

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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46 ST. GEORGE ST.,
TORONTO.

Aug. 17th
1891

My very dear Friend

I have kept your letter to the last, because I wanted to tell you many things & would dear Anna accept this as written to her too, for I would say the same things to you both. Her little notes were very sweet & comforting - death has come very near to her, & then only so we understand all its means.

First before I begin of myself, I want to say that Sir William (if you won't think this rude of me) will very seriously think of retiring,

my darling just wore himself out, &
there was no power of recovery left,
I do so hope, he will consider it in
time - you won't say I am sure that
I have scarcely the right to advise
such a one as Sir William Dawson;
but I have thought of him often &
hoped it might warn him - in time -

Do not think I am looking back
regretfully & saying "It might have
been", I am quite satisfied with all
the way God has led my dearly loved
Father & me - He always said, he
hoped to die in harness & he did -
All those long days of July while he
lay so ill & suffering, seemed to go
by inches & I thought their misery
was burned into my brain, so that I
should never forget them - but now
that they are past, they seem but a
moment - not much different from Mother's

easy home-going & I only remember the
clear blue eyes that looked into mine
so lovingly & trustfully & always called
for "Sybil" - It was about 10 days before
the end that he really had me face to face
after that there were clear intervals, but
very momentary, though he always
knew me - But all that afternoon
he talked to me - gave me messages
for friends & spoke of Jesus - When I
said "Xth Jesus came into the world to
save sinners," he added "of whom I am
chief" - When he sent his love to
Oswald, he said "a respectful
message to his father", I was so
pleased when he said that, no bitterness
& you know all it meant -

Fortunately I took a pencil & noted
all down - at the time - over & over
again he said: "We've been very happy
my pet," & "I've had a singularly

happy life" - To him it was a happiness
to be busy & his life was not in vain.
Letter after letter comes from old
students & professors saying how
he had influenced them for good,
& that "he will live in the affection &
memory of his students as long as
they shall live".

And yet I always felt no one really
knew how sweet & lovable he was
unless they lived with him. Anna
calls him "the dearest of Fathers" &
so have I always named him in
my heart.

And now, though I keep myself out
of most letters I know you will want
to hear how I am - Quite well, but
even very tired - my two good
nurses did all the fatiguing nursing,
& I was just with him to do the

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little acts of love, he would like best
from me. They said the illness
might go on for months, so I took
great care, lest if ill I might not
be able to be always with him -
Now, I still take great care, because
"I am not my own"

Spiritually, I want you to ask for
me that I may become "a partaker
of His holiness" God's end in chastening.
Learning His new lessons day by day.

I know dear kind friend that
my great sorrow is weighing you
down, your letter makes me cry
bitterly, because you have entered
into all the loneliness of a whole life

without the one I loved beyond
words, & for whom I did everything,
- my centre. but don't grieve thus
for me, it's all true but I'm trying
to take life day by day & He is
helping me wonderfully - I don't
even think of tomorrow. Only that
I may God to take my life & use
it in some way in his service -

I am quite free, no one needs me,
I shall have enough to live
simply without care - my dear
Father's unselfish love still providing
for my wants - So I trust that
God will call me to some definite
work. Will you pray that I may
make no mistake but wait & see

His leading - I should do nothing
& go nowhere without her. God
has put her in my care - She is
quite well & very loving & kind,
doing all she possibly can for me -

I shall need a rest & will make
no change of any kind at
present - unless God calls me -

I tell you all this, because I
count you a Mother friend
& would always appeal to you
in perplexity -

Kindness is just heaped upon
me - What Prof. & W^s might
have been & still are - words
fail to tell - Don't think

I have no room for other
interests in my heart, all
that affects you & yours I
care to hear -

With loving thanks for your &
Anna's sympathy & prayer
& please go on praying with
love to you both

Your much attached friend
Sylvie Wilson

