

Lydia Wilson
121 S. George St.

Feb. 24th

My dear Mr. Dawson
Mamma was
reserving the privilege of
writing you to herself; but
so many things have come
in the way of her doing
so, that I think I had
better take advantage of
a rare pause in the busy
round of life & have a chat
with you. Mamma has
fallen asleep upon one sofa
& Papa on the other, so I
am left free from the duty
of being sociable & agreeable

which we expect from each other
after dinner - In the first
place let me thank you for the
pretty little gifts which you sent
by Rankin. Our tarts have been
adorned in an unusual & tasteful
manner ever since & even the soups
filled with elegant forms - all
of which remind us of a dear &
thoughtful friend -

We were very glad to see Rankin
in a letter which Mamma
received from him since he left
he told us that he looked back
to his visit with pleasure -

Private -

Of course we could not fail to
notice that he is changed in many
ways, I felt as if God had a message
for him here - A sermon Mr. De Montaigne
preached seemed to me as if every
word was addressed to him & he seemed
very much struck by it himself & referred

To it many times, saying it was not
often you heard a sermon which
seemed preached at you - The subject
was Lot's choice & he referred to
young men leaving the ordinary
roads & hastening to be rich; but
I can give you no idea of the sermon -
Dear Mr. Dawson I only tell you
all this because I am sure you
were following Rankin with anxious
prayer - it did seem to me as
if God ordered his stay here in
many ways; but of course this is only
for yourself, I would not even
like dear Eva to see it -

But I feel towards Rankin whom
I have known so long & the son
of such dear friends, more as
if he were a young brother, in whom
I am really interested - He made
friends with lots of people & found

amusement for himself & we were
so glad that a good many pleasures
just happened to come while he
was here -

I was lunching with W. Moffatt
today & she read me a letter
from Ida, full of a most glowing
description of her visit to you,
she never stayed in such a
pleasant home, the whole atmosphere
was improving & delightful; but I
must not tell you any more, only I
think one is always glad to know
that a visitor has been really
happy with one & cherishes a
sunny remembrance of our Home.

I am sure you would like her too,
in spite of her high Churchism, which
never seems to me to belong to the
real Ida; but is just a little veneer
wh. will get rubbed off, for such
outward things cannot help in the

real battle which we must all
fight sometime -

We are just emerging from a
short run of illness. First
Annie our housemaid took ill
& was put to bed, though it was
difficult to keep her there,
then her sister who came to
fill her place also became ill,
& had to go home again, Mamma
followed suit for two days &
then I succumbed, however one
day was enough for me & sleeping
for nearly 24 hours restored me -
Annie is again going about & we
all seem to be ourselves again -
I think we must be over sympathetic

thus trying to share & feel each
others woes; but however tender-
hearted it may be, it is very in-
convenient & not to be encouraged.

Professor Wright is laid up with
a very bad sprain, tell Eva that
Mrs. Wright keeps a warm corner
in her heart for her & often asks
for her - She seems a special favourite -

We are in the midst of students
parties, Papa having wakened
up is calling for my assistance
in putting invitation cards for
next Saturday into envelopes -

So with warmest love to yourself
Anna & Eva in which Mamma
unites & with kindest greetings
from us all to Dr. Dawson

Believe me to be
Your very affate friend
- Sibie Wilton