



St. Paul's Episcopal Church

*"A loving family united in ministry of service through Jesus Christ."*

The Rev. Dr. J. Paul Board, Rector • 310 Elizabeth St. • Maumee, Ohio • 419-893-3381

## The Letters of Harriet Jukes





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313 E. Wayne Street  
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### The Letters of Harriet Jukes

The letters and comments of Harriet Jukes as well as those of others give us a little insight into the life of the Church, the Maumee Valley Communities, and the lives of the Rev. Mark Jukes and his wife Harriet in the 1850's.

How fortunate we are that Gilbert D. Jukes, a grandson, had sent the materials here printed in 1955. He addressed it to the Rev. R. Malcom Ward, then Rector. We tried recently to contact Gilbert Jukes, but our letter was returned as "no such address."

We have not edited any of the material we have in our possession as we felt it best to reproduce it as it came to us.

For a moment, share in the life and times of a remarkable family.



**The Rev. Mark Jukes**  
Rector of St. Paul's Church  
1852-1854



**Mrs. Harriet Jukes**



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*Mr. Jukes studied for the ministry at Norwalk, O. and was ordained at Gambier by Bishop M'llvaine on Sunday, August 1st, just two years to a day prior to his death. He was chosen by the congregation of St. Paul's, Maumee City, as their pastor, and took up his duties there in October of the same year, 1852.*

*The following are quotations from some of their letters, written during their residence there which gave some light on the times in Maumee at that time: -*

On December 8th, 1852 Mrs. Jukes writes,

"Now that I have visiting to do, in addition to my other duties, (seven children) I have little time for writing. I am sorry that my maid is going to be married to-morrow week and she suits me so well that she will be a loss.

I generally get up at five, call the children and servant at six. I dress the little ones while she lights the stoves, then she comes up to help me with the rooms. We have finished breakfast generally by eight; then we have prayers, which occupies about half an hour. Then I send the children to the post-office while I see about the dinner and as soon as they return we all sit down to lessons, and so again after dinner. On Wednesdays we have a reading meeting at our house and on Thursdays, I go to the Ladies' Working Society and remain there some hours. Every first Friday in the month I attend a Maternal Association. When you meet with anything interesting on the training of children, either in tracts or sermons do send them to me, for at these meetings such things are read and are often very useful. During the first part of the week take my work very often after tea and we go out to spend an hour or two with some of our people. They are very warm-hearted here and show us great kindness. There are a few who are feeling after the truth and towards these our hearts are much drawn. Every Monday Mark attends a Ministers' Meeting, which is held in each other's houses, when they read and pray and criticize each other's sermons. Neither the Roman Catholic nor the Universalist ministers attend.

You will be surprised to hear that I have not yet read "Uncle Tom's Cabin". If I had time I would do so but I have not. The manner of the people in the different States vary widely. There is as much difference between the Northerners and Southerners as between the English and the Irish. Southerners are more like the English. We see nothing of the horrors of slavery here, but I suppose we should if we were down at Cincinnati, or anywhere along the boundary line. We read soul-harrowing accounts of cruelty of slaves



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in the papers sometimes. It is a most exciting subject with the Americans; everyone is strongly for or against it. Yet there is great inconsistency in those who speak against it most warmly, both in public and private. While they do so, they would not for any consideration sit down at the same table with a "darky" or rise in the same conveyance; a negro has to jump down before a white man will ride.

You ask if a minister's duties are the same here as in England. I should say they are, in many respects. Here the Episcopal Church is but one among many bodies of the Protestant bodies and unconnected with the State. Here a clergyman is very differently regarded from what he would be in England. There he is looked upon with respect and honour, he has a good name among men, but not so here, where people seem to rank according to their dollars, of which the clergyman has a very small share. Even our Bishop has less than L500 a year, but we are told he is as simple in his habits as it is possible to be. We receive a stipend of \$300 a year. The ladies of the Sewing Society are very kind in working for us.

Henry is nine years old to-day, I dare say you are thinking of him. I wish you could see him growing. The children are all in bed and Mark is gone to marry a couple. Marriages are performed here in private houses in the evening.

Ever your affectionate sister, Harriet."

