

Leicester, May 3. 1861.

My dear Aurelia

I bless the heart that indicated your kind and affectionate note, - occasioned by the wreck of my joys and hopes, in the loss of one who has been to me my all-in-all for so many, many years. Though every line touched deeper and deeper the well-spring of my sorrow and affliction, - it was a continual balm; for, to be loved now, is a richer joy than ever. If I had but one such daughter, as your father has of so many; or if I had by me my now glorious sister Ellie, it seems as though their very voices would illumine the deep darkness, that like a pall surrounds me all the while. There is something darker than blackest night, and the streaming eyeballs catch no glimpse of the coming dawn. I speak, - and there is none to answer: I call, and there is none to hear!

I do not think I have murmured audibly,
- though I often exclaim, "Would, God, it
were morning!"

I know you all loved me, and mine;
and I know what you now write, comes
from the heart; - and to the heart it goes.

My "plans"? Every day has a new one,
and all end in chaos! How can I "plan",
and my chief architect gone! "Any thing
you can do for me?" Yes: live me. Is it
asking too much? It is all I need, unless
you were with me. No sister by me! Oh,
this is terrible! I only want to talk of one
subject - I have no interest in any other now.
I thank you and your good mother, for
your kind solicitude, & but I fear me -
Time brings the only relief! But Time
also has changed. He prolongs a day to a
month, - a month to a year!

One plan only remains without change.
I go for ^{this wife's} my nieces, to Gronau, in July, no
preventing Providence. This will involve my
making myself homeless, in "breaking up

housekeeping." I do not know what else to do.
I am like a ship at sea, without compass,
or helm, or chart. But, - God reigns! -
and I want to cultivate that Faith that
grasps the glad Forever, amid the
darkness of Earth's little while!

But what shall I say of your now,
new, sad, crushing sorrow - the loss of
your beautiful, manly, young brother? I
cannot speak here - I weep with you, and
I would drop my tears with yours into
his young fresh grave - were I with you.
I have just written to your Father - I can
say no more!

My health is better than I had expected
it would be - I am to keep very calm.

Love to you, and yours, dearest Cousin.
Good night.

Affectionately Yours -

Edward.

(Mrs. George Black is a daughter
or grand-daughter of one of his wife's nieces
referred to. She might like to see this letter.)

From Edward Howell
after the death of his
wife, Mary - He was
one in a family of 23!