

Theddih Vale

Feb. 16/57

My dear Miss Mary

I cannot resist the desire, now that the first hallowed moments of grief are over, to express to you my deep sorrow for so sudden and great a bereavement - the loss of an amiable brother in the buoyancy of youth and promise. When I learnt that you were in the Vale on Saturday at noon my heart bled as I contemplated the

stroke that must so soon
prostrate you, without the
power to meet it.

There are few occasions
in a life time that so pow-
erfully affect one as I was
affected when the melancholy
news was received on Saturday
morning. I could not realize
it - that he who so lately
sailed from his native land
so full of hope and ex-
pectation should only arrive
on a foreign soil to hear

his last sigh in the presence
of strangers.

Your late brother's manner
and appearance impressed
me on a first interview
that he was to be no ordi-
nary man - that he had
that in him which bid fair
to bring him out from the
mass of his fellow being
and make him an ornament
and an example to the
circle in which he should
move - and his just and

pleasing manner of one en-
listed one's esteem and interest.

I have a lively recollection of
the impression he produced
on my mind the first time
I talked to him, which was
in his uncle's foundry at
Albham. He fixed my atten-
tion on him - so unassuming
and so gentlemanly. I felt
that I was in the presence
of a mind of no ordinary
mould. One that had enough
mental capacity and power

to be self-dependant and
one that carried ballast,
and was capable of steering
a course in this world-fight
that would render him con-
spicuous and in all probability
win honourable distinction and
renown. But who can tell
the ways of Providence, or
fathom his mysterious wisdom.
How few know the anguish
that men of promise have to
suffer. They are invariably
constituted with such extremely

delicately feelings that a
hundred recurring circumstances,
in this world's affairs which
greater minds feel not, cut
them to the quick and
acutely lacerate their refined
sensations

I question whether all the
honors that this world can
bestow would recompense the
recipient for the fiery ordeals
he has to pass through, and
the severe disarrangements and
withering heart-aches he has

to endure of which the
world know nothing. You
beloved brother Ernest is
rich in having paid the debt
sooner than ourselves. It will
be difficult for a loving
sister to realize this - but
scripture consolation will
not be evoked in vain.

Deeply sympathizing with
yourself and family on this
very mournful occasion

Believe me to remain

Yours with profound regard

Wm. Claib

Miss M. Becker