen him again.

Soon after 11 o’clock the dreadful attack was over, and all was quiet again. The doctor then came to me and, twenty minutes before 12 o’clock, baby was born. I requested them to tell dear Thornton the news and give him my love. Mr. Herrick leaned over him and said, very slowly and distinctly, “You have a little daughter. Do you understand me?” He nodded and said, “Yes.” Mr. Herrick then said, “Your wife sends you her love.” Thornton then again nodded and smiled. Mr. Herrick then said, “Have you any message to send to your wife?” Thornton almost breathed the word “Jesus.” They say that once, after I went in the last time, he said, “Where is my wife?” Doctor told him I was in labor and he (Thornton) said, “God help her; He only can.”

About two o’clock I heard him groaning. Mrs. Palmer came and told me that every breath seemed to come with greatest difficulty, and he seemed to be in great agony. I prayed for him, as I lay in my room, that if it was God’s will to restore him, that He would spare him any more of that intense suffering; if not, He would come quickly and release him. And He heard my prayer, for he seemed relieved in half an hour. He sank quietly away, with no more apparent pain, and, at quarter past three, breathed his last—August 19th, 1871.

It was a great shock to us all. I think none of us were expecting such an issue. Dear, dear Thornton. I cannot yet fully realize that he has gone from us forever.

The Mission always keeps on hand black wood boards, as boards of any kind are very difficult to obtain on short notice. They tell me the coffin looked very nice. The carpenters worked all night, some of our helpers assisting them. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer stayed with me all night. The next morning, Mrs. Herrick, who, with little Thornton, had been sent for the day before, came and washed and dressed baby. Mrs. Palmer helped me and dressed Irene. Miss Smith dressed little Thornton. Mrs. Washburn arranged the hall for the funeral. Dr. Palmer and Mr. Washburn placed dear Thornton’s body in the coffin. It had been previously laid out in a black suit. Mr. Herrick prepared to conduct the exercises. I wished to have the baby baptized, and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer requested to hold it. I gave it Mrs. Palmer’s name, “Flora,” and Mrs. Washburn’s, “Eliza,” as they were with me and did all for me that dear Thornton had always done at such times. Everything was done very nicely and quietly and without the least confusion. The following is the order of exercises, as given me afterward by Mr. Herrick.

Prayer

Hymn, “Thine Earthly Sabbaths, Lord, We Love”

Reading the Scriptures, Psalm 103rd

John 11:20-26

John 14:1-3

I Cor. 15:50-57

I Thess. 4:13-18
 Remarks
 Presentation of Child for Baptism
 Reading Gen. 17:1-7
 Mark 10:13-16
 Hymn, “How Large the Promise, How Divine”
 Prayer
 Baptism
 Prayer
 Hymn, “Forever With the Lord”
 Benediction

The coffin was placed in Mr. Herrick’s spring bandy, and the gentlemen followed in their horse carriages to the grave yard in Madura. Little Thornton went with Mr. Herrick, and I think he will never forget it. As I look back at the past year, I now think of many things, of which I had not thought before, which show me that he was more weak than either he or I had thought. And I wonder now at my blindness. He could not take a bath without resting afterward—it seemed to exhaust him. He, several times, said to me that he thought if any disease like cholera or fever should lay hold of him, he would be an easy prey, for he felt as though he had no power of resistance within him. A little exertion, that he did not notice at all when we first came, would tire him exceedingly, towards the last. Mr. Taylor died in February, and the evening before he died, he made his will. Thornton then said that was a matter to which the gentlemen should all attend, for death came so suddenly, often. And in India, if anyone dies intestate, a proportion of his property reverts to the Crown. He, accordingly, made his will and had it signed and witnessed.

I have written this at different times as I have had strength and opportunity, thinking it might be a gratification to our parents. Dear Thornton was a loving, kind, and gentle husband, and my memory of him is most sweet and precious, and his loss greater than I can express. But it is of the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him best.

December 31st, 1871

Since writing the above, Jesus has taken to Himself our precious baby, after allowing us to have her two and a half months. She died November 12, 1871, and is buried in the grave of her father. We miss our baby sadly, but she is safe, and “it is well.”

Very affectionately,
 Your daughter,
 L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to Cowles

Madura
 September 26th, 1871

My very dear parents,

Your letter of August 1 has just come. It does seem so sad to have you expressing such loving longings to see dear Thornton, and so much anxiety about him, when you don't know, even yet, that he has gone.

We came into Madura September 14th. We are in Mrs. Chandler's house and shall make this our home until we start for America. Mission Meeting began September 19. It was very pleasant, though so sad. All miss dear Thornton so much. Never has the Mission been so small in number as now—only 8 men—within their recollection. It is the Lord, and we can say nothing; but humanly speaking, it is a strange Providence. And then to leave me with the training of three such little ones, when I depended so much on dear Thornton for counsel and help. I know the Lord will help me, as Thornton said. How glad I am I have them, now. What should I do, or have done, without them all this trying time? I have much to live for.

I took little Thornton to his father's grave with me a few days since. Seeing me weep, he said, "Why you 'spleased' (displeased), Mama?" I explained that I was only sorry and missed dear Papa—it was very lonely, etc., and he said, "Why he prayed, Mama," and then added, as he nestled close to my side, "I love you, Mama"—"I'll take care of you," "I'll be your little comfort," "Then there's Irene and Flora"—pausing between each sentence, trying to think of something to comfort me. Dear little son, comfort indeed.

How often my mind turns to my Mary. I am sometimes afraid she may feel that, now her father is gone, that she is almost alone; but don't let her, for she is more than ever mine, now. Little Thornton prays for "sister Mary" every night, and always has, of course. I should not think of taking her from you as long as you want her, but my home is hers as much as little Thornton's or Irene's or Flora's, always. This was Thornton's wish; but had it not been, it would have been mine. Don't let her feel lonely. I know she won't while with you; only she might, in thinking of the future. I am far from strong yet, and can write but little, but I thought that might be welcome to you.

How I long to see you all. It seems as though it would be almost like seeing dear Thornton again. May God comfort and sustain you when you hear the sad news. Little Thornton and Irene both have sore eyes and suffer constantly. Little Thornton asked me if we should take Papa with us when we go to America; I told him we could not, and he said, "Then we don't want to go, do we, Mama." It will be hard to leave the precious dust behind. How his loved ones are scattered—his Sarah with you, his little Nelly in Jamaica, and he here—but all are gathered now, and we, too, soon shall be. It matters little, after all, where we lie, here.

Little Thornton seems to realize his father's death more than I had any idea he could. During the funeral everyone noted his behavior, so solemn and earnest and quiet, he did not seem inclined to play for long after, and would come and stand by my bedside and talk and ask questions most intelligently. I was much surprised. He sometimes asks Jesus to "take good care of Papa up in Heaven." He said, the other day, he intended taking his little horse up to Heaven when he went, so that his papa could mend it for him. Irene occasionally says, "Papa," but I doubt if she recollects him at all. She is a perfect little host, in herself. I am sure you will love her; and babies are always sweet, and little Flora seems especially so. Little Thornton often tells people this is the little baby Jesus sent us when He took Papa to heaven.

My plan is still to go home with Mr. Capron—a nice party are going then—Mr. and Mrs. Capron, most excellent people, Annie and Laura Capron, 11 and 9 years of age, Joseph Herrick, 12 years old, and Mr. Howland, two boys from Jaffna, 12 and 16 years old, all very nice children. We are to be all ready after the 1st of February, for a start whenever a good steamer through the Suez Canal goes. We should probably reach home in June or July. All this, I

believe, I wrote before. Everyone is just as kind as possible, which I know is saying a good deal, but I mean it. It is a great job to close up and dispose of all our things and prepare, with so many little ones, for so long a journey. I must stop now.

With love to you all. Especially you, my dear mother, and Mary.

Most affectionately,
Lottie E. Penfield

Tribute to TBP by HCowles

Rev. Thornton B. Penfield²²⁵
By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D.

Rev. Thornton Bigelow Penfield, son of Anson and Minerva Dayton Penfield, was born in Alden, N.Y., October 2, 1834. In December ensuing, the family removed to the then infant colony of Oberlin [Ohio]. May 21, 1838, his father was killed suddenly, by machinery. By the marriage of his widowed mother to Rev. Henry Cowles, March, 1844, he became a member of this united family. He gave evidence of conversion at the age of eight years, and his early consecration to the missionary work was developed, if not indeed primarily caused, by a Sabbath-school address from the late Dr. Scudder, of which we find this memoranda: "Dr. Scudder asked me to become a missionary and go to India and help him; and I intend to. T. B. Penfield, April 19, 1846."

This purpose was never forgotten. It shaped his future life. Graduating from Oberlin College in 1856, he studied two years in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, attracted thither mainly by a wish to get preliminary training for mission work by means of the city missionary labor, for which facilities were readily afforded there. To this service he devoted a considerable portion of one day each week, besides Sabbath school and other labors on the Sabbath. He threw himself into this service with characteristic ardor, and with encouraging results.

Having spent a part of one year in theological study at Oberlin, he graduated in 1858; was married to Miss Sarah C. Ingraham, daughter of Rev. David S. Ingraham, the first missionary from America to the emancipated negroes of Jamaica; and the way not appearing, then, to be open to carry out his cherished thought of mission work in India, he went out to Jamaica, under the American Missionary Association. There two daughters were born to him, of whom the elder, Mary, survives; the younger, Nellie, died in 1863, aged one year.

In the hope of arresting incipient consumption, his wife came home to Oberlin in the autumn of 1863, but lived only until the April following. Her sickness brought him home during the winter. After her death he returned alone, for yet two other years of service at Brainerd and Richmond. Of his heart experiences during these two lonely years, the following are touches: "December 1, 1864. I am striving to preserve a close and constant walk with God, and meet with much in my experience to hearten me in the strife. The greatest luxury of all, perhaps, is the fact that so little strife is necessary. My mind seems to turn so naturally and steadily to my Saviour that what I have, too often, in previous years, performed as duties, are now my truest and chiefest

²²⁵ Published in the *Missionary Herald*, Vol. LXVII, no. xi (December 1871), pages 276-278.

pleasures. I seem to myself like one in a pleasant dream, and at times almost dread the waking. And then I ask myself if any such waking is at all necessary. If all this be a dream, I desire to sleep thus till the morning of a brighter day in heaven. I have no ecstatic joys, but a deep wellspring of pleasure in the felt presence of my God.... Brainerd might be lonely indeed to me, and would be if I were to yield to my feelings; but so far the Lord has preserved me from gloom and despondency. The people welcomed me cordially back, mingling congratulations for my safe return with condolence for my loss.”

“September 29, 1865. I am learning to look my sorrow steadfastly in the face, and, I trust, to put it where it belongs. The Lord has taught me, by it, many exceedingly precious lessons. May I not prove a forgetful scholar. The way I am treading has seemed, at times, long, – O, so long, – and even yet, often, for the time, looks so weary and dusty ahead that I am faint. But these are my moments of weakness; and lo, strength comes of them! ‘My grace shall be sufficient for thee.’ Thus, though ‘weeping may endure for a night’ (and my cheeks are not strangers to tears), ‘joy cometh in the morning.’ Had I foreseen all the trials and griefs that awaited me here, I should scarcely have had courage to face them, I fear. And yet, why not? Had I foreseen the help with which a gracious God would meet my every trial and grief, I had been bold as a lion. Our want and his assistance – thank God that the two are never far apart. ‘He is a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear.’”

In 1866 he left Jamaica and, according to his long-cherished hopes, perfected his arrangement with the American Board for mission work in India; was married to Miss Lottie E. Hubbard, then of Montclair, N.J.; and sailed from Boston November 7. His correspondence during more than four years of mission life in India is one perpetual testimony that he loved his work, loved the heathen, and, above all, his divine Master. His expressions of grateful joy over the first heathen convert baptized and brought into the church under his labors, showed that great and most precious rewards for Christian labor begin even here.

During the summer of 1870, the sweep of cholera around him was fearful; the sick and the dying were on every side. Having suitable medicines in his possession, and some knowledge of their proper use, he spent much time in administering to the sick and in the labors to save human life. He was ultimately attacked himself, though not very severely. The disease seemed to yield to medicine but left him with a chronic diarrhoea, which wore heavily upon his vitality, compelled him to resort to the sanitarium for restoration and to desist from severe labor for several months. He so far improved, however, as to resume his missionary tours, yet only in weakness. In July he returned from a tour very much fatigued and ill; said he had had a hard time and must rest. His stomach was excessively irritable and weak; his sufferings, both from the little food he could take and from the lack of nutriment, were very severe.

