

333 East 58th Street
New York.
May 17, '91.

Dear Mr. Bourgeois

A little before the demise of my beloved son, on expressing, as I had often done, my deep gratitude for his generous devotion to us all, I said it was my intention to leave a true record of it behind me, little imagining that I should survive him.

Deeming you to have been one of his true friends, I beg to present you with the enclosed Sonnet, as a slight testimony to his filial love from his grateful father.

In connection with past years the accompanying programme may have some interest for you.

Yours respectfully:

W. D. P. Mien

Sonnet

To the Memory of

William Frank O'Brien.

Son of my heart ! lost sunshine of my soul !
Whose sad eclipse hath darkened all my days;
Save when I dwell upon thy pleasant ways
And brilliant life, can I my tears control,
Tho' years have passed since to the final goal
Thy spirit soared away. Would thou could'st hear
The gushing, fervent, ever-constant prayer
Which gratitude from out my heart doth roll
For all thy filial love. My lonely age, sweet
Sweet treasure of my soul, in thee hath lost
Its noblest prop; thy solace, cherished most,
Ever my cares dispersed with counsel sage.
Mindful, dear son, of all thou'st been to me,
May all the joys of Heaven be thine eternally.

William Desmond O'Brien.