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Letter from August 16, 1888

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Madison, Aug. 16th 1888

My dear Willie,

Upon letter dated Apr. 22nd

and telling of unmelted snows

drift() was received the last

of May, and now by the time

you get this will be almost-
time for snows again. I suppose

the summer season is at its

height and or possibly it has

began to wane. I want to hear

about Ocean Park and its

meetings and the people who went

and who talked and what was

the weather. I get the Lewiston

Saturday Journal and that tells

so much of the summer resort

and what is being done there

and how the people migrate,

and this summer fleeting has

spread till almost everybody

spread till almost everybody
changes about some how. If it isn't more than to eat supper in the orchard now and then. I wonder where the fashion will run to and what the reaction will be. We used to hear of Saratoga and Long Branch and Newport but they had the monopoly of summer boarders. Now they are everywhere, big and little, rich and poor, good and free; for I suspect some of them are as wealthy as slaves and appetites as low. The sons of Africa are to their taskmaster.

I was very glad to hear of Daisy coming out publicly for Christ and it must rejoice your heart to have the members of your class gathered in. I will try to write to Daisy in this. It is rather strange that she should go over to Portland to meet Miss Bullock and her grandmother when her father

...and mother go to church close to their home at Cape Elizabeth. She is going to be a loyal Free Baptist. Yes, nearly every letter tells of somebody's death. Of course you have heard of brother Dexter's death. I have felt from the time of his first attack that other shocks would come and probably be fatal but I didn't think they would come so soon. I knew his wife must feel his loss very much for she leaned upon him especially since her own health has been failing. I am anxious to hear from her and to know what Charlie will do. He has retired college at Bates where his father was first taken, but in a few years he will have to give that up now. The past few of these we called neighbors on left now. The new generation is taking their place.
fast. How much it is like a play. We say our part and then step off; only we can't come back to say it over again or to improve on what is done. And how people live! As if they were a new kind of being that was to be exempt from death and could go on and on with us thought of it, if the afterworlds, and when death comes they act as though it was a great surprise and are wholly unprepared. Thank God for the noble exceptions to this, and the earnest-lives that we do see, but compared with the mass of humanity how few they are! I don't remember to have heard of Angie Davis' death till this your last-letter. I had never heard of Emily Edgecomb though I was never acquainted with her. Was she not Henry Colton's wife? Had a letter from Elisha James.
Mr. Cudmore, who is decided to become a Christian and others will come with him, I think. He is from a higher caste than many of our converts. It is a perplexing and anxious question. How are we to reach the higher castes—the educated people. They hold themselves aloof and wrap themselves in their self-complacency, and will not acknowledge that they need anything better than they have. Very many reject the worship of idols as idols and say that they don't worship these images but simply use them to hold their minds while they think of God. They rather resent it if they are called heathen. Mr. Cudmore has a very promising field if the enemy of all good doesn't send as many tares as to choke out the hopeful grain. Mr. Cudmore is full of faith and hope but Satan is busy also. Miss Bullo and I are planning to attend a tent camp meeting at Dunkerson this summer.
a short time ago telling me of
the case of one of their little
girls and that it is to be called
after its two grandmothers Rhoda
and Annie. He considers his
Emma a treasure and well
in may. He said Henry Cotton
came for the doctor in the
case and everything was
going on well. I believe they
are to stay on the farm this
summer and then Mrs. Cot-
ton will go back to Waltham
with them in the fall.
What a terrible terrible thing
was that tragedy of which
you wrote!! When such things
are possible in a Christian land
and among respectable people
surely we need not think it
passing strange if these poor
mortals fall even after they
have professed to pass good death
into life. Every thing here
depravity in its tendencies,
with inherited weaknesses
supported by past generations
of weakness, what wonder that
some of them fall. And they
do, and it grieves us, and
we mourn but still we
must strive on.
What became of the man Chase
Did he die?
I sent one of my photos to you
and I trust it reached you
in safety. I have heard from
nearly all the twelve I sent
to different persons.
We are in the midst of our
rainy season now and are
having abundance of rain, but
we hear that farther south in the
Balasore district the rain is so
scarce that much of the rice
crop will be a failure and a fam-
ine is predicted, but it can never
be as bad as the one they told
of some years ago in this district.
for the sake of much better ways of getting rice from one section of the country to another. Railways, canals, good roads, built-as supplies can be got from those parts where the crops are good for the crops never fail everywhere.

We have just had such a good quarterly meeting. The natives preach so good, and it is very encouraging to hear them advance independent, intelligent ideas, and to see a growing desire to work for their own fellows. They are trying to establish a Home Mission which shall be able to supply no preacher from their own funds, and send him where they please, to the numerous villages around. We have good news from Babagadia where there is a little church. Three persons have broken castes and others are ready to become Christians. There is one man here in