But though pain and disease were breaking down the body, his soul was in peace. The only shade of solicitude which appears in the very full correspondence sent us, touching these days, is reported thus: “As his beloved wife approached his bedside for the last interview, he said with earnestness, ‘*Hereafter I will trust no one but Jesus Christ.*’ I thought that *with you* I could do some good in this country.’ Then, as if reproaching himself for not having trusted in Christ *exclusively*, he prayed earnestly that this great sin (as he expressed himself) might be forgiven. His wife said to him, ‘He will forgive you, darling; we have tried to serve him faithfully.’ The doctor said, ‘The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.’ ‘Yes,’ said sister P., ‘from *all* sin, from *ALL* sin.’ These words seemed to comfort him, and he was quiet.”

The circumstances of this death scene were such as rarely combine to intensify earthly trial. The birth of a daughter three hours before his own death will suffice to suggest that here

was the place for the “faith that overcometh” and for resignation that questions not the wisdom or the love of the Great Disposer. The father lived to know that a third babe was born to him on the soil of India. Through all these scenes, Jesus was apparently never absent from his thought. To the attending brethren he said, “Speak to me of Jesus.” Himself spake almost only of Jesus. His dying voice sang of Jesus. Even in his moments of delirium, his theme of song was still of Jesus. And when asked if he had any last message for his wife, he answered most expressively, not to say sublimely, “Yes, one word – *Jesus*.”

August 19th he slept in Jesus, to wake only at His call.

To this memorial of a most devoted missionary, prepared by a loving hand, it would be fitting to add various extracts from letters sent to the Missionary House by his brethren in India, respecting his work there, and the deep affliction which his death occasioned. Space can be taken, however, only for a few sentences. Mr. Washburn wrote, August 23rd: “Many are the evidences he gave us of his entire trust in Christ and readiness to depart. His death was a triumph of faith – cloudless as the sunshine that glowed about him. From the time his death seemed near, not a breath of doubt or anxiety seemed to disturb him. ‘None but Jesus,’ were words constantly on his lips, while reason remained; and, after it had gone, his lips still continued to utter the prevailing thought of his mind.

“To his wife, when it was thought he could not long survive, he said, ‘I do not wish you to feel that we made a mistake in coming to India,’ and added, ‘India is Christ’s. India belongs to Christ. It is all Christ’s. I had hoped to work long for Jesus here; but that is not permitted me.’

“During Friday he had scarcely spoken loud, owing to the dryness of his throat; but in the evening he several times sang, with as much strength of voice as when in health, some of his favorite hymns, such as ‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’ ‘Must Jesus bear the cross alone?’ ‘There is no name so sweet on earth.’”

Quoting the memorandum respecting Dr. Scudder (given above by Professor Cowles), from “a scrap of paper, much worn and tattered,” Mr. Washburn says, this record (written when Mr. Penfield was a boy of twelve years), “is the key to his whole subsequent life;” and he adds in a note, what is well worth recording here: “At least five persons are now, or have recently been connected with this mission, who attribute their purpose to become missionaries to the addresses of Dr. Scudder, and his efforts to persuade the children of the Sabbath schools to dedicate themselves to missionary work in India.”

“Mr. Penfield was diligent and active to the full limit of his strength; his judgment was trustworthy; and he was careful most faithfully to administer the funds of the churches entrusted to his hands. Though he had been with us but little more than four years, his diligence in acquiring the language, his active habits, and his generous assumption of the work that was put upon him, gave promise of a future of great usefulness.”

WBCapron to CEHPenfield

Mana Madura
October 5, 1871

Dear Sister Penfield,

I ought to have handed you these resolutions in Madura but waited for some better opportunity, which did not come. The Lord bless you and help you to bear your very heavy burden of sorrow.

Your truly,
W. B. Capron

**Resolutions from the Minutes of the American Madura Mission
on the death of Brother Penfield.**

“1. While we record our deep sorrow at the removal of our brother from our Mission circle, and our disappointment at losing to our work his courage, his zeal, his fidelity, his piety, and especially at a time when he had just entered upon the very responsible duties of a large and flourishing station, we yet bow with humble submission to the inscrutable will of God, and desire to learn the lessons which this providence should teach us.

“2. We cordially and deeply sympathize with our sister, Mrs. Penfield, in her very sore bereavement, and pray that consolation may be given her from above, and that the protection and blessing of our kind heavenly Father may attend and abide with her and her children.

“3. We would also express our sympathy with the parents of Mr. and Mrs. Penfield in their deep affliction and this too early disappointment of their hopes by the death of their son and the sudden termination of his missionary labors.”

W. B. Capron, Secretary
Madura, September 26, 1971

FIHubbard to CEHPenfield

Woodland Cottage
October 6th, 1871

My own precious sister,

I told Mother I would not write you in the letter, as it might not reach you, but I believe I must just say a little. I cannot begin to tell you, my own sister, how my heart aches for you at this time. How hard it must have been for you to keep up the past months and then part at such a time from your beloved husband. But, “Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory.”

I am so thankful that you had such a supportive, such a loving Father’s arms to lean upon during these trying days. Our hearts ache for you, and oh how we long to clasp you and those dear precious babes in our arms, and have you again about with us. It is almost like a sweet dream that God says to you now, “Return.” I almost fear, lest I awaken and find that you are not actually coming. But it is no dream, alas, that dear Thornton is gone and we shall never see him in the flesh again. Yet we are not eternally separated and may yet expect to meet him. Blessed thought. What a void his death has made in our hearts. We did not realize before how dear he was to us.

I long to hear from you every particular, and know not how to wait these slow days till you come. Oh if only I could meet you in Madras and come all the way with you. I do sometimes nearly expect that your good ayah will be willing to come with you and help you on the long tedious journey. We are hardly able to leave all the arrangements for your return to the loving Father's care. I want so to be there and see and know for myself how things are planned for you. Yet, well I know the Father loves you and our darling little ones—far more than we—and will do infinitely better for you than we can ask or think. So we quiet our hearts by praying Him to have you in His tender keeping and be the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless. I feel, now, as if the little ones were indeed half mine.

Oh the thought of so soon meeting you all and holding the children sends the blood rushing through the veins. We love you, dear sister, more than ever, and love so very much those three little ones we never have seen. God grant you a speedy and comfortable journey, and, before many days, unite us again on the earth. I trust we may long be together after this absence. Our plans are so uncertain, yet, we can't tell just how this meeting may take place, but leave all the future with God, ready to "follow on" as He shall lead.

Much love and kisses for each of the little ones.

Yours hopefully,
Fannie

I did not mean to be unmindful of the great kindness shown you by the missionaries, but I do feel most grateful and thankful to them for all they have done for you and yours. We are very thankful, also, for the dear letters written, and appreciate the effort they must have cost. My love to them all, and hope we may be able to make some return, in time. Much love to dear Miss Pollock. How gladly would I meet you in London, and will if the Lord so order it. But Father and I can hardly be away together and feels as if he must go.

Thanks to dear little Thornton for that lock of hair. Aunt Fannie loves it and him very very much, and little sisters, too, and wants to see them and their dear Mama very soon. Little Thornton shall have a "lump" of my hair when he comes to see us if he wants it. How glad I am he was called for his dear father, I do hope he will be like him—as good a man.

Ever lovingly,
Fannie

JMHubbard to CEHPenfield

Montclair
October 6th, 1871

Dearly beloved daughter,

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." How gladly I would fly to thy relief, this very day, but must wait thy coming with thy precious jewels.

May He who controls the winds and the waves bring thee safely to our open hearts and home. We long to welcome thee and thy precious children, yet we would not have you leave India until your health and strength is sufficient for the fatigue of the journey.

We trust the Lord, who doeth all things well, will order your coming mercifully.

I am feeling well and adequate for the voyage across the Atlantic and back. I am afraid to trust Frances to cross the Atlantic alone, and that she would not be able to render adequate assistance, either in London or on shipboard, especially in a storm; however, we are seeking direction and shall be guided by wisdom from above. Tell that dear precious boy Grandpapa was much pleased with his much sympathizing letter, and especially with his love for his darling mother, and declaration that he would comfort her in her tribulation. Please say to the doctor and Miss Smith and the dear sisters who so kindly wrote, that we most highly appreciate the love that prompted their invaluable services during your fiery ordeal; the record is on high, God will bless them; Jesus counts such service as done to Himself, and is there any preaching which tells more effectually upon the hearts of the heathen?

In Miss Pollock you will have a good traveling companion, and I trust you will be all favored with good health and strength, that you may enjoy as pleasant a journey as the circumstances will permit. You will write us when we may expect to meet you in London. Will it not be best to report, each, at the Missionary Rooms, on arrival?

Your dear mother will write all that is further necessary. In the meantime, we will be fervent at the throne of Grace. Kiss all the dear children for Grandpa.

“Peace be with thee.”

Kind regards to all the dear friends.

Your loving father,
J. M. Hubbard

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Montclair, New Jersey
October 8th, 1871

My precious, stricken daughter,

How shall I write you—what shall I say in view of your sore bereavement? “Be still and know that I am God.²²⁶” His will, not ours be done.

Oh how my heart aches for you, and how gladly would I fly to your aid if it were possible. The Lord will comfort you as one whom his mother comforteth. His promises will not fail. They were made for just such times as these. I am rejoiced to know, from the previous letters received, that you are sustained and able to rest in the arms of Everlasting Love.

Hereafter you will sing with a heart more full of praise than ever before,

“When the trouble like a gloomy cloud
Has gathered thick and thundered loud
He near my soul has always stood
His loving kindness, oh how good!”

It is worth all the suffering and all the sorrow to have this experience, and nothing can draw us so near to Christ as tribulation, and oh to have the grace which enables us to rejoice in tribulation! How it honors God. I am glad that you have been enabled to set so good an example in that dark land where God is only beginning to be known.

²²⁶ From Psalm 46:10.

Be assured, my dear child, that it will not be in vain that you went forth from your father's house. Oh how much I have to say on this point, but I must reserve it until we meet, if it please God to grant us this great blessing.

What an ordeal you were called to pass through! But oh how much of mercy there was in it. You are privileged to be among such dear, loving friends, where you and your precious husband could have just the advice and attention needed. He did not die away from you, alone, in some of those miserable villages like Mr. Dodd's brother and like the beloved and revered Henry Martyn. You had the sweet evidence that the dear Saviour was with him, that Jesus, and Jesus only, was his hope and comfort, and you know that to him an entrance was ministered abundantly into the heavenly kingdom. It was not death, my child, it was but the beginning of immortal life. And then that darling little one coming to you at just the right time to divert your thoughts that you might not be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow. How I long to clasp it in my arms, but oh, I do hope you will not start until you are really able. The dear Lord guide your way and give you wise counselors.

I write at a venture, not knowing of your plans, and thinking it doubtful if this ever reaches you. Therefore, I cannot advise, but it seems to us if you could bring that good ayah with you, it would be most desirable. It is a great undertaking for you to come so far with those three babes, without proper assistance. Miss Pollock will be delightful company for you, but she ought not to be taxed with the children. Your father will be most happy to meet you in England. I think Fannie ought to go, also, for you will need her aid and, as you say, it will do her so much good. Your father is afraid to have her leave me, but I am sure it is not well for her to be confined to me so much. The Lord will direct. Oh, if you only get here safely, what an Ebenezer we will set up! The dangers of the way are many, but do not fear them; the dear Lord will protect as He has hitherto done.

Do you recollect a verse in one of the hymns which was sung at your farewell meeting:

“In the furnace God may prove thee,
Hence to bring thee forth more bright,
But will never cease to love thee
Thou art precious in His sight.”

It is good to see God in the storm as well as in the sunshine. It is good to have our faith severely tested. How should we know whether we have any? Let us not shrink from clouds or storms, from the thick darkness or the deep waters. God is in them all. In the hottest furnace, if we look, we shall not fail to see the form of the Fourth.²²⁷

But after all, the thought that dear Thornton is really gone and that I shall see his pleasant face and hear his pleasant voice no more fills me with sadness, and the tears will come. It was a terrible blow to us all. I had thought we were prepared for it, by the accounts of his health for a year past, but I found we were not. I had felt for months that he ought to come home, that his life would be sacrificed by remaining; and you know I wrote you not to defer too long. I think he was in a worse case than anyone realized, and ought not to have gone on his labors, but oh, I suppose he could not help it, he loved the work, his whole soul was in it, and now we must pray that the Lord would accomplish more by his death than he could have done by his life.

But I must not add more. It is growing late, and I must write to one of the dear missionaries tonight. Oh, how good and kind and thoughtful in them to write so much, when worn down with care and excessive labor. The Lord reward them, for we never can.

²²⁷ Daniel 3:23-26.

I was so stunned and bewildered I could not write until today, or rather, this evening, for I have been constantly interrupted by the calls of sympathizing friends—Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Harrison, etc. They all send much love and sympathy and are ready with open arms to receive you, sorrowing in your sorrow, but rejoicing that you will be with us again. Sister E.²²⁸ is at the meeting in Salem. She has probably received the sad news there, for we had a telegram from her today, saying, “We sorrow but not as those without hope.” It was a comfort. Many, many thanks to you, darling, for your sweet letters by Miss Smith. It was worth a mine of gold. Yes, the Lord as plainly says “Return” as He said “Go,” and our hearts leap to meet you, notwithstanding we are glad we gave you up when we did, for it was a call from God, and your going has done great good here. I see it in many ways.

