

Shelburne April 2nd 1837

My Dear Sister

I have taken my pen to fulfill a duty which at this time time is peculiarly trying, and I have not felt that ~~sufficiently~~ I could sufficiently control my feelings to write soon - er, but I will try to give you some account of the dealings of our all Wise God with us of late, though mysterious to us, justice and judgment are the habitation of His Throne, and in infinite wisdom has seen fit to lay his chastising rod heavily upon us, in bereaving us of our dear and much loved sister Mary and our sweet and interesting little daughter Mary Eliza, on the 16 of February Mary left home in good health and spirits to visit Abby in Colois and to be with her at the time of her approaching confinement, on the 2nd she was taken sick with the scarlat fever, which terminated in death on the 6th of March when she expired without a groan, with the happy assurance of that rest which endureth forever, trusting in the merits of a crucified Saviour on whom she believed, and professed her faith in Christ about 14 months previous to her death, I was with her the most of the time of her sickness it was short and painful but ^{she} was very patient and not a murmur fell from her lips, we did not apprehend her case alarming untill a short time before her death, the mortification took place in the throat, she thought her self better as she was relieved from pain, but when her Physician told her he had no hope of her recovery