

Hobart Town

29<sup>th</sup> of 3<sup>d</sup> Mo 1857 -

To Henry Dowling

Much esteemed friend,

It will be eight weeks tomorrow since thy mind was drawn towards the sorrowing ones in this house, and words sweet and comfortable flowed from thy mind and pen. — How inscrutable are the ways of the Most High. Truly, "His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." — How is one taken from a post of usefulness and surrounded by a numerous family especially needing a fathers care:

another is left who appears totally  
useless to society. Who can fathom  
this by human reasoning? —

In my own case I know it must be  
best. — That the Lord "doth all things  
well," yet when I reason upon it,  
I cannot see how it can be. —

For my precious husband, I can  
rejoice — he is removed from the  
troubles of time, and I feel assured  
that his name is written in the  
Lamb's book of life. — I can now  
see that he has been ripening for glory.  
Although at no time since I have known  
him should I ever have doubted  
his admittance into that city that

hath no need of the sun, neither  
of the moon to shine in it; for the  
glory of God doth lighten it, and the  
Lamb is the light thereof;" for he  
has ever lived in a state of prepara-  
-tion for his change, although at times  
much cast down under a feeling  
of his many sins and short comings,  
for his aim was high — to be perfect  
in Christ wanting nothing — and  
feeling how far he came short of  
that Holy Standard he was tempt-  
-ed at times to doubt his own accept-  
-ance so that his distress of mind has  
been at times great; but he was in  
the end always more than conq-

through Him who had loved him  
and laid down his life for him.

His mental as well as bodily  
powers were almost prostrate for  
the last few days of his tarrance  
here; but it was evident from the  
holy atmosphere that pervaded the  
room that his Saviour was with  
him in all his affliction and that  
his end was peace. —

The chamber where the good man meets  
his fate  
is privileged beyond the common walk  
of virtuous life, quite in the verge of  
heaven.

With many thanks for thy kind sym-  
-pathy and condolence —

I remain very respectfully —  
Sarah Benson Walker.