

June 24. 1855

My dear Wm

From the black seal of this
 Letter you will have concluded that your
 poor Aunt Woods was no more - it is
 not so; dear Aunt Sarah has gone before
 her - she never regained strength after
 the severe fever was subdued - on Thursday
 she sunk alarmingly at noon yesterday
 we had but the slightest hope of her recovery,
 and it pleased God that she should depart
 this life before the day was closed.
 She was an excellent woman, and we trust
 that she is among the blessed - Your Mother
 and Aunt Hutchinson support themselves,
 as I have said in my letter to John in a way
 becoming their characters, and thin for the
 in God's good gift. How this awful event
 will ultimately effect Aunt Woods work and
 Dora - it is impossible to foretell. I have
 not seen either of them this morning

2050

but shall see both before this letter is closed
and if nothing be added you will conclude
they are doing well at present.

Mr. Proby come to the funeral, unless
the Inspector's visit makes it impossible.

God bless you my dear son. I give
the love of all, or rather you must take it,
for no one as I in the room when I am
writing farewell. Let us all be good to
each other.

Your affectionate father
W. W.

has dropped this in:
half post mine. —

If your Uncle Henry should have proposed
praying forward to him this letter —

The funeral will not be before Tuesday

Mr. Wordsworth's letter to his son William
announcing the death of his ^{young} daughter
his mother's sister