

Permit. April 12. 1877.

My dear Father,

My first emotion on receiving the news of dear Mother's death was selfish. I was blinded by tears of regret that I had not found the opportunity to see her one word and that I could not have been one of those to smooth her hair, and close her eyes. But this, after all, was but a part of the vow which has separated me from you all so long, and which may defer our meeting until we can all assemble around the throne. I was not long in reacting to a sense of your loss, and in thinking how the lonely months and years must pass by unaided all parting ~~for you forever~~. It is no slight alleviation of the pain of parting to reflect that it scarcely cost her a moment's pain, and did not even entail the sorrow of a farewell. "He fell on sleep." How few could hope for such a departure! No tragic suffering! Not even the pain of knowing that others must sorrow and pine! It will ever be a blessed recollection to me that she was born and died

dying struggle, and that her end was peace.

It touched us both very much to know that one of her latest acts was getting a photograph for us. We shall value it as we could not have done under other circumstances. I have longed for a photograph of her as good as that of yourself. We shall hang them together in our back parlor which serves us as a dining room, and think of you always as ever as we love and hope.

It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to think of the unselfishness and devotion of mother to us all, but especially to me, in all my sicknesses, and when not ill, in the frail health and long convalescences through which I passed in my childhood and youth. I shall try to be a better father and husband for the recollection.

I have not yet told the children. They are very sympathetic in their natures, and will feel it very much. But I shall rather point them to the rest in Jesus' bosom, and try to get them to picture dear Grandma as she is, even than as she was, so good and dear to them on earth.

Our little one is a great solace to us. He is much the most healthy and robust of our children. His cheery laugh fills the house with joy. Apart from all the satisfaction which a parent feels in his little ones, the reaction of me upon the others is one of the most favourable means of education. It does much toward rooting selfishness, and implanting charity.

And here I see a blessed provision of the watchful love of God to you. The merry voices of Julia's little ones are a sweet consolation sent from heaven for your solace. You are know better, even than as a father how to comfort dear Julia, and to care for those fatherless ones.

I have one request to make. Is it that you will plant a little arborvitae for me in the cemetery where they laid dear Mother to rest. I want you, for former sake, to try it forth by me, and to tend it for me. I shall think of it as growing there, a token of my faith in the resurrection of the body, and my hope of a reunion with in the better land.

When you reply, please send me the date of yours and mother's birth. I want to write them in our family bible.

I think of the broken circle, and the void

my gaps, scarcely filled by the little new comers,  
who are only partly known to all, and I am  
reminded that our time is short. A few more  
years at best, and all that is worth living for  
will be ours. God has greatly blessed us,  
mingling with the prosperity such adversity  
as He saw best. But He knows that no  
any earthly comfort or good name can be  
a change for the Church is hope, and  
we have, in His electing mercy, given us the  
hope. May we be worthy of His choice. Give  
me bended knees the glory to Him for the faith-  
ful instructions and unintermitting prayer.  
My father and my mother, God bless you  
for all you have given me of sound know-  
ledge, high principle, and heavenly faith.  
May my children rise to a conscious  
the benefits of inherited gifts, not silver  
and gold, but perchance with the usings of  
truth, honor, faith in God, and love to  
men. I pour my heart out in prayer to  
God that you may have all the riches of  
His grace in this time of waiting for His  
coming.

Ever your loving and grateful son  
George E. Post.