My heart aches for little Mary, who, I am afraid, will now feel orphaned indeed, but we must all try to make good her dear father’s love and care. I know not how to stop, but I must. Did you notice the appropriateness of the verses in the Daily Food for the 9th August? We wait almost impatiently for the next news. Do bring that ayah, if practicable. Spare no expense to come comfortably. It will be hard for you, at best. You can now appropriate a class of promises which you never could before, Thy maker is now thine husband²²⁹. Let thy widows trust in Me,²³⁰ etc.

Fannie has a long letter written but is keeping it for you, as she thinks it some risk to send it. She sends her most tender love and sympathy and longs to feel the sunshine in our house which your presence and that of the little ones will bring. I feel very sorry for Mrs. Cowles. In her state of health the blow will be felt keenly.

Your own loving, tender mother,
M. I. Hubbard

WBCapron to HCowles

Mana Madura
American Madura Mission
South India
October 9, 1871

Rev. and dear sir,

It must be about this time that the sad news, which was dispatched nearly seven weeks since, is reaching the homes of our dear brother and sister and filling the hearts of their parents and family friends with sorrow. We can only say that we sorrow with them and commend them to the care and solace of our kind heavenly Father. Though so very strange and unaccountable, it is the Lord’s hand, and he has, after all, done it in kindness. Mysterious kindness, and a mysterious confidence in the influences which he has in reserve for the accomplishment of the missionary work. Our lesson, certainly, is that any of us can be spared. He has taken one after another of the missionaries of, as we should say, the two most important stations of our mission, and immediately after, has called from the neighboring mission of Jaffna their strongest and most

²²⁸ Probably Lottie’s Aunt Elizabeth.

²²⁹ Isaiah 54:5.

²³⁰ Jeremiah 49:11.

efficient missionary, just returned from a visit home. It is a comfort that what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

It was to my disappointment that I could render no assistance to our brother in his illness, though I have no doubt that nearly all that could be done for his comfort was done for him by others. Mana Madura is not only at a considerable distance from Madura, but I was, nearly all that time, some two days' journey from home. The event, too, came almost as suddenly to us as to you. We did not get the idea that he was seriously ill till he was past hope, nor that he was near to death till he was actually gone.

I am instructed to send you the enclosed resolutions of our Mission in regard to the death of our brother, and I take the opportunity to assure you and, through you, his mother Mrs. Cowles and his brothers and sisters, of our earnest sympathy (Mrs. Capron's and my own) in your sorrow.

What we could not do for our brother we shall be glad to make up in care for our sister Mrs. Penfield and their dear children if, as we now expect, they wait to join our party²³¹ on their return to the United States.

Yours truly,
W. B. Capron

[Enclosure: A copy of the resolutions previously sent to Lottie.]

MDPCowles to CEHPenfield

Oberlin
October 13th, 1871

My beloved daughter,

How can I speak a word of comfort to your poor stricken heart when I feel as if a wave of desolation had swept over my own? There is no real permanent help but in God, yet He has so constituted us that in times of affliction we instinctively look for human sympathy. Yes, and it does indeed soothe the pang of sorrow. This I can testify from my own former experience. If I have ever been truly grateful to my Heavenly Father for any mercy, I have been for kindness and sympathy in the days of great grief. We have abundant evidence that you have present experience of these, as we read the letters from the dear missionary brethren. We trust, too, that you have constant access to Him, who is the widow's God and a Father of the fatherless.

We long to see you and those precious little ones, but I dare not calculate much upon it, with such a frail hold as I seem to have upon life. Still I hope it may be the will of God that we shall meet. I wish you might get to the States before the winter sets in. Some of our missionary friends coming from those torrid climates have been injured in health during their first winter here, and I presume you will need to be very careful in regard to exposure during the cold weather.

When Mr. and Mrs. Noyes came, they came by way of California, and so passed through Oberlin on their way East. It has occurred to me that possibly you might take the same route, though probably not. Your mother writes us that, very likely, Miss Pollock might be your

²³¹ The Caprons, who were planning to take their two daughters back to the United States, expected that the Penfields would accompany them so that Lottie and the children need not travel alone.

company to England and that either your father or sister might meet you there. This shows us that you are expected to take the same route that you went out upon. Miss Katharine Hill, whom you saw in London and who is now with her mother and brother in Boston, visited Oberlin in the summer and spent a day or two with me and inclined to talk of Thornton and you a great deal. Yesterday Mary received a very kind and sympathizing letter from her, asking her to convey to you her love and sympathy, and to say to you that she saw you off the East India docks five years ago, and you would remember her. Perhaps you may not have known that she lost her father last year. They heard the sad news from India nearly as soon as we did. She writes from 626 Tremont Street, Boston.

But I have, as yet, told you nothing about Mary. When the distressing intelligence came, she burst into a violent fit of weeping and seemed utterly inconsolable. In a few hours, however, she appeared natural, and we see clearly that, though she loved her father dearly, she will not be likely to dwell on her loss with sadness and sorrow. Indeed, she has never missed a parent's love, as she might have done under different circumstances. On her father's birthday, she wrote him the enclosed letter, which had not been mailed, but which we finally conclude to send to you. Josephine feels deeply afflicted and says she must write you at least a few words of sympathy but doesn't know whether to direct to India or not. We suppose it to be safe, and act accordingly. The letter from Mrs. Capron and Mrs. Herrick were very kind, and I wish I were able to answer them, but this is all I ought to do. Husband will write to them this evening. I hope soon to have the reading of letters received by your mother. We sent her the originals that we received, having got them copied by Anna and Alice P.²³² the first day. They and their parents feel deeply afflicted.

Your sympathizing mother,
M. D. P. Cowles

We had enclosed Smith's picture, but shall not send it now until you get to New York.

NGClark to HCowles

Missionary House, Boston
October 26, 1871

Prof. Henry Cowles, D.D.
Dear Brother:

Your esteemed favor, inviting me and others from the Missionary House to be your guests, was duly received. We are not yet able to say who or how many may go, as we have received no invitation. Possibly one or two may go as outside spectators. I should like much to be present. In the uncertainty, it would be too much to ask you to keep a place, when it would be convenient to have more places contingent.

The summons of the Master to our dear friend Penfield to come up high took us quite by surprise and makes us more than ever anxious for the welfare of the Mission. Mr. Penfield had given promise of a large measure of success by his faithful, nurturing devotion to his work, his beautiful Christian spirit, and by the success which was already crowning his efforts. His zeal

²³² Anna and Alice Penfield were daughters of Thornton's brother Charles.

consumed him. The ardent spirit did not stop at the limits prescribed by his by no means strong physical constitution when rich multiplied opportunities of labor were presented him.

His bereaved friends will share largely in our sympathies, especially the young widow and the little ones left in a distant land. But the Infinite Father will provide.

With special salutations to Mrs. Cowles and the daughter of Mr. Penfield.

Sincerely yours,
N.G. Clark

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Letter #128
Montclair, New Jersey
October 1st, 1871²³³

My very dear daughter,

This has been the precious Sabbath and I've enjoyed it exceedingly. I went to our church this morning and to the schoolhouse this P.M.

October 29th

Again, it is the precious Sabbath, but oh, what a change since I wrote the above. I was called to supper and stopped, intending to finish in the evening, but we had company here, and Annie's Bible lesson took up considerable time, so I did not write, and then on the 3rd came the heavy tidings of your sad bereavement. I was so shocked that I could hardly hold a pen all that week. It was so unexpected—I could not help crying in the anguish of my soul, Lord why is it! Why should he be called away when so much is needed in the work there, helpers so scarce, and those already in the field overburdened? Why should he be called from his little family when so much needed in the training of those little ones? Why should one so active, so buoyant, so ready for the burdens of life be taken, and we, your father and I, who are so far past our meridian, be spared! It is impossible for us to do, in our declining years, for those little ones as the father would have done, however glad our hearts may be to do it. Thus I queried through my tears, not unsubmitively, but in wonder and astonishment; and the answer came, "Be still and know that I am God,²³⁴" and I felt that it was one of the things which I must lay up for eternity.

As regards yourself, my dear child, I know that some such lessons must be learned, lessons of confidence in God, of ceasing from man, of chastened affection, etc., but I was not looking for them to be taught in this way, for I had thought that dear Thornton would be better able to stand the climate than you would, he having been somewhat inured to a tropical climate; but the stroke almost always comes in a way we least expect. I was thinking we should probably see you both home in the course of a year, perhaps with Mr. and Mrs. Capron, on account of Thornton's health, and that we should have such a happy time altogether. I knew it would be a sore trial for him to leave the work but felt that the Lord would accept what it had been in his heart to do. And oh what a blow it was when I found he was actually gone—gone without our having the opportunity of doing one thing for him. I felt bereaved myself, for I had counted on

²³³ This letter has been ordered based on the second, rather than the first, date given, to provide a more accurate sequencing of the letters as they were sent.

²³⁴ From Psalm 46:10.

having a thoughtful, loving son around if your father should be ill again, and it would be such a help and comfort, and we should all come to know each other so well and be so happy together. But it was all a dream. The great Our Father has said, “Not so, come up higher, my son,” and I have yielded him, just as I did my own precious children, not because I must, but because I love to give whatever the dear Saviour asks for. Is he not worthy of the richest and best? Dear, dear Thornton was made meet through his suffering, and now he will suffer no more; he will be weary no more; he will no more crave earthly nourishment, but will have angel’s food; he is forever at peace. In the green pastures and beside the still waters²³⁵, he will wait the coming of the loved ones whom he has left behind. Hold on, my darling child, in the way in which your blessed husband walked, and you will surely meet again, meet ne’er to sever.

We are looking forward to your coming with chastened joy. God grant we may live to meet and weep and rejoice together.

I saw, in the Congregationalist, a notice of Mr. Burnell in San Francisco. It said that he was to sail for India in a few days, by the way of China. That was two or three weeks since. Perhaps you will see him and his wife before you receive this. I intended to write them while they were in Illinois, and fear they will think me neglectful, but duties pressed so heavily that time passed without my doing it. It was not for want of love or interest in them or their work.

Do you think you will come by way of China? Oh, how many questions I want to ask, but I shall know all in due time. I trust you will have everything comfortable for your journey. We have had a nice little warm cloak made for the baby, blue and white plaid, and lined with white flannel, and a hood to it lined with silk; sleeves also. I wish you had it. We should have sent you a box or package by the Lizzie H., I think it was, which sailed in July, but your father forgot to give us the notice. He received it at his office and put it with his other letters and never mentioned it. It was by accident I found it, some two months after. I did feel so sorry. I would hardly be reconciled to it, but presume it was all for the best. Your father was quite feeble at the time and was doing his best to catch up in his business, and his mind being so pressed was probably the reason he forgot it.

You will want to have Thornton’s grave properly attended to and marked before you leave. A neat headstone with a suitable inscription, and a tree or some appropriate shrubbery—your friends will advise you.

November 2nd

I intended to write you on the 23rd, the anniversary of the day which you gave to another’s keeping, but I was sick in bed all day, and for a week did not feel able to use my pen. The above is the first I was able to do. The day brought with it many precious memories, I assure you. You were constantly before my mind, as my aching head turned wearily upon my pillow. I thought what a wealth of sweet recollections you had laid up for the future since then, and how good the dear Lord had been and how faithful to His promises. While clouds and darkness have been round about Him in His recent providences, He is nonetheless good and wise. Let us wait with patience till He shall see fit to unroll the whole of His scroll, and we shall be more than satisfied. I can never thank Him enough that He has enabled you to glorify Him in the furnace. How much better than to wait until the tribulation is past, and the end visible.

The sympathy of friends here is so comforting. Last week I had a letter from Mrs. Hustace. She had seen a notice of dear Thornton’s death in print, and sympathized so longingly,

²³⁵ From Psalm 23:2.

and sent much love to the dear children. I have now written her particulars. I should have done so before but had forgotten her address. Letters came, also, from Aunt Maria and Cousin Maria in Cleveland, very sweet and comforting. I have laid by all these letters for your perusal. I have nothing yet from Mrs. Cowles. Poor woman, I know she is greatly afflicted, but only He who wounds can heal. William Torrey came to your father in the cars and expressed much sympathy, and in a week or two since, his wife and her sister, Miss Crosby, called. Many seem almost to lose sight of your bereavement in the pleasure they feel at seeing you so soon. But I cannot forget that your heart is deeply lacerated, and will often, amid the comforts of a father's house and its tender love, stray away to that dear grave in the far distant land, and to the work which your precious husband loved so well. I wish you could bring with you a photograph of that grave yard. We should take a melancholy pleasure in looking at it, and I think it would help dear little Thornton to remember his sainted father.

