

Feb. 15th It is Sabbath evening, but I feel so lonely when Mary + the children are away on the Sabbath that I find it quite difficult to keep my fingers off from the pen. And perhaps I can spend a little time as profitably in talking with you about God's dealings with us as in any other way.

I need not tell you that your last letter to James, or that in which you describe your feelings when in near prospect of death was received ^{by me} almost as a priceless treasure. I believe your remarks were correct, & they did my soul good. Oh my brother, I believe that all our trials are working for our good. I feel very diffident in speaking of my own exercises & especially of my poor attainments; & may I never speak of them only to the glory of God's rich grace. I must acknowledge that it seems as if God had helped me within the last 2 or 3 years to rely upon him more than ever before. And I cannot doubt that my trials & embarrassments have driven me to it. But for these very trials I might never have learned to "live by faith." Nothing is more contrary to our natural wishes, than this kind of living; at the same time perhaps nothing fits the soul for heaven so fast, or glorifies Christ so much as this very living, ~~by faith~~. Ah my brother in eternity I shall thank God for sufferings &

P.S. Give the baby heartily for her mother Josiah.

embarrassments, & so will you, that is, if I as well as you are what we hope we are, Sister Sylvia will thank him for long years of agonising sickness. Some will thank him for mental sufferings, & others for blighted hopes & sore disappointments. Hooppy will it be for us if all these things have upon us the effect designed by Providence.

It sometimes seems as though I had a ~~glimpse~~ of quaff or two of the Spirit of Paul when he said "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart & be with Christ which is far better." I thought to-night while engaged in prayer, I felt a little of that desire. There is surely nothing that can attract us towards earth but the hope of doing good. From the perplexities & anxieties & toils & crushing weight of this work, by the grace of God, may we never shrink.

The loss of near friends is another means which God is using to draw his faint, erring people to himself. The late death of sister Rhoda was a deeply afflictive event to all the friends, especially so to dear sister Sylvia. When the coffin containing her precious remains was taken up by brothers Merrill & Howse, & carried into her room, & placed on a couple of chairs by her bed-side, & she raised up her poor suffering frame & took her last, long

gave at the cold day, as all the family (except
Leather) ~~his~~ house stood around in silence, Oh,
my brother she suffered, & we all wept tears
of sympathy as well as of bereavement.
But even for this trying scene she will very soon
praise Emmanuel on a seraph's sweet
harp. How comforting it is to look up-
on afflictions, ^{& trials} in this light. It makes them
many times lighter. May sister Pho-
da's death have the effect to lead all ^{of us} her
remaining brothers & sisters to consecrate
ourselves fully & forever to his service.

Monday evening, 16th. We have had a long very
cold, regularly old fashioned winter. The ther-
has fallen as low as 20° 30° & even in a few places
40° below 0. though I have not seen it lower here
than -10°.

Great interest is felt throughout the free states
as you are informed doubtless before this for the
great Hungarian exile, or chief, Louis Kossuth.
And though some missiles are hurled at his rep-
utation & his noble cause, still they have only the
effect to exalt the Man, his head, his heart, his
cause. He seems to be worthy of all the honor he
has received; though it is much more than mor-
tal ever before received on these shores. May the
time be near when despotism, slavery, & oppression
of every name shall be fully revealed & consumed by
the light & fire of Liberty civil & christian, pure & perpetual.

But my brother + sister, I must conclude this long
epistle, wishing you success in your most la-
borious, ~~with~~ most self sacrificing work. May you
always find it a pleasant work; may you
soon see scores + hundreds of the people taking
sides with Jesus + his glorious cause; may
you always be cheered with his presence,
in life + in death. I need not ask you to write
for I know you will as often as circumstances
will allow.

Your own affectionate
brother.

J. Lyman.