

Canadian Women's Archives

CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARCHIVES is a regular feature of *Atlantis* and is designed to give a voice to Canadian women who, in the past, have had something to say about the role and condition of women. Diaries, letters, oral history and government documents are just a few of the sources that might usefully be tapped to enhance our understanding of women's history. The Editors of *Atlantis* urge readers to search attics, archives and ash cans for such material and submit it for publication.



Mary Bradley's Reminiscences: A Domestic Life in Colonial New Brunswick

Mary Coy was born in 1771 in Gagetown, a frontier village on the Saint John River in what would become the province of New Brunswick in 1784. She was the eighth of eleven children born to Anne and Edward Coy who had emigrated from Connecticut to the old province of Nova Scotia in the early 1760s. Mary was raised in an evangelical religious environment and dramatically 'experienced religion' in 1787 at the age of 16. As she readily admitted "if it were customary for females to preach the gospel, how gladly would I engage in the employment." Unfortunately, women were discouraged from public speaking and the adolescent Mary "felt much shame and confusion" over the conflict between the "calling" she sensed and the restrictions placed on women. Instead of pursuing a public vocation, Mary reluctantly sought fulfillment through the private sphere of marriage, the only socially acceptable avenue for protestant women in colonial society. Mary Coy married David Morris in 1793. Morris died in 1817 and two years later "the lonely widow" married Leverit Bradley. Both unions were childless.

Throughout Mary's lifetime religion served as a constant solace to her and was sometimes her only means of enduring the confines of an unhappy first marriage. Although she had been a member of the Congregational Church and had attended Baptist meetings, in 1803 Mary joined the Methodist Church whose doctrines best reflected her own well-thought-out

religious views and which offered an expanding sphere for female energy. Toward the end of her life she published, at her own expense, *A Narrative of the Life and Christian Experience of Mrs. Mary Bradley*,¹ based on the journals which she began writing in her youth. In keeping with the accepted format of such spiritual documents, much of the 375 page *Narrative* is devoted to the state of Mary's soul. However, it is also a rich source of early Canadian social history. In addition to descriptions of the early settlement of New Brunswick and of the progress of protestant religions in the Saint John River Valley, Mary Bradley's story offers unusually intimate details about the condition of women in colonial New Brunswick. The following excerpt² describes the gyrations in Mary Bradley's domestic economy during her first marriage and the role played by religion in giving her a purpose and an identity—albeit a limited one—in a world where women were severely constrained in the public sphere.³

M.C.

NOTES

1. (Boston: Strong and Brodhead, 1849.) I am indebted to Gwen Trask and the staff of the New England Historical Genealogical Society for bringing documents relating to Mary Bradley to my attention.
2. *A Narrative*, pp 91, 101-111, 140-161.
3. For a further elaboration on the role of religion in both reaffirming women's subordination to men and offering them "a resource and a resort outside the family," see Nancy F. Cott, *The Bonds of Womanhood, "Women's Sphere" in New England, 1780-1835* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1977), pp 126-159.

I was married to Mr. D.M. [David Morris] on the 15th day of February, in the year 1793. . . .

A new era in my history now commenced. Thoughts like these crossed my mind: I have no more right to my father's table; how am I to get through the world? how fare for the necessaries of life? has my husband wherewith to furnish one comfortable table? However, he brought what he had, and when the little stores were collected together, I was much better

provided for than I had expected. We had part of a barrel of fine flour, part of a barrel of Indian meal, part of a barrel of fish, a piece of fresh meat, a little tea and sugar, and a small crock of butter.

When we sat down to partake of these mercies, I thought, how kind is Providence to me! how much better than my boding fears! I felt truly thankful to the Lord for such a comfortable beginning. If I get enough for the first year, surely I shall never despair afterwards, I thought. I craved no more than just a living, and something to give to the poor. My prospects were far from being flattering, for my husband had met with a great disappointment. When he was in the lumbering business, he expected he was doing well, and would be able to clear off all expenses, and have considerable to help himself besides. But when the timber was taken to market, a great part of it was condemned; and those who were concerned, not being able to bear the expenses, the loss fell upon my husband, so that the property we both possessed was not equal to the debt, which was owing to the merchant in St. John's. Therefore, as we were liable at any time to be deprived of our little all, I counted nothing I possessed my own; and that was like a mountain to me; business was very dull, and he had no way to earn anything in the winter; and I knew no way how we should ever be able to pay it. Just at this critical time, it occurred to me, I will commence the business of weaving. Accordingly I set up my loom, and notified my neighbors, and I soon had plenty of work. I exerted myself to the utmost of my power. I took my pay in such trade as was suitable for our family's use, which made the payment easy to my customers. I soon got into the way of helping ourselves greatly. My labor was hard; but I was favored with a good constitution, and I felt much encouraged and truly thankful for such a providential opening. I

