

good parts
B. J. at 87 Union

Philadelphia
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Dearest Anna,

I have just
written a letter of eight pages
to my mother & another of five
to Laura, and now your turn
has come. You were left till
the last simply because I felt
that if I began writing to you
I might keep on & on & on
& not write to the others at
all. It is very hot to-day,
but still there is an occasional
breeze which enables one to
survive. I am fearfully hungry
as I have had nothing to eat
since breakfast and it is now

five o'clock in the afternoon; but I am waiting for it to get a little cooler before I go in search of a dinner. Truly this is a wretched way to live!

I have kept the same room, and as I am to be here ~~soon~~ so short a time do not think I shall change, although, were I going to be away until the end of the month I should certainly move out to Germantown where my friends live. I am tolerably comfortable where I am, although there are no blinds to my window, and the bed is hard as the floor - in striking contrast to the one left in Montreal. I console myself with the reflection that hard beds are said to be

healthy. This morning I thought I would go to Church, and so, in order to be thoroughly orthodox, started for a Presbyterian Church about a mile and a half distant. When I arrived there I found the Church all shut up, the ministers & congregation having in all probability been transplanted to the sea-side for the summer. A short distance further on I found another Church, which, remarkable to relate, was not closed, & so I went in. It proved to be Episcopalian, and the service was certainly the coldest (notwithstanding the heat of the day) that I ever attended. The sermon lasted about

five minutes and was
of the stereotyped kind
generally delivered in churches
of the "Episcopal sect." The
text was, "Thy god shall be
my god" - a text suscepti-
ble of being made much
more of than the clergyman
made this morning.

The services begin here at
half past ten in the morning,
and at 7.45 in the evening.

Just think of it - there are
90 protestant episcopal churches
in Philadelphia, 89 Methodist
episcopal, 99 Presbyterian,
63 Baptist, 43 Roman Catholic,
and a host of others, making
in all 503 ~~churches~~. There are
only two Unitarian churches.

I have made a new ac-
quaintance - that of a little
boot black who calls out "black
yer boots, sir, shine em up." We

have quite a ² conversation every morning while he shines up my boots. I have given him any quantity of good advice, for which he always thanks me most politely. Another new friend is a big negro at the Trans Continental hotel who amuses me much with his dry remarks.

The other day there was a balloon ascension, and I said to him afterward "Well, how would you like to go up in a balloon?" "Wouldn't like it - at all" said he, "when I go up so high as dot, I don't want to go in any concern ~~that~~ will bring me back agin."

Yesterday I received letters from my mother and Mary. Dr Craik had very kindly paid them a visit, and seemed to think that

Mary had improved a little; but, from what my mother says, the improvement must be very slight. Mary says that the sea air is doing my mother much good, and that she looks ever so much better than when she went down.

Really dear, I must go and get something to eat and will finish my letter this evening. It seems to be getting cooler.

7.30 - Quite revived though anything but cool. I think we shall have a thunder shower before morning. The exhibition is closed on Sundays because it is against the law of the state to have shows open on Sunday that day. And yet, just across the street, is a long line of

the lowest of shows, beer
shops, &c - all in full
blast, and apparently no attempts
made to shut them up.

Really it makes me heart
sad to see the crowds of
people who congregated about
them - the lowest and
most hardened looking lot
of people I ever saw.

Yesterday afternoon I noticed
a gentleman looking at our
Canadian collection of
rocks. He seemed to be so
much interested in them
that I went and asked
him if he would like the
cases opened, so as to be able
to examine the specimens
more closely. He seemed pleased
& at once entered into con-

versation with me, and soon I found that he was Dr: Otto. Lovell, director of the Geological Survey of Sweden. He is a delightful man & has such a fine kindly face of something the same type as that of the fair-haired little boy whom we saw in the church at Lake George. We are going to spend a day together this week comparing the Swedish & Canadian crystalline rocks. Dr Lovell hopes that he will meet Dr Dawson at the meeting of the American Association this month.

I have seen nothing of Bimley or Danenport for a week, but am going to try & get over to

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fermantown for an evening
soon. If I could find time
I should also like to go to
Bethlehem to see my old
friend Roepper, the Mora-
vian missionary of whom
you must have often heard
me speak. My mother
wants me to return to Mont-
real by way of Portland,
but darling I cannot think
of taking such a round-
about, and when once
I get away from here
I shall fly to you as
speedily as I can. As

the time of our reparation draws nearer
to its end I only feel more & more eager
to see you. May God, my darling wife,
soon grant us a happy meeting.

Ever your fond

Bernard.

Only think, this makes 4 pages that I have written
to day.