

^{Mr. Drummond}
874 Sherb.

March. 8. 1901

Dear Lady Dawson

How can we
speak words of
Comfort to you?

I think we must
not venture to
try, but must leave
that to the
Father of all.

Was his work done? It does
not seem so to us, but
God who took him must
know best. & he, who was
greater than his work, will
still abide with us in
blessed memory.

The sense of
loss is universal -
& even to those
who knew him
but a little it
is a sense of
personal loss - so
great, so original,
has the charm
of his personality.

When I was a
child, he was one
of my ideals, &
perhaps I may
say ^{he is} one of the
few who has
never disappointed
me - with loving
sympathy, dear
Lady Dawson,
affectionately yours
Julia Drummond.