

W. M. Garrison

1709 Green St. Phil^a

Oct. 2nd 1862

My Dear Friend,

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Your very kind letter expressing your sympathy with me in my great bereavement, has lain long unanswered; and so have many other letters of dear friends who remembered me in that hour of sorrow. Yours I have read many times; and, every time, I have drawn fresh comfort from it. Your expression of love for my father, and your high appreciation of his character, are very grateful to my heart; and they have helped to console others, besides myself. I look upon the death of the aged, as you do; and see in it only a ministration of love to one whose life's work is done, well done, as my father's surely was. You do not say to me, as some would say, that I have no cause for grief; for you know that neither the highest philosophy concerning death, nor filial trust in God, nor the precious

legacy of sweet memories left to us by our
departing loved ones, stifles the heart's cry

"for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is gone."

Grief for own loss is not a selfish wish to recall
to the struggles of earth those whose victo-
ry and rest we won. I know that I have rea-
son for great thankfulness, and I am thank-
ful, that my father and I were companions
for so many years; that hand in hand, and
heart to heart, I walked with him through
my childhood, youth and so many years
of mature life; and I do not overlook, now,
the great wealth of soul that this com-
panionship has brought to me. All the
beauty of his life shines on me now. Sometimes
it seems to me that it was all gathered up
in the angelic expression which came upon
his face as he drew his last breath, and
which remained there, unchanged, until
the coffin hid it from our sight forever;
a look which our friend Mrs. Mott, inter-
preted into the words, "He is not here; he

is risen." Very beautifully and, I think, very truly, did she say, at his funeral, that those words had seemed to be applicable to him, for many years.

In writing or speaking to his friends concerning him, it seems to me scarcely necessary to say that his last hours were full of peace and faith, and loving acquiescence in his Father's will; for these were the characteristics of his life; and why should they not be of his death?

He is gone, and I must pursue my earthly course without him, as best I may. My life has been so intertwined with his, that it is as strange as it is sad to live on without him. Yet not wholly without him, I hope & trust. Other loved ones who have gone, have visited and communed with me in spirit, and so, I trust, will he.

My sister has returned to Providence; or she would send messages of regard, in this letter. If you or Mrs. Garrison should go to Providence, she would be very glad to see you.

Upon Mrs. Grew, my father's death has produced an unexpected effect. The shock and the grief seems to have restored her to sanity.

At least, she has appeared perfectly rational, since that time, with the exception of a few moments, occasionally, during the first few days. She has been quiet, gentle, and very desirous to do every thing possible to please my sister and myself. I accompanied her to Connecticut, where her relatives reside, and remained with ^{her} a day or two. I went no further North, for urgent business required my return home. Since that time, I have been so overwhelmed with care and with business which the executorship of my father's will has devolved upon me, that I have written scarcely any other than business letters.

In the month of July I was in the country, breathing a most invigorating atmosphere, and rapidly acquiring strength.

Though I have, since, lost all more than I gained then, I am, probably, not so much exhausted, now, as I should be, if I had not had that fund to draw upon.

I am sorry to say that our dear Mrs. Mott is in a very feeble condition. She has been quite sick, lately; and Mr. Mott seems very sad and anxious about her.

I suppose your family is all collected at home, by this time, and, I trust, are all well. I was very sorry for Franky's accident. I trust that he has entirely recovered from its consequences. Please give my love to them all. I hope to receive a letter from Mrs. Garrison before long. Her letters always do me good, and would, now, be peculiarly welcome.

We are giving thanks for the Proclamation of Emancipation wrung from a reluctant gov^t trembling beneath the retributions of justice. Was ever man so blinded, or so fettered, (I don't know which) as Lincoln? What the next three months may reveal, none can guess. Out of all this war are to come two things, by God's decree, I believe;— the abolition of American slavery, and the punishment

of this nation for its sin. Beyond this I believe
nothing, concerning the results. In all time
of our personal affliction, or national
calamity, the rock of our strength is
our faith that "the Lord God omnipotent
reigneth."

Gratefully & affectionately,
Your friend,
Mary Grew,