

that the severing blow might a little longer be withheld, and your dear companion spared to comfort you, and bless our beloved Zion. But, my dear sister, it is God who has done it, and in the glorious and triumphant death of your 'now angel husband,' how much of his salvation has been exhibited. O, I praise God, that you have been enabled to realize it, and notwithstanding the indescribable loneliness which ever and anon sweeps over your smitten heart, I trust you still prove God's grace sufficient for you. Not a hair of your head can fall without his notice. O how safe to trust in such an Almighty arm! Precious resting place! Mr. Belknap received your mournful letter the Saturday after it was written. He appeared very solemn, but did not inform me of it till after supper, when he opened and read. We had company. Our feelings you can faintly imagine. Sighs and tears flowed profusely. And then that memorable Star that came to us in robes of widowhood! O what feelings it awakened! Mr. Belknap said he had been looking for it, and thought he was prepared to receive it—yet when it came to hand, his feelings were indescribable and almost uncontrollable. He endeavored to make use of it for the good of his weeping flock, some of whom were brought into the fold through the faithful labors of your companion. O the awful grandeur of that solemn moment, in which, from your own arms, your earthly all was yielded back into the arms of the Giver. Doubtless God and angels admired, as the still dark wave bore him away to the other side of Jordan. Often in my fancy have I traced your quiet step from one apartment to another of your peaceful yet lonely abode, and heard the suppressed sigh, as you saw—here, his long loved library filled with marks from his own pencil as emphatic sentences caught his penetrating eye—there, a garment left only to tell, 'He is gone!'—yonder, his table spread with valuable papers, filed and bound with his own hand, together with his stationery, invaluable letters to yourself, &c., all mournfully responding, 'He is not here!' O I seem even now to hear his melting strains, as he prayed for us when we last visited you. Shall I never again hear his mild voice? But forgive, sister, I did not mean to make your full heart bleed afresh. Hark! I hear a voice from the Lord, saying: 'Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' Your 'angel husband' rests!—but his works follow him. Mr. Belknap, a few days since, followed one of his brothers to the grave, who was converted through your husband's labors, when a lone youth he was travelling in western New York, warning sinners to flee the wrath to come. Methinks as his spirit entered glory, another star is added to your sainted husband's crown, while seraphs sing,