Dr. Cowles wrote to inquire how much life insurance Thornton had. I was sorry to be obliged to write him that it had not been kept up. I did so much want your father to continue it, but I hope it is for the best.

Just here, a letter is handed in from Mrs. Hyde; I presume it came through Mrs. Taylor. If my envelope is not too full, I will enclose it. She does love you so much. I shall write her as soon as I receive your next letter. It is due now, if you wrote in two weeks, as you thought you should; but I do hope you did not, glad as I should be to hear, for the baby would not be a month old, and it would be too soon for you to use your eyes so much, especially now that they have shed so many tears.

Oh if you may only all live to reach here safely. Poor Mrs. Green seems to feel so much for you, her husband dying from the same fever²³⁶ as Thornton, and the anniversary of his death being so near. She has been in while I have been writing; Fannie has gone to New York, and the house seems so still, I was glad to see her. We expect our things to be brought over tomorrow, and Fannie has gone to see that all is right and to attend to some other little matters. She will go to Brooklyn to see Mrs. Hawkins, and will call on the Baldwins and at Cousin John's. She will write you all about her visits. We get along as well as we can without her. Oh how changed our home would be if she had left it forever.

November 8th

I wanted to mail this several days since, but have not been able to finish it, and besides, I was hoping every day that your dear letter would come to hand, and now it has. Your father brought it home tonight. Oh what joy it gave us, and how many tears we shed in the reading of it. Those dear friends will always be doubly dear for their loving care of you. My heart goes out to them very strongly. I do hope it will some day be in our power to make a suitable return, but I feel as if it was one of those obligations which could never be fully met. The Lord must reward them.

You say you are afraid the children will be too much care and too noisy. Don't indulge such an idea for a moment. Their noise will be the sweetest music. I believe it would just make

²³⁶ *The Missionary Herald*, (1871, Vol. LXVII, p. 365), reported that Thornton had died of typhus fever. Although the course of his late feverishness may have been similar to typhus symptoms, that disease does not explain his long-term gastric problems and diarrhea, which, in light of his early history of chronic constipation, may rather have been symptomatic of colon cancer.

me well. Our house is fearfully still. Even Fannie's songs have been hushed since you went away. She has just begun to sing a little, as in the olden time, and I am pleasing myself with thinking how soon your voices will be joined again. But it will be sad to miss dear Thornton's, and we must try always to remember that his voice is sweetly tuned, in the better land, to the blessed song of "Worthy the Lamb."²³⁷

As you say, I cannot help continually coming back to this subject. You say you "will come here first, anyway." Why, my precious stricken one, where else would you go? Your father smiled when he read it, and said, "Where will she go second?" Our home is large enough for you and your little darlings, you may be sure. If it is not, we will build another. All we want is to get you in our arms once more. You and Fannie shall be housekeepers and have all your own way, and I will help along as I may be able, and take care of the dear little ones when you wish to go out. Annie is making great calculations on seeing the children. She seems to be expecting to stay with us always. She wept over dear little Thornton's letter and thought it very remarkable. Dear little fellow, how my heart yearns over him.

Mrs. Smith was over here yesterday with little Monington. He is a fine boy. I gave him little Thornton's blocks to amuse him, and he enjoyed them much. Mrs. Smith says he talks a great deal about little Thornton Penfield and his losing his Papa. James is home again and doing better. May it continue. His mother has a dear little girl two weeks old. Rose Vincent, they call her. Mrs. Crane is very smart and goes down to dine with the family. They are all very happy over the unexpected newcomer.

I am glad you wear mourning. It seems appropriate, though I thought I did not approve of it, but I believe I really do in this case. I feel sad to think of your things being sold at auction. I suppose it will be all over before this reaches you, and that will make another heartache for you. Your father says it is not likely they will bring much, and if there's anything you particularly value—your organ, for instance—you had better bring it along. He would rather pay the extra for transportation than you should not have it. We are talking of selling our piano and getting an organ, but have done nothing about it, thinking you might bring yours. (I hope you will bring the cover that Mr. Slate gave you.)

Will you have any debts to pay? How do you stand with the Board? There are so many things we wish to know but cannot get answers before March, and then you will be all in a hurry of starting. We do so much want to know what route you will take home. I wish Fannie could go to England to meet you; perhaps she can if you press it. I think she can just as well as not, if you tell her where to go when she gets there, but your father thinks it would be a great undertaking. I do wish she could go; it would do her good. We are already planning for you. We intend to give you the parlor and parlor bedroom for yourself and the children. Fannie can be with you, if you want her. The little things have not been accustomed to going up and down stairs and must therefore be on the first floor and we can get along so nicely and make a parlor of our sitting room. Oh, I wish you were here this minute.

Mrs. Smith seems very affectionate and kind. I shall report to her the disposal made of the money, and add your thanks. I think it will give satisfaction. Our things have been brought over from New York and we shall soon be nicely fixed for the winter. I do want you to bring home anything you set a special value upon, and don't suffer yourself to do without every comfort on the way for yourself and the little ones. The Board, I am sure, will allow that. If not, we will pay it ourselves. Will you come to New York or Boston? We want to see Mr. Capron's

²³⁷ From Revelation 5:12.

family. We cannot see the need of your going to England. Why not take a French steamer and come right over and get here so much the quicker? Several of our friends have done so.

I hope the dear children have sore eyes for the last time. It must have been hard for you as well as for them. I do hope they will all live to get here. We should feel bereaved, indeed, if they should not.

I intended to write Mrs. Chandler this time, but have not been well for a week, and must defer until I write again. Please give very much love to her, with many thanks for her loving sympathies in your deep affliction.

It is long past bedtime, and my heart lingers, but I must say goodnight and commit this missive, so full of love, to the care of Him who rules the winds and the waves. I am glad you wrote Mary. I shall send it tomorrow with yours. Oh I cannot realize what has passed. It is so strange to plan for you and leave dear Thornton out. Goodnight, my precious child, and a loving kiss to you, and showers of them to the little ones.

Your own sympathizing mother,
M. I. Hubbard

Grandma was very much pleased with dear little Thornton's letter and will write him soon.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Montclair, New Jersey
December 4, 1871

My dear, precious daughter,

We were so thankful to get your sweet letter, yesterday, of October 12th. Mr. Smith came out in the train with your father, so I read the most of it to him. He was very glad to hear from you, sends his kindest sympathy, and will be most happy to see you when you return. He wishes you would bring word just how his sister is. He brought her last letter out with him, in which she says her health is excellent, but he feels a little fearful that she may run down before she knows it. Does she have any trouble from that pain in her chest, or is there any local difficulty? Please ascertain, but you need not say to her that I have made the request. It sometimes makes people nervous to think they are inquired about so particularly.

I am glad you went to Dindigul, and hope you derive as much benefit as you expected. Don't worry as to how we shall live. We shall be provided for, I think, without your writing in an office or teaching, either. If the Board do not see fit to do anything for your children, we will trust the Lord all the more. Mrs. Cowles said, in her letter last week, that she had had an interview with Dr. Clark and no Brother could express more tender sympathy than he did for you. She said that he would furnish you with means to go to Oberlin on a visit if you did not come by the way of San Francisco and go there first. Mrs. Cowles thinks that if you come by that route, you will, of course, stop at Oberlin on your way home, and she thinks her husband would come on with you, if we could not go there for you, and so have a little visit with them. But it seems to us that you will hardly wish to leave your party and stop to visit. I think you will feel as if you could not reach Woodland Cottage quickly enough.

It is good you are getting your sewing done, but don't do too much. I fear you have already. We can make up deficiencies after you get here. Don't be troubled about the night

watchings or care of the baby. We can have what help we need, and you will regain your strength, and the dear children will be better. God is good—oh, how much better than our fears.

Yes, darling, it will be a long and wearisome journey alone, if you live to the allotted age of man, but it will be a long time, too, to walk hand in hand with Jesus, and you will come to know Him as you never would have done if your precious husband had been spared. God has His own ways of leading us, and we must accept them and not forecast. I do not wonder that you should think of it, at all, dear. I thought of it, myself; but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.²³⁸

December 5th

Your father brought home a letter from Mrs. Washburn to her friends last night. Mr. Case very kindly left it at the office. So your father will have an errand back, and they will get acquainted, I hope. Mrs. Washburn does write beautifully; I am so much obliged to her. I hope we shall know her when she comes home. Miss Walker has been here to lunch. She has been at work two or three days for Mrs. Green. She sends love to you and much sympathy in your affliction but is so glad you are coming home.

We received Mr. Capron's very kind letter, enclosing "Resolutions," on the 27th of November. Please thank him for us. His letter was most comforting, and the resolutions were so satisfactory and will be of great service among our friends here. Your father would write Mr. Capron, but since his illness, he writes scarcely any but business letters. Dr. Cowles has sent us some two dozen of the notices of Thornton's life and death, which was published in The Herald. We think it very good indeed, though I should make one or two trifling alterations.

Ah me, I can hardly write at all. Everything but the one great topic seems so trivial. I am so anxious to know by what route you will come home, I am constantly speculating about it. All the letters speak of your going to England, so you must be going through the Red Sea or by a sailing vessel round the Cape. Anyway, God protect you and bring you safely to our waiting arms. So prays your own Mother.

I believe I wrote you that Aggie was here with her little brother Charlie. They stayed a week, and it was so pleasant to have the child around. He is a little over 3 years, and your father seemed to enjoy him so much.

I have had to stop to do various things and, among them, to get Fannie off to the depot for your father. She looked so nice going down the road in the buggy with Prince. It is severely cold, and he was stirred up by it and went off splendidly. Won't you enjoy driving him with little Thornton by your side! It has been awful cold for a few days. I have had to have the sofa bed made up in the dining room and can scarcely step out of these three rooms. We have tried to have a fire in the register stove, but it emits so much gas that we had to give it up. I am to have my bed in the parlor when the stove works well, and we must get it all right this winter because next winter you and the dear wee ones are to have it and the bedroom. Oh how many plans we are making, and how near we may be to their defeat. Man frames many a purpose, but God works His own. With this submissively in mind, we may enjoy our future now and be thankful.

To go back to Charlie, your father said it was a little foretaste of having Thornton here. Charlie was so happy to go round with him, up to the barn and out in the garden and down to the well, etc. On Sabbath he went to church for the first time and behaved quite well. He wanted a drink when he saw the minister take one, and whispered so loud to Aggie to go up and get it, that

²³⁸ From Matthew 6:34.

those round must have heard. It was quite amusing. Finally, he went and sat with your father who gave him one of those pictures of an engine and horses that I sent Thornton, and that engaged his attention for the rest of the service. In the afternoon, he went with your father to the prayer meeting at the schoolhouse, but I cannot tell about it now. He came up to my room one day when I was sick and leaned over onto my pillow and said, "Who shall I have for my mother while I am here?" I said, "Who would you like to have, Charlie?" "I would like to have you," he said. Of course, I assented, and he kissed me and went down. It did seem so pleasant. Aggie writes that, after he got home, he cried an hour because he did not want his things taken off. He declared, he only came home to see his Mamma, and then he was going right back to Auntie Hubbard's! It did seem so marvelous to me, for I thought I had come to be so old and demure that I could, in no wise, interest children. I hope yours will love me. Oh, if they should not—but I shall love them anyway. Oh dear, oh dear, how long the time seems. Your father and Fannie have come. Goodbye darling.

[December] 8th

We had a very tender letter from Dr. Clark today. He requested that your father would leave his address at the Bible House and he would go by to call on him. He says the notices of Mr. Penfield's death were sent from the Rooms in Boston, so I was mistaken in supposing they were from Oberlin. Miss Walker said, when she was here, that perhaps she could go to England with Fannie to meet you—she might as well spend a little money in that way as any. Would it not be good if she could be able to go? I don't think your father would object to Fannie's going if she had Miss Walker's company. How strangely things come around. Who would have thought, when I took that little forlorn Irish girl under my protection, as it were, thirty years ago, that she would ever be in a position to offer to cross the ocean at her own expense to bring my child and grandchildren home? As we sow, so we reap. Let us sow so bountifully that we may not reap sparingly. You'll find plenty of chances for sowing seed when you get home. I received, yesterday, a check for \$70, \$15 of which is for you. I suppose she received my letter, respecting your return, soon after she sent it. I have written her to know if it shall go to Miss Rendall's school. Please hand Mrs. Chandler's letter to her.

Now good night, darling. I must not write more. Indeed, as you say, I can hardly write at all, my mind is so much on your return. Love to Miss Smith. I shall try to write her soon. Love also to Mrs. Washburn, Mrs. Palmer, with many thanks also to Mrs. Capron. How and when are you coming? Dear little Thornton. Write us all you can of his sayings. How natural that he should not want to come without his father.

