

Worcester June 17th 1858

Rev. George P. Marsh.

My dear Friend

[Interesting, Mysterious]

I have recd your very kind letter of May 20th with much pain, we all have our afflictions but to be confined to our bed for months with a painful malady is a trial which few can endure without great mental as well as bodily prostration. I trust that you have now recovered, and am glad to learn that Mr Marsh was improved for a month - "your conviction" "multiplied cures" which are hard enough to dispose of when in health - I am sorry my kind friend not to have a better account of you, we are however, to believe that all is for the best in the circumstances, we know not why these evils are permitted, but as we see the most exact order prevailing in all the general and grand movements of the universe - we should not doubt that this order reaches down into the most minute particulars. However confused they may seem to us, the pain seems to fall at no regular periods - and the quantity does not seem measured, (but the aggregate is the same in every 7 or 8 years. The wind blows here and there - soft or strong - and apparently without order - nevertheless the winds being the causes which comes according to order of some sort, if we could compare (and it) and know the births of our race - to some are born daughters - others sons - while some have no children - but the average of the years from year to year is the same; and so is the number - and thus we see in a general form seems to be born of chance or accident. But as all the parts are necessary to the whole - are all these apparently - accidental are designed to compose and support the grand system of divine Providence - and passing in this manner, we can well understand, that not a hair falls from our heads unknown to the laws of equilibrium - which are divine laws. I have often watched the waves in a flowing stream - seemingly confused, but when studied properly, became fully balanced - according to the elevation of the wave - so will be the trough - so more and no less - and the restless water sinks and swells in perfect obedience to the law of gravitation - It seeks rest and moves on to its repose in the bosom of the ocean - so we - if obedient to divine laws shall move on - to day up tomorrow down - so must it be - while there is life and motion - still water is dead and pestilential - we should never attempt to stop - for this is impossible though we may not see we must think, for the mind like a stream must go on - all our best activities therefore are a violence to direct its course - and there is no better time for this than when the bodily propensities have been weakened or calmed by disease - The mind is then unopposed freed from the fetters of passion - it sits not unmoved but moves upon its throne - and if ever disposed to be just and charitable to the neighbors - it is no other than it is kind - forgiving and liberal - and many who