

Tuesday Evening May 11/57

Dear Friends

I take the present opportunity to send you a few lines by Ann who leaves tomorrow morning I do not expect to write a letter as Ann can tell you more than I can write we are all tolerable well I have in a great measure regained my health although not my strength nor constitution I need not I hope tell you that I sympathise with you in your afflictions as that we could not refuse to under like circumstances to entire strangers how much less then could we refuse the warmest sympathy of our nature when affliction falls on dear friends with whom we have associated in many of the relations of life reason observation and experience alike reveal to us that this life is in a great measure made up of trial and affliction and that unalloyed happiness dwells not on earth and yet amid its darkest scenes a ray of sunshine will sometimes gild our solitary path which enables us if not with pleasure at least with ~~very~~ resignation pursue the path of duty and hope oft a dubious charmer points us to a more peaceful tomorrow - often have I known consolation when my mind was filled with deep gloom and I have thought my cup of affliction was almost full others I have felt have quaffed its bitterness to its very dregs - and while viewing even in imagination the gloomy picture of wretchedness would often chase each murmuring thought away and contentment has regained her rightful sway over my mind but however things may be and but should prosperly gird or adversity try our virtues may we always feel that we have a friend near to us to whom the glances of midnight shines as the midday sun and oh may we possess that hope that will brightly

introduce us to the society of those friends
that have taught us how the Christian dies I should
- not be pleased if circumstances permitted to visit you this
season and I still cherish the idea of sometimes seeing
you again but you know change is deeply marked on
all surrounding objects and we partake deeply of its
vibratory qualities but I cannot wholly resign the
sweet anticipation of yet visiting you but I have
already written more than I expected to write when I began
and from the haste and a severe headache under which I have
written I fear you cannot read this except our thanks for your
letter and kind remembrances and that I should never guard
you with more than parental kindness is the wish of

Yours truly V. Bourne Sr

P.S. Some can tell you more news than I can write

See

My

Mr. W. J.

John W. Bourne