

ack

Bancroft.

Sunday

Dear Friends,

It was good to
hear your brave voice last
night, and hard that we
could send you only our
words, though they bore
the love and hope and
courage of so many of
your devoted companions.
If only we could give
you of our health and

Strength — if only we
could enter the battle
with you and divide those
unfavourable chances which
the doctors find in their
anxious fears. Dear friend,
do not let go of hope and
trust: they have a power
even in the uttermost.
Trust not in the un-trusting.
Ching unflinchingly to
the hope that has been your
stay so long, and so
splendidly. Know and

feel that others — and very
many — are with you in
heart and spirit, and
pray for you the strength
that will not fail.

Plan as seems meet, but
do not admit the End. That
is not in the hands of man,
but in stronger and more
loving hands. Believe in
the best, not the worst, and
fear not. Yours affectionately,
Edgar A. Bamford,
To D. W. R. Harper.