

Danisch Accra Feburay 28th, 1850

Reverend Sir,

Not without the feeling of great sadness, I take up my pen to direct these few lines to you, after a long ill behaviour of my former husband though not without heart-rending reflection about parting with a husband. I thought it better to be separate from each other, for it would be the win of all happiness to live in this state of life. Yet when I think of all these things my heart feels what I cannot express with my pen. I weep, my heart is full, tears flow from my eyes while I write and why is it so? Do I murmur? God for bed. Ought I not to praise the Lord for what he has done for me and trust him for every thing? O yes his ways are best and he has graciously promised that all things shall work together for good to them that love him. But do I love him? Have I that love to him which will enable me to keep all this commandments. Do I love him with all my heart? O that the Lord would search me and lead me in the way of eternal life. Though I have never seen your person yet I have this confidence in you to be a faith friend. I can assure you, Dear Sir, that since I have been in the Society I have considering myself and children as belonging to it and I hope, I shall never be ungrateful for all the kindness which the Missionaries have showed to me especially the Reverend J. Stanger. If the remaining of my short pilgrimage are to be spent in sorrows. Oh that Heaven would grant me peace and happiness and a sure pledge of joys to come. Where my future lot may be cost time only can determine.

If I can but maintain a firm and unshaken confidence in God, a humble reliance on his blessed promises. May I learn meekly to beat my trials. Oh that my tempest tossed soul may find a constant peace in the Lord. Oh, that he would plainly mark out the path of duty and let me not depart from it. How gracious has the Lord been to me. Uninterrupted health, food, and raiment are mine. But when I enumerate my many mercies it is with deep humility that I look back on my past life and discover so little gratitude and so much unworthiness. How much has sovereign of grace done for me. So I solemnly profess to find consolation in religion and to derive my hopes of happiness only from God. Yet how often I been desirous for pleasure and dishonoured the best of Masters by an unholy life. How ungrateful have I been for the common mercies of life and for the still more precious blessings of the Gospel. O may that heaven born religion attend me which can sweeten the bitter cup of life. I know that I ought not to consult my own ease, the question should be, how can I be useful in the world. I hope I shall be directed by the Lord! Oh that God would use me as an instrument whether it be in the domestic circle or in arduous employment of teaching the young. O when will the religion of Jesus, which irradiates our benighted souls be promulgated through out the world. When will Christians feel more concerned for the salvation of the heathen and when will the heralds of the gospel feel willing to sacrifice the soften delights and elegance of life and visit the far distant shores of Africa. O when will those who have an interest at the mercy seat intersect for the wretched heathen. Though I sometimes feel deeply and tenderly interested for the heathen and even feel willing to contribute my little aid in the work of a Mission; yet the trials of such a life often produce a melancholy dejection which nothing but divine grace can remove. Dear Sir, can I ask the favour of being remembered in your intercessions at the throne of grace. Oh that Christians would pray for me. O may happiness attend you in this vale of tears, and may you be conducted to the heaven of eternal rest.

Accept the wishes of your unworthy and
humble servant in the bonds of the
Gospel of Christ.

Catherine E. Mulgrave