

Charmont Feb 12th 1840

Your kind letter, My Dear Friend was very gratefully received; it contained that sympathy which the afflicted alone know how to value, and the only consolation which can assist in wiping away the mourners tear - it is indeed comforting to know that we have friends who feel for us, and feel likewise to share with us in some degree in our bereavement - Yes Mr Shead, I am bereft of a dear dear Sister, you of a kind and affectionate friend, of one who thought and spoke of you as being possessed of a brother's feelings towards her - It would be useless for me to attempt to describe my feelings at present, you can better imagine them - you said in your letter that you knew we loved each other, true it was, and could it have been otherwise, than that I should love a sister, who cared for my welfare, equal to that of her own, and who was ever struggling to do me some good; I have indeed parted with such a sister for the last time, she has gone where I can never & never see her again in this world - although three months have elapsed since I saw her laid in her last silent resting place, yet at times I cannot realize her death, I think of her as still living; when again I feel it in all its reality, and as I weep, I call her dear name, but receive no answer, no her sweet voice is hushed in death - I was with her only the last week of her sickness, although she was very desirous of seeing me, and would frequently call for me in her wanderings, still not considering her dangerous, and knowing it would be very difficult for me to leave brother Edwards at that time, they delayed sending for me, until just one week before her death, when she became more anxious to see me. stating her fears that she never should unless they sent for me soon, which was immediately done - I arrived there quite late, Saturday eve, went directly to her chamber, when she clasped me in her arms, and exclaimed, O Sister Bless God for this, O Bless God! surely I felt to do so - But how changed! I could hardly believe that it was the same dear sister, who was, when we parted a few weeks before, in such perfect health - those pale cheeks, parched lips, and emaciated features, were a strange contrast; it seemed hardly possible, that so great a change,

would have been produced in so short a time as two weeks - I left her bedside but little from that time until she died; she was able to converse but very little from after I was with her, when she did it was evidently with much pain; if she ever saw me shed tears, which I could not refrain from when I witnessed her extreme sufferings, she would beg of me not to weep, and would exert herself to the utmost to speak some word of consolation - The progress of her disease was very rapid, we saw that she must die: Still I could not realize that it would indeed be so, and allowed myself to hope for a favourable termination of her disease until the last hour - That hour came, and brought with it ^{its} sad realities; it passed away, and with it passed the happy spirit of my dear sister to the realms of glory - I cannot say that I at that hour felt reconciled to the will of God: although

" She smiled in death, and still her cold, pale face
Retains that smile, as when a ransless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear
Is sheeted, by a nightly frost, with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze, or sweeping blast.

Still I felt, to recall the spirit fled, but when serious reflection took the place of passionate grief, I could but see that our cup of affliction was mingled with no small share of mercy, and that the goodness of God holdeth us continually; I was even happy, in thinking that my sister was happy, that she ^{was} with those whose spirits were congenial with her own that sorrow would visit her tender bosom no more, and that she had fought a good and faithful, obtained the victory, and was at rest - And now what have I to do? There is a quick reply;

" So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Sewer'd to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed

By the unflattering frost approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

May God grant it, for his sons sake -

My health has been good as usual
the past winter, with the exception of severe colds, and now lying with Sister
P and shall probably continue to for the present; my friends are all in
good health; brother E and wife with their little daughter paid us a
visit last week, in good health and spirits - I promised to leave a little
space for sister to write a novel, therefore I will leave the rest for her
to say - Shall be very happy to hear from you any time when you will please
to write -

Feb 14

Your Affectionate Friend

Dear Brother -

J. D. Tracy -

The little space left, I gladly occupy. My mind has
been often with you this winter, and would oft have made the inquiry,
How is your health; what success in your school; and how situated
as it respects your boarding, society, &c; and it would have been
a pleasure, had you been so near, that I could have exercised
a little Sisterly kindness & watchcare over one to whom I shall
ever feel under obligation, for acting the part of a brother to a ^{now}
departed Sister whose memory will ever be dear to my heart - You, all
that once interested one so dear, is now doubly interesting to me, and
to us all, even to my little children, for all that Aunt Harriet said
or did, is now held sacred by them and repeated with solemnity.
And when I reflect that three months have now passed since the
last closing scene of dear M's life, I am led to exclaim with the Poet.

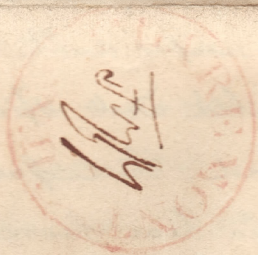
Time what an empty vapour 'tis! And days how swift they are!

Yes - our life is eved on the wing, And death is ever nigh,

Your kind letter my dear brother was hailed as no unmeaning
messenger. The christian consolation it contained, was indeed healing
to my poor bleeding heart - and yours was not a solitary one neither
for we have numerous may such, not only from our own dear friends

but from others whom we had never seen - friends in Connecticut who were warmly attached to dear Sister - It is in affliction only that we can learn the value of Christian consolation. What a multitude of exceeding great and precious promises would be in vain to us, in the word of God, if we were never thrown into circumstances, where we could feel their value - In view of these things then, we have reason to receive affliction from the hand of God - submissively, gratefully, and so as to receive profit.

What Grace Brother & Sister (Reduced) neither no last week they imagined for you - you have perhaps heard of a factory built in the area in Illinois - the family are quite afflicted. The great Connecticut Valley (Ohio) Convention was held in this town on Thursday of this week. The President was John of the good name of John Lee - It was judged that a thousand people were present - When I obtain the paper I will send you the proceedings - You know well to be remembered.



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21.45 - 1841

15.45, 3.15
15.95, 8.22
8-6.24

Mr George Shedd

West-Morris

D. Post

92.47
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10725
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The message I did not mention & to which you refer, was respecting your letters - Sister's request was that I should enclose them and return them to you, and I will leave it with you to decide whether I shall forward them by mail, or retain them until you can make us a call - You may rest assured they will be in safe keeping - You will now favour us with another of your kind letters soon, although my poor sermons are worthless things, still such as they are, you shall have, if acceptable - Yours with respect, P. P. Dutton