

Loanhead, Drumblade

Nov 10. 1860

Dear Uncle

It is my mourn-
full duty to have to inform you
of my Mother's unexpected death
She caught a severe Influenza cold
about three weeks before her death
but was not thinking much about
it as she was somewhat subject to
them untill about a week before
her death when she was confined
to her bed and never rose again
she was very weak and the trouble
settled down upon her lungs, and
no human efforts could save her
She died on Saturday 3^d of Nov-
Twenty minutes past three in the
morning, she was very weak but was
perfectly sensible to the last, and
died in the full assurance and hope
of a blessed immortality. Although
her death was unexpected by us yet,

yet she was fully prepared. The Lord
was very gracious to her in her last
moments making good his promise
that his strength is made perfect in
weakness and that although she was
walking in death's dark vale. yet she
was not afraid. for Jesus her Saviour was
with her upholding and strengthening her
by his Almighty power untill she crossed
the Jordan of death

This event hath cast a deep gloom on
us all we fell we have lost a very
dutifull and affectionate mother. but
it an unspeakable comfort to us that
we have not to mourn as those who
have no hope but have good hope through
grace that they which sleep in Jesus will
God bring with him. And that in a few
short years we will all meet again never
more to part. If we follow in her footsteps
and serve and love the same Lord that
she loved. Our loss is her gain

CA 280

A few short years of evil past
We reach the happy shore
Where death's divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more

It is a solemn warning to us all be also
ready for in such an hour as ye think
not the son of man cometh —

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Dear Uncle. I am shure you will fell
this affliction very much. in your declin
years but the same Lord. that support^{ing}
her under her affliction is the same Lord
still. And although we are all but creat^{ures}
of a day and our habitation is in the
dust. yet he never weary nor decays.
and it is a blessed Comfort to know that
they that put their trust in him shall
never be put to shame. And that though
our bodies must be laid in the grave to
moulder into dust our ransomed spirits
will be received into his presence, with
exceeding joy and glory for evermore,
This leaves the rest of us in a moderate
degree of health. Hoping this will find you
and family enjoying the same precious
blessing. We all live in a world of sin

and sorrow, but it is cheering to look forward to that world where sin and sorrow are unknown. Dear Friend although we may never see each other in this world I hope we will all meet in Heaven, and join that blessed Company who surround the throne and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

My Father and Sisters compliments to you and family accept the same for myself.

Believe me to be yours
Sincerely and affectionately

William Morrison Junr

P.S. Be as good as inform Uncle Robert and family as I do not know their address.
W. M.

Letter Morrison Jr
to Mrs 1860

James Dawson Esqr
Montreal