

The note which  
I intended to  
enclose has unfor-  
tunately fallen to  
pieces

Montreal

Aug 18<sup>th</sup> 1878

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
ACC. NO.	1010
REF.	42

Dearest Love,

A long day is drawing to a close and although I postponed writing until evening in the hope that something wonderful would occur, the monotony has remained unbroken & I can only tell you of common place things.

Yesterday & the day before were excessively hot & close, but a series of thunder showers have had a most salutary effect & to-day it is quite cool. I woke up rather

early, but did not dare  
go to sleep again lest  
I should awake next time  
to find it midday. The  
result was that I was  
too tired & sleepy to go to  
church. Hunger, however,  
finally sent me in search  
of a dinner and I found  
an excellent one in process  
of being eaten at my grand-  
father's. After dinner I  
returned to the silence  
of Wallbrae and read  
till about five when  
I went out for a walk-  
purse as a matter of duty.  
On my way home I passed  
by my landed property  
on St Catherine Street and  
was surprised to find how

much the locality had improved since my last visit. It makes ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> feel disposed to hold the lot, if possible, for a year or two longer. However, I shall soon have to see what can be done in the matter. After having tea in Hamilton's lordly parlour I went to church and heard a sermon from that "hot boy" - Mr Black of Eskine Church. The sermon was really very good, but I think I should have enjoyed it better had my back been turned to Mr B. He took for his text, or rather texts, Matt 5, 14 & John 8, 12.

I am so glad, darling, that you were able to join the

picnic party to Mt Misery &  
that you were none the worse  
for the excursion. It is a  
pretty spot there and just a  
nice distance for a row.  
What you say about  
Jane Behemoth is certainly  
unpleasant and I fear scans  
will have to be made  
for something smaller  
& less ferocious. In the meantime  
we must hope the poor  
old boy will not be spoiled.  
It is encouraging to remember  
that Romulus was suckled  
by a wolf & still came  
to some good.

Donald Baynes & his  
wife have gone to England.  
I met him on Friday and  
he said that he was going  
over to see if he could get  
anything to do there. He finds

5  
that although there are plenty  
of patients here it is impossible  
to get any pay out of them.  
He informed <sup>me</sup> that he had  
been out all day endeavoring  
to raise the wind, but had  
only been successful in  
cases where he visited  
the debtor to the nearest  
saloon to have a drink.

Judging from his appearance  
his invitations must have  
been frequently accepted.  
In the evening I called  
to say good by to Mrs Donald  
& took her a bouquet which  
I am vain enough to think  
was very well arranged.  
Both she & old Mr B were,  
however, out, & so I simply  
left the flowers (& a touching message)

Maria & Miss Burwash returned to St Andrews yesterday afternoon. They paid me a visit before I went to town in the morning and I took them over to see the college and afterwards to the Jesuits Church. From what Maria says my poor mother must be much worse than when we were at StA. She coughs a great deal more now than she did then.

While out walking this afternoon I met Col. Haultain on St Catherine Street. He has been here since Friday but leaves for Peterborough to-morrow

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ACC. NO.	1016
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Monday Morning.

As yet I have done nothing about Mrs Gordon, thinking

that I should hear from  
you that she had written.  
I shall not, however, wait  
longer than tomorrow, as  
the matter ought to be  
settled. I shall probably  
be here until abt the first  
of September & shall then  
leave for the Ottawa country.  
Frank wants to go out of  
town with his children for  
a few days this month and  
so I have told him that  
I would remain here  
during his absence. He has  
been in town the whole sum-  
mer.

Probably you have discovered  
that I left my dressing  
gown at Melis. Fortunately  
I do not need it now.

As for the meteorological reports  
you need not trouble sending  
them. Many thanks for the  
letter of that "pyramidal and  
prismatic" man. He has been  
one of my correspondents for  
years, but I thought I had  
finally silenced him.

I am just going out to pick some  
beans & corn to send down  
to the Browns by James, who  
is working here to-day. Everything  
in the garden has grown in  
a most-luxuriant way during  
my absence. The old geran-  
ium in the veranda bed is  
larger than ever, and even  
Dr. Arnold is in bloom - lovely  
roses of which I enclose a  
specimen. But really I must  
stop writing. Dear, dear, old darling  
how I long to have you with me once  
more! Ever your own B.