Sandusky, June 29, 1864.

Dear Augusta:

What can I say to you under this terrible bereavement? I feel as if I could only weep, I can not even attempt the unwelcome part of consoler—such grief is so recent and so unexpected can not meet with comfort or consolation from only one source. I felt though, as if I must write a few words—to tell you how much you are in any thoughts. I have only as far as it is possible, to express with these, you in your loss.

Your letter from the hospital was the first intimation I had received of your husband's misfortune. I was shocked—but the cheerful tone of your letter, of course, led me to hope that I should soon hear of
his consolation. You will know there is one duty possible, namely the announcement of his death.

What a comfort it must have been to you, to be able to be with him. Was he conscious of his situation? I am able to talk with you concerning it? Do not picture yourself with the attempt to write one about all this now. But when you feel as if you could, you may be sure I would love to hear from you. When the thought crosses your mind of the loneliness of bereavement it would be to lose any dear husband. I feel as if I could enter into your feelings, I fully sympathize with thine. But I know that is impossible. No friend however near can share the bitter cup with us at such times. Christ's withdrawal from his disciples, his chosen companions, in his hour of mortal agony, and asking only from the Father comfort in consolation, must be the experience of all who pass through the sad trial of losing those so near and dear to us, and like him, though the cup may not pass from you, yet I do hope and pray that before long you may be enabled to add, "Not my will, but thine be done."

This is your dear child, your only child. I am assured, if that is any consolation in your grief. If the deep sympathy of all your friends here. Yours affectionately.

Annice.
From Annie

1864

Mrs. L. B. Brown

Dayton, Ohio