

Paxton Dec. 13 1847

Dear Brother & Sister

From a bed of languishing and pain I dictate a few lines to let you know that I remember you with interest & affection. I have often wished as I have lain here hour after hour left to my own reflections, that I could use a pen and reply to your letter. But no, one thing after another I have to give up, untill I can do little but lie passive and be waited on. It would be a great satisfaction to see you both, but if I must be deprived of that happiness I desire to submit cheerfully to the allotment of an all-wise Providence realizing that if we are what we profess to be, it will not be long ere we shall meet in those mansions which our Savior has gone to prepare for those that love him, to be separated no more, but to join in those ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving which emanate from that blessed company. Can it be that one so sinful and unworthy shall ever be permitted to enter those pearly gates and join in that blessed employment? Dear friends let me entreat of you so to spend the days of your health & strength as that when your turn too shall come to lie down on the bed of sickness & death, you will not have to mourn over neglected duties & misimproved privileges, not to be so much engrossed with the cares and anxieties of the world, but that you will