

to me," and I answered, pressing his hand, "You have always been very kind to *me*." I said I would come again, and left the room.

*Saturday, September 28, 1878.*

At eleven o'clock started off with Beatrice for *Abergeldie Mains* to inquire after Sir Thomas. I went upstairs, and Blake, the former nurse, came in much distressed, saying how ill he was. Then she asked if I would like to look at him, which I did from the door. We (Beatrice and I) were both much upset. We left, intending to return in the afternoon, and got back to *Balmoral* by a quarter to twelve. Sat writing in the garden-cottage. While I was writing, at a quarter to one Brown came round with a note in his hand, crying, and said "It's all over!" It was from Sir William, saying that dear "Sir Thomas passed away at twenty minutes past twelve. Lady Biddulph as well as the children were with him to the last." We were so distressed that we had not remained at the house, and Brown so vexed and so kind and feeling. Dreadful! Such a loss! Dear Sir Thomas was such an excellent, honest,