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Glenômera  
Upper Sydenham

August the 18<sup>th</sup>  
1881

Dear Mr. Ancona

I have just seen  
with more sympathy,  
and sorrow than surprise  
your loss in The Times.  
and though reluctant  
to obtrude upon you

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~~3009~~  
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at such a painful  
crisis; still, I cannot  
repress from conveying  
to you as briefly as  
possible, that expression  
of that my sincere  
sympathy, and know  
I can well assure that  
"The heart knoweth its  
own bitterness; and a  
stranger may not intermeddle  
with its sorrows." I also  
know, that my son or,

and every trial, has a  
mystery - known only  
to the heart it darkens,  
and the God who saw  
fit to afflict it. Which  
renders all attempts  
at consolation from  
without, not only futile,  
but almost impertinent.  
But - you have two great  
and priceless sources  
of consolation. First,  
that you have nothing  
to reproach yourself  
with; but that on the  
contrary, that from first  
to last, since you solemnly

promised God to do so;  
you did more, than even  
Duty could have exacted  
and all that affection  
could dictate, could care  
anticipate. — and that the  
Object of this bright halo  
of self-sacrificion is now  
not only released from her  
terrible earthly sufferings,  
but enjoying in happiness,  
which is a eternal fact,  
unsubjected to either chance  
or change. as you must  
much require rest; I shall  
hope soon to hear, that you have  
gone some where for change  
of air and scene. —  
With much sympathy — believe  
me dear Mr. Wilson very sincerely  
yours — Josina Lytton