

Permon 12<sup>th</sup> Mo 19<sup>th</sup> 1835

Dear Richard,

My truly sympathizing letter came to hand soon after it was written, & I can assure thee afforded me much comfort, as it was an evidence, that I was affectionately remembered by my dear friends, at a time, when my poor tried spirit was wading under deep affliction - It is at such seasons that the kind notice of a dear friend is like "cold water to a thirsty soul?"

I but little thought, dear Rich, when my dear Ann & I were addressing (only a brief period since) a letter of condolence to thee, that my situation was so soon to be like unto thine, & that I should be so quickly called upon to exercise that christian resignation, that I then felt it right to recommend to thee - O! I find now in my own line of experience, how frail poor human nature is, & how much easier it is for us to recommend to others a proper course, than to practise upon it ourselves - I find it much easier to acknowledge the justice of the Almighty, & his perfect right to afflict me in taking from me my dearest earthly treasure, than to feel that perfect acquiescence to the same dispensation, that I know is called for at my hands - I feel that the spirit indeed is willing, but that the flesh is weak" - I find encouragement however in the declaration, that his "judgments are ever ingathered with mercy", & hope to be able, feelingly to say with troubled Job, "the Lord hath given, & the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his holy Name" -

My dear Ann's illness was short, only 5 days duration - she had what was considered a comfortable confinement, & continued smart for two days, then the fever set in, accompanied by a violent inflammation of the lower part of the bowels, which entirely baffled the skills of the Physicians - her pulse standing from 120 to 130, from the time she was first attacked, till a few hours before her death - nothing prescribed seemed to reach the disease, or for a moment retarded its progress - I was very apprehensive that the raging fever & severe pain would soon deprive her of her reason,

but to our mutual consolation, she was mostly favoured with a clear, sound mind, till about 12 hours before the close — the dear Lamb, when first apprized of her dangerous situation, was much agitated, & said she was not prepared to die; & regretted exceedingly that she had lived so much to the world, & so little to the glory of her Creator, often exclaiming, O! how trifling are all worldly things compared to the pearl of great price — her poor mind was in great anguish, praying for mercy & forgiveness, under a very humbling sense of her own unworthiness — but after wrestling about 2 days, she was glad to find him of whom Moses & the Prophets did write! — she called me to her bed side, & told me with a placid, serene countenance, that she had been enabled to resign all up into the hands of her Heavenly Father, & that, if he saw fit to take her now, she was willing and ready to go; & entreated me not to grieve for her, but to endeavour to feel resigned — that the separation, tho' very trying to poor human nature, would be but for a short season — She then had Abby sent for, & gave her the Babe, requesting her to be a Mother to her dear child, & bring it up in friend's way — She now seem'd to be done with this world, & centred her mind on Heaven & Heavenly things, often insinuating it upon us, not to do as she had done, put off preparation for death till a dying hour, but warn'd us to make it the first business of our lives.

The night previous to her death, she was entirely deranged & apparently in great distress, till 3 o'clock in the morning, when she became quiet, & continued so till 8, when her redeemed spirit left its clay tabernacle, & I have no doubt has been permitted to enter the New Jerusalem, then to sing praise to the Lamb, who is worthy forever & ever — O! how most amazing is such a scene, to stand by the sick bed of our dearest beloved friend, & see them racked with pain, without being able to mitigate our pang; & to mark the progress of the insidious disease, that will soon cut the silken thread of life, & snatch them from our embrace, is indeed the most cutting dispensation that can be meted out to us, yet when we can reflect

that it is the Lord's doing, & that our loss is the dear object's eternal gain, it goes a great way towards reconciling us to the bitter cup.

As respects my present condition, I have taken the same view that thou hast, & intend going on with my business as heretofore — I am now at Abbeville, with Abby & the Babe, but expect to return with them to my little Cottage in a few weeks — my dear little daughter has been quite unwell, & began to think I must part with her also, but it is now quite smart, & seems to improve — it looks very much like its Mother — I hope to be permitted to raise it — Abram, Sarah & Abby all send much love to thee, & we shall all be very glad to have a visit from thee this winter, why canst thou not ride down & see us?

I must now close, & subscribe myself thy  
affectionate & afflicted Uncle — C. Wickes

Rich<sup>d</sup> P. Hunt  
Watloo  
Seneca Co.

Robert M. Keel  
Dec 19 1825