

Many years ago you addressed to me words of
rare consolation, on the occasion of my loss & sudden
bereavement. And how surely these & many such like
words addressed by you to many afflicted ones,
have begotten a multitudes progeny who in this
hour of your heavy trial, will rise up and call you
blessed. Giving you have won back your gift; Com-
forting you have been Comforted.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
the Father of mercies & the God of all Comfort; who
Comforteth us in all our tribulation that we may be
able to Comfort them who are in any trouble, by the
Comfort wherewith we ourselves are Comforted of God."

I sorrow with thee, as once my Father & my Brother,
because of the great loss you have sustained, but I
also rejoice with thee in the possession of that faith
wh. by a Divine Chemistry transmuteth sorrow into blessing
& suffering into sweet service. The furnace is for gold
May the Master bless you increasingly to the glory of
His Holy Name

I am yours most Sincerely
A. B. Winchester
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