

Amenbury, N<sup>o</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> Mo.  
1856

My dear friend

When the God of Love sees fit to call to Himself those whom we have loved & revered, it has seemed to me that not of the circle of those who have been privileged to enjoy the familiar acquaintance & confidence of the dear ones, the common-place expressions of sympathy, can never be of much value, & may even be felt as a positive injury—a profane intrusion upon the sacred places of our hearts. I hope, that a word from me, at this time may not be so regarded, even since my first acquaintance with the excellent woman who has been called away from us, I have been thankful for the great privilege of retaining her among my friends. I have never

met with a more beautiful & thoughtful  
character; and by the sense of loss which  
I feel, I can estimate in some degree  
the magnitude of the new bereavement.

We have read with deep interest  
the volume forwarded to us. It is indeed  
a precious & tenderly beautiful tribute  
to the memory of a good man. It seems  
really marvellous, that the writer, so  
burdened by sorrow & bereavement of friends,  
should have been able so well to perform  
her grateful task of affection.

I need not tell thee that  
I should be happy to see thee at  
any time, at any place, & that I  
shall be glad to call on thee when  
I am in N. York.

Very truly & affectionately  
thy friend  
Elizabeth Weston

25.  
myself

2025-50nd-12/16/55-3220