

W. L. Mackenzie King Papers  
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out of love, duty, pride, but  
 strong as death, let me not  
 speak today. Words have  
 been failed to express its meaning  
 and only the inspiring tones  
 of distance have ever  
~~been promised to the fate~~  
 been all to come  
 the endurance and insight  
 of the maker of the message  
 but that Sunday afternoon?  
 what it meant to me I could  
 not tell you if I could.  
 suffice it to say that ~~the~~  
~~you~~ I picture a humble  
 confession of her made in  
 a letter to a friend many  
 years in thought & desire,

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