



Montreal, July 2^d, 1882

My darling wife,

I got your second letter yesterday, and am glad to hear that you are so rapidly getting shaken into place.

Yesterday as you know was Dominion Day, and countless people had looked forward to its being a holiday. But oh such weather!— cold, raw and rainy. Many a plan for pleasure must have been upset. As for me, I put on winter garments and spent most of the day in the old museum. Your father worked all day in the new building and Eva & I fancy had rather a dull day at home. Since you left I have taken all my meals at the college, excepting breakfast as I found

it, to say the least, dull at
home and your father insisted
upon my coming down. He is
much more like himself now
that school & other meetings
have come to an end, and
work in the museum is a
pleasure to him. I am pro-
gressing slowly with the ar-
rangement of the minerals
and think that they will
look very well when laid out
according to my new plan.
It is appalling, however, to think
of all the tickets that have to
be written.

It is cold & showery to-day.
This morning the house was
so quiet that I slept until
ten o'clock, and had barely
time to get breakfast before
going to church. The con-
gregation looked depleted
and the choir numbered
three. In the absence of
Clarence Synman, who, no
doubt you have heard, has

really been married to Miss
Whitney, Miss Wilkes man-
ipulated the organ.

Marguerite has put in her
appearance and new laws
rule in puppydom. Puppy
now has his bed in the
parch and spends most of
his time in the yard.

I am glad of the change for
it is much better for him.

Kate fault offered to bring
him up in the way he should
so if I would send him
down to her for the summer,
but I shall scarcely impose
so arduous a task upon
her. If my father says claim
to him I shall not feel in-
clined to him up, as the
children would be so dis-
appointed at coming back &
not finding him here. The
garden is getting on pretty
well; but everything is beaten
down by the heavy rains
and covered with mud.

Only a few "Pink" roses have
come out yet, but the yellow
ones are in their glory. The
jacquinetts will soon be out
too and I shall try to send
you some.

The other day I bought a
new door-handle for Metic
which I hope will be more
convenient than the screw
driver. It is brown instead
of white and looks more
austere than the old
one, though it only cost
twelve cents. I wish I could
put it on for you. If there
is anything else you want
- including money - let me
know.

I am talking of going over
to Beloit Mountain for a
day soon, but whether I
shall be able to do so remains
to be seen. How I wish you
could go with me. Our
little trip this spring makes
me quite dread the idea
of going off alone.