realized my situation, but I endeavored not to be ruled by my feelings, but to make all things bow to my better judgment and circumstances. I enforced it upon myself not to crave what was out of my reach of temporal good, excepting to get out of debt, for which I strove earnestly. I was content with what God in his wise providence had allotted me, both as to food, raiment, furniture, habitation, and all beside, not desiring the company of those who were above me in life; maintaining carefulness, prudence, and industry, which I considered my bounden duty; and while my head and hands were thus employed, I might give my heart fully to the Lord, praying that it might not be unduly set upon objects here below, but upon things above, that my treasure and heart might be in heaven.

After Mr. M. gave up the lumbering business, he engaged to clear land for Mr. S.D.S., in Burton, at which he was working the summer previous to our marriage; but he did not finish it until late in the fall of the year following; and as he had lived upon his wages, and hired help, he had but little coming to him when the work was finished, and the greater part of that little was turned in favor of our creditor. When my husband came home and told me he had finished his engagement, I felt truly thankful to that kind hand which had brought us on thus far.

We had been married nine months, and I had been comfortably provided for, and a good prospect for the ensuing winter. I had the privilege of two cows' milk; one my husband brought home, and the other my father gave me; so that by an interchange of milk with my mother, I made plenty of cheese and butter for our own use. We raised potatoes sufficient for the family, and for fattening our pork; so that with these necessaries of life, milk and butter, potatoes and pork, with but little bread, we

lived; excepting particular occasions, I made little use of tea and sugar. I never ran my husband in debt for anything whatever. I endeavored to supply our little wants by my own exertions. I felt quite encouraged to hope, by the blessing of God, that we should accumulate a comfortable living. The spring came on, and my eldest brother offered us his farm, upon shares, for three years. Hay and grass being its principal productions, we had nothing to spare of all we raised, but butter and cheese. We did not raise grain sufficient for our own use; but my weaving in the winter, when the dairy was out of the way, procured for us as much bread stuff as we needed. The prospect of paying our debt was not encouraging. At length my dear father died, and remembered me with a legacy in his will. I had just received the first payment, when my husband received a lawyer's letter, by order of Mr. H.T., notifying him that if payment were not made immediately, he would be prosecuted.

When I saw the contents of the letter, and the sum demanded, I said to my husband I would freely give up what I had received, which being just the amount of the debt, he went directly to the lawyer and paid it. I thought, how good has Providence been to us, that we were not distressed before we had it in our power to pay the demand. I then felt much encouraged, thinking what we should earn would be our own, and labored in hope, that at some future period, we should be in better circumstances. The constitution of my husband was much broken; he never seemed in good health, which occasioned me great anxiety; but we got on better than our boding fears. Notwithstanding our discouragements, I endeavored to cultivate cheerful submission to the hand of Providence.

We remained upon my brother's farm four years; then hired a small one in the same neighborhood, where we remained two years;

before the end of which, my husband went to S[aint] John and hired a farm of William Hazen, Esq., in Portland, on the marsh. He then made a vendue, and sold his livestock, hay, articles of furniture, and farming utensils. When the river opened in the spring, we removed to Saint John, to commence upon our farm, the first of May, 1800. Here we resided six years, two and a half miles from the city.

In 1805, my husband purchased a house and four lots of land, in Germain Street, S[aint] John; and in the year following, we removed to our new abode. The first few years, we kept a grocery, rented a part of the house, and had little prospect of paying for the property. At length times changed for the better, and my husband was enabled to lift the mortgages, and the property became our own. We then felt ourselves greatly blessed by the kind hand of Providence, which had so prospered our labors that we had accumulated a comfortable home; which we esteemed a great blessing.

In the midst of all human enjoyment, and sometimes at the very top of expectation and hope, a corroding worm is discovered to be at the root of our earthly comforts. My husband's health gradually failed. Nature could no longer retain its hold of life, but gave way to death, the first day of March, 1817.

