

December, 1919.

Reminiscence - Dr. W. W. Francis.

Last illness.

I believe Archie gave you from his diary a full account of the illness &c. I was back here for the last week, and W.O. sometimes had me read to him, chiefly out of Bridges' Anthology "The Spirit of Man." On Christmas night it was Milton's Ode. He asked for his 1st edition and we searched in vain everywhere - except in the safe, where we afterwards found it. He used to read the "Ode" to Revere on Xmas. This time he stopped me after a few verses.

The night before he died I read to him quite a long time out of the Anthology, ^{Help the Poet's Ode} and we ended with the last verses of the "Ancient Mariner." I thought at the time how well it fitted him, and I thought afterwards what an appropriate valedictory of his beloved Literature to this lover of men and books;

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small . . .

When I kissed him, he said to me, as though I were a child, "Goody night, a-darling!"