

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
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Montreal

July 20th 1877

My dear Old wife,

I find that
when I get up early in the
morning I am pretty sure
to be sleepy in the evening
and correspondingly stupid.
The next time you go away
- should such an unhappy
event ever occur again -
I think I shall write just
one letter at first and
then have it stereotyped
and send you a copy every
day. As it is I feel that like
the ministers with their prayers
I have got into the way of
saying pretty much the same

thing every day and that
I really give you very little
news and nothing original.
By writing so very often I
fear that I have established
a very dangerous precedent;
for if at any future time
I should fail to send a
daily scrawl to my wife
while absent she would
probably conclude that
my affection was on the
wane.

It is just three weeks
my love to-night since you
left; and oh what long
weeks they have been, &
each one longer than that
which preceded it.

The house cleaning seems to continue, for I observe that the dining-room carpet has been taken up. Music now sounds splendidly in the room, but I play very little partly on account of want of time for such frivolous occupations, and partly because my finger has not regained its wonted suppleness.

Until I received your letter I had heard nothing of Mrs McDonald's death & conclude that it must have taken place during my absence. You will see by the papers also that

Judge Sanborn is dead.

It does not seem more than a week since I met him - looking as hale & hearty as could be.

In to-nights witness I notice the death of that Mr Larlett on University Street. What a relief it will be to his poor wife.

I fear I shall have a good deal of work to do at Metis, but still I hope to have a great deal of time with my dear wife & little Eric.

I feel all the better for my little trips to the Island of Orleans and have become very brown & very rosy.

Saturday morning -

It is a lovely morning, clear and a most refreshing breeze - almost cold after yesterday & the day before. It is only half past eight and my breakfast is finished, so you see I am not doing so badly. Perhaps if I keep on I shall some day be like those people who can't sleep in the morning. If so I hope I shall not be so wicked as to make a boast of my early rising.

Hamilton never sent us any currants and so I bought some yesterday & Joan is going to try her hand at making jelly to-day. She says

she requires some flannel
and so I am going to send
her down to get some.

I do not suppose you
will get this letter any
sooner than one which
I hope to write to-morrow,
but am going to send it
by way of experiment. Please
let me know when it arrives.

God by old girl and God
bless you. Your fond husband
Bernard.

P.S. Hamilton is going to send
a box of vegetables on Monday,
~~so~~ by the steamer, so you
can be on the lookout for
it. I fear our beans are too
far advanced, but shall have
a look and see what I can find.