



Montreal

July 9th 1877

My darling wife,

It is late
and I suppose I ought
to be in bed, but if I
write a few lines to you
probably I shall sleep
better. Your welcome
letter arrived this morning
and also the paint box,
for which many thanks.

I am sorry to hear that
your cold has not left
you, but hope the sniffles
will be the finishing up
touch.

This morning I went
up to the reservoir to col-
lect some rocks and

stayed there until about noon. It was very warm & close and the vigorous employment of a hammer did not make it seem any cooler. When I got home I can tell you I was a sorry looking & a sorry feeling fellow but was soon revived by a bath. When I got down to the office I found a note from Sophie Brown asking me to tea there last evening, and so to-night I had to go down and explain why I did not put in an appearance. The fair Sophie was

not there, however, having
left by the boat for
Munday Bay at 4 o'clock.
I believe she has gone
with Mr Borlase and
is to be away for about
two weeks. Arthur has
promised to come and
take breakfast with me
on Wednesday.

We have had another
thunder shower this
evening and now it is
quite cool in fact almost
cold. There was also an-
other magnificent rain-
bow which lasted for
a very long time and
formed a picture-frame
over the city, the spires

and towers of which were
at the same time illumined
by the sun.

I saw Nina for a
few moments this morning
& she told me that she
had had a letter from you.
She seems to be all right
again.

On my way home from
the office I got a little
frame for your photograph
so as to be able to stand
it in front of me on my
table; and how I have
wished all evening that
could speak to me, if it
were only to call me
by name. And soon I trust
my darling, that you will - each
day bring the time nearer.

There is a good deal of excitement & talk here about the approaching 12th, many thinking that there will be a row; but I do not much think there will be any difficulty. On Saturday evening there was a grand demonstration here for that old reprobate Sir John MacD. —, but I did not so much as go to the window to see the fireworks. I do so hate these political demonstrations.

But I must go to bed or my wife will scold me. Good night my own precious darling, —

Tuesday morning - 8.30
weather cloudy, rather
high wind. Breakfast
over. House hopelessly
quiet. No wife, no baby.
God bless my darling!
Ever your friend
B.

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