

I must not trouble you. I feel I can begin now now
 to think and write in this library or study. The
 first I have ever had! And how pleased you
 would be, how surprised in you own way, even
 you at this moment - me my darling advice
 sitting on the oak window-seat, the selling sun
 lighting the autumn to a golden glory, as she
 reads a book. Paper just come in, and feeling
 from a hard day's work I am writing, clearing,
 planning and bringing order out of confusion
 every hour as it passes. And Campbell will
 "see is a divine gift" to me, and I believe it.
 I dedicate myself to her blessedness now, trying
 daily to mingle with it some genuine happiness;
 as for myself, what can I do my soul will
 I commit my way to God, and trust to your thin
 with your devotion, as Peter said at Vercy Hill. Any so.
 Louis asks me to tell you how sorry she is to hear
 of your loss, and to assure you of her affectionate
 sympathy. Her little letters and how the time away
 will be too much for your dear mother. For you gather
 them with the light of sunlight, for she like you mother
 has the inward vision. In which the Sun no more
 from down upon a living soul loved by God.
 God bless you, my dear Rose, for all you are, for all you

King, Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie (MG
 26 J 7 volume 18) Miss Isabel King - re:
 Death of Isabel King - Messages of
 Sympathy n.d., 1915