RECOLLECTIONS OF MARION LYLE HURD: IN A LETTER TO REV. WESTON B. ADAMS

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Recollections of Marion Lyle Hurd: in a letter to Rev. Weston B. Adams by Carlton Hurd & Asa Cummings

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CARLTON HURD & ASA CUMMINGS

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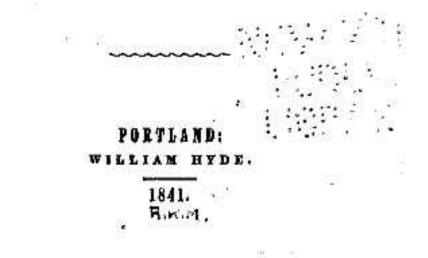
OF

MARION LYLE HURD,

IN A LETTER TO

REV. WESTON B. ADAMS;

BY REV. ASA CUMMINGS.



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IT may seem a needless obtrusion, to place one's self between the writer and the readers of the following narrative: and though, in this case, it is done in compliance with a fraternal request, preferred in circumstances too tenderly solemn to justify a negative, yet I can hardly expect the thanks of the latter for detaining them, even for a moment, from the instruction and good moral impression, which the simple story before them is fitted to impart. The parents of the child, whose traits of character are here delineated, are not ambitious to have her name known beyond the circle of her relatives and personal acquaintances. They would have preferred to keep the joys and sorrows, the anxie-

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ties and hopes, of which she was the oceasion, within the sanctuary of their own bosoms; or to have shared them only, in mournfully pleasing converse, with select and endeared friends, but for the conviction, that good might result to others and honor to the grace of God from the publication of the more prominent facts in the brief history of their lamented infant;—a conviction, not induced and confirmed without the reasonings of intelligent Christian friends, whose judgment is entitled to confidence.

That the Christian public will sanction this judgment, there is no reasonable doubt; all they wish is, the assurance that what they read is fact, and not fiction. Those to whom the narrator is known, will not ask even this; and if others should think that personal interest may have, unconsciously, given some exaggerated coloring to the inci-

dents, I am fully persuaded that such is not the case, and that no allowance needs to be made on this account. The facts, growing out of a precocious developement, it should be remembered, are not affected by any speculations concerning its cause. I feel assured, beyond doubt, from what I had been told of the child before this narrative was written, that the statements, which task credulity the most heavily, are yet within the bounds of truth; of course, that a somewhat stronger exhibition would not transcend the strictest historical verity .--Indeed, the whole could not be told. Imagination can supply much without great danger of mistake. Associations, such as exist in the parental mind, will give to these mitigated statements a heart-moving import. There is not, perhaps, in the whole story, a more affecting sentence, than that which is made

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up of these few simple words: "It was not a time to say any thing."

While this sketch can hardly fail to be useful and interesting to children; the account which it gives of intellectual phenomena, almost in the very dawn of life, must make it a very important chapter in the history of mind,-one which the mature student of mental philosophy will be the last to despise. As a help to parents in training their offspring, especially under intellectual and moral developements of a peculiar character, and where rough treatment might suddenly and forever blast a gentle and sensitive spirit,-its use will be obvious on perusal. It teaches much, and in the best manner, without professing to teach at all. The evidence which it contains of the susceptibility of the infant mind to religious impressions, will deepen the sense of parental respon-

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sibility, and quicken parents in the work of instruction and intercession for their beloved offspring. Viewed in any aspect, this little history of a child, who, at the time of her death, February 21st, 1841, was only four years and twenty six days old,-is suited to leave on the mind a strong conviction of the importance of the infantile portion of human existence,-a matter too much, and too universally overlooked. The youngest child possesess an immortal spirit, and likewise a moral constitution, with the developement of which are connected consequences more momentous than pen can describe .- This little book is sent out in the hope, and with the prayer, that a blessing may attend it.

A. CUMMINGS.

Portland, August, 1841.

