

my Demonology - "The Demon  
of Death". How he has haunted  
the puzzled childhood of the  
world! Now on his Pale Horse -  
now a Black Female Phantom -  
now a sad and sweet Persephone -  
now the gentle Yami seated  
amid happy islets of the sinking  
sun - Death has touched every  
chord of feeling in the human  
heart. A raised pain-born  
image of Love hovers over its  
every form of agony: so pure,  
sacred, free from all fault,  
immortal appear our beloved  
beyond the shadow of death!

I do not wonder the ancients  
worshipped their deceased parents.

My wife unites her sympathies  
with mine. I beg you will remember  
me cordially to your sister & brother  
whose kindness I remember with  
gratitude. Thank for me Mrs. Davis for  
her letter, and to share with you this its  
poor answer. Alas, I wish I could send  
one that might assuage your sorrow.

Ever yours M. D. Conway

Hamlet House,  
Hammermith.

January 22  
1878

My dear Kate,

Your sister's letter has  
just arrived and brings us the  
first tidings of the sad bereave-  
ment you have suffered. My  
remembrance of your dear mother  
is very fresh; her sweetness  
and kindness made an impres-  
sion on me not to be forgotten;  
and I know it must be a  
very dark vacancy in your  
home that is represented by  
her grave. It is not often  
that mothers are so much  
attached to their families,  
or can preserve such genial  
sympathies. Alas, it seems

a long dreary time through which the human race has to wait for its weapon to meet these fell diseases that assail so many of the best and dearest. One would gladly pay telephones and phonographs for a real cure of cancer. But we must try to make up in patient resignation to the perfect laws for 'our failures through not knowing how to appropriate their perfection. The tidings of Death always bring before me the design for a picture which David Scott made

but mean lived to fulfil our canvas. - The Unknown Powers. A youth sits on the curbs of the world and sees them pass - they seem so awful! they are so beautiful! They have just borne away last night one of my wife's dearest friends, - Lilly Travers she was. She married a year or two since a young man who lives in St Helena; and there is no means of his knowing for two months that his beautiful wife is dead, and has left him twin children whom he never saw. Indeed we have lost a number of friends lately.

Amid these glooms I am just revising the chapter of

M. D. Conway

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