

7 GREAT STUART STREET,
EDINBURGH.

Dec. 5. 99.

Dearest Anna

My thoughts are with
you & I feel how great your
loss is & how much you will
miss the dear Father to
whom you have been such
a constant blessing & whose
love has been so much to
you, for you were his special
daughter & friend always.
But somehow, I feel as if

here, keep saying to me. What a
splendid, what a lovable man
he must have been -

But don't think I don't sympathize
with you in your sorrow & still
more in your sorrow for your
dear Mother, who is left so
desolate. You will all miss
him so sadly; but there is no
bitterness in your sorrow, you
look back on years of loving
relationships, in which you
all knew & appreciated his
worth, & the people he lived
among looked up to him &
honored him, & let him
know that they did so.
And now you know that he

Such a death were a triumphal
entrance into the blessed land.
It is sweet to read of the words
spoken about him. "A great
man has fallen" & to know
that there is none who will
not echo the words. A beautiful
life has been lived & all
men testify to its beauty -
He maintained by spoken &
written word & by a holy &
sweet & loving life the truth
of Christ's Gospel. All men
knew & saw that & then to a
large inner circle, he was such

a kind & generous friend -
I rejoice to have belonged to
that circle - I feel so proud
of him, that I think that
you, who were so much nearer
to him must for a while at
least be almost lifted above
the sorrow into the triumph -
It's a grand thing for you all,
& for your children to have
such a life to think of -
a noble Christian man, has
for nearly 80 years lived
his beautiful life, by your
side - truly the memory of
the just is blessed - People

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has laid down the burden of feeble health & entered into the higher service, where he shall labour without weariness & learn the secrets of creation in all their fulness. Oh Anna dear, what it is to have led such a life & to leave such a blessed remembrance behind -

I was so fond of your dear Father, he was always so kind & gentle to me, & during

that last visit at Metis, he was
so specially sweet & kind.

I knew I should never see him
again, & I thought his life &
your Mother's such a beautiful
picture of what Christian
love could make of life.

I was so sorry that Clare had to
hurry past me, without giving
me the peep she promised, I
have tucked her into a very
warm corner of my heart, dear
girl that she is, so wise & so
simple & so all your daughter should
be. I know that you will write to
me, when you have time. Thank you
so much for papers & don't write too
often quite easy. With most loving & respectful
to you & your dear Mother - Yours truly
Sybil Wilson.