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H. W. Purnell to Unknown (25 July 1885)

H. W. Purnell

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Memphis Tenn

July 23 1883

My dear Grand

In so far as I know how, you know you have my sincerest sympathy, in any and all misfortunes that may befall you. or yours. - 'Tis the reverence of these ties of affection that has always had such dread to me.

The loss by death of a relative - especially the possibility - probability - or eventually the certainty of losing my mother has at all time been a subject of dread with me.

You know however - we are of such short stay here!! How we have managed to live even to this good hr is hard to explain, save upon the hypothesis of God's special providence. Do you reckon it can be possible that there is no God? Who made us? Do the sweet babies, when they go on before, - yet live! & bestow us to a future state of happiness or misery?

This is not all! - surely not! 'Tis not all of life to live, nor all of death, to die! "I would not live alway; I ask not to stay; Whene storm after storm, rises dark o'er the way. And the few lucid morning, that dawn on us here; Are enough for lifes woes, full enough, for its cheer." Sweet hope! Inesecious balm to our aching heart.

And in our dark & dismal hours, the bright
shining light of ~~an~~ only true & perfect ex-
plan. furnishes a sure & our only guide; -
There is something singular, that in all
my misfortunes, woes & heartaches (& who is it
that has them not?) - the secret inward
convincings - of my soul, with that God
part of us, that we always reverence & re-
spect - as superior & supreme - & above all else,
has (in my case) been my solace - & never failing
source from which came my supply of con-
tentment & positive happiness. Never a
misfortune came to me that I did not see Gods
hand in it all, & his finger pointing unerr-
ingly to a right course - in which I should
walk. And with this comforting thought I
have been enabled to live more contentedly.

In reference to the note, it makes no
difference - if you never find it - but
if you do - why then I may try to use
it. The master of it is here. ~~But~~ But fifty
dollars is nothing but yours or mine - not
a cent! - Let it go! If you never find
it - don't worry over it - It aint worth it.

With sincerest sympathy. & my kindest
regards to your wife.

I am yours Truly & sincerely
H. W. Purcell