

## The Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited

Peebles, 16<sup>th</sup> April 1917

My dearest old John,

Your letters are a great comfort. We must all try to bear up, but just now it is difficult. I feel as if a great part of my life had suddenly been taken away, and I don't seem to have much interest in what is left. I did not realize how much the Mhoir's companionship meant to me. I tried to do my best for him, and to see him through the rough places. I was looking forward to help in his future. What futile hopes. His future was safe but not in this world. He was willing to lay down his perfect youth, and

his last wish for those left behind was that they should be cheerful. We must try to obey that wish, but it is hard. Who shall dare to sorrow for our splendid young brother. I envy him the manner of his going, and a great part of my heart lies with him now.

John, old man, I hear you are going out to France this week. Please take great care of yourself. It is not necessary that you should expose yourself to any danger. There are not many of us left now, and your life is very precious. I do hope you are keeping well.

I enclose a postcard of Albstain. I am very anxious that a good picture should be painted from it, if at all possible. It is so like him. Will you see what can be done, - something about the size of my Wellington picture, and a first

class artist. I don't care what it  
costs, for it should be handed  
down as a very precious possession.  
I will send other photographs if  
necessary, but I like ~~that~~ one  
best.

Mother is going into Glasgow  
tomorrow to get her eye attended to.  
I hope it will be all right. She  
is a wonderful wee body.

I wish we could see each  
other before long.

much love  
from  
Mother,  
Water,