question will occur whether my being thus satisfied with what is certainly not in accordance with the common ordering of God is not sufficient cause to convince me that I am entirely wrong. I sometimes even suspect that my best thoughts and feelings are my greatest sins; and that I am left a "strong delusion to believe a lie". My only refuge for such distressing apprehensions is in the language of the penitent Peter — "Thou knowest all things thou knowest that I love Thee." If it be a delusion one thing is sure, that the highest enjoyment I have yet known on Earth has been from the belief that the Lord of heaven does condescend to look upon the sons of men; and has provided a ransom for those who have wandered and are out of the way; and has given his Son to be a propitiation for our sins; and invites the rebellious and impel to come to the foot of the Cross & looking upon Jesus to find Him reconciled through the blood of atonement and well pleased in His Son. To Him I desire to come in this way in which He has said "Whosoever cometh, He will in no wise cast ~~out~~ out." There then let us be found "looking unto Jesus" - There till the dear deliverer come I'll wait in fervent prayer, and when the call his Entire home the Lord shall find me there!"

I have often passed a sweet summer Sabbath Evening talking over that happy land which those loved ones now inhabit. Only let us labour that we just not to enter into that Rest. Galloway walks up with me and I hear his voice now quietly chatting with the two mess mates in the parlor. He thought it was best ~~you~~ not to speak a word as he passed out and they have got him fast for a while. Mrs Amelia came home last Evening leaving Sally at the Virginia Springs with the Ettings. Mrs M is looking much better and says Sally is much improved. May God bless you and your dear circle, I feel quite cheered and refreshed by the little time spent in thus holding intercourse with you all

I have finished my Memoir of Dr Lumes and am in daily expectation of the proofs of Hist of Wesleyan - The printers move slowly

Your loving husband
A Bartlett Lowrie