



Sunday  
June 20<sup>th</sup> 1880

My darling wife,

After deliberating  
for the space of at least 5½  
minutes as to whether I should  
write to you to-night or put  
off until to-morrow I have  
finally determined to make  
a beginning now & trust to the  
morrow for the finale.

Permit that I now and you  
must not expect to hear of  
much beyond my little self  
and my little self's doings;  
but then I know the subject  
will interest you. Well, to  
begin with yesterday morning.  
Yesterday morning I went on

to the college & began my  
 silver assays which were  
 not finished until 6 1/2 p. m.  
 But then they were finished,  
 and that means, I hope, ten  
 dollars. I wish I had more  
 silver & fewer copper assays.  
 It would pay me ~~too~~ much  
 better. About one o'clock  
 your telegram arrived  
 and relieved my mind,  
 though I was very sorry to  
 hear that your letters were  
 too late for the post. Your  
 note from Chandine came  
 soon after the telegram and  
 after lunch I took them  
 down to your father to  
 set his mind at rest.

After dinner I went out  
 to the garden and worked



them until nearly nine o'clock  
when I can assure you  
I was pretty tired. Hamilton  
had given me a number of  
plants - 3 bridal roses, 2  
verbenas, 2 petunias &c -  
and they all had to be  
set out, while numerous  
things demanded a dose  
of hellebore -

To-day has been thundery  
& showery, and indeed  
we had one of the heaviest  
showers this afternoon  
that I ever saw. There was  
a good deal of hail which  
I hope has not done much  
damage. I went down to  
tea at the college and  
afterwards Rankin accompanied  
me to church where we heard

4

an address from Mr. Strenson  
which I must say I did  
not approve of. It was the  
opening address which he  
delivered before the Congre-  
gational Union and which  
he said he had been re-  
quested to deliver again  
this evening. Who requested  
him I do not know, but  
the address was certainly not  
suitable for a sermon, how-  
ever well it may have an-  
swered the purpose for which  
it was intended. But I must  
be off to bed. Thundery weather  
has given me neuralgia  
which has been aggravated  
by Strenson's eloquent - what  
shall I call it? — oration.  
Good night, Lovie.