

To Isaac Reeves, Hobart Town.

Strelton Castle, Campbell Town }
8/1 Mo: 1841. }

My dear friend
Isaac Reeves.

Though our past acquaintance has been but of short duration, it has been sufficient to excite a feeling of Christian interest in my heart towards thee & thine. Why therefore should I hesitate to express the sympathy I feel for thee under thy present heart-rending trial, the knowledge of wh has just come to my ears? Far be it from me to touch needly wounds like thine, wh I am well aware it requires more than human power materially to assuage. Yet when He who has the hearts of men under his controul, is pleased to awaken their sympathies towards us, and inspire the secret prayer on our behalf, may it not be regarded by us as an evidence of his love, & that his compassions are great, though perhaps obscured to our perceptions by what may be regarded "a frowning Providence?"

Yes, my friend, be assured that thy wound, - however deep & desolating it may at first sight appear, is inflicted by an Almighty Hand - even by that gracious God who hath declared that "he afflicteth not willingly nor grieves the children of men." Truly, the Lord hath done it! Let us therefore acknowledge, as with our mouths in the dust, that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." He wounds however to heal - yea, he kills to make alive! And though he hath soon meet

to take from thee "the desire of thine eyes" as at a stroke, & feeble nature recoils at the blow; yet couldst thou but see in the vision of life - as with the eye of faith - the gracious purposes of the Most High in this dispensation, - hidden as these may be from the eye of sense & short-sighted reason; - how wouldst thou be constrained to admire and adore, the wisdom and the mercy of our God. His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways: For unsearchable are his judgments, & his ways past finding out, except as he is pleased to reveal them in a measure of that light w^h maketh manifest even the deep things of God, and in which "the Sun of righteousness arises as with healing in his wings." I am encouraged to believe that a ray of this light, a manifestation of the Spirit & Power of the Lord Jesus (who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, & himself bare our sicknesses) has already beamed on thy disconsolate soul. May it have chased away the previously impenetrable gloom, & enabled thee to read, in legible characters, the truth (so hidden to the eye of sense,) that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" constraining thee under the sense of this love, to kiss, as it were, the hand w^h hath smitten, & w^h, having once in mercy given, hath not less in mercy taken away.

Ah, my friend! I have tasted in my own experience, under a somewhat similar trial to thine, the efficacy of the love of Jesus. To Him would I therefore point thee in thy extremity. Cast thyself by faith as at his sacred footstool, whose compassions are infinite & fail not. None ever applied to him in vain. He is the Physician of value; & having himself felt the pressure of

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of woes for our unworthy sakes, he is able to succour & save to the uttermost all those who come unto God by him. Whilst clinging to him by faith, he can, and will, inspire the hallowed resolution; "though he slay me yet will I trust in him." And when this state of mind is induced, how does the Lord then often manifest in a further degree his blessed & sustaining presence - w^{ch} operates as true balm to the wounded spirit, & binds up the broken hearted.

Thus it is that, though no affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous, yet afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby.

May the Father of mercies & God of all comfort sustain thee under thy most affecting bereavement, enabling thee to bow under his mighty hand, until he be pleased to lift thee up, & cause the light of his countenance to shine upon thee (if this be not yet thy experience) to thy unspeakable consolation. And may thy dear Sister-in-law participate with thee in all that I have desired, & thus sought to express.

May you be concerned to wait upon the Lord for the daily revelation of his goodness & power in the secret of your own hearts, for blessed are all they that put their trust in him. Therefore the language of my heart tow^{ds} you both, and in w^{ch} I believe I may with truth include my dear wife (who desires her sincere & sympathetic regards, & whose concern for you may be summed up, in effect, in the same words) is; "wait on the Lord, be of good courage, & he will strengthen your heart: wait, I say, upon the Lord."

I remain,

thy sincere friend
George W. Walker.