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[redacted] 1873 January-March Cooper Harris Correspondence

SIDE ONE

Little Eaton, Derby
Feb 3rd 1873

My dear & much valued Friend

When I look at the date of your letter I am grieved that it has not received an earlier acknowledgment. I waited for leisure to write more fully than the engagements consequent on the Christmas holidays afforded. We have had our house filled in succession by groups of our children & grandchildren — happy gatherings teeming with mercies & calling for heartfelt thankfulness to the Giver of all good!

Your Heart-Voices touched our hearts, and the graphic tender scenes of Sweet Cornelia's last days on earth, called up tears such I trust as Jesus shed at the grave of Lazarus. How full of mercy was every stage of the dear child's progress, & how well calculated to draw the hearts of all around from earth to heaven! We see now but through a glass darkly, but when we meet in that blessed region we shall know all the goodness & mercy which have followed us all our days. You speak, my dear Friend

Can you really have such a thought of your Friend? Wounded indeed! Every sentence & every word you send me, I value above gold. Whenever you can spare time, let Christian Love point your pen to Little Eaton & hardly will you be able to do a more valued act of Charity. What a mercy it is that our heavenly Father has given you & me in our declining days, so many dear children to think about & pray for. Great events seem pending. Insubordination & disorder seem increasing on all sides. There are murmurers & complainers walking after their own lusts — heady, high minded — men's hearts failing them for fear of those things that are coming on the earth — but "the followers of the Lamb have nothing to fear — not a hair of their head shall perish." May all our children & our children's children be of the happy number! I hope you will be able to read my scribble. Give our united & best love to dear Mr Morris and accept the same from us both. Mrs L has often spoken of the happy Sunday you kindly spent with us — Believe me ever your thankful & affect Friend

J Latham