*In January 1853 she writes to her Aunt Ellen in England:*

"You wish to know something of our schools I believe there are free day-schools in every town, where all classes attend. These are paid for by the State, for which the people are taxed and it is said they are conducted by the best masters. At the free school near our house there are from 500 to 600 children taught daily. All the children of our congregation attend the Sunday-school, which is held in the church immediately after morning service. Young persons do not join the church among us or become confirmed, until they profess to have experienced a change of heart. Mark's style of preaching is very awakening, very searching.

The thing which grieves us most is that so many should be engaged with these 'spirit circles'. Many of these circles meet every day. Some of the 'mediums' are the children and young people of our own Sunday-school. A member of the Baptist Church



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has declared herself the appointed high-priestess. Mark takes them all on the ground that to have anything to do with familiar spirits is an abomination to the Lord and he has spoken so plainly on the subject that some of the people in the Church have been wishing him to leave.

We continue to receive much kindness from many of our people. The week before Ash Wednesday, two of our members came to ask us if we were willing to have a 'Donation Visit' to which Mark replied by thanking them for their kindness, but wished to have nothing to say about it. Having never heard of the custom before, I had to ask for an explanation of it.

Having been all arranged by the ladies of the Sewing Society the visit was fixed for a certain day, on which occasion we were asked for the use of our house. About seven o'clock the guests began to arrive, bringing with them earthenware, glass and provisions for the use of the company and each bringing something as a present to ourselves. Some brought dress pieces, others unbleached cotton, shirting, linen, cloth for a great coat, silk vests; caps, gloves, orders on stores, apples, potatoes, sugar, fish, butter and money. There were a hundred persons came to our house that night, and we received the value of \$120. Our small rooms were crammed. Tea was handed around by the gentlemen, under the direction of the managing ladies in the kitchen. As for myself I knew not what to do, being wholly unused to such a large party. However, after tea Mark called their attention by getting one of the gentlemen to begin a hymn, in which many joined. Then he read an appropriate portion of the Scripture and gave a short but very nice exposition and thanked them all for their love and kindness in seeking to supply our temporal necessities - soon after they began to leave. The ladies washed up the dishes, cups, etc., and left everything neat in the kitchen. The next day one of them very kindly came and helped me to sweep the house. Every one we have seen since says that they spent a very pleasant evening. Our company was not confined to Episcopalians, there were Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and Universalists; thus the Lord was pleased to provide for us through the hearts of the people.

This is February 25th and I have not yet mailed you this long over due letter. Tomorrow is our little Georgina's first birthday. I can hardly realize she is so old.

Maumee is a very pretty town consisting of about 10,000 inhabitants. I much prefer it to Norwalk. It is situated on the river Maumee, which is about a quarter of a





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mile in breadth, with considerable rapids. This river runs on one side of our house and the canal on the other. It is a very straggling place, with here and there the forest trees still standing. The town is declining in favor of Toledo, which is at the mouth of the river and is going ahead very fast. The people are simple, frank, honest and sociable. There are all kinds of characters, of course, to be found here as elsewhere; some thirsting for the truth, some are very 'High Church' as they are called."

*Mrs. Jukes started another letter to her sister Lizzy which she did not finish until late November;-*

Maumee City, October 1853.

"My beloved L -,

At last I am going to commence a letter to you, having got through my morning's work, which is generally over between nine and ten o'clock; and as the four elder children now go to school, I then take the opportunity of sitting down to make and mend clothes and I assure you I am becoming a first class tailoress. Shall I give you a little insight into the order in which we get through things? I fear it would make some of your particular ladies blush and you would begin to be thankful you were not situated as I am. But I am satisfied and that will satisfy you. In the midst of all my various employments I seem to bear in mind that all that has to do with the body is passing away; and the day is gone with all its trifles of pots and pans, eating and drinking etc. is passed away with it and is as though it had not been, except in so far as these things have been done selfishly, or to the glory of God.

Twice in the year it is the custom in America to have a thorough house-cleaning. In the spring when the stoves are put away and in the fall when they are wanted again. I am fortunate in being able to have an old Dutch (Christian) woman to do this for me and she manages it all in about three days. She does the washing and promises to come to me at the end of the year, when I shall most need her.

