



Anchut July 13

Dearest Margaret

I received your welcome letter of Wednesday eve, to day. I trust that George's trouble with his teeth will be but temporary. It must however cause fatigue and want of rest to you. I trust that you will as you say, take courage and spare yourself little in respect to over much labour and excessive anxiety.

William and I got along here very carefully on Thursday, just in time to avoid a rain storm which came on in the evening. The Madame on which this place stands, is the most bare and desolate looking part of Nova Scotia that I have visited. It is rocky, much of the surface being merely smooth rounded boulders of bare stone. There are few trees & little cultivation, the wood to the very verge of the town passing over a bare unenclosed barren. In a few places there is good soil and a little cultivation. The town of Anchut is a long straggling street along one side of a good harbour, the ground uneven and sloping up steeply from the water. The people are chiefly French and

Dish; and you often see women with those
curious woman's head-caps that I have
seldom seen except in the Bay of Normandy
& Brittany. My meeting here was small,
The people are very careless about education.
There is no school house, but only hired rooms,
and two rather poor female schools are the
best in the place. I do not know what
should be done for them; but I fear that
political & religious differences will prevent
them from uniting on education.

(Sabbath) Yesterday forenoon I visited some
schools. One of them is taught by a man
I found young & woman very imperfect. The
others are female schools - In one of them
all the children are little French boys and
girls knowing very little English, and very ignorant
in all respects. Only a small proportion of the
children here go to any school. The majority of
the children of the French fishermen cannot
read, and in some places both the priests
and the traders try to exclude the schoolmaster.
They think it to their interest to keep the
people in ignorance. This part of Cape Breton
is really a land of ignorance and superstition,
five sixths of the people being illiterate Roman
Catholics. I fear they never will be better
until they know a little more. One of the
female teachers I saw yesterday (apparently

a kind motherly mt of woman with about 30
scholars, gets annually £12 in fees not very well
paid and £8 from the commissioners, and out
of this she has to pay £10 of rent for dwelling
house & school. You may fancy she lives
poorly enough, and this is a sample of the
situation of many female teachers even in places
that should support schools well.

In the afternoon I took a walk
to the shore and collected some new kinds of
sea weeds, and saw some curious rocks.
In the evening I took tea with Mr. Hampton
the County member. Many of the people here
are now saying that they did not attend the
meeting better, and some were anxious to have an
other on Monday, but I cannot wait. To day
I shall likely attend service in the episcopal
church, the minister of which is an old Scots
man very like our friend Mr. Trotter in appearance.
A settled minister of the episcopal
church is quite a rare thing in this province.

Dear Margaret I think of you and desire
of you very often, but on Sabbath especially I al-
ways feel that it would be so pleasant if in
any way I could get home to be with you. It
seems hard that we must be separated even
when my work does not require me to be here.
There is however no help for it, and we
must be content with such communion as we

Can have by writing. Thought absent as long I
am present with you in spirit, and I know
that our desires for each others welfare often meet
in the presence of our Heavenly Father who has been
so kind to us. Absence dear Margaret wishes
we feel even more strongly, how much our happi-
ness here depends on each other, and I often
think how much wiser it would be if I
could prevent little cares and troubles from
interfering so much with our comfort as
they often do when I am at home. This
is now the third Sabbath since I left home; I have
now but three more meetings to hold, and ^{hope}
by to-morrow two weeks to be on my way
homeward, to clasp my own dear Margaret
and my little boy in my arms, and I hope
by the blessing of God to find them well and
happy.

I leave this place early to-morrow
and hope to be in Sydney by ~~the~~ Wednesday
morning, or perhaps Tuesday evening. Your next
letter should (or rather than by today's mail) should
therefore be directed to Sydney. If you write on Thursday
next direct to ship as I shall be back there before it can
reach Sydney. Your ever loving William.