Fort Simpson
Oct. 22nd 1880.

My dear Brother,

This may be the last mail we shall be able to send away this fall, so I want to write you a few lines.
Dear Mother, I am grieved to hear that you are so better, and I feel how great a satisfaction it would be to me to be able to minister in any way to your comfort. But Providence has ordered it otherwise, and all I can do is to pray for you, and this I do without ceasing. Your letters to me were always so full of trust and faith, that

I know will be how your hope has been placed — and I do trust that however your faith and patience may be tried now, that yet you can rejoice through it all.
I hope our letters may be sent up during the winter, as they are sometimes by a chance steamer, for I shall be very anxious to hear from you again. We are all well. Thomas has been away a great deal lately, but Mrs Tate has been with me about three months, and has been good company for me. Jessie and Grace are growing well — and seem quite strong, though they are still small for

their age. Their great delight is to go out with Papa. My baby is so strong and healthy. she does not seem like the others at all. She invariably sleeps well at night and is very good all day. Thomas joins me in love to yourself, dear Mother and my father. Remember we are with you in our tenderest sympathy and most earnest prayers. God bless you my dear, dear mother.

Your affectionate daughter,
Emma.