



Montreal

July 29th 1877.

My own dear far off wife,

It is one of those hot sticky days when you are constantly conscious of the fact that you breathe, and I had no difficulty in persuading myself that it would not be wise for me to go to church. I felt such a strong craving too for a little rest and quiet and had no desire to melt for the sake of hearing one of Dr. Jenkins sermons. After breakfast I read the petition of the Oka Indians for an investigation into their difficulties with the Seminary.

It is given in full in a supplement to yesterday's witness. I then read the book of Ruth including of course the verses to which you called my attention in one of your letters and also the chapter in II Samuel containing the companion passage to the one in Ruth. The one in Samuel I do not remember having read before. One could not have better examples of true friendships.

After my read I had a delightful little sleep and now having dined am feeling as comfortable as it is possible to feel in my loneliness. Sunday is the day when I miss my darlings most and the ~~go~~ hours pass very slowly without them.

But, God willing, this separation will last only one more Sunday.

Poor Maria has been ill in bed for a week. She got chilled after being very warm and had a slight attack of inflammation of the kidneys. I fancy she will soon be quite well again, but my mother naturally feels anxious as Charlotte's long illness began with a similar attack. When I was at St Andrews a fortnight ago Maria looked as strong and well as anyone possibly could.

By last night's witness I see that another of the M^o Lachlins - Jessie's brother - is dead. He was taken suddenly ill at the Russell house in

Ottawa, and taken to Arnprior
by special train, but died
soon after reaching home.
Poor fellow! Few have such
opportunities of being happy
and making others happy,
& yet he squandered his oppor-
tunities & I suppose killed
himself with drinking. He has
probably left a large amount
of money to those who have
no need of it. The paper states
that his life was insured
for \$20,000.

Jim Esdaile also is dead. He
died yesterday & is to be buried
on Tuesday. —

Evening. It was so hot in the
house this afternoon that I
stopped writing and went out
to read under the butternut tree,
but by so doing only jumped
from the frying pan into the
fire. Somehow or other I do

seem to have² got on very
fast with D'Aubigné, although
it is very interesting. At
present I am reading
about the unfortunate dis-
putes between Luther and
Carlstadt concerning the
Lord's Supper. How much
more Luther would have
been honoured in all time
not only by friends but by
enemies had he shown less
violence & more charity.

We had a thunder shower
this afternoon about 5 o'clock,
but it did not make it
any cooler. At six I went
to tea at the Browns, re-
maining there till about
half past eight. Sophie looks
the better for her trips, but
still is not as plump a little
girl as she was not very long ago.

I expect she has about as much to do as if she were married, with none of the advantages of being a wife. You see I am assuming that there are advantages in being a wife as well as in being a husband. Oh how wretched I should be if I felt that I had to go on living as I have for the past month!

The Brown's had letters from Mrs Field yesterday; one also came to the house for you & knowing that you would be pleased to get it I sent it to Metis. No doubt it is freighted with baby news.

The nearer the time comes for me to go to Metis the more impatient I get & the more I long to see my

dear ones. I cannot help
thinking of how different
the greeting of this year
will be from that of two
years ago - yet even of
one year ago. And then
I wonder so often what
my little boy will look
like; for it seems as if he
had had time to grow into
a man.

Be sure I let me know
if there is anything you
want me to take down
when I go besides some
vegetables & fruit. I hope
the last reached their des-
tination in safety and
that they were acceptable.
I have already written a long
letter to my mother, so think
I had better stop for to-
night. I have said so lit-
tle (?) that I may perhaps add a
few lines in the morning.

Monday morning. —

I suppose William has arrived, as Arthur Browne said he saw his name in the list of passengers by the Peruvian. By the time I get down your mother will have quite a houseful. It is still very warm and quite destructive to one's appetite. Breakfast is a mere form. You eat it not because there is any pleasure in so doing, but simply to keep the machinery going.

Joan intends going home when I leave and expects to return on the 1st of September.

Your loving husband
Bernard.