Con'd. November 28<sup>th</sup> - Mark has gone to Norwalk to be ordained priest. The ordination is to take place on December 2nd and on the 6th the Bishop comes here to confirm. It is a time that we have much need to guard against glorying in the flesh of



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any. It is so natural to like to add members to the church. The Bishop sent Mark a present of \$100 from an 'unknown friend'. As to help, I have not had one for some weeks. The children are very good and do what they can and are always ready to help mother. Every one knows what children's work is worth, but they are all the time learning to help me and help themselves, and there are advantages in being sometimes without a servant. The Americans are beginning to feel the great evils arising from the tide of foreigners who come to the States, especially the Irish. In some States they can vote as soon as they set their foot upon the wharf and vote away their rights and privileges, not knowing what they are voting for or against.

In the State of New York the Roman Catholics have succeeded in getting a share of the public money devoted to education under their own management. They have tried the same in this State, but have not yet succeeded. It is thought they may do so some day, and thus make useless one of the noblest institutions of the land, the free education provided by the common schools.

The difficulty of getting 'help' arises, I imagine, from this being a newly settled country. It is the same in Canada, and the further west one goes the worse it is. I understand it is not so in the New England States, there the country has been so long settled that they know their resources, and there, as in England, girls cannot get places unless they have a good character.

Your affectionate sister, Harriet."

Maumee City, Dec. 19th, 1853.

"My dearest Ellen, -

We enjoyed the visit of the Bishop's very much. He seems all alive and in earnest. Mark is making a great effort to relieve our church from a large debt owing to the builder. I think the Bishop could not have been told of the state of things when he consecrated it, or he would not have permitted it. This diocese is decidedly Evangelical, as may be seen by the choice of three Evangelical delegates by our Convention to the Convention of New York. One of these is a young man who interests as much; he is quite young, very talented and speaks and preaches the truth fearlessly and ably. He is ministering to a church in Cincinnati. I believe the dioceses of Maine and Pennsylvania are Evangelical, but all the others are more or less Tractarians, especially those of Michigan and Eastern





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and Western New York; and yet in these two latter there are strenuous exertions put forth by the evangelical party, who form the minority. All the dioceses join together in the great work of Home and Foreign Missions. At first they had but one committee, formed of both parties in the Church; but finding they were so divided they could carry no object into operations, they formed two committees, the Tractarians taking the Home Missions and the Evangelical the Foreign. The former have been gradually declining and the latter are in a most flourishing and interesting condition. At the General Convention this subject was warmly discussed and many undertook to point out the cause of the failure in the Home Missions, but it was the young Cincinnati minister who put his finger on the real cause, and pointed it out most ably to the whole assembly.

December 24th - This is Christmas-eve, and all are gone to church excepting the little ones, who are in bed, and myself. The Episcopalians in this country generally make a great deal of this night, illuminating the churches and decorating them with evergreens. Our dear people have been showing much love at this time. One family sent us a bag of apples, a bag of beets, a turkey and some pumpkins. Another lady sent me several yards of rag-carpeting, an article that looks rather rough to an English eye, but which will wear fourtimes as long as a good Kidderminster. Another sent us mince-pies and a sirloin of beef, another pork and sausage-meat; all of which is a help to us and is an evidence of their kind feeling towards us.

My fondest love to all so justly dear to me. It will not be long before we shall meet; may it be indeed with joy. Do - and - (two younger sisters) think of this meeting time? May their hearts be given to Jesus.

Your ever affectionate Harriet."

*The following is quoted from a letter written by Judge Nichols, who had recently moved from Maumee to Toledo, to Mr. Jukes' mother in Canada, shortly after their deaths:*

"The efforts Mr. Jukes personally made to pay off the debt on St. Paul's Church at Maumee, were rewarded with success by the close of the year (1853). When he first found the Episcopal church was burdened with a heavy debt, and no probability of its being discharged. A former church had been built, and had been sold after some years to pay the debt due to the builder. It was bought by the Roman Catholics, who now use it as



