

A portion of Father's letter written in 1894 or 1895 to his
Mother. (The other portion of the letter cannot be found)
T.E.R.

I remember your last words too. But I do hope they are
only for a time, as I will come to see you about the end of July
or the beginning of August next. But indeed, I cannot remember
poor Bess's last words to me. I wish I could. I know she said
Good-bye and cried. Now, mother, I am going to ask you one
kindness. It is not much. Please let me have my father's
anvil hammer, the last one he used, if you will keep it for me.
Don't let them touch it. Don't let them sharpen it, nor fix
the handle. It will get the best spot in my house. It will
be a great relic to me without price.

As the hand that used that supported me in my childhood,
the hand that clasped mine when I left him forever. Yes, the
hand of my father. Hoping that my Heavenly Father has taken him
by the hand to rest in paradise.

Well: I haven't much more to say, but I should like to
hear from you with all news of my father's last days on earth
— was he conscious until the last? Did he talk of Jacob and me?
Did he tell you what to do if he should die? — and if he died in
love of God. Did he talk religion with anyone before he died?
Tell me all he said during his sickness, — I mean all of importance.

Now I will draw to an end. Don't weep, mother, try and
keep strong. It is hard. God bless you, dear mother, brothers
and sisters. May you all live to tell me everything next Summer
and that I may live to see my father's and sister's grave. I shan't
say Good-bye, but "so long". May God be your guide.

Kind love to all.

Yours affectionate son
T.E.R.