Canton, March 12th, 1843

Dear Sister Maria,

I addressed you by the "Malik" a fortnight since, acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 9th. I am, in which you say that Catherine went about at the time of the loss. Conceive then my astonishment on learning by a letter of 15th Oct from Cousin J. B. Bitgood, of her sickness at least not such that she is longer in the world. This intelligence was received on the 17th, it overwhelmed me with grief; for the unexpected event, came unexpectedly at last. I cannot think for a moment that she is any longer alien to me, and I grieve at her fate, it will be pleasing to know that she is longer a sufferer on earth. But from the minute account of her symptoms in Cousin J. B.'s letter, it is impossible that she should be longer in the body. I feel I should face it, for it were unkindly known to me. The evening it rained after the receipt of the letter, I could not overcome my grief to walk, till next morning. With a supernatural activity which the Terminus of the affliction had impressed on my mind, thoughts in number I cannot estimate almost interminable, brood over my soul, in the course of a few hours, the thought of afflictions of such longer interval lost power to its overwhelming. The world is all that is truly worldly, indiscernible to an atom, lighter than air, a light from the Sun world seemed to shine around me. Oh that I may long retain those scenes of this world, I of known, dear Sister Maria, what a strong I tender cord has been frayed! o what tender earthly affections are hence burned! But
in the midst of affliction, I judge myself to have abundant occasion to sing of the mercies of the Lord. The loss of an irreparable earthly loss, but home gained an additional treasure in the heavens. How delightful to contemplate one more of the fruits of time completed! One more

God had fulfilled its destiny. I that felt our disasters, that the designs of the Father's death, as it respects our present distress, have not been defeated. I that the best made willing in the sting of the Spirit's power, that the worst only made a subject of unwrapping grace, entry upon the spiritual warfare, the conflict with sin and sinners, within and the influence of the world without. I grace in our several circumstances. What consolations can equal these?

In one of her last letters received before leaving China, she wrote, "some glorying God by doing his will, others by suffering it. If I please God, but I should thus glorify him. I am willing, "to move than our graces the time, darkness shews us worlds of light. Nor never run by day" applying

it to her feeble health. The Chinese principle was enlighten

d. She loved her Redeemer's Kingdom, it was shall I

forget the simplicity, sincerity of her converse? I that I should

Then go to China. "May I consult my own feelings, dear

brother, I that I spirit, but when I think of the brethren

to hope that your may be their food I shall fully say,

you." When last at home, she frequently said that on me

account would be the custom. I esteem it a great pity

that I was permitted to revisit home while the worst of all

I feared would I love much more of that visit with her. And I

consulted my feelings, both when the immediate demands of

duty presented. It is a solace in this hour of affection to think

that a kind providence put in my power to be one,
thing while she was yet able to add to her comforts and my dear sister. I have but two joys, since your sister's death, as thought of your devotedness to me, home and duties. I have noticed the tenderness with which you have watched her day and night, childfully bearing with the infirmities of sickness. I fervently hope I will be granted toilers and friends and find a thousand and fold reward you for your faithful affection and care.

Since writing down to this letter one has come in from your dear sister, Kitty, dated “March 10th, 1833.”

And to our precious Catherine, now employed in raising the praises of the Redeemer in the bright abode of bliss? one of the heavenly choirs? O! My dearest husband, I was not prepared to hear that God had taken our beloved sister home! I wish that I were with you now, afflicted husband, our tears would flow together, mine would feel together, xx I do not by what I could. I cannot delineate my feelings on paper. I wish that we could work together! but in concert, our tears must flow on in silence as we each commune intimately with the Heavenly Father, who wills willingly afflict those he loves.

“Jesus Weep” I am too weak, dear husband. I know how the weeping of this tear has caused your heart to bleed, for I know how closely dear Catherine loved entwined herself around it. And the hand found a tender place in my heart too, I knew her, I loved her most tenderly. She in return gave me a place in her purely human affection. But she is gone! gone to be with the Savior xx gone to the “First Eternal Home.” And more with what force a sympathy made by our now tainted lips, the morning I left her, comes to my recollections. It was that I would sing to her the
"For Eternal Home" I thought always of her, when I should bring it. Then lives the second to dwell there particularly.

Then when we must with holy joy

"Though it parting come,

But even ending days still,

"Thou wilt find us all at home
dour rest! and the bus now gone to that home! all trace

an found from his eyes & the know me mine & his & his &
frown, brought husband, I can ask injuries with you that
for his not our dear sisters your esteem in the mission
of his junior when longs? bosoms will ever in her
employment. Christ has been sitting by, purifying her
in the former of afflictions, tell he gave his own image
reflected in her. His work is accomplished, she placed her
among the truly and around the throne, when we hope

join her." I now greater thus much from "Nativity," last
he much it sheds her heart, I engage to among sentiment
concerning your Catherine, that you will join in,
which I could not do with truth of heart. But
I must close, will I come. When our Maria, I think
of Catherine's case began I finished, so that my own commence
ed nearing, I am affectionately remember that mine
is hastening to its close, what I do must be done
quickly. Pray for us, your dearest sister, that she may be blessed
in the work for the accomplishment of which we have
left deep relating to her without us, declaring on others to her
from this last kind office of affection I love. Extend to make
them to us, our sin in our sympathy. I condemn with the
affliction they two have sustained in the death of Joseph Joann.

Health writes from Meenas, that she healthy is much improved &
that her son to rejoin us in Contos, she will probably write
you. Much love to Mr. Jay, to all our many dear friends in it.

Aff. & Adm. Your Brother,

C. Parker