

Stowe July 2^d 1864.

My Dear Friend:

I returned from hospital yesterday and last eve received your kind note. I had previously received the sad intelligence of Willie's death from your mother who wrote me on the receipt of the Chaplain's letter. I wrote her at once, but was so busy making arrangements to come home, that I had not the leisure I desired in writing you on such an occasion. The earliest opportunity at home, however, finds me writing you.

By a dispensation of Providence, you have lost a brother loving and loved, and I my truest and best earthly friend. The home circle is once more invaded and another most loved is taken. The blow is as sudden as it is severe. We knew he was in a position of great peril of life and limb, yet we fondly hoped that he would be spared to return and be to us for many years to come, the same loving brother, the same true friend. With this hope was he commended to our Heavenly Father's care, with the feeling that he was "better than many sparrows" and nothing could happen to him amiss. To him indeed it is not amiss, for our loss is his eternal gain, yet by the blow, fond hopes are crushed, loving hearts desolated and a bright light extinguished. In his last hours he could pray as the dying student, "Lord if thou hast aught for me to do here, prolong my life, if not, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." His earth-work was finished, there was nothing more for him to do and "his spirit went to God who gave it." In making up his jewels, Jesus wanted him, and in the heavenly coronet he will shine a diamond of the purest water.

I need not here speak of his noble and manly qualities, of his rare gifts of mind and heart, of the place he filled in the home circle, of the universal

