

Dear Mrs Roberts

I wrote to you last November after your son was killed and I am sorry you did not receive my letter. Your son was a very dear friend of mine. He was loved by all who knew him. He was killed while going to a machine gun out-post. He fell wounded by three bullets and I am told that he only gasped as he fell. He died before even the doctor could reach him. He never spoke. He was buried in the cemetery at Franeries almost at the time the world was rejoicing at the news of the ending of the war. He was killed at Hyon near Mons. He was buried by a clergyman of his own faith. I am a Catholic priest and I had charge of the Catholic boys of the whole brigade. However since I lived with the 14th Battalion I knew your son very well and I shall never forget how sad I felt that day when the end was so near. He was wounded in August and had only been back a short time. We lost three officers and seventeen men that day. I trust that God may keep you in His good care and lighten the burden of sorrow again the day when you meet your son in that land where cruel wars do not cause pain and anguish.

Sincerely

(Rev) Ewan J Macdonald
Alexandria
Ontario

Sept 9th 1919