

3-10

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your
letter
of the
28th

Phil. April 2nd
1856

afflicted her health, and I was glad to have her change for
a quiet
place
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Your reproaches were just,
My Dear Anna, and yet I never
meant to neglect you - I do not know
how it happened, but I became so
distracted to all my correspondents, and
I have chosen yours to be first paid
this morning. This sweet mild day
gives us the promise of Spring -
and altho a month has been recorded
in the calendar. Nature only now
begins to give us a taste of her balmy
Season - I know you have been sorely
tried, in your late domestic loss!
Let the new buds blooming around
you exercise their happy influence
on you, and resign contentedly, that
which it has pleased God merciful
ly to have taken away. We have
good reason My Dear Anna, to be
grateful, for some benedicitions
however they may afflict our hearts.
We should desire the life of a
long suffering friend. When only
pain has long been their portion.
Pain, which has prepared their

to meet death, as an angel.
The scriptures tell us of "the Angel
of Death." we call him "The King
of Terrors" - he is only so to the
wicked in their own case - such
to us when he appears wrestling
with those we love - In the last
year, we have suffered much,
and many times from these
visitations - we must view them
as blessings, warning us how to
live. That we may be ready
to die also - We have just had a
sad visit from Josephine Etting
she staid a fortnight, & her Father
came to take her home - They are
the saddest menaces I have ever
met with - their minds & hearts
undisciplined to bear grief as
it should be borne, in fact our dear
Ellen had been the great support
of their lives - and until they lost
her, they were not sensible how
entirely they depended on her.
Poor Josephine, at five & twenty is
a child, in self government, and
now has a hard lesson to learn

of her friends. and the
beautiful flowers furnished
by them, Mrs Lamberts green
house has supplied. we are
winter. recently accompanied
by fresh eggs & other tokens of regard.
She is thank God well & cheerful.
Sara is looking forward to the return
of her husband within a month.
his last letter was dated at Paris.
I have been passing some very
amusing letters ^{from} the French
family & the French court, from
Miss Fraser. Our brother Dr is still
suffering from the remains of his
late attack of Lumbago - he has
been confined a whole week &
looks badly. but I hope a few days
mild weather will surely restore
him - give my best love to my
dear dear brother Peter - and to
your darling children. I think of
them constantly, and look on their
cheerful faces & beaming I love, with
thankfulness. our brothers &
Harris and you three love - I have
left us yesterday for a short visit to
Hamburg - the death of her old lady
& her previous fatigue in nursing her