

Thursday Evening 9 o'clock

My own Beloved Margaret

I have been ever since I last saw ^{you} trying to write you how and all about my dearest mother, but have felt unable to the task, for my mind has not been equal to it, even to pour out my sorrows to one whom I know sympathises with me, oh, dearest friend how can I tell you, that she my almost all on earth is beyond the reach of earthly aid, all refusing to do anything for her now as the disease has made such a rapid progress, all we can do is to lighten as much as possible the suffering which she is obliged to bear. she is now a great sufferer but bearing it with all resignation, even as a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, feeling that His only begotten Son was made perfect through suffering, and why should she not drink also that cup which he hath prepared for her. I have clung to hope all along and now comes the dread reality, that she must die - Oh, for a heart to feel entirely submissive to his will, I do indeed desire it, but I fear my heart is not as it should be in the sight of God.

I cannot write any more at present, do write me soon for I need all your soothing endearing words, as well as your prayers. Love to all, let our Teacher know when you conveniently can,

and believe me your ever faithful
Caroline

excuse as I could scarcely write I have been quite
ill since I saw you.

