1872 April – July

SIDE ONE

gladly! When I found he meant to read me portions of a letter he had with him, from your dear Father, dated Cairo, March 15th addressed to your Mother-in-Law in Baltimore, yet I also took it into my heart, as your voice uttering the things that "whosoever will" may take freely. In speak of your intended journey to Jerusalem, & of the Lord being "Lord of the whole earth", & looking into the "contrite in heart". May He ever bless you! I in my corner, in the dust, ever pray – may He return into your own bosom His own promises & precepts, which you have always brought with the power of the Comforter. When Jesus spake the words of eternal life, which restore health to our souls, even at this day, was He not often at the time of speaking weary & suffering & troubled? And isn't it so, with His followers when, in blind faith, they utter His holy words? they cannot see (as He could) the effect of what they do in His name – But you can believe that for me you have done more, in a spiritual more than if you had said "be whole" & bodily infirmities had gone. That is I think not the will of God, – & we know His will is our sanctification, which if it be but accomplished in us – it is little to say, we

Will love from all of us to you, & most affectionately remembrance from all, in which to mention your name (we & this are sweetly joined) Your friend Mary

Philadelphia
Sunday
April 14. /72

My dear friend – I have just chosen two of the best blue violets out of a cluster (in itself small, for your buttonhole) sent me last evening by my Sister's children. These are really the first of the season: for my little scouts go out to spy the land with such zeal & quick eyes, – two days ago they visited the woods in their neighborhood & all they could find was, two very short-stemmed buds. These always bring with them something of joyful childish days, but they have to me a still more blessed association, with you & since first I knew you prized them for your little Cornelia's sake, I have always wanted to share the first sent me, with you. It was such a sweet choice for a little child to make, as if by a sort of intuition that these first delicate flowers of Spring are heralds to us of the Resurrection