

"MY DEAR MISS DURNFORD AND MISS JANE DURNFORD,— I could not hear of your having affliction without feeling it to be a loss also to myself; but I am most deeply grieved, my dear ladies, for your most painful bereavement. I truly sympathize with you; but I grieve to think how little comfort this can give you. However, I console myself with the thought that you will be led to seek consolation where alone it is to be found, and where it can never be sought for in vain. May you be mercifully supported in this trying time. I trust, my dear Miss Durnfords, you will not think me intrusive or troublesome, in thus venturing to address you. I hardly know how to resist writing a few lines, to tell you how much I felt for you in your distress. I will not add more— except to beg of you not to think of writing to me in reply. I would not pain you by asking it; I do not, in the least, expect you to attempt it; it would be much too painful a task for you, I well know, at least, at present, or for some time to come.

"I cannot but say that I am very anxious to hear how you are in health and spirits also, after the anxieties, watchings, and many painful scenes you must have passed through; but I shall find some other means of hearing of you. My mother begs me to give her kindest regards; and with my kind love to the two young ladies, my younger friends, I remain,

"Yours most sincerely,

"S. B. SAINT."

Groombridge Place, July 4, 1853.

This amiable young lady, now no more, was daughter to the heiress of Groombridge Place, which Evelyn, in his diary, mentions as a house built within a moat, in a woody valley; and was the place where the Duke of Orleans was confined when taken by one Waller, at the battle of Agincourt.

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DEAR MISS DURNFORD,—Most sincerely do we all sympathize with you and your sister in your present affliction, of which we heard, with real concern, on our return home on Thursday evening. In our absence we had heard so favourable a report of your dear mother, whom you had both been nursing and tending with such filial affection, that I can imagine you had also entertained hopes of a recovery; and the shock, therefore, must have been the greater to you. But the dear sufferer, now no longer such, but, as we confidently hope, in rest and peace, would bid you not to mourn for her, but to anticipate that future reunion, the hope of which is graciously given to console us under our sad bereavements and trials: our merciful and loving Saviour, who has himself so deeply drunk the cup of human *woe*, is ever a present help in time of trouble, and such he will prove to you. I am truly sorry to find that your health, and that of your sister, has failed so much, but I hope for a better account. Can I, or my daughters, be of the least service to you in any way? It would give us much pleasure, if we could be of any use in lessening your fatigue and anxiety. Do not trouble yourself to send