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1873 April - July Cooper Harris Incoming Letters

SIDE TWO

has refreshed thy spirit - the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, is indeed glad tidings. Yea of great joy - We have good accounts of Beran, he is able to resume his various duties - Joseph & Caroline were with us paying us a most acceptable visit, when the unwelcome telegrams arrived from Athens, we were comforted in being together but it was a terrible suspense - Beran's two daughters were at School here - they were sadly cut up - Martha got a telegram at Turin, saying Beran was past hope and suggesting she should stay there till further intelligence - she went on, and for 36 hours was under that bad account, but her mind was stayed on God and she & her daughter Martha took refuge in God, faithfulness unknown love. At Brindisi they found an improved age My son Charles who was with his Uncle at Athens, says they did not expect Beran to live an hour, indeed when the Doctor called, his first question was is he living? Have we not great cause for thanksgiving. Prayer ascended from our meeting, from our Parish Church and many other places on his behalf

My dear Bro Isaac has been suffering from a severe cold which made us all very anxious, he writes me word yesterday that he is steadily recovering - Encouraged Aunt Rachel Foster is still she may rally for a time, but at her advanced age we cannot expect her life to be much prolonged

Her husband's sister Mary Foster aged 87, fell in the dining room about two weeks ago and broke her hip. she died on 2nd day - the funeral is next 3rd day

We hear a very poor account today of Samuel Fox, they have given up hope

I have an interesting letter from

justified by the same Redeemer, sanctified by the same Holy Spirit, and thro' the same amazing Love & Mercy, — now permitted to dwell in that Presence — where there is fulness of Joy, ever more!

Oh for ourselves, is not this the very height of our aspirations, and for all who are near & dear.

with sincere thanks, & old and new love thy cousin

Catharine M. Brown

please give my much love to Cousin Ann. —

my ill B. is better than when we came out of town, — but is, I fear, much of an invalid —

our little nursery thriving & happy. —

— & I am pretty well. —