

Letters
Jean Morrison Leamhead

20th Decy 1860

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My dear Uncle

By this time you will have received my Brother's letter intimating the Death of my beloved Mother ah little did I think when I wrote you last that I would so soon have to mourn for the Dearest Friend I had on Earth but it was the Will of our Heavenly Father and though his ways may appear dark and mysterious to us shortsighted creatures yet I know he doeth all things well, He doeth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men and we have cause to smile through

CH 380

our tears that the loved One ^{was} ~~was~~
passed over Jordan and seeing her
Saviour face to face even now with
my wand's eye I see her ^{her} venerable
head shaking with earnestness
as she repeated that beautiful pass
age: The Lord is my portion saith
my soul therefore will I will trust
in him she was ^{ill} only eight days
and she was indeed a patient
sufferer never a murmur escaped
her lips but offer that she was
such a trouble to me.

I did not apprehend any danger
till a few days before her death
it was on a Saturday that she felt
herself unable to rise with a violent
pain at her chest (she had had
what appeared to be an ordinary
cold a fortnight or three weeks previous

that she caught one cold during
Sabbath the last that ever she was
at church, on sabbath she felt no
better and then we had the Doctor
I may mention that in the course of
her illness she was bitted on the
chest five times on Monday she seemed
a little better but very weak on Tuesday
she was quite lively in the course of the
day my sister came to see her and
she talked a good deal with her
but on Wednesday there was a man-
ifest change for the worse I had
been busier that day than usual
as our harvest hands was to leave
I came to her bedside about midday
to ask what she would like for
dinner she did not speak for a few mo-
ments and then she said she had
been away in the Chest of the Garden

of life and she saw all manner
of Precious fruits and the leaves of
the bees were for the healing of the
Nations that was the first. King the
first foreshadow of approaching sorrow
but I remember I said to her did you
see nothing else Mother she immedi-
ately said Oh yes I saw great many
beautiful things but your Father spoke
and I could not get my mind fixed
again that night she grew very much
worse coughing incessantly we sent for
the Doctor he came about twelve o'clock
and left some medicine to make her
wound the Phlegm she had not
strength to get up Oh what an agon-
izing night that was she had not
strength to wince but it brought on
dysentery and ^{the} unmistakable foreman-
of Death the Death rattle I did not thin

she could have survived that morn-
ing but I was mistaken she had
yet two days more to be with us
to give us a clear testimony of her
firm trust in her Saviour I could not
tell you how many beautiful portions
of Scripture she repeated notwithstanding
her weakness one that she
took especial delight in, I know
that my Redeemer liveth and
on to the end on Friday evening
she repeated the Hymn that
says the hour of my departure
come I hear the voice that calls
me home and repeated it to the
end emphasizing some places
of it in particular and then
when a little wine was given her
she said I shall taste no more
of the fruit of the vine till I drink

It never in my Father's Remembrance
she struggled on till three o'clock on
Saturday morning when without
a sigh or a groan she gently fell
asleep I trust and there in Jesus
her great loss is her irreplaceable
gain, it is rather remarkable
that my sister Barbara died that
day eleven years ago the same day of
the year the same day of the month
and the same day of ^{the} week and about
the same time in the morning
my Mother was very tenderly attached
to her and this summer she spoke more
frequently than usual about her death
after she took her last illness she
was telling me all the particulars
about it as if I had never heard it
before my sister Deborah's death was indeed
a memorable one her death was

triumphant for a short time when
temptation was thrown in her way that
she had seen a hypocrite and only
a Chistian in name when all at
once she started up in her bed clasp-
ing her hands together as she exclaim-
ed Glory to God Her come He's come
I see Him and all the Holy angels
coming to meet me by and my
own dear Margaret among the
rest Farewell World Welcome
Christ, Welcome Christ and she
turned her head upon the Pillow
and she uttered no more words
again that other sister to which
she referred died a good many years
before that I hope my dear Uncle
I have not been tedious in giving you
these minute details for indeed I
love to dwell upon them they are sad

yet Pleasant Reminiscences to me.
And now I have to thank you for my
new Book how kind you are Dear Uncle
I cannot tell you ^{how I feel} by your kindness to
me or how deeply I am indebted to you
for many a Pleasant hour. I can never
^{show} you for your kindness but by my love
and that you have already long
may you be spared to drop a pleasant
word of advice and counsel to me
for my Friends my real Friends are
dropping fast away from me leaving only
the memory of Pleasant days gone by
but I trust soon to meet them all
again a few more trials endured
a few more difficulties overcome
a short separation and an endless
reunion we will take courage and
toil on with Gods help till we reach
the desired haven. When you

sent sent me my last present you
so little thought I dare say how app-
ropiate it was more ways than
one I could not repress my tears when
reading the Death of Mrs Hanson
it was so like in many points
to my own darling Mother.

I may mention that your old Friend
Mr Gilman thought to be dying
we live in a dying World in the
midst of Life we are in Death
my Father is very lonely as you
may suppose but he bears up won-
derfully he has got a very severe
cough just now but I hope he
will soon get over it we are like
to have a very severe winter here
again while I write we have a
very heavy snow and every appears
of more many of the Farmers in

in the upland disticts have not
been able to get their crops secured
many I believe having as we in Scotland
say neither seed nor bread; however
we in this distict have great cause for
Thankfulness notwithstanding the bad-
ness of the season we have a number
crops but I must close my lengthy
epistle and I do so, trusting that
it will find you all in the enjoy-
ment of good health, do write soon

Your very affectionate Niece

Jane Morrison

or please excuse a mistake

I think it will read

may give our kindest regards to all
your Friends and accept them
for yourself Jane.