

(Letter to Mrs. Robt. Brewster)
(handwriting)

13, NORHAM GARDENS,
OXFORD.

30.VIII.17

Dear Mabel

Harvey Cushing of the Harvard Unit wired this afternoon that Revere was dangerously wounded, & this evening the war office telephoned that he had died at 12. Dear laddie! it is hard to realize that he has gone. We have been preparing for the blow. I felt sure the fates would hit me through him. I have escaped all these years without a great sorrow, and have had so much in life, so ^{much} more, really, than I have deserved that I have all along felt we could not escape. No father ever had a more congenial son, and I had never to say a cross word to him. Poor Grace! it hits her hard; but we are both going to be brave, and take up what is left of life as though he were with us. I wish you could have seen him of late years - so full of interest and so matured mentally. I will get my nephew Col. Hugh Osler to take out a photograph for you.- he "chose for you" do you remember that day in the nursery at Baltimore, when he was a little boy. Love to R.B. and the darlings

Yours affectionately

WM OSLER

Grace sends Ned our love.

It is such a mercy Harvey Cushing was with him They were such dear friends