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17 Third Ave. New York.  
New Brighton, S. I.  
Nov 26. 1891.

My Dear Mr Anthony

Your valued letter of the  
24th is recd.

I have never written a poem  
in any way relative to Florence.  
I wish I had! He was one of the  
brightest & gentlest spirits of the  
stage, and I have long held him in  
the highest esteem. His feelings toward  
me were those of cordial friendship.  
The later book he published, a col-  
lection of his stories, was dedicated  
to me. - Perhaps I shall write some  
lines that you could use. It would be  
a great pleasure to me to say any  
word of tribute to his memory; and  
I should consider it an honor to have  
my words associated with your affec-  
tionate & beautiful work.

Sincerely yours  
William Winter.

A. V. S. Anthony Esq.

By Virtue cherished, by Affection mourned,  
By Honour beloved and by Fame adored.  
Here Florence sleeps, and o'er his sacred rest  
Each word is tender and each thought is blest.  
O' day, for his loss, shall pensive Memory show  
Through human's mask the visage of her woe,  
O' day breathe a darkness that no sun dispels,  
And night be full of whispers and jewels,  
While patient kindness, shadow-life and dim,  
Droops in its loneliness, bereft of him,  
Feels its sad doom and sure decadence nigh, —  
For how should kindness live, when he could die!

The eager heart, that felt for every grief,  
The bounteous hand, that loved to give relief,  
The honest smile that blessed wherever it lit,  
The dew of pathos and the sheen of wit,  
The sweet, blue eyes, the voice of melting tone  
That made all hearts as gentle as his own,  
The Actor's charm, supreme in royal theatre,  
That ranged through every field and shore in all, —  
For these must sorrow make perpetual moan,  
Bereaved, benighted, hopeless, and alone?

Ah, no; for Nature does no act amiss,  
And Heaven were lonely but for souls like this.

William Winter.