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their church. After a time the Episcopalians wished for another church to be built and subscriptions were raised for the purpose, but they were quite insufficient; when a good man, a builder, agreed to erect the church, taking the amount subscribed in part payment and promising to wait for the remainder until the pews were set, and could pay. But in a year or two this good man died and his affairs fell into the hands of one who insisted on payment. If the debt were not paid by January, 1854 the building was to be sold by auction to the highest bidder. The Romanists were again on the alert to get it for a school. At this juncture Mr. Jukes stepped in. He pleaded the cause of the church from house to house and in several churches of the neighbourhood. On applying to one of the wealthiest and most influential men of the city, who hesitated to subscribe thinking it was in vain to attempt to raise so large a sum (two thousand dollars) in so short a time, Mr. Jukes said 'Well, sir, I am poor and you are rich, will you give double what I am willing to subscribe? He said he would and Mr. J. enabled to leave his church unencumbered for his successor; to be, we trust, a candlestick in which the light of God's word may ever burn brightly, both to expose error of whatever kind and to guide the feet of God's children into the way of peace."

*Mrs. Jukes youngest child was born early in January 1854 and lived only about three weeks. He was buried in Riverside Cemetery.*

On May 29th, 1854 she writes: -

"This is Mark's thirty-sixth birthday, we are getting on in years. This morning we received a letter from the Bishop with a present from him of Fifty dollars."



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*Most of the above I have copied from a book of memoirs, letters and journals of Mrs. Jukes published by her Aunt, Mrs. H. A. Gilbert, the Aunt Ellen referred to in several of the letters, for her (Mrs. Jukes') children.*

*All of their original letters which they wrote from Maumee and from Canada before they went there, are in my possession at the present time, as well as a few from their friends and parishioners.*

*Yours very sincerely,  
/s/ Gilbert D. Jukes*

*The following are a few extracts from letters written by our grandmother, Mrs. Mark R. Jukes, during Mr. Jukes' incumbency of St. Paul's Parish Maumee City at the time of the cholera epidemic of 1854. I thought that they might be of some interest to St. Paul's Church as an historical record of that period.*

*In late June she wrote to her mother that cholera had broken out in a village not far from them and of the sadness and alarm which were spreading over the whole neighbourhood in consequence. A few days later in early July she wrote:*

*"The cholera is now at Maumee. As yet there have been only six deaths, but when it leaves our city, how many will there be remaining in it?*

*The Lord reigns and our prayer is that we may be spared to each other and our children, if it be for God's glory; and if He calls us may we have our wills in complete subjection to His. I have never been in a place before where there was cholera and at times I feel strangely overcome with fear. And yet I know fear makes it worse for one's self, besides preventing one's usefulness to others and it is not right for a Christian to be afraid of anything. God is our Father and our Friend; cannot we trust Him with our souls and bodies too, and with those we may leave behind? How true it is that instead of walking by faith we trust God only as far as we can see. I feel more and more the folly of having the heart here, instead of with Jesus at the right hand of God."*



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*Harriet's (Mrs. Jukes) next letter was dated Maumee, July 15 and gave little reason to imagine epidemic was spreading. She says;*

"Mark has again left me for a few days to go up the canal. I am generally sobered when he leaves me (especially in these cholera times) with the thought that I may not see him again. In some places around us it is very bad. In one village of about three hundred inhabitants, thirty died in about twenty-four hours. The next day the remaining population left the place. Last Friday was set apart for humiliation and prayer. Ministers and members of different Protestant denominations met in the Methodist chapel, as being the largest place. Mark prayed and preached with much freedom, earnestness and effect, for half-an-hour; after which some of the congregation prayed and other ministers said a few words. It was profitable season."

*On Saturday, July 29th, Mrs. Jukes wrote to her mother-in-law, who lived near Dunville in Ontario;*

"Dearest Mrs. Hyde,

I wrote you on Tuesday but as I know you will be anxious to hear from us again soon, I will prepare a note for you and send it on Monday.

