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New Haven Feb. 8th 1895

My affectionately beloved son,

Mysterious are the ways of Providence. My heart is in pain & deeply sorrowful while I announce to you the sudden & unexpected death of your dear & deservedly loved wife. Her disease proved to be an affection of the heart, incurable had it been known. Dr. Smith's letter accompanying this will explain all you will desire to know on this subject - I wrote you yesterday that she was convalescent - so she then appeared, & so the Dr. pronounced. She was up about 5 o'clock & by P.M. to have her bed made as usual, was unusually cheerful & social - spoke of the pleasure of being with her dear husband in N. Y. ^{in company} - She fell into bed herself fell back with a struggle on her pillow her eyes were immediately fixed - the paleness of death immediately ^{just at the slightest motion} over spread her countenance & in 5 minutes more her mortal life terminated. It happened that just at this moment I was entering her Chamber door with Charles in my arms, to pay her my usual visit & to pray with her - The nurse met me, affrighted, calling for help - your mother, the family, our neighbors, full of the tenderest sympathy & kindness, & the ~~doctors~~ doctors, thronged the house in a few minutes - every thing was done that could be done to save her life - But her "appointed time" had come & no earthly skill or power could stay the hand of death. It was the Lord who gave her to you - the chiefest of all your earthly blessings.