Ever lovingly,
Your own mother,
M. I. Hubbard

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Madura
December 9th, 1871

My dear, dear Mother,

It is a great joy and comfort to me to receive your dear letter, which I did two days ago. I had been looking for it for three weeks and I was glad to get it. It seems as though the loss was especially yours and mine. Ours was the dearest possible relation to the departed one.

I am sorry you are in such poor health, but am very glad father is able to report himself as improving. Mary's letter does her great credit. How pleased her father would have been with it.

Mrs. Chandler wishes me to say to you and to father that they thank you very much for the kind letter you sent, and she sends you much love and sympathy. I have not written you since our precious baby died. I have written but one letter, and that was to my mother. The doctor thinks, I believe—and I know others do—that the dear baby inherited some of her father's trouble with his stomach, for every 24 hours she would have one or more fits of most violent crying, as if in great pain. Quite unnatural for so small a baby. I am sorry I tried to nurse it, for I think my milk was not good. If I had seen, then, what I see now, I should have done differently. But the Lord could have opened my eyes. It was one of Thornton's rules to do what seemed best at the time and then not indulge in regrets afterward. So I try not to do so. But I cannot help thinking that, if I had done a little differently, I might have had my baby now. But she is safe, and I no longer fear the long home journey for her. But I so sadly miss the "little hindering thing." It is all well. Two precious little ones are spared me, and they are a great comfort. But Flora was such a bright, strong baby, and she grew so fat and knowing, I cannot get used to her going, too.

I am gaining every day but am not strong. I am just beginning to use my right arm again, and we hope it will be only about 2 ½ months before we leave Madura on our home journey, though we shall not reach home until the last of April or the first of June. I have not been [able] to start before now.

O I do hope the Lord will permit us to meet again in this world. I do so want you to see the children. Everyone says little Thornton is very much like his father, and many think Irene is, too, they neither of them look a particle like me. Flora was very much like me. Everybody spoke of it.

Please direct all letters written in January to Madras, and after that to me, care of Messrs Spicer, Brothers, New Bridge St., London, until you hear from me from there. I very well remember that Miss Hill; they were very kind to us in London, and I well remember how she and her father stood out in the cold to see us off. If I was stronger, I would write to her. I wonder if Mary will not write a little note to her for me, and give her my love and thank her for her sympathy. We shall, in all probability, go home via Suez Canal and land at Boston, so perhaps I may be able to call on her. I have written down her address and will try. With very much love to you all,

Ever affectionately, your daughter,
L. E. Penfield

CWSlate to CEHPenfield

New Britain
Sunday Evening, December 24th, 1871

My very dear Lottie,

In all these years since we last looked upon your face, I think I have never addressed you directly. Messages from the family having been conveyed through Gennie's letters. But, now,

our hearts are so much with you I feel that I must, in my imagination, bring you into my presence and try and unbosom to you, in some measure, our love and tender sympathy for you. Mr. Slate and the girls are at church, where there is a service of song, by our choir and the congregation, and Christmas Carols by children of our Sunday School. But I felt it would be a pleasure to remain at home and quietly “talk” with you.

How little I can realize your situation. Weeks and months, dear Lottie, you had been a bereaved, sorrowing widow, ere the sympathies of one of your friends could be awakened for you. This was a source of great grief to me, and oh, how much more so to your precious father, mother, and sister. When we received a letter from your mother, saying your precious husband had ceased from his labors and entered into rest, we all gave way to our sorrow, and oh how freely our tears flowed. Not for the sainted dead, but the stricken wife and precious babies so unconscious of their loss. The trial would have seemed almost unbearable, had you been at home, but so far from all who can most truly help to bear your sorrows, did make the trial seem heavier. But “even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.”

“God never does, nor suffers to be done,
But that which we would do if we could see
The end of all events, as well as He.”

What could we do under these severe trials, had we not this perfect confidence that His ways are just and right, although they sometimes seem so mysterious? But, dear Lottie, in all your trials, how much remains to comfort you. So many kind ones near you, whose love you can trust, and especially the dear, dear little treasures given you to love and labor for and train, with divine aid, for eternal glory. May they all be spared and be a source of joy to you continually. Then, you must look forward so anxiously to the time when you and yours may expect to be safe, again, in the dear “home fold,” where such loving hearts are longing to welcome you all. How easily you can realize the tender, loving expressions from the circle at Woodland Cottage, and how closely their arms will embrace you, if they may be permitted to. Even in our home circle, we are planning for welcoming you and the darling ones. Gennie said “We shall all want to help take care of Lottie’s children.” But it seems a long time to look forward to your return, but it will soon pass.

Many changes have occurred within the last five years. Our friends are passing out of sight. My dear, precious mother is missed more and more. How her loving heart followed you and your sainted husband, and how anxiously she waited for news from you. Uncle Nathan, last week, was carried to his last resting place. So “one by one” they are going. Will it not be “joyful when we meet no more to part in our home in Heaven!”

My dear father left us yesterday morning for New Haven, where he is in business with my brother. He had been to attend Uncle Nathan’s funeral. He seems very well, is able to work every day, but he seems so lonely.

Gennie intends to write to send with this, but we may think best to send this in the morning, and she write another time. Emmie is very busy with her studies, improves very fast, and is a dear, good child. She is nearly as tall as I am. I trust you will be able to read this, and, if there is the opportunity, we hope you will write to us. The Lord bless you and give you strength equal to your day.

Your loving friend,
C. W. Slate

1872

ASavariammal to CEHPenfield

[n.d.]²³⁹

(A literal translation [in Lottie's handwriting])

“Tidings which your humble and obedient Savariammal, making sal'am writes and makes known to the honorable, excellent, noble, and beloved Madam.

Through the great mercy of the Lord we are all in health. So we have a boundless desire to know of the health of you all. We now have a desire without limit to see you, the gentleman Thornton, the lady, Miss Arianal (Irene), and the lady Mary. The great kindness and favor which you must now do us is the following. I ask, with great respect, that you will have mercy on me, and by all means, kindly send by the Rev. Mr. Chandler Junior, pictures of yourself, the lady Arianal, and the gentleman Thornton. We do not forget you. If you do not forget me, send picture. I now have the child Mary, which I had when you were here, and a fifth daughter, Kayamani. We are now waiting with great desire, saying, when will the gentleman Thornton come, as the honored father came before, to the service of the Lord? The Lord will cause this to be realized. I have a picture of the honored father. I shall anxiously wait for your picture. The letter and the rupee, which you sent before, have been received. Though I have been hindwise so long from writing you, the Lord has now given me an opportunity. We pray for you in our family prayers and in private prayers.

Before, you called my younger brother Michael, did you not? His older brother, Chinnappau, the Cook, said, “I will not let him go.” Michael, hearing of this, was grieved and said with sorrow, “if I had known this, I would have hastened to go with the lady.” He says, “give to her, the lady Irene, and the gentleman Thornton, Salam and many thanks. He has a child named Selvam. My daughter Mary is studying in the sixth class of the senior Rev. Mr. Chandler's school. Indeed, she writes this letter. All my family send to you, the lady Irene, and the gentleman Thornton, our grateful and respectful Salam. Thus writes your (here is a word I cannot make out.)

A. Savariammal.

P.S. The place where we now are is Chinnakavandanpatti in the Battalagundu Station.

MITHubbard to CEHPenfield

Montclair

January 12, 1872

My darling daughter,

No letter this week, and we so anxious to know the result of your illness. But it is surely on the way. The good Lord grant favoring winds and waves. I did not feel as if I could write until your father came and I learned whether he had brought a letter. He has come and no letter. I am rather encouraged, because I think if your illness had proven fatal, Mrs. Chandler would have written. To be sure, the mail might have been slow, but I hope. Friends are all so anxious,

²³⁹ Early 1872

many call to inquire, and your father has many questions to answer on the cars. God give us strength to bear the news if He has called you home. I never knew suspense like this, but my mind is kept in peace. You must not mourn for the dear baby. It is safe, and although it would have been a great pleasure to us to have had it come home with the others, yet we must remember and find consolation in the thought that it will never know sorrow or suffering again and has never known sin, that it is at rest with its dear father, and it seems fitting that its little earthly form should rest upon his bosom. Mrs. Green says that, after all, there seems a comfort in his having one to remain with him; it will not seem so sad as it would have done to leave him there alone. I will copy for you, if my arm will let me, a sweet piece of poetry which I love to think of, and I know you will. I received the enclosed letter from Mrs. Cowles for you. She thought it was too late to send it to Boston, and so it might go with ours if we were writing.

Fannie has been ill for a few days with cold and fever. She was in bed two days, is not fit to be about, now; has some fever, but I hope it will wear off. She is taking aconite. So we have been quite shut up this week of prayer, have not attended any meetings; except last evening your father went with Annie, and today he has attended the general meeting in Newark. It has been a week of great interest, and oh may precious blessings descend in answer to the prayers offered.

Oh my darling child, shall I ever see you! My heart goes out to you so longingly. We will nurse you so tenderly, and those dear, precious missionary brethren and sisters will be relieved of such a care. Oh how hard it must be for them. I know the willingness of their hearts, but that does not give physical strength. My heart aches for them as well as for you. What can we ever do to reward them? I sometimes wonder if they think your going there has done any good. I do not doubt it myself, and I trust the good done will, as it were, propagate itself by the blessing of God after you leave. We shall be glad to hear of one and another remembering and profiting by what you have told them. The letter from that little boy was not enclosed in your last. I suppose you were too ill to think about it. You can bring it with you. It will do good. No more now.

I have copied the poetry and will put it outside of all, next the envelope. Much love from father and mother both, and many kisses for yourself and the doubly precious little pair.

Your own mother,
M. I. Hubbard

Our Baby

To-day we cut the fragrant sod,
 With trembling hands asunder,
And lay this well beloved of God,
 Our dear dead baby, under.
Oh hearts that ache and ache afresh!
 Oh tears too blindly raining!
Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
 Too strong for our restraining!
Sleep, darling, sleep! Cold rains shall steep
 Thy little turf made dwelling;
Thou will not know—so far below—
 What winds or storms are swelling;

And birds shall sing, in the warm spring!
 And flowers bloom about thee;
Thou wilt not heed them love, but oh
 The loneliness without thee!
Father we will be comforted!
 Thou wast the gracious Giver;
We yield her up—not dead, not dead—
 To dwell with Thee forever!
Take Thou our child! Ours for a day,
 Thine while the ages blossom!
This little shining head we lay,
 In the Redeemer's bosom!

JMHubbard to CEHPenfield

[n.d.]²⁴⁰

To Lottie
(upon her departure from India)

To Lottie

“Though the way is dark and lonely
It leads on to rest and peace;
We shall find our buried treasures
When our pilgrimage shall cease.”

They Are Taken

“Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
 Into the rapture of rest.”
 *2 Corinthians 4th, 17, 18*²⁴¹

The Lord bless and keep thee, my dear precious daughter and bring thee forth as gold seven times purified.

Please accept, as coming from both, what your dear mother has written, and may we soon be permitted to meet face to face, seemeth it good to our blessed Lord and Saviour.

“Peace be with thee.”

Your affectionate father,
J. M. Hubbard

²⁴⁰ Probably January 1872.

²⁴¹ 2 Corinthians 4:17-18. “For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.” (KJV)

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Sabbath, February 4th, 1872

My very dear mother,

It does seem as if I could not find time to write, lately. I am so busy doing last things. Our goods are to start on the 13th of this month, and we follow about two weeks later. The goods go by carts to Madras, and therefore must start sometime before us. It is about decided that Miss Smith go with us, she is so poorly. There is no doubt but that we shall go home through England, and we shall probably reach home sometime in June. Mother writes me that she has written, asking you to come to Montclair after I reach home. I do hope you can do so. I shall want to see you and Mary so much, but I don't think it will be best for me to go to Oberlin before next summer.

How I shall love to see you all, and we shall love to talk of the dear departed one together. That picture which you have, taken of dear Thornton with a full beard, etc, I think is going to look more like him than any we have, for he wore it so the last year. I think the picture must be the one that Mr. Noyes said looked like "our Mr. Penfield."

Last week I went to Tirupúvanam, our old station. The people all seemed very glad to see me, and they told me how badly the people all felt when they heard of dear Thornton's death. It was very pleasant to see them all again, yet it seemed so lonely to be there without Thornton.

Dr. Clark is a very kind man, very sympathizing. How I shall love to see Josephine and Charles. I am so glad that Minnie is any better. You must have had a very interesting time during the Congregational Council.

I find it very hard to write. I am going to start for home so soon that it seems as if I could not stop to write. I am not sure but that the children have the hooping cough²⁴². I thought of Brother Charles' birthday when it came, but I could not write. Neither could I on Mary's birthday. I was in Tirupúvanam on February 2nd, and I told the women it was her birthday, and they were all much interested. I am sure they will not forget her and us in their prayers. I cannot write her this time, but I send her much love and wish her many happy returns of the day. I meant to say that if the children have hooping cough, it is very light, so light that I cannot be sure; but in this country it is generally very easy.

