

Spring Garden, Texas,  
Nov 17<sup>th</sup>, 1872.

Dear Sister and Brother Clark,

My heart has been full ever since I've heard of little Add-ran's death; full of sympathy, because I have enough of parent feeling to know your desolation; and full of grief, too, for I love the little darling dearly, and it comes very near home to think that his bright face will greet me no more this side of angel-land. Often have I wished to see and talk with you both, though I know in the depth of grief, in the desolation of your hearts, words of cheer are hollow and vain. I know that there is no power that can wipe the tears from your eyes and soothe the broken hearts and then you know I have often wished to be with you and yours, had it been possible. It was the bitterest disappointment to me that Bro. Clark should have been so near today and I could not see him. But the little angel—let us think of him. When I turn from the broken circle around the hearth, from the wreck of fond hopes and a noble career which even I had marked out for him, and think of him as the little angel, my tears are dried. No more fears about him; no more trouble, no more sorrow, no more suffering for him. 'Tis we and those that are left—that must weep and endure. This is past. Bright, radiant and joyous he is ever now learning lessons of love, Heaven and happiness—lessons which we must learn through

much tribulation and anguish, his pure mind and heart can take direct from the Saviour's lips. He is waiting for us there. The home-circle is broken. One link is gone and it can never be renewed on this earth, but oh! will it not be happy to rebind it and survey it as a perfect unit in that land where changes never come? Still, to live without him is so hard. Yes, indeed it is. To lose a child, not to lose either, but to live without it is something to which we can never get accustomed as to other sorrows; but it is a lesson we have to learn from a loving chastening Father. He, and he alone, can teach and sweet and happy are the fruits of the hard lesson. But you know and I am but the humblest learner. I love the little boy I was wont to call my boy and I do indeed sympathize in your sorrow. Give my love to your mother and the children. I little ones and believe me

your sister in a banishment  
Clara

Clara, no doubt, was quite disappointed, when she learned you had preached today at Spring Garden. Last night the brethren thought you would not come.

She being unwell, I thought it imprudent to take her out in the cold. Hence, we had not the pleasure of hearing you. Could words express the sympathy we feel for you in your bereavement I would dearly love to record it. L. W.