



Montreal
July 5th 1877

My own dear wife,

I am greatly
grieved to learn that your
throat is troubling you and
sincerely hope that the
trouble may be of short du-
ration. I did not expect
to write this evening, but
as my darling is not well
must send her a few
words to cheer & comfort
her. When I came home
from the office I found
your letter awaiting me - I
mean your last letter - and
feared when I saw the
hand writing of the address
that you were ill. How I
wish I were with you! But as
this cannot be I am indeed

Thankful that you are with
those who will take the
very best of care of you.

Do not feel, dear, that you
must write every day. I want
you to rest just as much
as you possibly can and
would not for the world
have you tiring yourself
writing to me. Poor little
Eric! I am sorry that he
does not seem contented in
his new home. Perhaps he
finds it too humble after his
palatial abode in Montreal,
or perhaps he misses his
old father. At any rate
his old father misses him
& would not in the least object
to walking the floor with him
for an hour or a stretch
if he ~~at~~ only had the chance.
Your first letter came
yesterday morning. I waited

for the postman as long
as I could and had just
started for the office when
I met him surrender the
precious epistle. It seemed
just the nicest letter you
ever wrote me, and indeed
I have not changed my
opinion after having read
it over many times.

I sent the brown veil by
post this morning and also
a dozen safety pins. If they
are not what you want
please let me know at once.
I have also invested in some
straw fashioned into a hat
which I hope you will like
when you get a chance to look
at it.

This morning I had the
great American mogul, J. Steery
to breakfast with me, and

treated him to porridge, lamb chops, strawberries and machine made coffee.

He returned from Barton with his sister and Anna Gale on Sunday, and has this afternoon left for California, expecting to be absent for several weeks. Last evening Anna Gale blossomed out into a dinner on his account, and judging from his description of the viands, which were all cooked by a "French" cook, it must have been an "awful" good dinner.

Mr & Mrs Selwyn leave for the Island of Orleans to-night, and I do not know how long they expect to be absent. Mr S. has said no more about the work which he wishes me to do. If I go down

Wednesday Morning.- Richard is himself again, and has been working like a Trojan helping to carry the furniture out of the spare room, moving double windows & c. & c.; but some breakfast early in this establishment all the morning is over by nine o'clock. Now I am waiting for your letter which the postman did not bring yesterday, but which I fully expect this morning.

My dear old wife! How I wish I were with you!

If I were a richer man perhaps I might be. And yet I often feel thankful that I am not rich, for if my heart were full of money there might not be so much room for love for my wife & little boy as there now is. It is hard to understand how the money could crowd out the love, & yet we know

That it often does.

The first thing I do when I come downstairs every morning is to look at the paper to see what the weather is at Farther Point, taking it for granted that it cannot be very different at Metis.

I do hope that you will have fine weather and that you will be able to bathe, but you must be very careful

Ever your own
Bernard.

P.S. Did you think about leaving your little paint box? If not, no matter. I can easily get a small one. — B —

