Sunny April 24th 1576

My dear daughter,

This morning received your letter dated the 10th inst. Sympathize with you, under the repeated bruise you have been called to suffer. Your griefs, and your virtues, are indeed called into action. It is not Natural Indifference, but Christian Submission, and resignation, to the wise dispensations of your Heavenly Father, which is required of you, even to the tenderest Sensibilities, you are not forbidden to mourn — Nature requires it, and he who look upon himself Humane, knows that our Frame is but Dust, and will sustain you. These are the occasions, when the mind must take refuge in Religion — Upon what other Staff can it lean for consolation? And when we have nothing in ourselves, what can remain, but that we look up to a higher and greater power? and to what hope may we take our Eyes and Hearts when we consider that the greatest power is the best.

I know you feel it a subject of painful recollection — That you did not see your Brothers, before they left the world. Your Brother Justus, I leave; had been confined all winter. Notho not thought to be dangerous. I know that both he and James were sick last Spring, when John Smith went up from Virginia to them, but I never heard the Nature of their complaint. Your Brother William must have had a severe trial of his fortitude and sympathy. I fear Evan’s Ewings are ill calculated to soothe him, or support herself.

My own feeble State of Health, has led me through the winter, to believe, that I should never be restored to so much Strength as I now enjoy. Yet that Strength is