

and uphold you and comfort you is the prayers of a distant and
Sympathising Friend

Mrs Lewis W. Cley.

I send a lock of his hair
enveloped

Address Ladies Relief Hospital

He was interred at the Soldiers beawaying Ground and the
undertaker can always show his grave.

Since closing my letter, I find it is not as explicit in the acco-
unt of his last hours as I wished it to be, so I will add more. For
one week before his death, he was fully convinced he would
never be raised from his bed again. He told me in the
meekest language, he had given you and his Child and
all that he loved and owned into the hands of his Saviour
all his trust was in him! I tried to cheer him up for
his countenance was not at all deathlike or thought he
looked like he might yet recover, but he said he knew
he never could, the Surgeon was a very skilful and excel-
ent one and ordered that he should have every thing he
fancied, but he craved nothing at all, I gave him a
large green sage plum, he smiled and took it and