

Friday Evening 5<sup>o</sup>

Dear Margaret

I packed a miserable scrawl for  
you here, being afraid that the carrier  
might not deliver my parcel in time; but  
having to send a little packet to father I  
close a few seeds, crumpling my pockets  
I have or should have some others but  
cannot find them. I have seen very  
few flowers but have dried one or two.

You may perhaps see Mr McLeod (mentioned  
in my note of mail) he is a very good and  
earnest preacher. I was not at Mr Mc  
Keen's house when he left or should have  
asked him to call. I got some tracts  
from Mr Kendall and some in a parcel  
father sent and have distributed a  
good many to day, mostly to R Catholics.  
I might write a great deal of you of  
people whom I have seen, both good

and had and their ways & Histories  
but it will be better to wait till I  
can tell you. I hope Jane & Ann &  
will have a short passage & I fear they  
will not be comforted among so many  
emigrants. It is however a fine pleasant season  
I wonder if Master James will know  
me. I long to see how he is grown. May  
our Merciful Father grant us a happy  
meeting on Saturday

Yours  
William

Wm. D. M. Simpson