

Andover, N.H.

Jan. 27 - 1865

My Dear Dear One

I received your letter of sad tidings today, but how should I answer it? I know, my Love, that you look to me for consolation in a measure for support in this your hour of trial and it is right that you should, but how can I give it? I who have never known grief of this nature since the cold grave claimed my Mother - yet now I remember that and though my heart has been a stranger to a mother's love, I ~~am~~ am an orphan again in spirit. I cannot comfort you, my One, but I will mourn with you. I may not mourn the brother loved and cherished, - for I have never known that tender tie and therefore cannot mourn its severance. It came into my mind but now, - how little I can comprehend your grief. As you well know the ties of the home circle bind me but slightly. I almost fear sometimes that I should scarcely feel, - as many others do, - were all the ties of kindred broken. I fear Emma that your Love, is harder hearted than you ever supposed. His own wicked acts and thoughts and the coldness of the world have calloused it and made it hard, very hard, and it would seem almost invulnerable to the assaults of sorrow.

Though you have been stricken Emma, bow in submission and thankfulness, to Him who giveth good and perfect gifts, and praise His Mercy in giving you a brother, for he gave you with it a well-spring of Love, in your own bosom, which will never dry up. ^{enough} I cannot sorrow for your noble brother as a brother I can mourn because my Loved One mourns. I can weep that Emma

is said. Oh, gladly would I throw my arms around you now, and let you weep upon my breast. You should then know and feel how deep and earnest is the sympathy your "God-made husband" gives you. I cannot write it. It would seem cold and formal and unsatisfying. The sun is just now peeping through the almost closed shutters of my window, as if it would drive out the shadow, and make all within bright and cheerful. It seats upon the carpet and the quaint figures on the wall paper, as lovingly and cheerily as cherub-faces peep over the battlements of Heaven down into the Valley of Death to cheer redeemed souls passing through its gloom. Even thus would I come and bring light into the darkened chamber of your soul. But as the light which steals through the shutters comes from the great Invisible, that which I would give you must come from the same great Fountain. You know the way to His Mercy Seat. You know the abundance of His Grace, May His Light be around you in my earnest prayer. I will meet you at that Mercy Seat, and my poor prayers shall not be wanting that this Providence of God may be sanctified to us all. I had much desired to become acquainted with your departed brother, as you well know. I felt that if we could become acquainted we should like each other very much, and I doubt not we should. I had heard so much of him from you and Angie, had learned so much of him from letters which I had seen, that I had learned to esteem him very highly and look forward with anticipation to the time when we should meet. It was doubtless from some wise purpose, what I know not, that we were prevented from becoming in some measure acquainted, and I shall hope through the abundant mercy of our Father to meet in that house where there are many mansions. Though the family

circle is broken on Earth my Beloved it may be reunited again in Heaven. I cannot but think how foolish it was of me to express to you the impression that I had that Death would enter your family during the year. I don't know what gave me the impression but I was almost unpardonable in uttering it. You doubtless felt much more solicitude and anxiety about it before you heard of it than ^{you} would have felt, had I never even mentioned it. I must confess that I was weak enough to think of it, and be almost frightened by it last winter when Angie was sick. Seeing then how much useless anxiety and fear any such thing may occasion, I have determined to avoid as much as possible such remarks hereafter. I must not write much more for it is very late and I am writing by lamp light. I know it is not necessary that I should write many words to let Emma know how fully her sorrow is, my sorrow. You may have thought my last letter ill timed, and doubtless it so seemed, but Love, I did not then know your affliction, and it only spoke my heart. If your parents would not think me intrusive, give them my earnest sympathy, and my trust in our hope that "the Healer" will lead them "with tenderest care" through the dark valley, and along the rough pathway of affliction up - up to the Mount of God and ceaseless Joy. Tell our sisters, that though afflicted they are not brotherless. Let our Saviour be your comfort, and may the bitter cup of sorrow be sweetened by Faith and we all may wish Death cannot enter.

Abigail

P.S. I will send that letter when I write again. It is among your letters and I shall not have time to get it until tomorrow afternoon and wish to mail this in the morning.

Albion
[Signature]

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