My own dear darling,

I don't believe you were half so sad when you wrote that little letter a year ago when I read it. Dear Annie, I know that life is very hard for you and that the love and help that used to make it so much easier seem to have gone out of it. But it is not all wrong, and it does not hold you back and crush you down unless you make it so, for we both believe that God sent this loneliness and pain
Into your life only to bless you
and bring you closer to him
and to the dear one whom you
love best - I can't bear to think
of your sorrows, I can't bear to
think that everything seems
to black and dreadful to you.
I can't bear not to have you
happy among the things that
were so lovingly planned and
brought together for your comfort
and happiness. I ought not
to be so dear love, and I do
long to have you outgrow this
kind of pain and misery that
will not let you forget that
you are hurt and lonely.

It seems to me that the only thing
to do is to say I am hurt and
my heart aches, and God keep me
here in the midst of the empty
things that used to belong to my
happiness, and I must live the
old life alone and put all my
love and thoughtfulness and
helpfulness into it, for the sake
of whoever comes now, instead
of for the sake of one only - I think
nothing would please him more
than to have you making other
people happy just exactly as
you have been doing since you
came to Manchester. It is
to you always in this world as they will always in the rest.
And I love you and hold you close and cannot do without you. I will stay with you always when I can. It seems more and more lovely and more strange. However dear other people and places may be, to be away from you. I think it is meant we should help each other and love each other more and more. Oh, my dear dear darling, don't shut yourself out of the sunshine of life—it was only the shut windows of the city of which the morning light could not go in. best level these in them, or by letting them come into the influence of the hospital.
is teaching me as I wait. Don't say that the time is long and bitterly hard but only that this is a short night between lost blessed days, and I will not be always awake to the thought of my own sorrow and yet frightened in the dark of uncertainty — Other people have sorrows that are full of shame and misery, and mine is a sorrow that is like a night full of stars and I see a great light in my darkness to lead me and show me the way — Yes, dear love I know you were certain of all this before but I can't help saying it again. The kind of happiness is gone, but it is to make place for a better one. "Not as the world gives, give I unto you" and so my dear darling, I pray God that you may find this peace wherever you are, and may not wish better for the old dear days that are past or for the Heaven there is to come because you hold both and they belong
I could not help saying all this, but after it is said I only
stop to think. Oh if I could
go to her and put my arms
around her! But it is something
more than that. When you
want, something that no human
love can give, but only God's love
and goodness and your own
faith and bravery — when
I see that you do not feel
so lonely if I am there, and
then it is all worse than ever
and lonelier when I am away.
I know that my love is not
though for you after all, though
I would do anything for you
and I love you with all the
love that I can give — It is my
great sorrow too because it is
yours - but we will try to say: yes
I am not happy, but I can
still make others happy, and
I must do my work loving,
Whatever it is, and to I shall
Know what heaven is better
and better as the days go on.

Good night dear and God bless
you and comfort you — yours,
always and always.
J.O.