

Russellsville, Ky.

May 10, 1918

Dear Mrs. Cheuchan:

I have just read in McCall's Magazine an appreciation of my sister and a specimen of her needlework. "The Russellsville Fair" was exhibited at Nashville, Tenn., New Orleans and other places, and always won a handsome premium. Virginia Juey was a girl of rare beauty and magnetic personality; suited by nature to grace with easy dignity and mental charm, the cottage or the palace.

With Spartan courage she braved alone the perils of war, and trod unseated, in the night watches, the woodland trail where duty led.

I read between the lines your happy conception of a beautiful soul.

flight with the fire of lofty
impulse and high endeavor.

In young womanhood she
was flung to a vast mate,
^{but} the winged ~~hand~~ ^{hand} of fate
brought estrangement. With
uncommon ^{good} sense she held to
life's ~~highest~~ ^{highest} ideals, nor
dropped to range the level
born of lighter thought,
vaster clay.

And, at the last robed
in virgin purity, passed
the gateway of eternal day,
and on to that celestial City of
gleaming spires, tall and
fair, that City of many
mansions and portals wide,
where her unseen hands
beckon me away.

I thank you for your
beautiful tribute and wish
you success in your literary
career.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Ella Lewis

Ms. Cdg.
MSS
5C961

Russellville, Ky.
May 10, 1913

Dear Mrs. Obenchain:

I have just read in Mc Call's Magazine an appreciation of my sister and a specimen of her needlework. "The Russellville Fair" was exhibited at Nashville, Tenn., New Orleans and other places, and always won a handsome premium. Virginia Ivey was a girl of rare beauty and magnetic personality; suited by nature to grace with easy dignity and mental charm, the cottage or the palace.

With Spartan courage she braved alone the perils of war, and trod unscathed, in the night watches, the woodland trail where duty led.

I read between the lines your happy conception of a beautiful soul

alight with the fire of lofty
impulse and high endeavor.

In young womanhood she
was plighted to a regal mate,
but the winged shaft of envy
wrought estrangement. With
uncommon good sense she held to
life's highest ideals, nor
stooped to range the level
born of lighter thought,
baser clay.

And, at the last, robed
in virgin purity, passed
the gateway of eternal day,
and on to the celestial City of
gleaming spires, tall and
fair, that City of many
mansions and portals wide
where her unseen hands
beckon me away.

I thank you for your
beautiful tribute and wish
you success in your literary
career.

Sincerely

Mrs. Ella Lewis