

Loanhead Feby 14th 1868

My dear Uncle

Since I last wrote you another change has passed over our dwelling. The hand of God has indeed been heavy upon us within the last few months yet it is the Lord let him do what seemeth him good my dear and only Brother has been laid in the silent tomb cut down in the prime of life and vigour after a few days illness about ten days before his death he was seized with a violent Pain in his right arm the Doctor treated it for Rheumatism to which he was subject but it proved to be inflammation and from his arm it went to his Brain and the

and then his sufferings were extreme
he roved for three days and then Death
came if he had been able to tell us
to assure us of the safety of his soul my
grief had been less severe but I have
been thinking over that beautiful
hymn that says; God moves in a my-
sterious way. ^{His} wonders to perform
and I have been thinking also of the
lovingkindness of my Saviour in sparing
me when he took my Brother for I was
slumbering I pray for me that I may
be ready when the call comes that
when the great Master comes he
may find me waiting by Brothers
Deathbed I trust by Gods grace never
to forget and as I stood by his dying
bed I vowed that I would walk more
closely with God in future and have
less intercourse with the world
I feel much very much for my poor Father
trottering almost on the Bank of the
grave his earthly hopes blasted so suddenly

Yet God is abundantly able to make it
all up to him. I cannot think I cannot
realize the desolation that reigns here
only one short month ago a contract
was made for building a new farm
stead now the owner is ruffling
with kindred dust oh my dear Uncle
it is a sore bereavement, My Father has
not yet been able to make up his
mind how to act but it is not at
all likely that he will keep the
farm longer than he can get
his affairs wound up but we
cannot tell one step of the future
it is all shrouded in mystery to us
yet clear as the noonday to our
heavenly Father our earthly friends
are dropping one by one from us into
the grave yet oh what a consolation
to think that one Friend remains
a Friend that shaketh closer than a
Brother who leaves us well. I am thankful
to say I trust it will find you all enjoying

The same blessing, my aunt Tibbie is rather
worse than usual I saw Mr Hepburn
the day of my Brothrs Funeral
quite soon Dear Uncle Our kind love to you
all in sorrow.

Your affectionate Niece
Replied to 19 Mar 1861 Jane Morrison

Letter
Jane Morrison
19th Mar 1861

MS.A.10