Two years and four months I remained a lonely widow.

As I have detailed our temporal course, during my past stage of married life, I now deem it proper to relate a short account of my mental exercises during that period. The various modes of life, early associates and habits, lead to certain views and sentiments, which being thus imbibed before the judgment is matured, give a certain cast to the mind, and erect a sort of standard, according to which,

whether true or false, we are frequently led to look upon every person and thing during subsequent life; and whatever does not accord with our view is treated with contempt, as sadly defective in point of order, or etiquette.

When I was married to Mr. M., not having much previous acquaintance with his temper and disposition, I expected to receive the greatest marks of attention, kindness, and indulgence from him. But I soon found that, being his wife, I was bound by law to yield obedience to the requirements of my husband; and when he enforced obedience, and showed marks of resentment if his wishes were not met, I was tempted with anger, and felt a spirit of resentment arise in my heart, and retaliating expressions come into my mind; but I had sufficient self-possession to refrain from speaking in an unbecoming manner.

I was terrified to find that such a temper and disposition remained, for I thought I had obtained a complete victory over myself; for I could not remember that I had felt anger but once since I experienced religion.

It made me grieve, and filled me with sorrow, to find such an evil heart within; and I found a hard struggle to overcome it. The more I thought of it, the more obdurate my heart appeared, and a disposition to blame my husband for it, because he offended me.

So after I had pondered over it, and ventured to speak to him upon the subject, thinking if he would make some little apology, it would ease my mind, and I should get over it. But instead of the softening southerly shower, it was like the creaking vessel under the harsher breeze. So when I found I had no one to whom I could make known my complaint, my heart was bound up with a hard spirit; and in that state of mind, I could not enjoy communion with my Maker. Then I

thought all was not right in myself. I began to look to the Lord for relief; for my expectation was from him alone. Then I was cheered with such blessed promises as these:

“All things shall work together for good to those who love God.”

“The hairs of your head are all numbered.”

I began to examine myself to ascertain what was the cause of the disordered state of my mind. I thought, surely God’s word is truth; and it says, not one of our hairs can fall to the ground without his notice. If I had not offended him, he would not suffer me to be grieved in this manner: and if all things are to work together for my good, this must be among those all things. I feel ignorant. I will pray earnestly that God may show me the sin of my nature, for surely there is a corrupt fountain within otherwise, I should not feel anger were I ever so much imposed upon. . . .

I endeavored to benefit by the painful and pleasurable exercises of the past, and keep up a vigilant lookout against the enemy; but being one day much engaged in my domestic concerns, and being crossed in something, I was found off my guard; and again Satan, who is ever ready to second any outward trial, and put the worst face upon every word and circumstance, gained an advantage over my weakness—captivated my mind—cast me down—I was discomfited—my peace and happiness disturbed—temptation more fierce—resistance more difficult—fiery darts took more effect—and I fell a victim. I was tempted not only to be angry with my husband, but also to hate him. I was afraid to look him in the face or to speak for fear I should betray the feeling of my mind, which I endeavored to conceal from him and everyone beside. I felt as though Satan knew every thought and feeling of my mind, and as if he whispered to me, “Now you

may know your husband has no love to you, although he pretended so much; for if he had he would not so frequently hurt your feelings by such harsh expressions, and never seems to care for it afterwards; and at the same time accusing you of hating him. Nothing unites you together; you had better part at once." Those suggestions roused up my mind. O! thought I, part indeed! What a reproach upon my religion, should this take place. No, not for anything in this world. This is Satan—a powerful temptation from the devil; he must have some strong hold in my heart. I will search and find the traitor out.

I would think over my past experience, the cause of our union, and the means by which it was brought about, and I could see the hand of God the same as at the first. I was convinced there existed within me a fountain of corrupt nature, or I should not have such unhappy reflections and feelings. This text of Scripture would often occur to me, "Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord, whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well." In comparing Sarah's disposition with my own, and looking at the contrast, I felt much condemned, and lamented over my self-exalted, unsubmitive nature. . . .

When I have been under any particular worldly trials, Satan had his particular temptations to aggravate and add to my afflictions. In the morning, as soon as I awoke, he was sure to pierce me with his fiery darts, which grieved and distressed me. At length I was determined, if possible, to conquer. As soon as temptations assailed me, I would rise and wrestle with God in prayer, until I found my mind quite relieved.

