

My Dear Br Silsbee,

Charleston 16th April 1840

I fear you begin to think that I have forgotten you (as I have, so long, delayed on answer to yours of the 21st Jan 1840, which was, I assure you, received with much pleasure;) but Sir, the acquaintance formed with you, and the attachment wrought in my heart for you, as a brother in Christ cannot be easily broken up. The hours passed in the enjoyment of your society hang upon the memory still, with a sort of solemn pleasure which language would fail to describe. Those hours are sealed up unto the judgment of the great day. When the mind darts forward but a few months, then with feelings of much interest, I can but say, and must, my dear Br Silsbee leave his native land so soon. Can I see his face no more in the flesh? Can I hear his voice in prayer & praise no more on earth? Can I no more give to him and receive the bond of friendship? O my Br, when I think of parting with a tried friend, to meet no more on earth, there is (sometimes) a strange shock passes through the whole frame work of the physical constitution, and unbelief rises up and asks, why is it necessary? Cannot God save his own chosen ones in Burmah without so much self denial, such a tearing asunder of friends, and such a breaking up of the truest ties? But, I then hear a voice from heaven saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "Go teach all nations baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, & Holy Spirit." Ah! then I pant to go myself, saying in my heart, O that I were prepared to go and publish salvation to the poor Heathen. So you see, how versatile I am in my feelings. I am a wooden block to myself but, I must not fill my sheet by preaching myself, for that cannot be interesting or profitable.

We were pleased to hear that your journey back to Hamilton was pleasant. I think your visit with the missionaries in Boston and with these "Spiritual Sisters," must have been very pleasant indeed. Goodly conversation, sanctified is of great value & very sweet to the Christian. You say, sometimes in prayer, "O Lord I want to come near to you, and at other times, you are obliged to say, "Oh my learned, leanness." I often have to repeat the language, Oh my learned & I think I know something of the inward trials of the Christian, as well as the outward.