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Dear Sir,

With a heavy heart and much bodily weakness, I take up my pen to inform you that my dear, dear Jane is no more. The great Disposer opened a passage for her into the realms of perpetual Day on Friday last Dec. 15<sup>th</sup> after a tedious Fever of nine days. On Thursday the 14<sup>th</sup> she complained ~~much~~ <sup>very</sup> all night of pain through her <sup>whole</sup> body. On Friday morning I got up, gave her a cup of Tea ~~in~~ <sup>and</sup> hoping it would cause perspiration. I then walked down to the shop, to see if any of our <sup>patients</sup> were landed, I returned and sat down to write to you to inform you of the arrival of the Simson, but before I had written a page I was taken suddenly in the same way and was immediately confined to bed. ~~My~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~brother~~ <sup>brother</sup> got up and seemed something better but was soon obliged to return. Medical aid was directly called for and the Dr. attended very punctually now we were confined one in each end of the house but sometimes I would crawl to her and she would. On Wednesday she asked one of the friends to read to her the 14. Chapter of St. John's Gospel. She was much affected. Particularly at the last passage. In my Father's house there are many mansions. This Chapter was always one of her favorites. On Thursday she took one of the friends to her <sup>room</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~doubt~~ <sup>doubt</sup> but that her journey here below was at an end. Friday morning I heard that she had