

with writing, and waiting for answers. -
Has dear Jane & Francis, no message to send
us? Nor Maggie and Joseph? - Tell him I do
not forget how helpful he was when he went
with us to the Penitentiary. - The Master whom
we are, and whom we serve, has a blessing in
Reserve for all who accept the present opportu-
nity of doing good. I find the lines below comforting,

"Courage, O weary pilgrim,

Timidly journeying on,

The mist that one thick about thee

Will soon be over, and gone.

Take the step that is nearest to thee,

And soon shall the darkened way -

Brilliantly open before thee,

In the full, fair light of the day."

Sadness will sometimes come over us my Cousin,
when we miss so many who once gladdened our
life's pathway. - But the nearer I approach the
end of the journey, the more certainly do I feel
no disposition to go back - or to be one day youn-
ger than I am. "I can go to them, but they can-
not return to me." When I think of this, and ask
the power of endurance from above, it comes,

and determined
to trust the unseen
hand that has
guided me all my
life long - even to
the present
moment - even
to the end.

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