The cholera is still very bad at Perrysburg among the few families that yet remain there. It is said that no cholera patient has been cured, but I should hope that this is a mistake. Some seven or eight have had it here and all died but one, with whom it is said Dr. St. Clair tried a new plan. There is so much of the disease that when a person is attacked, few are found willing to nurse them, unless there members of their own family who can do it. There was a little child taken ill in Perrysburg and we are told that it was put in a bed in a room by itself, and all the family left the house, the parents looking in the window now and then to see how it fared. As soon as it died they quitted the town and the neighbours had to bury it; since which time they have all of them died. My servant has left me for fear of the cholera and should any of us be attacked, we should, I suppose, be left to our own resources. There is a great deal of intermittent fever besides cholera prevailing. All our children have been poorly and Mark and I are both ailing He is better today but very weak. As I have said before, whole families have been taken - and what has been may be; and we feel it best to have everything settled, as far as we can settle,



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beforehand. If after Mark is taken I should be taken, and all, or some of the children be left, I should like them to be sent to mamma and L -, or to my cousin in England. If you will see to their well-being, dearest Mrs. Hyde, until such a removal could be effected, you would make me happy. It may be that our children may do better in other hands than ours. We know that God will do what is best for them and for us. To the Lord we continually commend each other and them and we know it is not in vain.

At times I feel a dread of the disease, for which I am grieved, as it would of course unfit me for any duty we may be called upon to fulfill; from this I earnestly pray to be delivered. Mark has made his affairs as straight as possible, in case the worst may come; and all our bills are paid-up. "Be ye therefore ready also says our Lord; for at such an hour as yet think not, the Son of man cometh."

*Monday passed and the letter was not sent. On the following morning, August 1st, Harriet was a widow. When next she took up her pen, three days after the date of the above letter, it was to write the sad news to her mother in England: -*

Maumee, August 1st, 1854.

"My own, my tender-hearted Mother,

How you will feel for me and mine when I tell you what has happened. Can you bear it? Oh, be not shocked, for my loss is his gain. My precious Mark was taken from me by cholera this morning. He was only ill during the night. I looked to the Lord and asked Him to spare him to us, but that was not His good will concerning us. We had been talking about the cholera, and Mark had set his house in order, in case he might be called home; but within two hours of his death he thought he should recover. But I must hasten to bring this to a conclusion, as I do not feel able to write much.

I want my boys to be ministers and my girls to live for others. Oh, you all know what I want for them! Will all my dear ones assist? Oh, how sweet it is to have friends. If I am alive you shall hear from me soon, please God; if not, you will rejoice that I have entered into my rest, and will hear so from others. If I am taken, will my dear ones make arrangements about caring for my children as soon as possible? I care only for their eternal state.



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My unutterable love to you, my precious mother,  
Your own Harriet."

*These were the last words that Mrs. Jukes was permitted to write. One day passed over her, a day of desolate, heart-rendering widowhood - and the next, she had joined her beloved husband in the presence of their Lord. One day of deep, unutterable anguish and on the next, the dawning of a morning without clouds breaks upon her astonished spirit and the shining of that sun that will never set rises upon her.*

*Mrs. Jukes' cousin Ellen Gilbert writes: -*

"It is with deepest gratitude and admiration that we record the self-sacrifice of those two or three - I will not call them strangers, but friends - into whose hearts God put the love to overcome fear, and made them willing to minister to our beloved one in her dying hour. To them we are indebted also for the few particulars that reached us of the last moments of Harriet and her husband.

Mr. Jukes had preached twice on the Sunday, attended his school and visited several sick persons, although feeling very weak; and he had spent nearly the whole of Monday in again visiting and praying with the sick and dying of his charge. When he came home in the evening, he said he felt very ill and went to bed. It was soon evident that the pestilence had fastened on him. Medical advice followed, but through the night he continued to get weaker. One kind friend, Mr. Allen, thinking something was amiss from seeing one of the little boys out later than usual came to the house and finding poor Harriet alone, watching beside her dying husband, remained with her through the night. He says, - 'Mr. Jukes said but little after I came, except to ask constantly for ice. About a quarter of an hour before he died he said, - 'Harriet, pray', which she did, offering up one of the most beautiful prayers I ever heard. Once afterwards he tried to say something, but could not utter distinctly. Mrs. Jukes said, -Mark, is there anything on your mind? He said no, nothing.' A few moments after he ceased to breathe. During the whole of the time I was present, Mrs. Jukes stood over him, without once leaving the room; and I never saw a person kept so perfectly calm and self-possessed as she was, through the whole of that trying night and morning." Mrs. Gilbert continues,- "What an answer to her





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prayer, to be delivered from the fear which would prevent her doing her duty, if called upon. With her own hands she laid out the lifeless form of him, who in life had been so precious to her and while Mr. Allen went to make arrangements for its interment, she assembled her children to take a last look of their beloved father, and then knelt with them around the bed to commend them and herself into the hand of that Father who cannot die.

