

**JOURNAL OF THE LIFE
AND RELIGIOUS LABORS
OF SARAH HUNT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649619634

Journal of the Life and Religious Labors of Sarah Hunt by Sarah Hunt

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OF
SARAH HUNT

(LATE OF WEST GROVE, CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.)



Philadelphia:

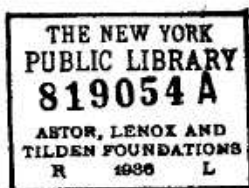
FRIENDS' BOOK ASSOCIATION

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At a Meeting of the Representative Committee
or Meeting for Sufferings, held Twelfth month,
18th, 1891.

The Book Committee reporting that they have
carefully examined and revised the "Journal of
Sarah Hunt." are authorized to procure a suitable
number of copies of the book for distribution.

On behalf of the Committee,

WM. WADE GRISCOM,
Clerk.

WOMEN
SUSAN
WASSEL

JOURNAL
OF
SARAH HUNT.

I HAVE long felt that it would be right for me to leave some record of an eventful life, combined with religious labors, that those who come after may see that the path of obedience is full of blessings, never failing to lead to Divine approval.

I was born in Milton, Saratoga County, New York State, Seventh month 25th, 1797. My parents were Jonathan and Susanna Morey. My mother was a native of Newport, Rhode Island; my father's birthplace, Dutchess County, New York. Neither was educated in the Society of Friends. My father's parents were Baptists by profession, and in their faith he received his earliest religious impressions. They were sincere adherents to the tenets of those with whom they associated in religious profession, and lived orderly, consistent lives.

I well remember my grandfather's meek and quiet deportment, and his great patience under suffering. My grandmother died before my memory. My mother's parents were favorable to Friends, and her mother became a member late in life. My parents were convinced of the

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rectitude of Friends' principles by the secret workings of the Divine Spirit in their own minds. They requested and obtained a right of membership for themselves and their older children—I think four in number. My father was soon called to the ministry, in which service he labored acceptably until his death, adorning the doctrine he preached by a life of watchfulness and self-denial. My mother was an elder, and a useful member in administering church discipline, in a way to reclaim the delinquents if possible, and restore them to the body. Their children were ten in number, eight of whom lived to be men and women. My parents' house was always open to receive strangers, and many came to partake of the kindness freely bestowed. Indeed, it was the joy and delight of their children to give all a welcome.

I believe parents may do much to establish the minds of their children in the principles that should govern their lives, by teaching them to respect and reverence the good wherever they find it. My mind was early impressed with an awe for sacred things; any items of weighty import fastened firmly in my mind and remained with me. I loved the society of the advocates of gospel truths, and listened with intense interest to their counsels, both at meeting and in the private circle. The privilege I had of mingling with these was a great blessing to me.

The sense of right and wrong was very clearly awakened in my mind when a mere child, with the feelings that accompany it. For any little act of kindness, instant joy sprang in the secret of the heart, while the reverse brought distress. Oh how forcible is the witness God has planted within! all we have to do is to heed it. But alas for innocent childhood! the alluring, fascinating things of this

world surround, and so powerful is their attraction they are eagerly grasped, diverting from that strict attention to the heavenly that would preserve from undue self-indulgence and keep the mind pure as it came from God. Care-takers frequently indulge infant fancies more than is proper, thereby paving the way to excesses in riper years.

He that created me vouchsafed to watch over me and teach me that His law is written in the heart; that if I would be happy I must fulfill it even in very small things; that I must not be vain, though I might be cheerful. But the vivacity of my natural disposition often led me beyond due bounds, and I had to repent with sorrow. Having brothers and one sister older than myself, I went into company young. This, however, continued but a short time. At seventeen I retired from all young company that assembled for pastime, and chose my associates among my seniors in age and experience. By the secret workings of Divine grace in the heart, I saw my peace consisted in retirement, watchfulness and prayer. I laid aside the superfluous part of my apparel,—though there was but little, it caused disquiet; and with regard to dress I saw that I must not wear anything that was not useful, and that must be simple. I gave all up and found rest—sweet indeed. Instead of going into company I retired to my own room, where anthems of praise and thanksgiving ascended to my God for His mercy in redeeming my soul. I saw that my tongue must be restrained from too free expression, even of things that were true, and that I ought not to speak very positively. Oh the care I found necessary to keep a conscience void of offence! or, in other words, to keep peace within.

My companions sought my company, and pleaded the innocence of their amusements, but I replied that they were not so to me, and they soon ceased to solicit me. At this period I entered into covenant with my God, as did Jacob of old, that my life and my all should be devoted to His service if he would keep me and preserve me, and furnish ability to do His will. During this season of exercise, many who were entire strangers to me were dipped feelingly into my state, and enabled to minister to my condition, confirming and establishing the reality that the work of regeneration was begun, and if not resisted would be perfected to the praise of His grace who alone has power to redeem the soul from all the pollutions of sin. The messengers of the Lord, speaking a word in season, comforted me and strengthened my resolutions to walk in the narrow way that leads to life, and often did I bless God on their behalf. I mention this to encourage those called to speak in the name of the Lord, who go bowed down under discouragement, and feel that their labors are of little avail. Unknown to them the incense of grateful hearts may ascend in secret before the throne of the Most High.

My state was now like the Israelites', when they had passed through the sea, and saw their enemies engulfed behind them. They could sing joyfully to their Deliverer, nor did they then see the trials that awaited them in the wilderness journey before them. It is indeed enough that we know the present, and could mankind realize the necessity of acting well to-day and leaving all beside, a vast amount of anxiety would be spared. For He who helps through one difficulty, will continue His aid to the end of time, if it be sought and waited for. At the age of nineteen I was married to Benjamin Underwood, a religious

young man. We lived together twenty-two years, and had seven children. Two sons died in infancy, and five daughters lived to the age of womanhood. My husband died in 1839, and I was left with six children and little but our own exertions to rely upon. My married life had been a chequered scene of changes and trial. My eldest children were grown and educated, and, having kind friends, we made our way comfortably, and enjoyed the confidence and sympathy of these in an unusual degree. Their kindness during my afflictions is worthy of note, and of imitation in all Christian communities.

And through all, the everlasting arms were underneath, bore me up, and carried through what otherwise would have been insupportable. Had not my mind been early brought under the discipline of the cross, I know not what would have become of me. I looked to my Heavenly Father for support, and he was a present helper in the time of need. I must speak well of His excellent name, and may I love and serve Him all the days of my life, and through mercy be accepted when time shall cease to be! The Word that is quick and powerful continued to lead me along step by step, and to show me what was required. At times I saw that I must tell unto others what the Lord had done for me, and I trembled when such a view presented. In meeting sentences would rise, subjects present themselves, and spread with great power and clearness long before I ventured to utter words.

Though I did not resist such a requisition, I desired to be certified what and when, and that if called to so great a work, I might do it to my Master's honor, that if I must speak in the great congregation, I might speak intelligibly and in a way to be understood. I desired to see clearly