

Lucy April 24th 1816

my dear daughter

I this morning received your letter, dated the 10th. I sympathize with you, under the repeated bereavements you have been called to suffer.

Your griefs, and your wishes, are now called into action. It is not ~~stern~~ indifference, but a christian submission, and resignation, to the all wise dispensations of your heavenly Father, which is required of you. Altho' to the tenderest sensibilities, you are not forbidden to mourn - - nature requires it, and he who took upon himself humane nature, 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 stuff can it lean for consolation? and when we have no help in ourselves, what can remain, but that we look up to a higher and greater power? and to what hope may we ^{raise} 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 learn, had been confined all winter, altho' not thought to be dangerous. I know that both he and James were sick last Spring, when John Smith went up from WYake to them, but I never knew the Nature of their complaints. your Brother William must have had a severe trial of his fortitude and sympathy. I fear Marys Woes are ill calculated to sooth 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