Monday evening

I have been so busy all day and am so tired tonight. I have been packing and looking over clothes. One needs such a quantity for a six weeks voyage with two children and no chance of any washing for that time. What a relief it will be when our boxes are all packed and once started. Irene was two years old the last day of January. She is such a little energetic body. Little Thornton thinks a great deal of her.

Love to dear father and Mary, and all the brothers, sisters, and cousins.

Ever lovingly,
L.E.P.

Don't forget to send me Smith's picture when I get home, please.

²⁴² Whooping cough.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

For Mother Cowles
February 20th, 1872

My dear mother,

Your letter written January 3rd has just been received and is a great comfort to me. But as you say nothing of the dear baby, I presume that you had heard nothing of its death at that time. You did write to me in December, so don't feel troubled about that. Even had you not, I should have felt that it was from no want of interest or affection for me or the children. Josephine has not written me yet. I am so sorry she has such heavy burdens; it is a comfort to know that strength to bear them will be given. I do so hope you will be able to bring Mary to see us in the summer after I reach home. It would be such a comfort to me. I don't think I can go to Oberlin before '73. After the long journey, we shall need rest. If you come, please bring that picture of dear Thornton of which I spoke in my last. I want to see it very much. I believe the change to Montclair would do you good.

I wish I knew just what Sabbath it is that Mary is to unite with the Church, I should like to remember especially at that time. You say it is a comfort to you that I wrote, as I did, about Mary. I am very glad I wrote it, then. Thornton and I had talked over Mary's future prospects many times before his death, and he quite agreed with you that none of his brothers or sisters were in a position to give her a home, should anything occur to deprive her of her present home. How I shall love to see you and talk all these things over.

There is not much left us in the way of money. I hope there may be \$300, but am not certain yet. You will be surprised, I know. I am. Were dear Thornton here, he could account for much of the money drawn in '71, of which no record can be found. He spoke of this to me when sick, and I said, "Don't trouble yourself with this now." He said "Would you rather lose than have me exert myself now?" I said, "yes, indeed," for I saw trying to think seemed to worry him so; it tired him all out and left him so exhausted. The gentlemen have been very kind and generous about it. My father gives us a home; still, he is not by any means wealthy; but by care and economy they live very comfortably. If it is necessary, I can do something for the support of the children. I thought I had better write you this. You will feel better to know just how it is. I think I will enclose my home letters in this, and ask you if you will be kind enough to mail them to my mother, for it saves me so much postage. Of course you are at perfect liberty to read them. I sent mine to you, last mail, in the same way. It saves me about 24 cents.

Our passage is not yet engaged, but our boxes left here a week ago and engage to be in Madras (on carts) in 20 days, and we shall follow them soon. O how I long to start. Nearly everything is settled, and I shall leave much more satisfactorily than if I had hurried off at once.

Love to dear Mary. I shall let you know as soon as our plans are settled. Children are both well, and a great comfort to me. Irene is such a funny little girl. She is just beginning to talk, and jabbars Tamil like a native. Much love to both father and yourself, and Mary.

Ever affectionately, your daughter,
L. E. P.

I hope you received the account of dear Thornton's death, which I sent.

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

[March 8, 1872]

My very dear Mary,

I have had you in mind a great deal lately. Especially, as your Grandma writes me that you were expecting to unite with the Church. How I should love to be present at that time. It is a great privilege, my dear child, to be allowed to take Christ's precious name and profess before Jesus, for an instant. "Jesus, only Jesus." Full of sin though our hearts are, he does not despise them if we give them to him wholly and try to serve Him to the best of our ability. May God bless and keep you ever near Him, and make you a bright and shining light to those around you.

Very lovingly,
Your mother,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

For Mother Cowles

Madura

March 8th, 1872

My dear mother,

It occurs to me that I shall not be able to mail next week, as on mail day I shall be traveling towards Madras, so I think I will send this to you before we start, and will enclose the letter which I have written to my mother, which will give you an idea of us up to the present. I hope I am not burdening you with so many letters to remail for me. The only thing is that it saves my writing the same thing twice, for I want you both to know our plans as fast as I know them myself. I am sorry to send so carelessly written a letter home, but I have written it at times when I have been much hurried.

I think of you all so often. I have thought that possibly I may be able to attend the meeting of the Board at Chicago. If so, I might stop to see you on the way, either there or back; but that is all uncertain. I do hope Father and yourself and Mary can go to Montclair after I reach there; there is so much I want to say to you, but that we must leave, too, and see what shape things take. I know you will come if you can and if it seems best to you, and you, of course, are the best judge as to that. Only, we shall all be so glad to see you if you can go.

I believe I have written you to address me at New Bridge Street London, care of Spicer Brothers. You know that many things can be bought much more reasonably in England than in America. I am to buy a dress—black empress cloth—for my mother, also table cloths and napkins for her, and I should be very glad to get anything for you, if you wish to have me. Sheeting is very reasonable there.

We leave Madura Tuesday the 12th, and I shall mail this just before we start, for unless I do, I cannot send a letter until next week. As soon as our plans are laid, I shall write again. I have received no word from you since you heard of dear baby's death, so I am hoping for a letter in every mail. I may not hear before we leave India, for I know that my movements are, to you, very uncertain, and you are not at all sure where your letters will find me. We hope to be in Madras Friday evening, 15th.

Tuesday, March 12

We leave Madura today, a day of joy and a day of sorrow it is to me. I shall mail this before I leave. I think we shall not be able to sail before the last of April. Love so much to you all.

Most affectionately,
Your daughter,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Madras
April 4th, 1872

My very dear mother,

You will miss dear Thornton's letter, which he generally wrote on your birthday. But you must not think you are forgotten. I think that if dear Thornton is permitted to know anything of our joys and sorrows now, he will remember our little anniversaries. Of course, we don't know certainly, but I do so love to think that perhaps he knows, even now, and sympathizes with us, as he used to do.

We are still in Madras, and have no prospect of getting off before May, possibly the middle of the month. Our passage is engaged in the Viceroy, but she is not yet in from England; she is not due until the 7th of April. Then a month's journey to Calcutta and back; then we start. Everything is very full, and passages are engaged months before hand. Our party consists of eleven – Mr. and Mrs. Capron and 2 daughters, two Howland boys from Jaffna, Joseph Herrick, Miss Smith, and self and little ones. So you see, we need a good deal of room, and no small quarters can accommodate us.

I have got a little birthday present for you, which I hope will be ready to enclose in this. It was hard to get the little ones to stand still, and the man was very slow, and it was only for the sake of ensuring to you all, at home, some likeness of the little ones, that I had them taken here at all, but now, if anything should happen and we should never reach home, you will have some idea how they looked.

Thornton and Irene grow so fast. Irene talks as fast as possible. Her favorite expression for every little trouble she has is "Look a dere," and if she wants anything, she says, "Gim se me," which, I suppose, means "Give to me." Yesterday she came to me and, looking up into my face, said "Penfil, pere enna" ("Penfield, what is your name?"). She never says Mr. or Mrs. It is "Capron," "Smis" for Smith, etc. She is learning to talk so fast.

April 13

The pictures have come, but I am much disappointed in them. Still, I send them, for they will give you some idea of the little ones. The man was very slow and left us waiting a long time, and there was nothing behind any of us to steady us. That is why they are so blurred, and Irene, standing nearer the instrument, is larger in proportion than the rest of us. I send them off today. We miss letters from you all so much, but we shall hope to find some in England, awaiting us. The Viceroy has arrived from England and has left for Calcutta, so we are pretty sure of starting in May, about the first week, and shall not reach England before the middle of June, and home in July. You see, the time stretches on longer and longer. It will be nearly a

year since dear Thornton's death before we reach home. Much, much love to you all. Will you please send the enclosed little note to my mother.

Lovingly,
L. E. P.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Steamer "Viceroy"
Wednesday, May 8th, 1872

My very dear mother,

I cannot realize that we are really started homeward, but so it is. We came aboard yesterday (7th), exactly 5 ½ years from the day of our leaving America. Today has been most miserable for most aboard, as they are all so sick. I have escaped by keeping on deck, almost entirely. Thornton lost his breakfast, but seems all right now. Irene felt a little peculiar this morning. It was evident, but she has quite regained her composure. We are having a fresh breeze, and there has been considerable motion all day. I have got both little ones safely tucked away for the night, and so improve the few moments free from care to talk with you. The ship is very full, many elderly gentlemen and their wives and children returning to England, and many ladies going home alone with 3, 4, and 5 children and a servant. Such sights and smells and sounds as we do have.

My cabin is 6 feet by 7; Laura²⁴³ and Thornton sleep above, and Irene and self below. Rather crowded, I assure you; still, we live on deck. We have all stood the journey nicely except for Miss Smith, who is very sick and keeps her bed constantly. She will not get up, for she says she feels the motion much more above than below. I trust we shall be a more cheerful set in a few days, but just at present, it is all we can do to get accustomed to our situation. It is one thing to think of a sea voyage in the distance, and quite another to be actually at sea. The children both do beautifully and I am quite proud of them.

The captain says he hopes to make the voyage in 35 days. I hope he may, but I rather suspect it will be six weeks. There are apt to be so many unlooked for detentions. How I do miss Thornton so, so much. No one to help me or to do for me except Mr. Capron, who, of course, has his own wife and all the rest of us to look after.

Two gentlemen and two ladies sit opposite me playing cards; not gambling, I don't suppose, but I don't know what. We eat at 9 breakfast, 12 tiffin²⁴⁴, 4 dinner, 7 tea. The children eat at 8, 1, and 6. I go with them every meal and see that they have a good meal. We have a very good table set, and find no fault in that direction, but O how glad I shall be when this long voyage is over. We have a new ship, this being her second trip only, the best of captains, and everything as promising as possible. There is a piano on deck, a canary in the saloon, a parrot below, and two poor little sea sick monkeys in the stern.

I cannot tell you what a continual joy my two little ones are to me. I do hope the Lord will see fit to permit us all to reach you in safety. I think I will go up on deck, now, a little while before retiring. I feel as if I should sleep well tonight. I pity the little babies, so, on board. I sometimes feel almost glad Flora has not to go through it all.

²⁴³ Laura was one of the Capron children.

²⁴⁴ Luncheon.

Thursday eve, [May] 9th

We hear that the steamer is to stop at Galle tomorrow for six hours, so I shall mail this there. We are still getting on nicely. We have had a delightfully smooth day today, but this evening it is very rough again. Miss Smith bears it better than before; she is not as sick as she was when we came out. We have been in sight of Ceylon all day but failed to experience the “spicy breezes.” We have on board 11 of the poor, ship wrecked sailors, taking them to England. I find that if I mail tomorrow, as I proposed, it will gain nothing, so I shall keep it until we reach Aden.

May 17th Friday

We hope to reach Aden Monday evening; so far, we are getting on nicely. Some of the time it is so smooth that one might almost imagine we were on a lake steamer at home. We saw a water spout yesterday. Fortunately, it was some five or six miles off. Tiffin is ready, and I must stop. I have left Thornton and Irene lying down, Irene asleep. It is a great rest to me to have them quiet two hours every day.

Monday [May] 20th

We are getting on rather slowly, as a leak has appeared in one of the boilers; therefore, we shall not reach Aden until in the night sometime. We shall stop there for repairs to the boiler to be made. The mountains of Arabia are seen in the distance, some 70 miles off.

Sabbath morning, Cape Guardifui was in sight all the forenoon. How glad I shall be of letters from you, and I hope to find some awaiting our arrival in England. It is such a long time since I have received letters from home. O how I long to have completed this long journey, although I am very thankful we are so comfortably situated. The children are both fairly well, although Thornton is not as strong as I should like to see him. I hope he will get quite well in America. The plains of India never did agree with him. He has several small, dry boils, which seem to be very painful and make him quite fretful.

Miss Smith is begging very hard for a game of chess, so I think I must indulge her. It seems to be a long time since I have heard from Mary. I think of her a great deal, and I am very anxious to see her. Thornton has a great deal to say of what he intends to do when he sees “sister Mary.” We have prayers on board morning and evening, though I am not able to attend, often, because it is just when I am giving the children their breakfast and tea. It is quite a trial to me to be kept away, but Sabbath days I am able to go to both services, although they are Church of England.

Aden, Tuesday morning, [May] 21st

All are hurrying to get letters off. We mailed letters just before leaving Madras, and a few hours after our arrival here, in comes the P & O steamer which took our letters from Madras, so they have not gained much. All is hurry and confusion. The place looks like a lot of houses built on a cinder, desolate beyond description.

Much, much love to you, my dear mother, dear father, and my Mary, as well as to all the brothers and sisters.