I went on in this way until I found a great and happy change; for when I awoke, instead of evil presentations, I would feel the Spirit of

God applying some sweet passage of Scripture to my mind; thus raising me from my slumbers to the delightful exercises of praise and prayer, in which I found the Lord to be present and precious to my soul. I found these means greatly baffled my old enemy, and proved to me a great blessing, by quickening, strengthening, enlivening, and increasing my zeal in the cause of God.

I contracted a habit of awaking and rising nearly at the hour of five in the morning, both summer and winter. My place of private devotions was an underground dairy room; which in the winter was used for a cellar for vegetables; protected from the frost by an outhouse over it, with a door to go downstairs—and this was my place of devotion in winter. Many times I have been awake with these words: Mary, arise; the Master is come, and calleth for thee. I would immediately obey; and let the weather be what it might, without any light, I would open the door and go down; and when the door was shut down after me, all timidity and fear was dispelled, and my soul would be so happy, and enjoyed so much of the presence of God, that I sometimes felt as if the place was full of happy spirits who met with me.

I would pray and sing hymns of praise to my Redeemer. I was frequently greatly led out in ardent prayer for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom in the salvation of the souls of mankind.

I have often spent two hours at a time in the winter, in such exercises, and in the use of such language as greatly astonished me, and felt, O that I had power to warn my fellow mortals, with the same liberty, of their danger of the wrath to come. With my heart full of love and truly alive to God, I returned from this Bethel to resume my domestic duties with great delight.

I never confined myself through the day to any set times of retirement for devotion, but while busily engaged poured out my soul to God, and lifted up my heart in ejaculatory prayer, in which the more I delighted, my thirst for it was more increased. . . .

I began to feel the disadvantage of living an isolated life of seclusion from the church and people of God. I felt a desire to become more acquainted with the rulers and privileges of the Wesleyan Society—the class-meetings—the love-feasts—sacraments—watch-nights, and meetings for renewing the covenant with God.

I thought of joining the body; and only wanted a realizing sense of my duty to God, with whose goodness towards me, I was deeply impressed; and my heart overflowed with love to him in such a manner, that I knew not how to restrain myself from talking of it to others, who were followers of the Lord.

I knew it would be difficult for me to obtain the privilege; therefore I kept it to myself, until my mind was so distressed, I could endure it no longer. I asked my husband to let me go from home, and stay a few days; but I could not explain to him the state of my mind, and the cause of my request. He did not consent, and I said no more to him that day; but my heart was uplifted to God in prayer, pleading with him to bow my husband's will, that he might let me go.

Next morning, I asked him again, but got no satisfaction: therefore I concluded to commit my case to the Lord, believing if the impression was from him, he would open a way for me. I received many encouraging promises, but still my heart was like a bottle without vent.

My appetite, sleep, and health, became affected from the anxious exercises of mind.

One night, I heard, (all being still,) three loud knocks, as if in the adjoining room. I concluded it was a warning for me; perhaps in three days I should be relived from my restrictions; perhaps some accident might befall my husband—for he drove a high spirited horse, and many times told me how narrowly he had escaped from danger when driving down steep places, which caused me great uneasiness, particularly when he stayed from home longer than I expected. Then I considered that a watchful Providence had control over all persons and things, and that the hairs of our head were all numbered, and not one of them can fall to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice.

Thus, from the deductions of right reasoning, the prevalency of prayer, the confidence of hope, and the assurance of faith, I was enabled to trust in the Lord, and give up my all to him.

The third morning, I felt unwell, and could not take breakfast; my husband urged me to do so, but of no avail; he looked upon me with pity, as if he knew the state of my mind; and said, you may go in town today, and stay as long as you please. I said, "Are you in earnest, may I go?" He said, "Yes, and I am going with the horse, and you can ride with me." I thanked him; but with what delight did I see in it the hand of God! and how did my heart glow with gratitude to him! I felt like a bird released from its cage.

I felt grateful to my Maker, for having instructed me to exercise faith and patience, until he saw fit, by his kind Providence, to open a way for an interview with his people. Toward the middle of the day we set out. I felt a deep sense of the divine goodness, and such an exercise of faith in him, that I was enabled to make a full surrender of myself, and all that appertained to me, unto him. I felt if it were the

will of God, I should never return to my house and husband again, I could cheerfully give them up; the world appeared as nothing to me; I felt my will and affections all swallowed up in God.

