My dear Brother,

My first emotion on hearing the news of dear mother's death was selfish. I was blinded by tears of regret that I had not found the opportunity to express my love and that I could not have been one of those to Smooth her hair, and close her eyes. But this, after all, was but a part of the love which has separated me from you so long, and which only deferred meeting until we can all assemble around the fire. It was not long in reaching to a sense of grief, and in thinking of the lovely years and youth spent by those who are lamenting. It was not long in coming to reflect that it became by our absence, a moment to them, and that the joy of farewell was not left. She fell in sleep. How few could hope for such a departure! Not that a suffering! Not even the fear of knowing that others must form and join. It will ever be a blessed thought of kind societies that others must form and join. It will ever be a blessed thought.
lying struggle, and that her end was
peace.

It acted on both very much to know the
one of her latest acts was getting a photograph
for us. She shall, at least, we could not get
her done under these circumstances. I have
longed for a photograph of her, as fond as
that of yourself. We shall hang them together
in our back parlour, which forms one of dining
rooms, and think of you always as ever and
ever loved and hoped.

It was the greatest pleasure of my life to think of the unselfishness and the
victim of mother to us all, but especially to
me, in all my sickness, and when not so
ill, in the failing health and long un-
periods through which I passed in my
childhood and youth. I shall try to condole
her father and husband for the recollection.

I have not yet told the children. They
are very sympathetic in their nature, and
will feel it very much. But I shall not tell
them to the rest in fearing them and
not get them to picture her now. Sandina
as she was, even than as the code, so good
and dear to them on earth.