

Woodbridge, Ont.

Canada,

Dec. 18, 1895.

Sir J. W. Dawson

My dear Sir

I see that it has pleased our heavenly Father to make a breach in your family circle.

Thankfulness to you and Lady Dawson for kindness to my mother was on the other side of the "narrow stream", and to myself, moves me to write to you to express my very sincere sympathy with you both.

Imitating the language of Paul to the Thessalonians, I can truly say to you and Lady Dawson; "As touching them"

and where only, you can find
true comfort in your great be-
reavement, ye need not that
I write unto you, for ye your-
selves are taught of God."

I know that you feel the stroke
but you say: "The Lord gave
and the Lord hath taken away.
Blessed be the name of the
Lord."

I had not the pleasure
of knowing the departed, but I
know that he was a child
of many prayers, and I trust
that he now enjoys higher hon-
ours than any which earth
can bestow. To human view
he has been called away in
the midtime of his usefulness

— his sun has set at noon.
But the Lord had nothing
more for him to do here.

You will be surprised
when I explain the reason of
my being so long in writing.

Tidings of the event came to
me in a very roundabout way,
namely by Edinburgh. A few
days ago, I received from a
friend in London, Scot., a copy
of the Freemason, in which I
first noticed a short para-
graph about the death of Dr
E. M. Dawson, the distinguis-
ed geologist, in Halifax, N. S.
In another place, I found a
more extended notice of the
departed. I never noticed any

reference to his removal, either
in the Witness, the Weekly Globe
or any other paper which I
receive. I was all the more
startled when the tidings came
to me by the way of Edinburgh.

Please convey to Fanny
Dawson my humble tribute
of respect for her in the form of
the expression of my very sincere
sympathy with her.

I still carefully keep the
dressing gown which she gave
my mother. When I look at it,
I think of the giver and the
receiver. Many a time I begged
my mother to put it on and
take it off. When I look at
it, I think I see her, poor body!
panting with her exertions. That

is all over with her now.
I also take good care of the
bible which you kindly gave
me one Sabbath at the door
of Astor's Hotel.

I am sure that your
retirement is not a union
of otium cum dignitate.
The dignitas is there,
but I am sure that the
otium is not.

Praying you to be pleas-
ed to accept this humble
tribute of respect from me,
for you and Lady Dawson,
I remain,

Yours,

J. Fenwick.

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