

**IN MEMORY OF MARY
MAY (1787-1882), WIFE
OF SAMUEL MAY OF
BOSTON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649246731

In Memory of Mary May (1787-1882), wife of Samuel May of Boston by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**IN MEMORY OF MARY
MAY (1787-1882), WIFE
OF SAMUEL MAY OF
BOSTON**



CARBON PHOTO ALLEN & ROWELL

©

IN MEMORY
OF
MARY MAY

(1787-1882)

WIFE OF
SAMUEL MAY

OF BOSTON

(1776-1870)

NOT PUBLISHED

© 1882

MARY MAY was the second daughter of Joseph Goddard, of Brookline, and was born in that town, December 15, 1787. Her mother was Mary Aspinwall, also of a well-known and much esteemed Brookline family. She had the plain and wise rearing and education of an intelligent farmer's family, in which the parents were examples of industry, prudence and uprightness, good citizens and neighbors, useful members of society, and habitual attendants through life at the Sunday religious service. The children were numerous; the father's steady industry and the mother's wise economy were the only sources of support; and so Mary was taken, when about thirteen years old, into the family of her uncle, Nathaniel Goddard, of Boston, — a prosperous merchant, — becoming the elder among the children of the house. It was a loving home and good school for her, and she tried to do her duty in it. Here, too, she had access to a better school-education than she could have had in Brookline. She always spoke of her uncle and of his family with respect and affection, and her interest in them continued unchanged

through life. At their handsome and attractive residence in Summer Street she was married, July 19, 1809, to Samuel May, a merchant of Boston, and a resident there from his birth to his death. Soon after his death, — which occurred February 23, 1870, at the age of ninety-three years and upward, — her own strength being much impaired by a recent severe illness, she ceased to be the head of a home which, for more than sixty years she had made such, in its best sense, to all her descendants, and to many besides, and became an inmate of the family of her younger daughter, Abby W. May; in which she continued until her death, which occurred March 17, 1882, at the age of ninety-four years, three months and two days.

At the funeral services, which took place at the house, in Exeter Street, on Monday, March 20, all her children were present, all her grandchildren except two, — who were detained by illness or distance of residence, — three of her great-grandchildren, a sister, a brother, numerous other relatives, and a few intimate friends of her old age. At noon the Rev. Frederick Frothingham, of Milton, a near connection, opened the services by reading from the Scriptures. Understanding that Mrs. May had expressed the wish, before his death, that Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester, should officiate at her funeral, Mr. Frothingham made use of one of Mr. Hall's manuscript selections, nearly as follows: —

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

'Even to old age,' saith the Lord, 'I am He ; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace.'

Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was ; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

To die is gain. For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living ; for all live unto Him.

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

It is sown in corruption ; it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in dishonor ; it is raised in glory : it is sown in weakness ; it is raised in power : it is sown a natural body ; it is raised a spiritual body.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord

Jesus ; ' he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live : and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

' Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me.'

' In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. Behold, I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.'

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying — neither any more pain ; for the former things have passed away.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be ; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, her oldest son, said :—

“You will certainly be surprised to hear my voice at this time. Since my mother’s death I have learned that it was her wish that I should take part in these services. Such a wish I cannot disregard, feeling sure that she never could have supposed that I would use the occasion for encomium upon herself. If now—among these friends—I try to fulfil her wish in some degree, it is in the hope of not violating, while I do so, the obvious rule which should govern him who speaks of one so nearly associated with all his life. I shall probably seem to you to fail; but I hope you will also be able to forgive me, since, in such a case, even ailure is preferable to disregard.

“Her simple, busy home-life, however long, would seem to furnish no material for remark beyond her immediate family. But a really true life, consistently conformed throughout to a high standard, must always be a subject worthy of our thought. Is not such a life, in truth, the highest attainment we can reach? and the best contribution any one can make to the common cause of human well-being? It is important, too, to show, if we can, that the ordinary events, the common course of life, afford all the needful conditions of so living, and are themselves the soil in which the best qualities of useful and genuine character may find growth.

“I do think—while I make no peculiar claim on her account—that my mother’s life has been a consistently true one during all the seventy years in which I have known her,—