

Monday Morning. I hope
it will be more like evening,
but could not say, owing to
mistake. I now
enclose \$10.00 and
will send you more
as soon as you
say so. A fine
morning though the path
has: I expect to
have my father
here for dinner &
tea. Love from
Mum & Dad.

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Montreal
July 16th 1882

My darling wife,

I have just returned from dinner at the college to the spacious halls of Wallbrae and having taken my coat off sit down to write. The day is hot though breezy - one of those unsettled days which often precede a storm and which, so to speak, put your nerves up the wrong way. Feeling a general disinclination to do anything in particular or rather, a particular desire to do nothing, I stayed at home all morning, and indulged in vague meditation. Brew

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now I feel drowsy and
dreamy and fear my letter
will be incoherent.

Your father seems much
better to-day and will
I have no doubt be all
right by to-morrow. He
talks some now of going
to Metis for a few days
soon as he will have to
be here all through the
month of August - at least
so he says. His plans, however,
are not definitely made yet.
As for me I have not made
any plans either; but if
I go to Metis it will not
be for more than a week.
There are endless things to
be done here in connection
with the arrangements for the

meeting of the Am. Assoc.,
and they will certainly
not be done if no one
stays here to do them.
This is a true, obvious &
brilliant remark.

Mary came to town on
Sunday, but I saw her
last evening for the first
time. She leaves to-morrow
evening for the Thousand
Isds where she expects to
camp with Miss Mickle and
some other friends. My
father is to be down in
the morning and is going to
accompany Mary as far
as the Isds, as he does not
like the idea of her going
alone. I am very glad
he is going - it will do him
good. This evening I go up
to the Wolson's to tea.

I hope that poor little sick
baby has recovered. The care

is certainly a very sad one. We should be thankful that our little ones have been so well. Now I should like to see the dear little pets and to ramble about the shore and woods with them. It is so very lonely here without you all. Fortunately I am busy, and have little time to reflect upon my solitude.

The garden, on the whole is looking very well and there will soon be plenty of flowers.

The ferns have done remarkably well this year and two plants of that rare Botrychium which I brought from St A last summer are just coming up. The wild lilies are in bloom and look exceedingly pretty. If your father & Eva go down soon I shall be sure to send ~~you~~ you a box of flowers. I hope the last ones were in good condition, notwithstanding the cigar-box. There are plenty of bluish ones now but the others are nearly finished.