

Corgémont, 4th May, 1867.

My dearest sister,

Oh! How I wish that instead of sending you this cold paper I could come and weep on your breast and tell you ~~our~~ sad and sorrowful truth. Rosine, do not weep for you will see her again in heaven, ~~xxxxx~~ in the glory of Jesus, our good and venerable mother. She is no ~~more~~, heaven has taken her from us! She left us on 27th April last, after being in bed almost a fortnight with ~~xxxx~~ pneumonia. Oh! she is no ~~more~~, but she ~~xxxxxx~~ did not die without hope, no, she ~~xxxxxx~~ fell asleep calling ~~Jesus~~ ^{Jesus} ~~Jesus~~ ^(Lungenentzündung = inflammation of the lung)

About seven weeks ago, Dad fell ill, also from pneumonia. Mum looked after him although she ~~xxxx~~ already felt weak. It was then that Mum and Dad agreed that as soon as he was better they would have their photographs taken for their children. But, as everywhere, ~~xxxxxx~~ man proposes and God disposes. Dad was hardly convalescent when Mum fell ill....ill, never to recover. What patience, what resignation ~~she~~ showed! Never once ~~she~~ ^{would you have heard this} "I ~~xxxxxx~~ am suffering" come out of her mouth. When we talked to her ^{of her sufferings}, she would reply, "It's nothing, Jesus suffered more than I am". She spoke almost right up to the last moment. She did not forget you, nor Hermann, and often she referred to her photographs which she would have liked to leave us. Oh! How grateful she was that her six children were able to be around her bed. How happy she was too that God had allowed her to see Hermann last year as well as your photographs and those of your children. I would like to be able to repeat to you all her words so that you could make them the subject of your thoughts. She went to bed first on the day of her ~~7th~~ birthday. The doctor who was called was worried right from the beginning. They gave her leeches, but the illness did not decrease. They ~~sent~~ for me to come from Corgémont to look after her; I found her so pale and thin that I burst into tears, which upset her. "Why are you weeping?", she said, "I feel better", and in this way she tried to awaken hope in us. However to strangers who visited ~~her~~ she confided that she felt she was dying. On the 9th day of her illness she felt somewhat better; she talked a lot and made many plans; Dad thought that she would ~~recover~~, but ~~xxxx~~ evening everything had changed; a deep, long drowsiness had followed this illusory well-being, and a high temperature and severe pains in the neck weakened her considerably. "Mummy," I said to her on Wednesday morning, "are you going to Heaven, do you want to leave Dad and your children?" "Yes, I am happy," she said. On Wednesday it seemed that at any moment we would hear her last sigh, but nothing changed all day long and soon we were asking the Lord to come and ~~xxxxxxx~~ take his lamb in his arms. Oh! How sad it was for us all to be around the bed of our dearest mother and see her suffering. Anna said to her that she would like to be able to take upon her her sufferings but she replied, "We cannot do that for one another. Jesus alone can do that." On Friday morning she twice uttered the beautiful words that close the book of the Apocalypse: "Oh Lord Jesus Christ come! Yes, come soon!" Finally ~~on~~ the evening of this same day she looked around at all of her children as if to see them for the last time. Alas, did she see them? I do not know, for her eyes were already covered with a thick cloud. On Saturday she was still suffering ~~the same as before~~. The doctor declared that she would not get through the day, and in fact the cold of death had already come over her and at twenty minutes ~~to~~ eleven in the morning she passed ~~peacefully~~ peacefully into the last sleep which lasts until the Lord says to the dead, "Return to life." If we are sad, if we are still ~~mourning~~ mourning a mother we loved tenderly, let us not be completely down-cast, for we are not of those who have no hope. We now that she will not ~~come back~~ to us, but that we shall go to her. Yes we bow our heads before the divine will, and we bless Him who has shown life and immortality through the Gospel; Him who assures us that whoever lives and believes in Him shall not die forever. My dearest sister, do not become too dejected; turn with ever greater faith to the Lamb sacrificed for us, let us ~~live~~ live only for Him, let us fight the good fight, let us keep the faith so as to be able to complete our journey with hope and peace.

Charles and X Anna left on Wednesday ~~first~~ ^{1st} May for Porrentruy. He will be installed tomorrow, that is on Sunday ~~first~~ ^{5th} May. The funeral took place on the twenty ~~ninth~~ ^{24th} April instead of the ~~thirtieth~~ ^{30th} because Charles ~~had~~ ^{absolutely} had to move house. I hope that Charles will be happy in his new position so that he can lead many souls to Jesus, the only path to salvation. I am pleased with the choice he has made with regard to his

fiancee. She is so devout, so humble, so pleasant that one can ^{feel} ~~understand~~ ^{love} her. Dad, who at first was not very pleased, is very happy now, so much does he appreciate her and her wonderful qualities.

As for me, I ~~xx~~ have been a school teacher at Corgement since first September 1865; I have charge of the top girls' class, a class which is rather difficult since I have about 60 children. For the rest, I am very happy in my pretty little room as well as when I am making my meals. My health is fairly good, but for the past few months I have extraordinarily weak nerves. The slightest emotion brings on a n attack of nerves. I have already been to the doctors, and last summer I had to suspend my lessons for ten weeks, and this spring I am once again not feeling well.

Marie is still the same, she has three children, and a lot of work since her husband has no skill and he cannot manage to support his family. Poor Marie, Lummy helped her a lot ⁱⁿ sewing, and now she will not have her any longer. Oscar had a little girl this winter. Oscar is a good lad although slightly irresponsible. Mother. pointed out to him his duties on her death bed; let us hope that the last words of a beloved mother will have some beneficial effect on him. Fritz has a lot of worries and little work. His family was increased by a little girl yesterday. It is a very long time since Herman last wrote to us, so that I cannot tell you anything about him. I presume that you correspond with one another. Dad is not very well and now he is alone in his little house. I don't know what he will do, whether he will stay there or not. Such is life; there was a time when 8 children surrounded Mum and Dad and now all or practically all have been scattered by the wind of the Eternal. Everything cries out that everything is vanity ~~x~~ and everything must make us yearn for the Eternal Meeting.

I sincerely thank Emile for his dear kind letter and for his photograph. Let him not be discouraged but may he write me often, I shall always be delighted to receive a few words from my dear nephew. I do not yet ask for letters from your two little girls. Later, if God keeps us ~~x~~ alive and in health, I shall also ~~xxx~~ ask for a few words from your little daughters. If I had had the ~~xxxx~~ time I would have written to Emile, but I still have to transcribe a letter for Herman and I am feeling tired. May the Lord bless your family and may Emile become a good worker in the vineyard of the Lord. We received a letter from Jacob Scheuermann. His two sisters ~~xx~~ Rose and Sussett are already with those. Sussett has six children, Rose has none.

~~Kxxxx~~ Monsieur Bernard in writing to Dad says that no doubt all her children were around Mother's bed except Madame Just and Herman. You see that you have not been forgotten. I do not know what to write you further except to implore the blessing of God and ~~pr~~ pray for him to console you and ~~xx~~ watch over you as well as your husband and your children. We all send you our most loving kisses and very best wishes.

Your affectionate Albertine Jung.

We have shared Mother's hair and I am sending you some. You can do something with it to keep it in memory of her whom we shall never see again on earth, not even in a photograph. Goodbye.