

IVY LODGE
TRINITY, EDINBURGH

76-12-84.

my dearest-Georg,
just a line or two
to thank you for your
last letter. I like then
the beautiful Card: it
is quite a work of art,
wholly different from
any I have seen. I don't
know whether you will
have heard, that dear Papa
had gone to his rest.
It had been a rude shock
to us all, as he was in

apparently perfect health.
He walked to town on
Monday morning; feeling
faint, was brought home
in a cab. He was quite
conscious & spoke briefly
to those around him; but
within an hour, he was
gone. None of us were
in time to see him in
life, except Moore at home,
Jessie Trille; but a was
comforting to hear that
he died as he had lived,
praising & blessing God
with his latest breath.
He repeated at intervals
the first few verses of the

to. 103rd psalm, beginning, "Bless
the Lord, O my soul". -

The day was very cold.
The W^o thought it was
a sudden chill, which
now sent the blood back
on the heart. Dear old
Father; I know no man
so loving, so unselfish;
but to him, the exchange
is immeasurable gain. -
I feel so sorry, that dear
little baby will never
remember him. I think
Baby still looks a good
deal like his photo, tho'
of course more boyish.