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Title: Letter from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Unknown Recipient

Date: January 24, 1893

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Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1893.

My dear, kind, ever-remembering friend:

With the return of Christmas came another of your sweet, loving missives to me! You will pardon my delay in answering, I am sure, when I tell you that life to me now is but an afterglow. My sun has set. The time of work for me is over. I have written all my words, and thought all my thoughts, and now I rest me in the flickering light of the dying embers,--in a rest so profound, that the voice of an old friend arouses me but momentarily and I drop back again into repose and forget to answer. But your sweet letter recalled the happy days of long ago, and did my heart good. Faithful Sambo, hastening thro' the snow-storm to bring me a letter, gave me a genuine stir of amusement, and made me laugh outright.

The sweet story of the little town of Bethlehem, so beautifully told by Phillips Brooks, was to me very lovely and soothing. I thank you for sending it. and with this morning's light comes the sad intelligence that the noble soul has gone from us. Since the going home of my dear brother Henry, our country has not sustained such a loss. He was one of the few truly great ones of this earth. Great is the noble simplicity of his life and character! Read I. Cor. 13th chap., verses 4, 5, 6 and 7. How aptly they are descriptive of his character.

But what gave me the most pleasure of all was the promise you gave of seeing you in the spring, which promise I shall not forget; and when the soft, warm days return, bringing the early flowers, I shall begin to look for your coming as in the days of yore.

Till then, as ever--

Affectionately your friend,

Hattie Stowe.

And when the grass and flowers shall fade
And all earth's joys shall leave thee
Our God, whose word forever stands
Shall to his love receive thee.

Your loving friend

H.B. Stowe.