When we parted, my husband cheerfully said, "You may stay, until I call for you:" therefore, I had no embarrassment of mind on his account.

I first went to a female member of the society of whom I had some knowledge, and told her I wished to see Mr. M., and have conversation with him. She readily offered to go with me, saying, she was somewhat acquainted with him; and added, he was rather a rough-spoken man, and those who do not know his disposition, are apt to be offended with him; however, regardless of fear, we went to his boarding house, and when I saw him, I said I had desired to inform him how much good I had enjoyed under his sermon on Sunday morning, naming the text; and that my heart was full of love, and I was almost as happy as I could be to live. He looked very sharply at me and said, "You are deluded, and must pray against it." His countenance was dark, and his natural look rather cross. Being thus unexpectedly rebuked, I knew not for a moment what to answer: but looking up for divine assistance, I felt my mind strengthened, and replied: "If I am deluded, it must be the effect of your preaching;" then looking sternly at me, he repeated: "You are under a delusion, and you must pray against it."

With no other encouragement, I took my leave of him. Mrs. O., my kind conductress, had recommended to me some of the most devoted members of the society, Mr. and Mrs. M., Mrs. W., Mrs. K., and others, on whom I called; and conversing with whom, I took great comfort. They showed me great kindness, took me to all the meetings, and made me welcome

during the time I was with them, which was several days.

One day, being at a friend's house, the preacher came in to dine, and when he saw me he exclaimed, "Bless me! are you here yet; what will your husband say?" I replied, "My husband gave me leave to stay as long as I pleased, or until he should call for me."

Then he said, "I suppose you teased him, until he was vexed, and then he said to you, go."

I perceived he erred in his judgment, and as a son of consolation, was wanting in a consoling spirit; but I felt the Lord was precious, and present with me, and I had no cause to fear what man could do unto me. I said to him, "Since you think me so deluded, I suppose you are not disposed to receive me into your society?" He replied, "No, I will not."

Then I thought, surely the hand of the Lord is in all this; and though Providence seemed to hedge up my way, I was content, thinking the Lord knew what was best, and it was for wise ends I was placed in such a position. . . .

My soul, truly alive to God, longed to see a revival of religion in others. I thought if I had been a man, nothing could hinder me from going abroad to proclaim salvation to a dying world. O, how I longed to declare what God had done for my soul, and to invite sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life. I thought I could willingly leave all, and go to the ends of the earth, if it might secure the salvation of one soul. I thought neither the world nor the things of it, could ever have any more place in my mind; but one evening, while I was at Mr. M.'s, he asked me some worldly questions, which I answered. Finally, we entered into a lengthy discourse about the things of the world; after which, I felt

I had lost that highly spiritual state of mind I had enjoyed while conversing so freely on the subject of religion with those kind Christian friends, for which our time appeared too limited.

Next morning, I returned home, and was kindly welcomed by my husband, who remarked I had been gone ten days. I was surprised, at it, having been so happy I had taken no account of time; and ashamed, lest I had wearied the patience of those with whom I had stayed.

I did not on this occasion escape temptation, on various accounts, which caused a degree of darkness to envelope my mind; but it only served to stir me up to fresh engagedness with the Lord, and to pray earnestly that he would strengthen and give me the victory. . . .

My mind was constantly studying upon those deep and solemn truths, or else breathing out my soul in prayer. This was my employment from day to day, and fresh discoveries of the mysteries of the kingdom of grace would be continually opening to my view. I thought it would tend to settle and improve my mind to commit to memory every day, excepting the Sabbath, ten verses of the Scriptures, and likewise every day to write a part of my past experience; and as I mused on this plan, I was more and more established in my mind. I had only been deterred from this for some time, from a fear of my own inability, or that it did not spring from a right motive; that thereby I should dishonor God. I had many times written short pieces and prayers, intending to resume it in future. . . .

I had been many times encouraged to write; and incapable as I was, it proved a delightful employment; and the present movement thereto seemed to be a case of necessity;

therefore, in humble dependence upon divine aid, I commenced, and continued to learn ten verses every day, and wrote until I filled up forty-three pages. I found by confining myself so closely to learning the Scripture by heart, I lost, in a great measure, the spirituality of it—being so resolute to accomplish just such a task, and many times difficult to perform. I grew weary by the constant labor of the mind; therefore I concluded to relinquish it for a while, until my mind got refreshed and strengthened.

