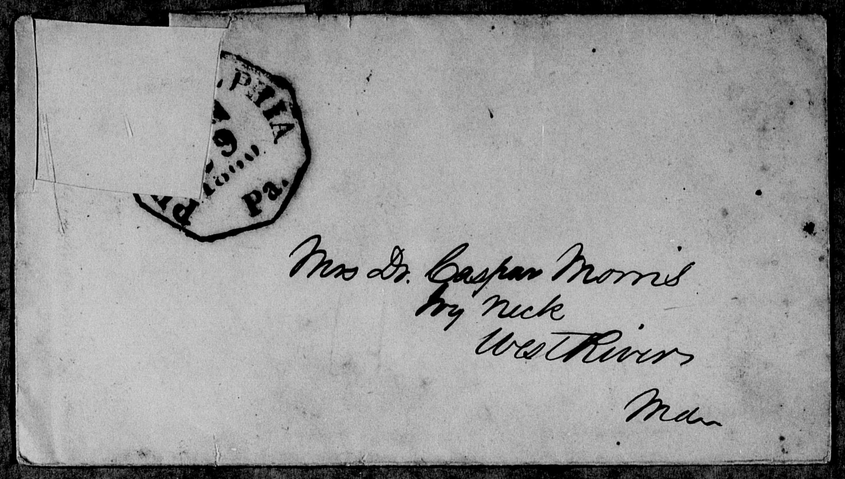
SIDE TWO



Philada. June 29th. 1860.

My dear Mother,

Father has informed you of our loss and I know we have the sympathy of all of you. But only those who have themselves felt the empty loneliness of a vacant crib & silent nursery can fully enter into the feeling. Not that we repine or would call him back if we could: we feel that it is better for him to be folded in Jesus' arms:

"There we know him safe, believing,
Only there secure from harm."

is true in the fullest sense of the lambs early gathered into the "fold eternal": It was only ten days from his dedication to God in baptism to the time that God took back His gift – nay, laid up our treasure for us above out of the reach of temptation, sin & sorrow. And now we earnestly desire to feel that he is only gone a little before there to be ready to meet us – to feel him safe in heaven as an earnest of God's promises to us – as a proof of the Savior's love – as a remembrancer to us that here we have no abiding city, but that we seek one whose builder & maker is God.

Everything around us is full of him, reminding us at every turn of our loss. We listen in the night for his call for his bottle & argument with Julia to persuade her that he really wanted it, please to hurry. He hardly ever fretted or cried – the most patient uncomplaining little lamb I ever saw. And then after meals the nurse would bring him over, and Hannah or I would