

Priv:

Quebec, 9 Jan. '89.

My dear Principal, I have for a long time had two very important communications from you on hand, to write about; the one of Dec<sup>r</sup> last. Even now all I can write as to them, is to say why I cannot, - to beg you to draw no inference whatsoever either from any silence or from any non-silence of our Education Department.

Were I not absolutely overwhelmed with work, I would try to enter into explanations. But the truth is I am called on for so many that I hardly can work, for the purpose on me to write, right & left to disabuse every body of something or other.

You are not, I know, one of the culprits I have to complain of. But with many, it almost seems as though I had become a mere object of suspicion & misrepresentation, not to say lying. Really,

S. W. Dawson, Esq. J. H.

I hope to get through alive, &  
to triumph. But at times, my  
very heart sinks; & I can find  
no ray of comfort, but in the  
remembrance one has at such  
times to force upon one's self,  
that there is a strength above  
all our weakness, & that right  
will result at last out of every-  
thing.

Perhaps, I should still have  
kept rushing to you in a vain  
to mislead & misinfect me,  
had I not, within the last day  
or two become aware of my ab-  
pithenous in other quarters  
that I had never dreamed of  
I feel forced to make you see  
my hand writing, though it is  
sore to have so I divert my-  
self from the real <sup>work</sup> that is put  
on me, in proof that science  
is not heathen or folly.

Do believe I am busy &  
hopeful. I cannot do all I  
would, or as fast as I would.  
But I am doing all I can,  
& do not deserve the treatment  
I am getting from too many  
of those who should be behaving

as my friend & are not.

It is too likely that the hard  
needs of the public purse will  
rebuff much that I have at  
heart. But a very few weeks  
now, if God gives me life & the  
strength needed, I shall have  
stood the ordeal of the year. It  
will not be seen then, that I  
have wholly failed. At least,  
I trust not.

Excuse the sad tone of this  
note. I feel at the moment  
more weary than usual. I am  
generally hopeful; & in my  
heart I believe & trust that a  
higher power than mine or yours  
will yet make us all hereafter  
thankful, - as we should be.  
Only now I feel under cloud;  
& yet year to year up this, last  
week's shadow has passed beyond  
can again be written to you,  
& you too (in the meanwhile)  
should be believing or half-  
believing what so many are  
saying to my prejudice.

Don't trouble yourself to  
answer this; but with best wishes  
for the New Year from my wife  
& myself to yourself & the 24  
believe me, yours ever faithfully,  
Christina Smith

Dear  
Jany 1849