

Sympathy.

Do we not trace in kindred hearts,
A spirit of accord and sweet
Whose harmony to life imparts
Such pure delight as angels greet?

This kindly feeling is enshrined,
Its friendship and affection's cause,
Known by its fruits, though undefined;
Derived whence nature has her laws.

Its welcome influence overpays,
Throughout this world on which we ^{move},
Our trials toils and darkest days,
By breathing hope through those we love.
The heart it woud to dwell with pride
On this dear remnant of the state,
Once pure, from which man turned aside,
To mourn, alas! his gloomy fate.

But from the veiled throne above,
a sympathizing Father heard,
a saviour breathing peace & love,
To bear our load on earth appeared.

Then through life's varied, trying course
May we delight to touch that cloud
Which thrills the heart with joy and ^{force}
As to our kind we peace afford."

My dear Emma

I have copied this for you
because I thought you would like
it. There is another verse which I
could not comprehend & therefore
have omitted it. I do not think
this is all perfectly intelligible but
some of the verses may please you,
for their theme is sympathy, and

I know you think that is a
Salve for some wounds, and a ^{that}
"kindred spirit" can afford much
consolation. That you may find
one who will ever share your
joys and sorrow, who will
rejoice when you rejoice, and
weep when you weep is the
sincere wish of your
Affectionate
Eliza.

I knew that I should have no
opportunity of saying any thing to
you this morning when you ~~ably~~
could listen, or I would not have
written this note. I will not ask
you to burn it, but I will ask

you to keep it for your eyes and
yours only.

April 5th

Miss Nicholas.