

Chicago 798 Jackson St

Jan. 25, 83

My dear nephew & niece

Among the [?] those who symbolized with sorrow came & sat in silence with the mourners & this sympathy of silence has always seemed to me to [?] that I am always careful about profaning the [?] of a great grief with words of mine; but I cannot go to sit with you. & after much hesitation conclude to [?] my sorrow for your sorrow in the only way that is left to me. The news of your [?] came in a letter from Mary to Jean which she forwarded & which came while zo was on a visit to Milwaukee when Earnest [?] was & still is. Soon after Mary's letter came a [Wigserm?] from Earnest saying they "[?] our not in the hotel that was burned." By this & knew then had less a great [?] which made you [?] a great joy by [empassion?]. The good shepherd had taken your lamb in his arms & love him from yours so greatly & lovingly – no terror, no sorrow! In that parting. You know he was safe in our Father's house. Safe from danger, safe from sorry, safe from sin. In a few short months he had filled his mission completed his Earth[?], & who shall say that it was not as important as that of our who dies pull of age & [?] & I sometimes think that those souls which come & go with [?] do more to spirit [ualiz?] & uplift the world than those who [plot?] on through life can in the path of duty, the death of a babe purifies the atmosphere more than that of an adult. They seem like Elija in [?] to cast this mantles of love & innocence back –

To earth & will for those on whom they fall. In your case I think you have special room for thinking "The Lord God omnipotent [?] with." & "down all things will." The only time I saw your boy I was filled with apprehension for his future. He was sick & I knew he must be suffering, [?] was so placid that I knew he lacked [comlativeness?]. The [?] of [visit?] once so indisposible in a world so [?] sin as ours. He was born to suffer in silence, & people of that type now lack in sow. Knowing as much of the world as I do, if he had been my only child, my sorrow for my own loss, would be so improved by joy for his escape that then would be a nearly [?] balance. He has had a glad escape from evils to come, evils sorrow wounds from which you [?] could not have grounded him. May our Father in heaven comfort you! I trust you other darlings are well. Zo join me in love & sympathy.

Your aunt

Jane Grey Swisshelm