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McGILL UNIVERSITY
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Dr Barry
23 Deering Road
Oct 2. 1899

B A

Dear Lady Dawson

Unusual pressure of
work, including examinations
and other things which could
not be deferred, has caused
me to be slow in writing to

Tell you with what great
regret I saw that you had

lost your good husband
and how deeply I sympa-

thized with you and yours
in your sorrow. I was not,

however, surprised for I knew

that for some time he had

been in failing health

and when that is so, and four-
score years are nearly past,
death comes as friend. To
him, though there might be
some little regret at parting,
from the work of life and those
he loved, death could have
no terrors. He could look back
with the consciousness of having
tried to do his best; forward,
with Christian hope. For a
true and genuine Christian he
was if ever I met one. Very
few men that I have known
have ever made so deep an
impression on my mind, and

The memory of the Time I spent
in his company - in your home
and elsewhere - will always remain
and be I hope, a valuable lesson.

His industry and power of work
were marvellous; the quantity he
~~found~~ got-through immense, and yet
he never seemed hurried. His
knowledge, like his sympathies,
was wide; his toleration for
those who differed from him
of the largest; his enthusiasm
for science inexhaustible. Some
of these things I partly knew
before I came to Canada, but
I appreciated them far more after

days spent in his company - and
learned, from attending Committees
with him, one secret of his power - his
wonderful tact - appreciation of the
right moment to speak and the way
to secure harmony. He has done
much for education and science,
perhaps even more for Montreal -
The Redpath Museum, McGill
University itself, are his monument.
The paper kindly sent to me does no
more than justice. And now, life's
work well done he has entered into
rest and the presence of his Saviour.
May you be supported in your trouble
for it is a heavy burden. My sister
would have written but I regret to say
she is a great invalid now - but
she sends her kindest regards
Believe me
Sincerely yours
T. G. Bourne