*Harriet and the boys followed the remains the same day to the grave. It was a touching little incident that was told us by one who first entered the house two months after her death, that on the table in the first room he went into, lay her straw bonnet, trimmed with blue, with a black veil thrown over it, the only mourning she had time to procure; - there it was, just as she had taken it off on her return from that sad funeral. In another room put down carelessly by the side of the bed on which he died, was her husband's hat and white neckerchief, all reminding one how suddenly they had been called from the present to the eternal world - how in the midst of life they were in death.*

*Harriet spent the remainder of the day in writing her last letter to her mother, (which has already been quoted). Mr. Allen says, - 'She appeared in better health than I thought it possible she could be in, after the fatigue of the mind and body she had gone through.' It was not until four o'clock the day after her husband's death that Dr. B - was sent for, and alarm felt lest she too should sink under this fatal disease. She appears to have felt no alarm herself, but to have quietly awaited the result, knowing in whom she believed.*

*Those who watched her through that last night and morning say, 'she slept but little'. They heard her frequently pouring out her heart in prayer for her children, if it was his will, God would spare her to them; if not His will be done, whatever He did she knew would be for their good. She prayed for those who were nursing her, that they might not suffer in so doing; and for the people of her dear husband's charge, that his labours might not be lost upon them; and that those who had not profited by his living ministry might be aroused by his death.*

*In the morning she said to Miss Cynthia Eckles, who came to take her sister's place by the bedside, that she felt better, she scarcely spoke after this. A little before twelve o'clock writes this young friend, who was alone in the house with her and the*



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*children at the time', dear Mrs. Jukes went to sleep and breathed her last as sweetly as an infant baby going to sleep.*

*It is interesting to trace, in the devoted love shown to Harriet in her last hours by her own sent us this touching account of them, the grateful return of love received. On referring to some letters of Harriet's, dated some months before, we find the name Miss C. E - among those for whose spiritual welfare at the time of their confirmation, their pastor's wife had felt anxious.*

*So panic-struck were the inhabitants of Maumee by this solemn visitation, that even the hotel-keepers refused a nights shelter (all that was asked) to the bereaved little family. Then Miss Eckles, constrained by the love of Christ, and love to their pastor felt they could not do enough for them. They took them to their home, fearless of the consequences to themselves, saying, by the same grace of Christ their master, 'What little kindness we have been able to show to Mr. Jukes' family was only our duty and no more than they would have done for us. We all had fever sometime since, one after another, and Mr. and Mrs. Jukes were then daily visitors at our house, comforting us and our mother in our affliction. Their kindness to us can never be forgotten.' Other like testimonies were given to the faith and love of those single-minded servants of God.*

Mr. Nichols, a judge of the State, writes of Mr. Jukes, "Allow me to sav, I never in all my life made the acquaintance of any one whom I have formed so strong an attachment. It was a sore trial for me to have to leave Maumee City because I would not be able to minister to his precious family's wants temporally as I desired, but most of all that I should lose his godly instructions and Christ-like example, carried out in his every-day walk, as I never saw it before in any human being on earth. His very soul and body seemed to be in the work of saving sinners, and doing his Master's will. I think the last time I saw him that he seemed fatigued and quite unnerved. I remarked that he ought to take a short journey, or a visit at my house for a few days, might do him good. He shook his head and replied, 'that there was no rest on earth for a minister of Christ.' Thus he lived and thus he died, with his armour on, fighting in his Master's cause. God grant that we may meet him at His right hand."



St. Paul's Episcopal Church

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## The Letters of Harriet Jukes

*Mrs. D -, who assisted in nursing Harriet in her last illness says,*

"All denominations of Christians acknowledge Mr. Jukes to have been a pattern of piety. Even the Roman Catholics say 'We never knew such a man as Mr. Jukes, so good and kind and self-sacrificing.'"

*Mrs. Allen, says,*

"I never in my life saw faith so strongly exhibited as in the case of both Mr. and Mrs. Jukes. With them death appeared to have no terrors, their trust was so perfect in that God whom they faithfully served; - their loss is to us irreparable; we cannot even hope to have their places filled."

