

a

Erading  
London Oct-  
Nov. 24<sup>th</sup>

My dearest Anna

It was with the  
deepest sorrow that I  
saw the announcement  
of your dear Father's death,  
though I can hardly  
say that I was surprised.  
He looked so very frail  
when I saw him last

February that it seemed  
as though he was not  
long in this world, & there  
was such a look of  
peace on the dear  
face, as if he were  
done with the turmoil  
of this world, & just  
waiting for the summons  
to pass through the  
portal of death into

the more perfect-life  
beyond.

I cannot tell you dear  
Anna how glad I am  
to have been able to see  
your dear Father in those  
few moments. Some one,  
most likely you, has sent  
me a "Star" with such  
a delightful article about  
Sir William, & giving a

history of the College from  
the beginning. It brings my  
youth back to me, & all  
the happy times with you all.  
Sir William was always  
so good to us, so patient with  
our ignorance & youthful  
conceit. I do esteem it one  
of my greatest privileges  
to have known so good  
& great a man.

I feel so deeply for your  
mother, for he was really  
all in all to her. Every thing  
else seemed secondary.

and she is not one to  
take up new habits easily.  
I will not write to her for  
a few days, so please  
give her my dearest  
love & sympathy. She  
will not want letters yet.  
I was glad to see that  
you had George with you.  
There has always been  
a strong bond of sym-  
pathy between you, &  
he is one of those rare

souls who understands.  
It has been a happy  
thing for you that you  
were never really sep-  
arated from your father,  
he liked & appreciated  
your husband, & the inter-  
course between you was  
never broken by absence  
or, far worse, by misunder-  
standing. Thank God for that.  
Dearest, I will not write more  
you know how I feel for you  
in your affliction & you  
that I am always yr loving  
Sophie