Ever lovingly,
Lottie

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

“Viceroy”

Saturday, May 25th, 1872

My dear daughter,

It is a long time since I have either written to you or heard from you, but I soon hope to be where I can hear from you often. We are now in the Red Sea. If you look on your map, you will see Aden in the southern part of Arabia. That is where we last stopped for two days. As soon as our anchor was let down, we saw black heads coming out from the shore, in the water, and soon our ship was surrounded with wooly heads, crying, “Have a dive, have a dive, ho, ho, ha, ha, yes! yes! yes!” etc. , and if any of the passengers threw money down to them, they would dive down and catch it long before it reached the bottom, which was what they wanted.

It is very comfortable here now; we feared it would be very hot, so we are pleasantly disappointed. We shall next stop at Suez, then we shall go through the Suez Canal, and I will write you all about that, for I think it will be very interesting.

One of the babies aboard is very ill, and we all fear it will not live to get to England. It makes me feel very thankful that it is not one of my little ones. The baby’s mother is in India, and it is going home with its father and an ayah, alone.

When little Thornton saw those divers coming out from the shore, he came up alone to me and whispered, “Mama, if I should fall into the water, shouldn’t I swim?” I told him I feared he wouldn’t. He seemed to think it was very strange that he should not swim. I suppose it looked very easy to him.

A little green parrot flew over board a day or two since, and was soon drowned. It is baggage day, and all who need boxes are having them brought up from the hold, so many are very busy packing away soiled clothes and getting out clean ones, but, as I have enough, I have no trouble today. Next week Saturday, I hope I shall have to get out our woolen clothes, for we hope it will be cold weather.

Wednesday [May] 29th

We hope sometime tomorrow to be at Suez, but I cannot tell certainly; the machinery is out of order again, and we are going very slowly. I am very sorry, for it is a fine steamer, but she will have a bad name if she is so constantly getting out of order.

We have an Arab for a pilot on board. He is such an odd looking man. He was dressed in his own costume when he first came, but now he has on great woolen stockings, a thick coat, and his own native flowing robes come down under his coat, making him such a funny looking object. He leaves us at Suez, and we have another through the canal. It is much cooler since we left the tropics, but we do—at least I do—not feel the need of woolen clothes yet.

Thursday [May] 30th

It is cold enough this morning. I think it is delightful. What I have longed for ever since we left America—these cool, bracing winds. Last evening we passed Mount Sinai, and today we hope to be in Suez, so I will have this ready to send from there. We are all very well and getting on nicely. Much love to your dear Grandma, Grandpa, and your own little self.

from Mother

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Friday, May 31st, 1872

My very dear mother,

We are still at Suez. I mailed a letter home yesterday and enclosed a sheet for Mary, so I hope you will hear from us by that. We are now waiting for a ship to come out of the canal before we enter it. The ship is not allowed to go faster than three or four miles an hour in the canal.

A dear little baby died this morning and is to be buried this evening on the banks of the canal. It is not the one who has been so sick, but a younger. It seems very sad. The mornings are very cold now, and the children have on their woolen clothes. It is very trying weather, and many of the little folks are ill (not mine). The days are quite hot, and the mornings and evenings are very cold. Once in the Mediterranean, however, we hope it will be more uniform.

There is an American man of war riding at anchor, not far from us; her flag is flying. Some of the gentlemen fuss and fume and say she looks “dirty,” but it is a joyful sight to our eyes—the first American flag we have seen flying since we left America. Six or eight gentlemen, French or Italian, have come on board; one of them is a “Count,” I understand. They are to go on with us, but I am sure I do not see where they are to be put; we are all so full now. I think we are to start soon, so I will go on deck, for I want to see the entrance to the Canal.

June 4th Tuesday

Here we are at Port Said; we got through the canal by the aid of our little tug, in two days, which was very good time. The canal was very full of interest, as is also this place, Port Said. We reached here Sabbath morning. I don't like to get in on a Sabbath because it occasions so much confusion and excitement among the passengers that the day seems quite unlike the Sabbath. However, we had two services on board, and Monday we went ashore. The town is but three years old and is decidedly “Frenchy.” The Egyptians and their camels and white donkeys amuse us considerably. The town is very dusty and dirty and we were glad enough to get back to the ship. I believe the engine is getting put in order again, and we hope to be off this evening.

The flies here are very annoying. I pity the poor Egyptians if the plague of flies was worse than this. I think the women here look frightful—nothing but bluish black from head [to foot] and two eyes peeping out. One little girl who went ashore with me was frightened terribly when she first saw them. Thornton and Irene were not because I had pointed them out and told them about them beforehand.

This place is but three years old. It has sprung up very rapidly and is quite dependent on the canal for its existence. We saw the palace, which was built for the Princess Empress when she opened the canal, also the platform on which she stood. The people here are miserable enough, in looks, at least. I should far prefer our Tamil people.

June 5th

We left Port Said last evening at 6:30, and we are all very glad to be on our way again. We are going about 10 miles an hour and quite smooth sailing. Some are feeling rather peculiar, I believe. It is quite cool, and most of us have on our woolen clothes. There is no land in sight, although in a few days we hope to sight Malta. I believe the captain hopes to reach England in two weeks, or by the 16th of June. I really am quite attached to the ship and almost feel sorry to

part from her. Many of the people are very pleasant. The children both continue well. I am very thankful for this, as so many of the children have diarrhea and are otherwise poorly; with many, I think, it comes from want of proper care and clothing. One needs to be very careful of their diet.

June 7th

Our boilers have given out again, or rather one of the two. We are going very slowly, and many threaten to leave the ship at Malta. We are going not more than two miles an hour, which is very trying. It is very cold now; at least it seems so to us. The thermometer stands at 74, I believe. I think we should leave the ship at Malta, also, if there were not so large a party of us. We are very sorry, for the ship will get a bad name if her machinery is so constantly giving out. She is a nice ship, and every thing else is so nice and comfortable. I shall almost be sorry to part from her. We are all improving very much—that is, in health and strength, though I shall be very glad to get the children, Irene especially, into a quiet house.

It is very hard to be traveling with such children and keep them behaving nicely when so many children all around behave so badly. They are so apt to copy what they see, and Irene is such a good natured little lady that she gets a great deal of petting, which is not a good thing for her. Lately, occasionally, she has seemed to think she was very cunning and therefore could do as she liked, and has proceeded on that principle. I suppose it would be strange if she did not get a little out of the way, sometimes. She is so independent, and marches around so grand, that it occasions considerable amusement to the gentlemen. I think she will make a nice little seaman if I can only have wisdom to train her aright. Thornton is more quiet and retired but troubles me by being so patronizing to his little sister. He acts as if he carried the whole responsibility of her behavior on his shoulders, and I have often to remind him that he is neither her mama or papa and that he must come to me if she does wrong and not undertake to right matters himself. He is very proud of her, and she is very fond of him.

Malta, June 10th Monday

We reached here last evening about six o'clock. We were glad, indeed, to arrive here, which we did much sooner than we expected. Last evening, a member of engineers came aboard and had a general look at the machinery, but this morning there was an official inspection of it, the result of which is that we are to be laid up here for three days for repairs, the captain says. But we have reason to think that we may be here until the end of the week. It is very trying. We should not mind a day or two; we should rather like that. We go ashore tomorrow.

There is much of interest to be seen; the fortifications are very great and full of interest. There are many men on board with laces and jewelry for sale. There is also fruit in great profusion. It is quite warm when the sun shines, but damp and cold when it does not. Yesterday it was very cold and today so mild. These changes are very trying, and some of the passengers feel it exceedingly, especially the older people and children.

The reason that we reached here so much sooner than we expected was that a man went into the disabled boiler, when the thermometer stood at 120, and mended it. We hope to be so thoroughly in order here as to have no more mishaps before reaching England.

This place seems more like home than any place we have yet seen, and the people, Maltese, speak broken English, mostly. We had a serenade last night which sounded very sweetly. I shall keep this for a day or so and mail before we leave.

Wednesday, [June] 12th

Mr. Capron advises me to wait and mail this from London. The truth is that so many unexpected stoppages have about used up all our money. Once in London, we shall be all right again. We went ashore yesterday and saw the cathedral, palace, and gardens here. We enjoyed ourselves very much. We saw a little girl sitting in the doorway, with a pillow in her lap, making lace. We are likely to be here some days longer, but how long is not certainly known yet.

Saturday [June] 15th

It is decided that I had better mail this here. So you will hear of our welfare thus far, I hope, soon. The machinery is still in an uncertain condition; it has been under repair all of the six days that we have been stopping here. Some say we shall start tomorrow morning, but Mr. Thorp, the 2nd officer, says it will not be certain until after 12 o'clock today. This waiting is very trying, but we are as pleasantly situated as possible, under the circumstances. We keep well, which is so great a blessing that I feel as if I had nothing to complain of. Some of our passengers have gone ashore to stay until we sail. I believe the captain "hopes" to sail in the morning—so a gentleman sitting near me says. Mr. Capron and Mrs. Capron are going ashore for the morning, but I cannot leave the children; neither do I like to take them, so I stay. Dear little things, I am sure I would cheerfully give up any amount of "going ashore" for their sakes.

Much, much love to you all. Especially Father, yourself, and my Mary. After leaving here, we hope to reach England in eight or ten days²⁴⁵.

Ever affectionately,
Lottie E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to HCowles

Montclair
August 24th, 1872

My dear Father Cowles,

Very many thanks for your kind letter received this evening. It is a very great relief to my mind to feel that there is a possibility of my having any allowance for myself and children. I feel as though it may be a special answer to prayer, for I have thought and prayed much about it ever since I reached home. As I have a home with my father, I feel that if the Board will give me \$300 a year and \$80 for each of the children, I shall be very thankful and quite satisfied. I cannot tell you what a load is lifted from my mind. I felt that the Lord would provide and I could trust Him.

My dear father still continues quite poorly, though we think we see some improvement; still, we feel very anxious about him. The rest of us are all as well as usual, with the exception that the children have slight colds. I was very glad to hear that you left Mother Cowles and Mary so nicely started on their journey.²⁴⁶ We shall be very glad to hear how they have got on, and

²⁴⁵ The party would finally reach London on June 27, 1872. Lottie's father met her in England; they sailed for home on Spain, leaving Liverpool July 10, 1872.

²⁴⁶ It appears that Dr. Cowles had taken his wife and granddaughter east to visit with the Penfields and Hubbards in New Jersey. After putting Mrs. Cowles and Mary on a return train to Ohio, he probably

hope Mother Cowles will be better than when she left. We all enjoyed your visit very much. I was so pleased to see Mary. I am so glad she is as lovable as she is.

Now I must close, for it is getting late and Saturday night. With deep gratitude for what you are doing for Mary and the kind interest you have taken for me and the little ones,

Ever affectionately, your daughter,
L.E. Penfield

P.S. Monday [August] 26th

On rereading your letter this morning, it occurs to me that perhaps I may have misunderstood it, and that Dr. Clark intends \$300 to include the \$80.00 for each of the children. If so, perhaps the Board would be willing to allow my traveling expenses to and from Oberlin, should I go next year. Do you think it would be wise to mention it? What is the fare of an adult from New York to Oberlin?

CEHPenfield to HCowles

Montclair
Monday, September 2nd, 1872

My dear Father Cowles,

I must again thank you for your kindness in writing me last week so fully, and also for your generous offer. I could not think of allowing you to meet my expenses to Oberlin. I think you bear your share of my burdens in giving my Mary such a pleasant and comfortable home. I am quite sure that I can manage so as to keep my expenses within \$300, but perhaps they would be willing to let me have 330 or 335 the first year. Should you think it too much for me to ask, I could do something for myself, but there are few things that a woman with two small children can find to do, and I could not leave them here, with my parents in such poor health, as they are at present.

Father is still confined to his bed, and we are beginning to feel quite anxious about him. He suffers no pain, only great debility and has no appetite. We hope, however, that he will be better now that the weather is cooler. Mother and Fannie are not at all strong, but, with the exceptions of colds, the children and I are well.

I have been looking for a letter from either Mother Cowles or Mary. I shall write them soon. I want to know how they reached home, and whether Mother is any better.

When I mentioned 330 or 335, I intended it to include my expenses to Oberlin and back, and I should wish to mention that fact (if I ask for it). I don't wish to ask too much. With much love to you all.

Ever affectionately, your daughter,
Lottie E. Penfield

remained on the east coast for a time to conduct business with the Board in Boston, on behalf of Lottie and the children.

P.S. I believe it is said that ladies can never write a note without a postscript. I think I must be one of them. I intended to ask you from what time the Board will be willing to give me my allowance. I reached home July 22nd. Would they be willing to begin from August 1st or not? I have heard nothing from them, yet, on the subject.

CEHPenfield to Cowles

September 23rd, 1872

My dear Father Cowles,

I am indeed grateful for the kindness of the Board with reference to me. Dr. Clark has written me several times, very kindly, and I have just written him, asking him about the time of my drawing the money. I have been meaning to write you all for several days, but we have been so busy. Father continues much the same, but we are thankful he is no worse. Have I told you that the doctor says we need not expect him to get around under three months? It is very tedious, both for him and for Mother.

