

[Letter from "sister" Kate Drinkwater to Emma and Olive Drinkwater; Kate is possibly the wife of Olive's late brother Roscoe who died in 1867 at the age of 26]

Shelburne Dec 1 - 71

Dear Sister Emma

I will try to answer your verry sad letter which I received yesterday bringing the sad news of the death of your Dear Father. O Emma how can I write to you on such ocation my own feelings and my sympathy for you all in your sad bereavement. the loss of a Father is something that can not be made up in this world. Little did I think the last time I saw him it would be the last time in this world. he seemed so well when I went to the office and received your letter draped in mourning O you don't know it over came me. I thought of every one but Father I know the writing. But the first one I thought of was Moses I could not open it for some time. poor Moses has to share his sorrows all alone in a distant land. I hope he will return home safe. I know he would be a great comfort to you all and would share the cares of his Dear Mother who has her nearest and dearest on earth. a kind and devoted husband and affectionate Father to his children. I trust that God will buoy her up in this sad hour of affliction. And restore her to health again that she may so live to be a comfort to her children. She has yet something to live for although her loss never can be made up. I knew that you ware in trouble by my dreams. and when dreaming about your house and seeing everything in the house all up-side down and Mother being to busy trying to put them to rites I thought she must be sick.

Dear Emma it is hard for me to write to day. I can not express my feelings it will not do

I am very glad you are at home with Mother you will be a great comfort to her. O I wish I could come and see you I feel more like being the house of mourning than any whare else. Dear Sister I can not say any more this time your loving Sister Kate Please write as soon as you get this and let me know how Mother is

Dear Sister Olive

I will try and say a word to you but what can I say to comfort you.

O can I forget the morning I parted with you and Dear Father at the boat and how he told me I must not stay away so long again and that I was welcome to come and stay so long as I would be contented

O can I think relise that he has gone the way of all the earth whare travelers have no return. Since I lost my own dear Father he seemed so much nearer to me I felt I had one Fathers home to go to. but now I have none. this brings back afresh all my

past sorrows. dear Olive you must try and bear your loss and think that God doeth
all things well may God bless and guide you in the prayer of your loving Sister Kate
please write to me soon as you can