Although I found it necessary to lay aside my pen, I intended to take it up again, and continue until I had narrated the whole of my experience and course through life.

O! how thankful I felt to him who had preserved me, and influenced me to do that which so greatly unburdened and comforted my mind. . . .

In the order of God's kind providence, the Rev. Joshua Marsden, a Wesleyan missionary, came to S[aint] John, who was stationed here a considerable time, and under whose superintendence the Germain Street chapel was erected.

An old acquaintance of mine removing from the country to the city, who was a member of the society, I met Mr. Marsden at her house, with whom I enjoyed some interesting conversation, and when he understood I was one of his constant hearers, gave me a kind invitation to join the society.

After a while Mr. Marsden appointed a love-feast, and having received a hearty invitation from him, I felt encouraged to attend it, and strongly inclined to join his church, but the stormy day prevented my going.

The disappointment led me to think perhaps it is not the will of the Lord I should be united

to the Wesleyans, and as I continued to think upon it, one night I dreamed I was pleasantly situated on a place of my own, by the side of a beautiful river. I walked along its side, in search of a spring of water; I found one and was glad for the spring of water; it looked beautiful at first, but on examination I was not satisfied with the water. I went further, and found another spring, but neither did that please me, for the water was somewhat turbid. I left that and went a little farther, and came to a spot which had little appearance of a spring, yet it attracted my attention, and when I had cleared away the top, I found it to be pure water, bubbling up clear as crystal. I thought it flowed from a pure fountain. I felt greatly rejoiced for this spring; it was just such as I wanted; I thought now I have everything I can desire. When I awoke I began to ponder over the dream, satisfied it was from the Lord for my instruction.

It occurred to me immediately, in the first church I joined, I met with disappointment. In attempting to join another, I was prevented. As the third spring proved satisfactory, I felt much encouraged; but durst not venture without a clear view of my duty.

I prayed to the Lord to make my way plain, that I might be found in the right way.

I thought, if I became one of their number, and the Spirit of the Lord should lead me to take up my cross in any unusual way, contrary to their rules or feelings, I might be opposed, and rejected; I had far better stand alone, than either give, or receive wounds; for a wounded spirit who can bear?

Thus I was reasoning in my mind, until another quarterly love-feast was appointed. I felt inclined to attend it, and unite myself to the church.

It came into my mind to write an article of agreement between the society and myself; and take it with me, and present it to the minister, and tell him, if he would sign it, I would join them, and if he objected to do so, I would take it as a sure token, it was not my providential way. Accordingly I drew up the writing, praying to the Lord, that his will might be discovered to me, and that I might act in accordance therewith.

Before the commencement of the meeting, I stepped up to the minister, and gave him the writing, and after he looked it over, he said to me, "Yes, sister, I am willing to sign it;" he did so, and gave it back to me. I have recorded the document below. . . .

Article of agreement between Mary Morris, and the Methodist church; city of Saint John.

We, the said church, do receive Mary Morris into communion with us, according to our rules, allowing her all the liberties, and privileges, our Heavenly Father doth allow to the female sex, by the mouth of his prophets and apostles in his church militant: also, to improve her talents and bring her gifts into the sanctuary, as the Lord shall direct her, by his word and Holy Spirit; also to reprove any one belonging to the society, for anything that shall come to her knowledge, of them, contrary to the commands of God.

Also, if anyone belonging to the society hath any accusation against her, either great or small, they shall manifest to her the same, taking the rules laid down in the Scriptures, for their direction in the settlement of those matters. She also shall have liberty to plead her own cause before the church, against any person, who may prefer a charge against her. God, and his Word, shall judge betwixt us both.

I also make a free and cheerful offering of myself, soul and body, unto God, to be faith-

ful in all things in his service, unto whatever he may please to call me: also, when it shall be his will to separate them, I give my body to the dust, and my spirit to God, who gave it, through Jesus Christ my lord. *Amen.*

Written by unworthy me,

This night, January 4, 1803.

MARY MORRIS.

(Signed,) JOSHUA MARSDEN.

The next day I went home enjoying great peace of mind, and well satisfied.