

Brooklyn July 3<sup>rd</sup> 1853  
Sunday Eve

My own dear Sister,

Twilight rests upon the Earth & clouds are upon the sky, and I know not how much the shadows in your heart have lengthened since last we heard that our darling Baby was growing weaker- perhaps ere this evening you have become the Mother of an Angel, it is a high calling, will you not strive to live worthy of it so that we may meet our little one in the better land? I have been strangely impressed with the feeling that this afternoon you were attending the funeral & you may imagine that tears have fallen. As I have walked from room to room. I have seemed to realize the expression sentence, "behold your house is left unto you desolate" the empty cradle tells me a mournful story but I weep not for him oh no- if indeed he has gone home better far to be recalled this early, ere the heart has sin or sorrow than to tell on & after a weary pilgrimage through this vale of tears, lie down to unconscious of an ill spent life, and a fearful retribution.

"The light in your dwelling" may have gone out, but remember that it shines brighter in Heaven & that Angel hands are beckoning you upward.

The more I know of life here, the more I long to live in such a way that I might indeed ended into life here after- to me death & the grave have long since lost their terrors. The first has indeed become "the white-winged messenger"- the latter the pleasant resting place after the day's till is over & the quiet night before the breaking of the glorious day.

My earnest prayer dear Sister is that we may as an weakened household band, rise in the morning of life to a glorious immortality that we may have been found faithful repairs & go home with "songs & rejoicing carrying our shames with us".

I can say nothing to comfort you but I can direct you to one who has persevered to "raise up those who are bound down". Repine not that he has so soon removed our Baby from a world of tears to one "where tears shall be wiped from all eyes".

With much love & sympathy I am as ever your affectionate sister,  
Sarah.

Read the 14<sup>th</sup> chapter of John & be comforted

Louise requests me to enclose this little verse which she has copied for you- there is much of comfort in it and a beautiful prayer in the last two lines.