

[Balch, Adaline G. Capron]

Death of Mrs. Balch

We are pained to announce the death of Mrs. Adeline G., wife of Rev. W. [William] S. Balch, pastor of the Bleecker street [Third] Universalist Society, of this city [New York]. She died on Wednesday of last week, at the age of 45 years. For a long time she had been in feeble health, but was about, attending to her usual duties, till Friday previous to her death. At that time she was taken much worse, and it soon became evident that no human efforts could save her. She was conscious of her situation, and approached her end with perfect resignation to the Divine will—confidently trusting in him in whom she believed as Saviour of the world.

Her funeral was attended in the Bleecker St. Church by a very large number of sympathizing friends. Rev. A.[Asher] Moore read the scriptures; Rev. T.[Thomas] J. Sawyer made an able and feeling address; and Rev. E.[Edwin] H. Chapin offered an appropriate and affecting prayer. The occasion was one which deeply moved the feelings of all present...and their sympathies were excited in behalf of our afflicted brother and his family. May God bless and console them all.

Christian Ambassador, Auburn NY, Sat. 3 Jun 1854
[a Universalist newspaper]

OBITUARY. Mrs. ADALINE G. CAPRON BALCH was born in Winchester, N.H., on the 19th day of May, 1809, and died in this city [New York] on Wednesday, May 24, 1854, having just entered the 46th year of her age. At an early age—at least her girlhood—she lost her father, and with a circle of brothers and sisters, was left to the sole care of her widowed mother. But she was a mother indeed—(and as she is not here to-day, but at home watching over another sick daughter) I may be permitted to speak of her as I have known her)—calm, prudent, self-reliant, and full of feminine energy, with just and enlarged views, and means sufficient to support and educate her family. She was domestic in her habits, and in the language of the wise man, I may truly say of her, She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed." From this mother our departed friend learned her lessons of prudence and care; from her she derived her love of domestic life, and how to perform its duties well.

I first made her acquaintance and that of her family in the summer of 1829. She was then a young woman of 20, full of health, and beauty, and life, full of intelligence, well educated and refined. Long life seemed before her, and a world of hope and happiness stretched forward into the unseen future. I saw her when decked in bridal attire.— She stood before the altar and took upon herself the solemn vows of wedlock, and plighted her faith and consecrated her life to the duties of marriage. And I have seen, and you too have seen, how faithfully and

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cheerfully she has kept those vows and performed those duties. It is now almost a quarter of a century...since I witnessed that scene, so full of interest and joy—and now I witness another, a scene that ends all mortal life, and closes every earthly prospect.

Meanwhile a large family of children have sprung up around her, some of whom have grown into womanhood, and one even now as a widow.— Strange fortune it is, that in a family like this no link has been broken from the circlet of little ones, and that the fond mother, who had bound them all together, should be the first to be struck out. Yet there is consolation in the thought that...she never wept over the grave of a child.

I need not here speak of Mrs. Balch's character. You all know it. Quiet, calm, retiring, loving home better than any other place, loving duty better than pleasure, she learned to live for her family, and to find her own happiness in making others happy. She never made an enemy, never spoke a word to injure another's feelings. Her intellect was cool, her judgment nice. Her religious faith was deep and strong, and her trust in God unclouded and perpetual. She was an affectionate and faithful wife, a kind and self-sacrificing mother, and a sincere friend. She was an humble and devoted christian, and adorned the doctrine she professed.

For several years her friends had observed with concern that her health was visibly failing; but she never complained, and went steadily about her duties, till four days previous to her death, when she suffered a violent attack, and was obliged to betake herself to her room. Then she felt that her course was nearly ended. From the first she expressed her conviction to her husband that she should [would] not recover. But she yielded to no alarm, she experienced no fear. Entirely resigned to the will of her heavenly father, she yielded herself up to his divine disposal, and during her few days of languishing and pain, never uttered a groan, breathed a sigh, nor expressed a murmur.

It was a beautiful time to die, and the scene was worthy of the poet's pen or the artist's pencil.— Spring had come with its foliage and flowers. The early sun of a May morning looked into the sick room through the latticed window, and the air without was soft as balm. The husband and a group of eight children [Ada L., Adeline L., Emma E., William D., Estelle M., Charles L., Mary E., and Edward E.], had gathered around the dying bed of a wife and mother, to listen to the low breathing and watch with tearful eye the approaching exit from one so dear. And there she lay, conscious and calm, waiting without fear the angel messenger... So may we all die...

[Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer]

Christian Ambassador, Auburn NY, Sat. 10 Jun 1854
[a Universalist newspaper]

Transcribed on 5 Sep 2008 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY