1887 August

SIDE TWO

a bright crown of clear light was overhead, surrounded by rose hues, of varying degrees of intensity, mingled with the bright coruscations of clear white light which shot in strong columns toward the zenith from a dark arch of solemn blackness which lay to the north. If any of the family happened to be on the north porch it must have filled them with a strong feeling of the majesty of God. I hope you witnessed it. Do you remember the time when Hannah Stevenson was so terrified by it and came round to our house? It is enough to produce such feelings in the minds of the ignorant and timid "Marvellous are thy works oh Lord of Hosts. Our King & our God"

I am still held fast. Mr Buckley requiring three visits daily. I hope he will recover though he is still in a most precarious state, and now, this afternoon another sad case is placed in my hands. The son of the Rev Dr Bull, who died about six weeks since. The poor fellow has been drinking incessantly since then, & is labouring under the terrible effects. He is at a low ebb. his house closed. and his wife's family refusing to allow it to be opened to receive him into it. The family are urging her to do it. I do not wonder. Their patience has been exhausted by his ill treatment of his wife and themselves. She is a sister of Mr Jacob P Jones. It seems too fearful to think of. that the son of such a man should be so abandoned. There is another brother in California of the same