

Town Hall Chambers  
34 Boss, High St  
Southwark,  
London.

June 9<sup>th</sup>/11.

My very dear Miss.

I had your dear, kind letter yesterday and do indeed thank you for the love which it contains. Yes, my dearest I am a widow & desolate but the Lord holds me up and comforts me in the midst of sorrow. My precious dear one went home on the 22<sup>nd</sup>

of last February - he knew me for a few moments at the last and gave his parting smile but had not spoken for more than a week, nor did he speak then only his last look was on me and then he went home to God. The mind was ready gone long before - but such a sweet calm smile rested upon the dear face that told me all was peace within. For 52 years we had travelled together on the journey of life - and my sweet had our intercourse been I am now alone and only desire to live more and more to God my husband's God - and who I know will be my God even to the end. I laid the earthly remains of my precious one in Rosewood Cemetery close to the Chapel where he had for 30 years ministered to the poor in that neighbourhood. I left him there safe in his Father's keeping till we meet again in that Father's home where many loved ones now are - and where we hope in the mercy and grace of our Lord to be brought. Oh my dear one the world seems indeed a blank to me without him who was indeed my earthly light but I would not murmur or repine because all that my heavenly Father does must be right! He "gave, and He has taken away" and still blessed be his name. My darling was in his 82<sup>nd</sup> year - and I am 71 if spared till

November this year - so you see  
I am descending rapidly the hill  
of life - pray for me that I may be  
kept faithful and humble.

Dear Aunt Hamond  
is tolerably well only so feeble.  
James and Sarah Jane are  
well, and desire kind love to  
you and yours. You are still  
called to carry a cross dear  
wells, you bear it not alone  
your brother bears it with you  
for he knows our griefs and he  
cares for us sorrow. In his own  
loving care I commend you  
and all your loved ones with  
very tender love. Farewells. With  
again soon. I can hardly see to  
write my eyes are so bad.  
Once more farewell, and ever  
believe me.  
Your fond Aunt,  
H. M. Blodsta