

Toronto
Jan 11th/11

My lovely Darling

Your letter of the 8th is beside me and I can assure you that my doings have been no more "wildly exciting" than yours. My shopping, however, has all been for the Company. I got some valuable experience buying a rug and also in looking after getting a photo of an air-compressor taken. — Nothing else more exciting than writing business letters. Oh yes! a sweet letter from Ruth; a most cheery and optimistic letter which I was delighted to get and to answer.

I must enclose² it to you. I'm sure Ruth would'nt mind.

Lois, try to choose a Dickens that you like. I have been so lazy or so busy working at books filled with other things that I feel very ignorant about three things - literature, painting and music. I should like to spend some time - to have you help me perhaps - with all three. The first, at least, and probably the most important of the three, I certainly intend to make time for. Unfortunately in reading I have to take very careful care of my eyes. I try, wherever possible to read big print on heavy paper which cannot show through. That was what I was thinking about the other day in Morgan's. I should like to get you a set of Dickens or

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whatever you would like best - one or
two volumes at a time, and if you can
"split the difference" and get moderately
small neat volumes such as you like
in addition to getting as good clear
print as possible - so much the better.

Please let me know if you see
anything you like.

My Beloved! It sounds nice doesn't
it. Loie. Old people are not self conscious
about saying what they feel. But it
would sound odd from me. An instinct
makes me dread to have people know
my feelings. If I were hurt I'd hate
to have them know it and if I were
pleased I'd have an insane desire
to have my pleasure under control. I'm
afraid I have an almost girlish
fear of ridicule, of what people think,
especially if it is unexpressed or behind

my back. I look forward to a Heaven when I can open my heart to you and tell you little things and ask you little things and trust you as one part of myself to another. But not yet - don't ask me yet. The funny part of it all is - I have no secrets - no big secrets. Heaven knows what I would do if I had. They'd worry me to death I think.

Sweetheart I've been talking all about myself, like a big fool, but I cannot get over my good fortune and I simply keep congratulating myself all the time, hardly daring to think of your part. Oh Lois, am I mad that I sometimes feel like running away from it all. The responsibility seems too great. My Darling, if I thought you only half loved me, if I thought you half loved someone else

I would not run away. Then in the heat of conflict doubts for the happiness of the prize would be forgotten - but now - Dearest I have grown to believe at last that you actually, really, fully, love me. For a long long time I could not comprehend, could not credit it. So few people I interest or care to interest and so very much fewer ^{there are} who love me - I could be just a pessimistic all over again. Thank Heaven it's over.

But the nicest thing I heard from you at Christmas - you told me that you trusted me - that gave me far the most pleasure and has made me far the most afraid. Can I be trusted? The happiness of the sweetest ~~and~~ being on earth, to me, is at stake. The exam is a thousand times harder than I

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have ever passed. It is on my
character. God grant that I pass.

I don't know when I have felt so solemn
and so blue; and so near crying just to
relieve my feelings.

I had meant to write of other things,
but I have let myself go too far. I can't
write of anything else. I will not tear
this up in the morning. It is what I
should have said had you been here
and as its been practically said to you
I'll send it.

Accept my love dear Lois, teach me to
be more sensible and help me to pass "the
great exam." With prayers for your greatest
happiness

Affectly
Edward.

XXXXX

Jan. 11 / /
Toronto

Receipt of the sum of two dollars
in full of the amount of the
rent for the year 1850

Yours truly
J. B. [unclear]

JAN 11 / 1911



Miss Lois Harrington
295 University St
Montreal
Que

