Montreal Sept 19th 1887

Sir William Dawson
McGill College

Dear Sir,

I trust that you will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you. I am the Mother of Annie Williams, a student at McGill under the Sir Donald Smith endowment. She often speaks very highly of you and seems not afraid to ask you any favour, even about Mathematics, her letters to me have shed a ray of brightness over my lot which has been a sad one for the past few years having been sent to a Convent boarding school. There became a breach and my husband could never again receive me. He has since died. My children think me, an interested case, could bring some influence to bear on Annie, to let her see that it is often a fine mind which becomes deranged on the principle that it is easier to shake a porcelain vase than an earthen jar — I am passionately fond of books — there is no library here for the English patient, and oh how I long to see some of the many prizes my dear Annie has received

"of this three hundred part but three
to make a new Thermopylae."
Many deep things have been made
plain to me, for I have learned
something from some books of
science belonging to Captain Jeans,
father of the immortal Nelly, and
though a woman apparently despised
in Montreal, I had for a dear friend
at school the cousin of Lord Rayleigh,
Northern family. She was Miss Strutt at that time
I saw a likeness in Lord Rayleigh's photograph
when he was here, and when I told
the sisters of it they seemed amazed.
I enclose a few lines, not that there is much
or any merit in them. Still I think a
really insane person could not do
as well. Yours in haste as I have to return
to the Kitchen tonight. Yours truly Williams

To My Daughter Annie. June 1886

Since then dear Annie, the medal you have gained
Which is an open Sesame to Proud McGill
Rest not content with what you have attained
Associate of Arts! aim higher still.

Higher and still higher bid you the mount reach
For the jewel called perfection there is found
And if your vocation be others to teach
The merit of your pupils to your credit shall redound

Even as your own attainments dear Annie do
Brighter honours on your teacher confer
So may your poor mother may a little share lifted
From the Audience at the William Molson Hall

Oh, will doubtless praise thee child of love
Tho' then will this weary exile end
Associate of arts, yet artless maiden thou
And many happy hours may we yet together spend

Do not smile, dear Annie at my attempt
For it makes my sojourn here much less forlorn
When I strive by this means to while away the time
And prove it is said are made as well as born

Longue Pointe Asylum
June 1886. A.M.

I think I may say that I have been refined in the crucible of affliction

and scientific subjects fit my thoughts especially on certain important subjects such as the direct influence of the mother's mind over her unborn child — I think I can say that I can cite Annie William, as a proof that talents are propagable — I read once a paper "Mental & moral qualities transmissible by those who know

Eureka! have I not discovered it?

I had an attack of insanity prior to Annie's birth, and after I left the Asylum for six months prior to my returning to my husband. Did it here renovated my mind by attending the Athenaeum lectures and good reading the Doctor of the Asylum hinted to me that in the event of my having another child after my return to home I should say that no trace of my delirium appeared — now Lilian will you pardon my gotiche if I tell you that I am preparing a paper to be entitled "From the Marble to the Statue. The Mother the Sculptor

Mrs Williams
Sept/87