New Haven Sept 26 1834

My dear Sister,

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue, and they that love it shall eat the good thereof."—The Lord had been merciful to me in all my ways. He has been continually increasing my obligation to him entirely devoted to his service, and I hope he has granted me in some measure to see the passing nature of all things earthly— I think I have a desire to live for some good cause, though when I look within I am convinced that in me that is in my flesh there dwelleth not good things, but enough about myself—something of Brother Perkins. I had the privilege of becoming more intimately acquainted with him after coming to N. H. than before. He is eminently a holy man. The love of God dwell richly in him—he makes only the guide of every action, he prays much and sets all his confidence in God. I never saw a man who trusted to implicitly in God in all things. No affection nor disappointment can move him, for he has an unceasing and abiding faith that God does all things well; he knows no trouble in a temporal sense, he always has an abundance of the good things of this life. The Lord brought him to N. H. in the right time to honor himself through his instrumentality in the conversion of many sinners and thus to give him a large place in the confidence and affection of the
good people of X. It who were kind to him almost to excess.
for I fear their kindness tended to dissuade him to meet
the coldness and contempt of the heathen, but perhaps we
I trust the Lord will more than make up to him all
his sacrifices by the comforting presence of his Spirit.
I went with them to Philadelphia, and dwell with them
while there. It was at the time of the sitting of the General
Assembly, he learned to enjoy the communion of Christian
friends and ministers in a high degree. The ordination
was a truly interesting, yes a painfully interesting scene.
Brother B. said the Lord was graciously near
to him, and I know he was so near as the rest of
the congregation for few restrained this tear. The house
(Fr. Ely Church) was crowded to overflowing and the tears
was closed. They said unwilling still to go. The congregation
all united round and took his hand and bade him
"God's speed," and still they lingered. They wished to see
him still.

Such scenes are rare. And he has gone to meet no more
such Christian friends. In Christian lands no
such protecting teacher gives to the winds and waves command
to bear him on to rest until he then comes
in those appointed hours.

What added much interest to the meeting was the pres
Of Mr. McLeod and Mathewson, Mr. McLeod particularly.
What a lovely, lovely man! He makes one think of John
the beloved disciple. To smile is affectionate, to pursu
8, to speak, so innocent, so upright, so devoted. I know the
St. Andrews loves him. O that I had a spirit as pure as his.
In commending Brother P. to Mr. Outstaff he was particularly eloquent. Mr. O.'s wife was a member of Mr. Read's church, and of course he was intimately acquainted with her and her home. He says she was a most lovely woman. You probably know that the heathen who became acquainted with her called her "the heavenly woman." O. how much more enviable such a title then that which they gave to Alexander, "the mighty warrior." Mr. Read says he had long been praying that the Lord would send somebody to help Brother Outstaff but he little thought he was coming to America to do his purpose. I believe Brother P. took a letter of introduction to Mr. O. from Mr. Read. Brother P. endeavors to feel that he was already intimately acquainted with Mr. O. and that he would meet with a most cordial welcome to all the joys and privileges of the missionary life with him.

But more of this hereafter. I can almost close the page on the subject. Dear Isabella you said in your last that some of my dear Christian friends who have instilled a love of missions in my heart had been wounded in their feelings because their charity has not been acknowledged and requested me to write them a note acknowledging the receipt of whatever I might receive from them. How can I write such a note? I confess that it is one of the most difficult things I can undertake to bring my mind to a willing acceptance of alms. But I have determined to know nothing but Christ, to consult in no way the natural pride of my heart but count it an honor and privilege with all these blessings, what shall I be interested in me in the name of Christ and for the honor of his name? It is a SACRED trust.
Ship Abigail Bent.
Framingham, Mass.