To Henry Dowling

Much esteemed friend,

It will be eight weeks tomorrow since thy mind was drawn towards the sorrowing one in this house, and words sweet and comfortable flowed from thy mind and pen. — How invariable are the ways of the Most High. Truly, "His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." — Here 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 had been preparing for glory. Although at no time since I have known him should I ever have doubted his admittance into that city that

in the hour of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God hath lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" for he was ever lived in a state of preparation for his change, although at times much cast down under a feeling of his many sins and short coming, 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 tempted at times to doubt his own accept ance so that his distress of mind has been at times great; but he was in
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 tarryance 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 met
is privileged beyond the common walk
of virtuous life, quite in the verge of
heaven.

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

I remain very respectfully —

Sarah Benton Walker.