

I don't buy
Lois Winslow-Spraggi's
Comment.

this is on the death
of one of BVT's
{friends?} before
their marriage
1875

~~Charles Brinley (U.S.A.)
writes a nice letter to his
old friend B. J. Harringer~~

~~January 1884~~

This letter written
at the time of B. J. H's
father's death -

M. Gill College.

Tuesday

My dear, dear Lou,

What shall
I say to you? Where shall
I find words, gentle & strong
enough, to speak comfort
to your heart. Perhaps all
I can do, is to tell you over &
over again, that I love you,
dearly, truly, & that God
loves you far, far better.
Listen to His voice, dearest.
He alone can speak peace in
trouble, & cause you to rejoice
even in sorrow. The nearer
we are to God, the less can
we ever be really separated
from our loved ones.

They are in His dear hands,
close to His loving heart, &
that is the only place where
we can rest. Perhaps death
may only bring us nearer,
not-separate us; but not in
the belief & knowledge of this,
can make any difference to
the blank, the loss. & our
Lord himself wept when ^{His}
friend died. In all points
He can feel for us, & is touched
by our feelings.

But-dearest, dearest, I
am trying to do what cannot
be done! I have thought of
you every minute since
you left, & I cannot help
being dreadfully sorry, that
all these days when you
have been expecting this
sorrow, I have been so careless,
& happy, so thoughtless of any-
thing but the passing hour.
I had no idea that the end

was so near, I had not the slightest notion of how things really were. I know that it was your unselfish kindness that kept you from speaking of it - to me. but oh my dear Bernard, you must never do so again, I do not want - only to share your good & happy times, I do not care to if I am to be kept in ignorance of trouble as if I were a child - I am not a child, dear heart, & surely it is my right, to at least feel for you, & with you in every sorrow, even if I cannot comfort you -

But - dear don't fancy I am blaming you, far, far, from it, - only I do reproach myself with being so blind & selfish, but I know you forgive me for it, - even before I ask you. I wish with

all my heart that you c^d
stay at home longer, for they
can understand so much
better than I, what you have
lost, in the dear one, whom
God has taken, but if you
are not too tired, you will
come to me directly you return
will you not? Unless perhaps
a little quiet will be better
for you, if you feel that, do
not mind coming till you
feel it - we'll be really a comfort.

If there is anything mamma
& I c^d do, in the way of shop-
ping or ordering things, we
shall do it - with all our
hearts. But don't even speak
of this to your mother unless
you think it we'll really be
a help to her.

These are wretched,
poor wares, to send you
dear, but you must try &
read in them, the love &

sympathy I long to send
to you. May the Lord
bless & comfort you, my
dear Bernard -

I suppose another
letter we scarcely have
time to reach you, before
you leave for town -

The time will seem
long till I see you again;
& you, dear, must not
feel quite desolate, while
you have -
your own
Anna