

Philander Chase Letters

1-28-1844

Letter to Rachel Denison

Philander Chase

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Mrs. Jamison

Substee

KCh 440128
28. Jan. 1844

My dearest Sister Rachael.

As usual I have arisen this morning before day. It is Sunday morning and I have to preach twice. For Samuel is too weak in his breast and Dudley has to ride ten miles to officiate this day.

Mr Chase my dear wife and Sarah Samuel are quite indisposed with bad colds as also is Mrs Bennett who lives in the house with us being the sister of Henry's wife & Philander's wife. Henry's wife is about being confined with her 2^d Child and having so few persons to whom we can apply for assistance in time of peril and so many of these few being indisposed I am quite anxious about our dear Daughter

as also is our dear ^{Dudley's wife is well} ^{many} ^{for this we are very thank}ful. It is very cold and we have no snow as you have to help us go about.

You kind Mr. S. to Laura's letter of the 3rd was read with great sympathy. Your love reunited. Our affectionation to the end our boy of life is or ought to be a subject of great rejoicing to us both. The Lord Jesus hath been our Redeemer and is I trust our sure hope in life and death. He alone hath brought life

and in mortality to light and in this
his light we will rejoice ever more. Death
is a dreadful Subject: but so only in reality to
the wicked and unbeliving. I have already
alluded to our life as a Voyage: it is
indeed so through a tempestuous sea of
never ending perplexity, toil and suffering
— How pleasing the sight of the Haven
open after it is all over. — Did not I
rejoice at the thought that Land was
nigh when coming from Europe? — You
may readily felicity there was at its sight
for trouble was at an end and the hope
of enjoying the country of all that was dear to me
without alloy. — Even so should the believer
feel only more intense delight because of the
never ending nature of the felicity before
him. Set us then to strow our heads at the
approach of him who by the world is called the
king of terrors. For he is no longer such
to us. His spear is broken and his domin-
ions conquered. 'Tis to thee Oh thou Blest
Jesus who hast led captivity captive

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