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Dear George

When I came up to the house this afternoon and saw what had happened, I had not the courage to ring - though I had thought I was fully prepared by what I heard when I called yesterday. No one of your father's friends could ever have loved him more dearly than I always did, & I can have better known the worth of his noble character.

It is ill to suppose that I can do anything for you; and yet I cannot help saying that I am staying here for some days, and that if I could, it would be a much greater relief to me than it could be a service to you.

Your poor mother has been constant in my thoughts since I saw the quiet brain with which she pursued her compass. The beauty of her ministrations sank into my heart when I saw him for the last time on Earth. May God be with her, and with all, in your great loss!

Affectionate yours always,

Charles Dickens