*One who knew Harriet most intimately during the whole time she lived in Canada and the United States says of her;-*

"There was a reality in whatever she said and did which inspired confidence in all who went to her, or looked to her for advice, beyond what I ever knew in any other. Not one of my own dear children did I love more tenderly than I did that blessed one. Truly the Lord has been merciful to her, for she leaned so entirely on her tender and considerate husband, she was so completely one with him, that she would have been desolate indeed without him. Our beloved ones were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

*One other testimony must be added, which, as coming from a name so honored and beloved in the Churches is valued accordingly; and deeply do we feel to Bishop M'Lvaine for the comfort his letters were to us in our grief. We felt that though we had lost much, the church had lost more.*

*As soon as intelligence reached him of Mr. Jukes' removal, he wrote the following letter to Dr. Jukes of St. Catherines, Canada, who had come to Maumee immediately on hearing of his brother's death, but only arrived in time to see Harriet's remains carried to the grave, and to rescue her children, by taking them to Canada on the following day and to- whose kind attention and skill many of them, under God owe their lives: -*



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## The Letters of Harriet Jukes

Cincinnati, August 9th, 1854.

"My dear Sir,

"Allow me to express to you my deepest sympathy in the affliction you have suffered in the death of your brother, and my most valued and beloved presbyter, the Rev. Mark Richard Jukes, of whose departure hence, followed soon by his faithful wife, I was informed yesterday. I am afflicted as well as you and his poor orphan children, for whom my heart aches. The little bereaved parish has suffered an irreparable loss, and all the clergy of my diocese must feel that they have lost a most faithful and exemplary brother. He died at his work, as a good steward, and has gone to be where his Lord is, at rest. Oh how sweet the thought, at rest for ever from all sin and conflict and temptation in the boundless love of God; - reconciled, justified, glorified in Christ. I much admired the simplicity and single-hearted devotedness of his Christian character, and pray God to raise up many such labourers for his vineyard here. It is a great comfort to learn that you have taken the poor children home with you, and that they are to be under the care of their grandmother, to whom I beg to send my respectful regards. The Lord be the Father of those fatherless ones and cause them to walk in the steps of their parents.

Yours faithfully,  
Chas. P. M'Ilvaine."

*The following was sent to the Editor of the "Western Episcopalian" from the Bishop: -*

Cincinnati, August 8th, 1854

"Dear Sir,

I have the painful duty of communicating to our brethren in the ministry of the diocese, the afflicting intelligence of the death by cholera, at Maumee City, of our excellent brother, the Rev. Mark Richard Jukes. He died on Tuesday, August 1st and on Thursday afterwards his wife followed him, under the same disease; leaving I believe, as many as seven orphan children. His parishioners say, (the Rev. Mr. Wallbridge writes me) that he was the victim of too unselfish devotion to the duties of his office; visiting the sick, burying the dead and preaching when he was too ill to do so without imminent peril. But he felt it was his duty and was of that zealous, God-trusting nature, that made him think too little of his own safety, so that he might finish his course with joy. The poor



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## The Letters of Harriet Jukes

orphans have been taken by their uncle Dr. Jukes of Canada West, to live with their grandmother.

Our deceased brother was a native of England, but had resided some years in Canada West, bearing the character of a faithful deacon and presbyter in this diocese. All of his brief ministry was spent. as one of our Diocesan Missionaries, in the parish of St. Paul's Maumee city, where the beautiful simplicity and pure devotedness and zealous, self-forgetting spirit of his mind, united with his faithful teaching of the - pure Gospel, will long be remembered. Mr. Jukes was remarkable for his rich possession, in mind and heart, of the word and unction of the Scriptures. He did truly know, nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified. I have seldom seen a minister having more of the mind of His Master. I mourn his loss, Alas, who will supply our waste places? Must we not call on the Lord more earnestly, that He would raise up, teach endow and send forth labourers into His harvest? And should not the sudden calling away of our brother in the midst of his work and usefulness, and after so short a term of service, be felt among us as a solemn warning to redeem the time, and live in earnest, and work with all our might for the Lord, while we do live her, not knowing the day or the hour when our account will be called for?

Yours truly, C. P. M'Ilvaine."