

August 27th 1831.

Saturday morning at a quarter before nine the soul of my dear and beloved mother left this vale of tears to join its kindred spirits in the world above. Oh what a comfort to me was it that she died so easy.

May he who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widows God, enable us to rely upon him, and receive grace to help in this time of need. Lord, let this affliction be sanctified to the family.

May^d from this day give myself up entirely to God, that when this earthly pilgrimage is ended I may again meet her where there will be no more parting, and where we may sing praises together to all eternity.

Sunday September 1st. This evening Mr. Hutchinson preached a sermon upon the death of my beloved mother from Revelations ~~25~~ V. Chapter and 13. Verse. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying ^{unto me} write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from hence.

On the death of her mother
Ann Mather
by her daughter
Sarah Benson Mather.

27 August 1831.

-forth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may
rest from their labours; and their works do
follow them. —

September 14th This day I am nineteen years
old. O to what little purpose have I lived so
many years! For what was I made, but to
serve and glorify God? And yet what have
I done, but rebel against him? How justly
might he now consign me to those regions
of despair where hope never comes! But
he has in his infinite goodness spared me;
for which I desire to return him my most
sincere and hearty thanks: Lord prepare me
for all the trying scenes of life! may I
always be enabled to trust solely upon thee,
knowing that thou art too wise to err,
and too good to prove unkind. —

To the memory of Mrs Ann Mather
wife of Robert Mather and ^{eldest} daughter
of the late pious and Rev. Joseph
Benson who departed this life August
27th 1831 aged 45 years.

Nineteen years she bore severe
painful and complicated afflictions,
but she largely partook of the grace
of Christ, and by faith walked as
seeing him that is invisible.

Her strength his grace, her rule
his word

Her end the glory of the Lord
Let me die the death of the righte-
ous, and let my last end be like
hers

She is not dead but sleepeth.

They that sleep in Jesus shall
God bring with him.

The dead in Christ shall rise first.

The memory of the just shall be
blessed.
