1868 August

SIDE TWO

It certainly is impossible for me to leave her
and what may occur before she is well enough
who can tell? It is something to have convinced
the very strong feeling of unwillingness to leave
her by what I have been told. No desire for my
own gratification will have prevailed.

4 P.M.

At the punctual hour came the day and I was
compelled to knock under. and I can scarcely
sufficiently realize to know where I am
or what I am about. I finish this letter in my total
and drop myself mechanically at the desk
and look up the clock where I laid it down
as I sometimes are said to do. I rise
ing some water on my face and look at the
dial and hope that my house may
manage to get to church. The children have
been all day at Annie's. I dined with Cousin Emily
as she was alone & I thought it would be a greater
relief to me than the table here. I hope that I may
soon recover on every account and feel as yet so
that the time for what I can be absent is very short.
I am sorely tried about it. I do not think I ever felt
more poignant regret at any altered circumstances
or any account than because it interferes
with my hopes and wishes with reference to Murray
Chester. I had always designed that he should
be a member of our family and as such have
the opportunity to pursue the study of Medicine
without any expense beyond his clothing &
the lectures Books and all the etceteras I could
have provided. It was one of my dreams of
usefulness and I had hoped thus not only to
confer upon him an opportunity for future
usefulness and honor but to some slight degree
to manifest to his father my sense of the many
and great favors we have received from him.
I feel and have done so constantly ever since that
I first during the last three years that through
my mistakes he has been deprived of this
opportunity and next to the sufferings they
have entailed upon you and on our dear
children I feel this. I have sometimes sought
relief in the fact that though I have occasionally
referred to such a plan nothing has been
said by himself or his parent about it. Can
it be that his mother has been
disappointed in her hope that he might be a pastor
Can it be that such a plan would have been one of
our own invention, and that God's purposes
for him are different? Or is it one of the sad
evidences that I have erred myself and
drawn every thing away? We must leave
such questions. I can only "repent in dust and
ashes" ask for pardon and pray more
earnestly than ever that God will not
reward me after my sins. I have often
thought how admirably adapted to our
professional life the dear fellow seems
to be. I might have fancied to excel a brother