

Wm. B. Bowring, letter

Mrs. A. Cady
Rome

N.Y.

Camp near Bealton Va. Aug 31. 1863.

Mrs. Gady,

My dear friend.

Your kind yet sad letter reached ^{me} last eve. I was glad to hear from you - and glad to know, that amid the desolation of your hearts and home - your thoughts with your faith & hope, were cast on him who doeth all things well. It is a blessed assurance under lifes varied, and checkered scenes, we can look above the down however dark - and in faith reach forth the sickle, reap the fields of Heaven - and pluck the clusters from the vines of God. There is no better foundation than that ^{which} Christ has laid for the weary. God is his own interpreter, and however mysterious - and agonizing may be his Provicidences - he will eventually make them plain. cling to the anchor my friends - keep fast hold of it - nor let it go - though the storm beats high and the night darkens. Above the blast and angry wave, the voice of him, who stilled the tempest of Galilee - is heard - clear as the music of Heaven - calm, and pure as the sympathy of years - and commanding as the authority of God. "It is I - be not afraid". You have heard that voice in your youth - you know the peace which followed and the calm it procured on the troubled waters of your mind. It has not lost its power. That voice is still out on the dark storm - "It is I - be not afraid". There is yet another voice

not clearer - but clear from its relationships. saying in all its practical bearings, and God like truthfulness. "When I am tried he will bring me forth as the gold" and he has done it. He will do it a gain. He will bring you forth from the furnace. That Saviour who has thus far been your guide and your light, will not leave you in this time of despondency. Having wept himself over the grave of a friend - he does not forbid, or disregard your tears. If we could only penetrate the future, tear its veil aside, and peer into the workings & accomplishments of God - we might see how his purposes are assigned ripen into ^{the} front of Heaven. But your human religion is not of sight - but of Faith. Job felt as we feel, at least as I have felt, when he said "when shall I awake and the night be gone", and yet Job learned the lesson, after ^a time the night broke - the dawn passed - the day of prosperity dawned - and he could exclaim "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee" - &c. It is not wonderful to see when there is nothing to cleave the vision - but to trust him where we cannot trace him. embraces the power of the religion of Faith. "The bread may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower". is not only pure poetry, but a Divine sentiment

Threads that are golden lie thickly between
Our wearied hearts and the world unseen;
They draw us thence with a stronger power
Than the gilded charms of the passing hour.

You said rightly and timely - that my sympathy is not mere
form: Had I not felt it I should not have offered it, or written.
I feel for you deeply. I can see and realise all you are
passing through - I have trodden the same path, am treading
it yet. I ain't got pursuing - I do not know that the mysteries
which have, and do still, darken my eventful life, will ever
be solved to my satisfaction, and relief in this world - yet I
know they will be solved & made plain in the world to
come, and that every wrong will be adjusted, and the responsi-
-bility of every wrong placed where it belongs.

I should like to see you very much - to sit down with you and
and talk over those things which have pained and are paining
there is much which cannot be written. Besides that, the
presence of a friend is more suggestive. I have had many
pleasant hours in your home - and now recall them,
among the precious memories of the past.

My mode of life in the Army is by no means congenial to me
now is it adapted to my age and infirmities. Providence
seems to have here - and I must bide the time of providence
in taking me away. I try to be content.

I send you enclosed a copy of a letter written by Doct
Franklin over a century since. I have carried it with
me a great while - have often read it. I do not give it
you but send it to you for your perusal, and when
you have done with it preserve it for me, or give it

to Belle to place with my papers. I think Daniel will be interested in it.

Give my love to each and all, I often think of you. This morning our entire Corps, were ordered out on a reconnaissance of two or three days. There seemed last night a disturbance in our front towards Galveston. I have not written about matters here. you can not want to hear - Your thoughts are elsewhere.

I have seized the moment I had to spare this morning in the confusion. to write you, not knowing I should find an other, if I waited

Write me when you can I shall always be pleased to hear.

Yours Truly
H. C. Vogell

Since writing the above, and having a moment to spare, I again read your letter, and wept over the expressions of your sorrow. I can see in it more and more of your mental agony. So you look beyond. He is not in the grave. He is not dead. All there was of Paul is imperishable. He is safe and beyond the reach of toil & pain, to die no more. He is the you can say he shall not return to me but I shall go to him. Yes go to him. We shall all meet him after a time. Happy day - Happy day, when the ransomed of Jesus meet around the throne in the City of the Great God.
It is I be not afraid.