

stead. The Great Father also requires that his children should love him, requires also that they should love their earthly parents; and when no fragment of our bodies perishes, without producing something beautiful in its stead, it would be impossible indeed to believe that a child's love and duty were buried in the grave, and that from their ashes nothing sprung again.

As his form is changed for one of whom brightness we can have no conception, so I think his regard and care for you are excited in other degrees. He spoke of returning to England where at last he could have been with you but for a time. He is now with you always. The air about us has been said to be thick with guardian angels, and I believe it in my soul. The meeting with you to which he now looks forward is darkened by no thought of separation. The idea of death, which would seem to have been frequently present to him is past, and he is happy.

That you and Mrs. Beadnell may be happy in your remaining children, and in the recollection of him who is spared all further trials, is the heart-felt and earnest wish of your dear, and faithful friend  
Charles Beadnell

Wm. Beadnell

63M35

1 Devonshire Terrace.

Thursday Evening Dec: 19<sup>th</sup> 1839.

My Dear Sir.

One of the gentlemen who have so feelingly acquitted themselves of their melancholy duty in the letters which I now return to you, says it would be hopeless to offer you any consolation on the bereavement you have sustained in the loss of your dear son. I differ from him, and confidently trust that in the very letters which brought to you the sad intelligence of his death, you have long since thus found a source of deep and lasting reflection - reflection, which, whenever the loss



presents itself to your mind with softness  
its first bitterness more and more, and renders  
it less hard to bear.

It is nothing that death is inevitable,  
but it is something that it has been without  
pain - how much more that it has been  
unperceived and tranquil - that the object of  
our love and regret has passed away in peace,  
leaving nothing behind but pleasant thoughts  
of his worth and excellences, and his timely  
reliance upon that merciful Being who did  
not desert him in his hour of need. In  
the plain and honest tribute to his memory  
which his old companions pay, there is  
- I am sure - more lasting comfort for  
you, than they (who are not fathers) can  
conceive; and sharp as the pain must be  
of losing a child, and that child our

so well deserving of your love and affection,  
even his high deserts will, I feel assured,  
reconcile you only the sooner to his untimely  
fate.

Remember, my dear Sir, that the barrier  
which divides you now, is nothing  
to the grief which has been between you  
ever since his boyhood. It is impossible  
to separate the idea of the dead from  
the companionship of the living. His  
thoughts were with you in life, but in  
that state which succeeds to death -  
in that happy state in which he  
surely is at this moment - to whom  
can his spirit cleave so strongly as  
to his mother and father? If in the  
living, the affection survives  
beyond the grave, it is but reasonable  
to hold that they survive with the