My boxes came on Friday last, and most things have come very nicely. Dear Thornton's little organ has come apart somewhat, but it can all be properly fixed again, I think. I wish it could have been here when you were here, for I should so like to have heard my Mary play on it. She will come again, sometime, I hope, and then she can. Her father did enjoy it so much.

I have just taken a ride of about five miles to procure a bottle of pure sweet wine for Father. I went to a gentleman in Verona, whom our doctor recommended. I will write a little to Mother on the next page.

Very affectionately, your daughter,
L. E. Penfield

My dear Mother Cowles,

Last week I tried every day to write to you, but every day we had unexpected company and, as my boxes came on Friday, we had a very hard week of it. You know "it never rains but it pours," and it certainly seemed so with us.

I find, on looking at Mary's underclothes (that I spoke to you about), that they are too large for her now, and will be full large another year, I should think, so I will bring them when I come. I intended to write her before this, and I hope to find time before long. She is much in my mind and always in my prayers. Thornton and Irene often talk of her.

You say nothing of Minnie; therefore I infer she is no worse. I know you will let us know, should she be worse. Mother is some better and is about the house again.

I want very much to attend the meeting of the Board next week, but I doubt if it will be right to leave the extra care of the children, so it will all depend upon how they are then. The children are both well and growing so fast. You, of course, have heard of the allowance I have from the Board. Is it not cause for thanksgiving? I am grateful, I assure you.

Much love to yourself and Mary.

Ever lovingly,
L. E. Penfield

CEHPenfield to MCPenfield

Montclair
October 1st, 1872

My very dear Mary,

When I saw you last, I did not suppose so long a time would pass before I should write to you, but one thing has followed so closely upon another that I find very little time for writing. I suppose your time is very fully occupied, too. I often think, during the day, that I should like to know just what you are doing then. Cannot you make out a little program of each day, as it passes with you? Not exactly, of course, but a general idea, so that when I think of you I can tell something of what you are doing.

Thornton and Irene are growing every day. Irene talks so plainly; she is quite out of her babyhood. I am almost sorry to have her grow so fast. She went over to New York with her Aunt Fannie yesterday and returned this evening. She is such a funny little body; she makes friends with everybody. She spoke to the gentleman who sat next her in the cars, and told him her Mama would be so lonely without her. It began to rain while they were there, and she told him Prince was all safe up in the barn so he would not get wet. One of our cousins in New York sent her a doll today. I wish you could see it, it is such a beauty—wax face, neck, hands, and feet, blue dress, white apron, tucked and with edging, real flaxen hair with a blue ribbon on it. It is too pretty and expensive for such a little girl. I shall keep it for her until she is larger. I think the dolly's face is the prettiest I ever saw, so sweet. Thornton had a box of blocks at the same time. He reads words of three letters now, and is as energetic as ever.

I feel sure that you are still trying to be a great help and comfort to your dear Grandma, but don't forget to ask Jesus' help, for however successful your efforts may seem, they will all be a complete failure, in the end, without His aid and blessing. I long, my dear child, to have you like Jesus, more than anything else. Did you remember that October 2nd was your dear father's 38th birthday? And his 2nd birthday in heaven.

A very sad thing occurred near here today. A nurse was taking a little baby to ride in its little carriage, and she took it near the railroad track. She saw the train coming and seemed to lose her presence of mind, for somehow the little carriage went right on to the track, and so the engine could not be stopped. The dear little one was cut right in two. So someone's heart is sad tonight. I am so thankful it was not my baby. Thornton and Irene are abed and asleep, or they would have some message to send. Thank Mary Alice²⁴⁷ for her nice little letter. I shall answer it sometime.

Ever lovingly,
your Mother

I meant to tell you that the children and I sleep under your spread every night, and it is as warm and comfortable as possible. Many thanks for it.

²⁴⁷ Mary Alice Penfield was one of the daughters of Mary's Uncle Charles.

CEHPenfield to MDPCowles

Montclair

Wednesday, November 6th, 1872

My dear Mother Cowles,

It seems like a long time since I have heard from any of you. I wrote Mary a few weeks ago. I hope she received it. Sister Fannie called at the Home a few days since and saw Miss Wilcox. She said you were very poorly, just able to sit up. I did not gather, from Father's last letter, that you were so poorly. I feel quite anxious and, as I do not wish to make you or Father Cowles any additional burden, can't Mary just write me a short note telling me just how you are?

Father continues much the same, though no worse, and gains somewhat, we think. His strength seems a long time in returning. Mother keeps up wonderfully, for her. She takes the entire care of Father. The children are having hooping cough very lightly, especially Thornton, who scarcely coughs at all. Irene is more troubled. Has Mary ever had it? Children all round us are having it. I should prefer they should have had it in the spring, but it will be a good thing to have it passed.

We are all much rejoiced at the successful elections. Little Thornton has taken a notion to be a "Greely boy" and nothing could shake him, but this morning he looked rather sober when I told him that Grant was to be president. Soon after, he came to me and, in a very sheepish way, said, "Mama, I am a Grant boy." "Why, how is that?" I said, "You are a Democrat, a dreadful Democrat," "But I've changed," he said, "I did not know who was going to be it." I fancy some children of larger growth will change when they find who is "going to be it."

We are to have a "pumpkin pie" festival in our public hall in Montclair, and the Sunday School girl who will make the best pumpkin pie is to have the prize, \$10.00. I do not know what sort of an affair it will be, but we will see. Our Sunday School boys raised pumpkins, four of which were put up at auction and brought over \$70.00. The money goes to missions.

Mother sends a great deal of love and sympathizes with you. She is sorry to hear of your being so ill. She would have written you, had not her time been so closely occupied with Father.

I have spoken about Mr. Wilde's books, and I think that he has probably gone and sent for them before this. We saw a notice in the Herald of the books that Father has given to the Board. I think he is very generous, and I am sure they will be appreciated. How is Minnie, and all the brothers and sisters?

Much love to you and Father Cowles and my dear Mary. I hope you may not be as poorly as I fear. If there is anything I can do for you this way, I hope you will let me do it.

Ever affectionately, your daughter,
L.E. Penfield

Epilogue

Lottie lived with her parents for several years after her return to the United States. Thornton “went to school to Aunt Fannie” until he was eventually enrolled at a boarding school in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Lottie found work at the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless in New York City. She eventually remarried but had no more children. She remained close to the Lord all her life.

November 29, 1880, Thornton’s mother, **Minerva Dayton Penfield Cowles** died.

January 10, 1881, Lottie’s father, **Joel Miller Hubbard** died.

September 6, 1881, Thornton’s stepfather, **Dr. Henry Cowles** died.

January 9, 1883, Lottie’s mother, **Mary Irena Treadwell Hubbard** died.

October 18, 1883, **Lottie Penfield** married John Devins, a former resident of the Home orphanage, who later became a Presbyterian minister, author, and editor of the *New York Observer*.

June 25, 1884, **Mary Cowles Penfield** married Charles Prescott Heald. In the course of their marriage, they had four children. She was widowed December 2, 1944. She died January 18, 1953, at almost 93 years of age.

December 25, 1884, Lottie’s sister, **Frances Irene Hubbard (Fannie)**, married M. DeWitt Van Winkle. She died April 4, 1930.

January 20, 1885, **Irene Penfield** died of measles, less than two weeks before her fifteenth birthday.

September 12, 1894, **Thornton Bancroft Penfield** married Martha Mee Martin. They eventually had three children, and he became a Presbyterian minister. His wife died September 7, 1954. He died February 4, 1958, at age 90.

Lottie was widowed again on August 26, 1911. Her Lord called her home on December 11, 1932, at the age of 88, to be again and forever with the ones she loved.

History of Missionaries and Helpers at the Greater Madura Mission, 1867-1871²⁴⁸

Rev. Thomas S. Burnell

Martha Burnell

arrived in Madura from Jaffna in December 1855, appointed to Usalampatti January 1856 and to Melur January 1857. He was ordained in Madura September 1856. He left for America in April 1869.

Rev. William B. Capron

Sarah B. Capron

arrived in Madura from America in April 1857, resided in the Fort house till October; in September designated to Pattianur and appointed to the temporary charge of the girls' school in Madura East. He was transferred to Tirupúvanam in July 1861. Having been appointed to Mana Madura he removed thither with his family in September 1864.

Rev. John E. Chandler

Charlotte E. Chandler

arrived in Madura from America in April 1847, appointed to take charge of the Girls' Boarding school and the free schools of the Madura East station in July of the same year; took full charge in January 1848. In October he was appointed to Sivagunga, where he remained until June 1854 when re removed to Dindigul. He was appointed to Battalagundu in March 1855 and removed there with his family in July 1857. He left for America with his family November 1860 and returning in May 1864 took charge of Tirumangalam. He was transferred to Madura in May 1867.

Rev. Edward Chester

Sophia Chester

arrived in Madura from America in May 1859, appointed to Tirupúvanam in October of the same year. In July 1861 went to Madras to pursue Medical studies; in September 1862 appointed mission Physician and resided in Madura till February 1864 when he was transferred to Dindigul.

(Miss) C. Hartley

arrived in Madura from America in March 1869, left for America in January 1871.

Rev. Hervey C. Hazen

Mrs. Hazen

arrived in Madura from America in January 1868, assigned to Pulney in March 1869, left for America in July of the same year.

²⁴⁸ Personal histories are taken from the 36th Annual Report of the American Madura Mission.

Rev. James Herrick

Elizabeth Herrick

arrived in Madura from America 29th April 1846, appointed to Tirumangalam 6th May 1846, removed to Pasumalie in November 1850, returned to Tirumangalam April 1854. He left with his family for America 23rd December 1863, returned in May 1867, and resided at Pasumalie having charge of the Seminary in addition to the care of his own field till June 1870 when he returned to Tirumangalam.

Rev. Nathan L. Lord, M.D.

Laura W. Lord

visited the Sanitarium from Jaffna in the latter part of 1858, left for America in July 1859. On returning to Madura he was appointed Mission Physician and designated to the West house in Madura January 1864. He left for America in March 1867.

Rev. Joseph T. Noyes

Elizabeth A. Noyes

visited the Mission from Jaffna in September 1852, joined the Mission in June 1853 when he was appointed to Tirumangalam. He removed to Periakulam January 1854. In February 1862 he yielded a portion of his field with Periakulam at its central station to Rev. David Coit Scudder, retaining the greater part under the name of Kambam. He left for America with his family in January 1871.

Dr. Henry K. Palmer, M.D.

Flora D. Palmer

arrived in Madura from America in March 1869, assigned the West house, Madura.

Rev. Thornton B. Penfield

Charlotte E. Penfield

arrived in Madura from America in May 1867, assigned to Tirupúvanam in July 1868 and transferred to Periakulam in June 1870. He died in Pasumalie August 1871.

(Miss) Sarah Pollock

arrived in Madura from America in January 1868, assigned to Mandapasalie.

Rev. John Rendall

Jane B. Rendall

arrived in Madura from America 29th April 1846 and was appointed to Dindigul 6th May of the same year. He removed to Madura in July 1849; left with his family for America July 1867. Mrs. Rendall died on the homeward passage and was buried in the Mediterranean. He returned May 1870 and took charge of Battalagundu.

(Miss) Mary E. Rendall

arrived in Madura from America in May 1870, assigned to Battalagundu.

(Miss) Rosella Annette Smith

arrived in Madura from America in May 1867, took charge of the Madura Girls' Boarding School, assigned to the Female Seminary and removed to Pasumalie in August 1870.

Rev. Horace S. Taylor

Mrs. Martha S. Taylor

arrived in Madura from America 11th October 1844. In January 1845, he was appointed to Tirupúvanam. He was permitted to commence building at Mandapasalie in April 1850, where he removed with his family in September of the same year; left for America February 1865 and returned to Mandapasalie in January 1868. He died at the Mission Sanitarium 3rd February 1871.

(Miss) Martha S. Taylor

arrived in Madura from America in January 1868, assigned to Mandapasalie.

Rev. William Tracy, D.D.

Emily F. Tracy

arrived in Madras from America in March 1837, and at Madura in October of the same year; appointed to Tirumangalam in January 1838; removed there with his family in March 1839; removed to Pasumalai in September 1845; left for America November 1850, and returned to Pasumalai in April 1854; left for America May 1867, returned July 1870 and was assigned to Tirupúvanam.

Rev. George T. Washburn

Elizabeth E. Washburn

arrived in Madura from America in May 1860, assigned to Battalagundu in November of the same year, appointed to the Theological School in Pasumalie and removed thither in June 1870.

Rev. Charles T. White

Anna M. White

arrived in Madura from America in April 1857, designated to the Pulney station in September of the same year, took temporary charge of Dindigul in August 1858, removed with his family to Pulney December 1862. He left for America in March 1869.