

Nov 26th 1832

Why my Beloved Sister is it impossible
 that you should all spend this winter in Phila?
 the season is so mild and pleasant for travelling
 and I hope by this time your own precious health
 is sufficiently restored - The wish has long since fled
 from my heart and been reiterated by all around
 us. ever since the pestilence has taken its course
 west & south, I have not mentioned it until last
 week to our dear Ben, because I thought so many
 difficulties presented, that you would not listen to
 me. but since it has pleased God to take away the
 blessing he lent to your rooms for a few days and
 your other treasures would not suffer in a journey
 why might ye not come to us and make us so hap-
 py? Oh dear Maria, do think of it not as an impossi-
 bility but as easily accomplished take the shortest
 and most travelled route and forget the hardships
 and accidents of your former journey and do not stay
 until the evil spreads in your city and the fear of it
 fills the country through which you are to pass. come
 dearest Sister, and make our hearts glad. we shall
 your anxiety for our darling Brother and for you all.
 yet trust in Heaven's mercy for your preservation
 you have been stricken, & I have wept for the sweet
 blossom that faded & fell before my eyes beheld it.
 you will think of it with love & with resignation, but
 do not aggravate the trial by imagining any other
 cause, than the will of Him who gave it for its
 removal. and pray remember how much the joy of all

your love depends on you. We have to be cheerful that
your health may be more perfect. The children
around you commend your love & duty. Those treasured
in heaven, & dwelling in your secret thoughts are not less
dear, they form the strong mysterious link between you &
your God. They & those who preceded them - bind one "nature
fast in faith" - is it not dear Maria, the memory of such
that people the heaven of our wishes? we cannot
believe that the souls of even the righteous made
perfect, "can be fit to associate with God - therefore
our highest conception of future bliss, must
be to commune with spirits thus purified, in the
beatitudes of contemplating his goodness -
or constantly do my thoughts commune with
my own dear Parents & Sisters, that I sometimes am
on the point of calling those I speak to by their names.
Particularly the children of my sister Rachel. and
I have learned to love them more & regret them less
from that circumstance. I saw Aunt Belle on Saturday
& told her of you, she expressed great tenderness for
both you & Ben and begged I would send you her love.
She is very feeble & infirm, but cheerful, and tries to
persuade herself that she shall be stronger, the
love of life, or rather the unconsciousness of these
wonnings that her frame is wearing out, astonishes
me, and yet good woman! She must be bettered by
the change. For she has trod a rugged path, in these
long years of widowhood & poverty, except the constant
attention of affectionate children, she has no outward
signs of comfort to love this world for.

NOV 26 1842

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