

To Mrs Ruth Fletcher

Dear lady

though our acquaintance is very limited and for aught I know ever will be, yet I will venture to send a few lines to you hoping you will receive them as from a friend and well-wisher, and not consider me an intruder; your sorrowful and seemingly heart-broken gaze, awoke my warmest sympathy and a deep interest for you.

Calm your feelings, breathe lightly as you think on that lovely child; death touched her lips and the smile that ever played in beauty then grew fixed; a sweet calm sleep fell on her eyelids, and a cherub hand bore her away to the mansions of bliss, she was taken from earth ere time could mar her purity, why should you mourn? Those bright eyes are closed, and the lips that seldom parted but to smile on loved ones are sealed. But not forever. Far beyond this world of sorrow, a new voice has burst forth into melody, mourn not fond mother tis but the casket that you in the earth have lain, thy Heavenly Father will again restore the precious gem to thee more beautifully fair than you can even dream, Thou hast a tie binding thee nearer heaven, Oh live so that when you die your angel girl may take your hand and lead you to a seat at ^{the} right hand ^{of God} where sickness and sorrow can never come.

Harriet L. Hodgkin.

April 18th 1851