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A Letter of Anna [Taylor], Daughter of Walter T. Taylor, the First Principal of the Pioneer School, to Rev. Albertus C. Van Raalte

Anna Taylor

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Recommended Citation

Taylor, Anna, "A Letter of Anna [Taylor], Daughter of Walter T. Taylor, the First Principal of the Pioneer School, to Rev. Albertus C. Van Raalte" (1856). *Van Raalte Papers: 1850-1859*. 356.

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21 December 1856

[place of writing not given]

A letter of Anna [Taylor], daughter of Walter T. Taylor, the first principal of the Pioneer School, to Rev. Albertus C. Van Raalte. She assumed that ACVR had heard of her father's death. However, she regretted that her father and ACVR had a disagreement which marred their relationship. Wichers quotes this letter in *A Century of Hope*, p. 40.

In English.

Original in the Calvin College Archives, Van Raalte collection, Box 8, fldr 119.

already in Acve files

December 21, 1856

Rev. A. C. Van Raalte

Dear Domine:

Do not think me bold or obtrusive in writing to you. I have been thinking of those days of pleasant social intercourse between our families and regretting that anything should have happened to mar it. It has always been a greta source of grief to me and I had hoped that sometime all those sad misunderstandings which have crept in between you and father destroying your friendship for one another, would pass away and that all would be bright again. And I think with father they wers passing away for he often spoke of you with great kindness and sympathy, and only the night before he died he was wishing that he could see you., Mrs Van Raalte and the children, But this is not to be in this world but I hope it will be in that world where no enemy ever can come to work mischief. You have d ubtless heard of father's death long ere this? It was very unexpected .He was sick only a few days And though we thought him very sick, we did not think it would end so. Or we thought it would come sometime but it was dreadful that we did not let it remain long, or tell our fears to each other, and when we whispered them to the Doctor he said that they were all groundless and that father would soon be well, And this he said fifteen minutes before he died. We do not blame the Doctor, He could not see the work of death within. We now think that an arter broke in his lung and that this suffocated him. It was a night of sorrow never to be forgotten

Dear Domine. forgive all imperfections in this letter .I have written very fast and the myt thought would run ahead of my pen. Please write to me .I would be happy to receive a letter from you. Give my love to all the family .

Respectfully yours

Anna

Anna B. Taylor

She writes again on Aoril 5, 1859

I have heard that you are changing teachers in the Academy, If there should bw an opening please remember me. I have been looking for a situation .

Holland would be like home to me. My health will be better if I can feel that I can do something for myself and for others. Geneva does not agree with me. I would prefer small children. I can teach the rudiments of music. I would try to do my duty faithfully. I have been quite ill for a few days. This morning, while trying to dress, I fainted .I am feeling very badly now. This is my reason for this letter

Anna B. Taylor

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Box 8, folder 119

imp. letter

Anna [Taylor] to ACVR

Sunday evening December 21st 1856.

Rev. A. C. Dowd Rector.

Dear Dominic,

Do not think me bold or
obtrusive in writing to you. I have been thinking of those
days of pleasant social intercourse between our families, and
regretting that ever anything should have happened to mar
it. It has always been a great source of grief to me, and I had
hoped that sometime all those sad misunderstandings,
which had crept in between you and Father destroying your
friendship for me another, would pass away, and that all
would be bright again. And I think with Father that they
were passing away, for he has often spoken of you with
great kindness and sympathy, and only the night before he
died was wishing that he could see you, Mrs Van Rualte,
and the children. But this is not to be in this world, but I hope
it will be in that world where no enemy ever can come to
make mischief. — You have doubtless heard of Father's death
long ere this. It was very unexpected. He was sick only five
days. And tho' we thought him very sick we did not think
it would end so. Bes the thought would come sometimes but
was so dreadful that we did not let it long remain, or tell

even our fears to one another, and when we whispered them to the doctor he said they were all groundless, and that Father would soon be quite well. And so he said fifteen minutes before he died. We don't blame the doctor; he could not see the work of death within. He now thinks, I believe, that an ulcer broke on his lungs, and suffocated him. O the agony of that moment, when after only ten minutes from his bed, I returned to find him sleeping the sleep of death, gone without one parting word. It was a night of sorrow never, never to be forgotten. The doctor came but he could not raise the dead. Then we thought of the ~~Minister~~ ^{Minister}, he could do no good to the dead, but he might say something to soothe our poor Mother, and it was indeed soothing to us all, when he came, he did not reprove us for our tears, but wept with us, and then, as soon as there was a calm in our tumultuous grief, read two or three prayers from the little book which he always has with him. How could we bear such dreadful trials, if religion did not bid us look beyond this, to another world where nothing but our own unrepented sins can separate us from those we love. Yet we mourn the dead, it seems natural to do so. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus. But it is a sweet chastening, and heart improving sorrow, one we would not part with. We

are glad that we once had friends, and know that we have them yet, tho' they have left us for a while, and though they never can come back to us, they are waiting on the other side of the dark river, with outstretched arms to welcome us. But if we have not religion, what horrors hang around the grave. I can speak from experience. Oh how I suffered after our dear Maggie died, when the grave seemed the end of man, and Heaven a fable I could not pray. When I would try my thought would go so far astray that I would start from my knees in horror, for it seemed to me like a mockery. How I wanted to tell you my distress, but ~~did~~ not dare to. And so kept them all hid in my own heart where none but God could see them, and he has seen my troubles, and has had mercy upon me. For tho' it is yet quite dark within, yet in the eventide it shall be light. I am not alone. I know in whom I have trusted His loving kindness will not fail me now.

Dear Dominie forgive all imperfections in this letter I have written very fast, and then my thoughts would run a head of my pen. Please write to me I would be so happy to receive a letter from you. Give my love to all the family, and believe me respectfully yours Anna