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London

June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1894

Dearst Love,

To-morrow will be

mail day again and I am going  
to write a few lines in case I may  
be prevented from doing so to-morrow.

I wish I had something specially  
interesting to write about, but I have  
not, for my heart is not in anything  
here. To-day I went out to Christ Church  
in time for lunch and returned at  
about 6 p.m. Mrs. Ross again most  
kind and took me for a long drive  
through a lovely bit of country. She  
tried to get me to stay for dinner, but  
as she was expecting several guests I  
thought it had better not remain.  
I need not tell you how thankful  
I was to learn through your father

Letter of June 12<sup>th</sup> that Kacord  
 had arrived and was going to meet  
 with the children. But for this  
 news I should certainly have left  
 for Canada very soon. I have  
 not heard whether Eva still intends  
 to go out, but have written to Hope  
 to-day saying that I would go  
 to Holyhead (or Liverpool - whichever  
 place he expected to be) on Thursday  
 next.

Yesterday I had a letter from  
 Percy in answer to one which I  
 sent him some time ago. He tells  
 me that Barnes has decided to  
 remain for another session;  
 also that poor little Le Rossignol  
 has broken down in health and  
 has gone away on three months  
 leave of absence - Barnes  
 meantime taking his place in  
 the laboratory at the Experimental  
 Farm. Percy tells me that  
 McDonald says absolutely nothing  
 to him now about a chemical  
 laboratory. I suppose he will



wait till a new professor of  
 Chemistry is appointed and then  
 give him a good salary and  
 everything that his heart desires.  
 His resignation meets the desire to  
 leave Montreal and go to some  
 more favored clime and the new  
 trouble that has come upon us only  
 tends to strengthen his desire. Of  
 course the want of means still stands  
 in the way.

I have not seen Prof. Moyle yet.  
 He is several miles away from me and  
 cannot I suppose leave his father  
 much. The father has to have two  
 operations on his eyes - one of them  
 was to be on Sunday last. I fancy  
 that Moyle came to this city in order  
 to be with his father. Mary Taylor  
 has I believe gone to Edinburgh. Had  
 I known her London address I would  
 have called upon her. I believe she  
 is to go out on the 6<sup>th</sup> of August.

The hotel here was all a-fire some  
 yesterday owing to a wedding and its  
 accompanying festivities. About  
 a hundred guests sat down to the

breakfast. One of the wedding  
prints was by mistake sent  
up to my room. I kept away  
all day and saw nothing of the  
affair except a few decorations.

I sent out a little book on  
sketching the other day which  
may interest you and Eric.  
I saw it in a window but  
do not know whether it is  
really good.

Sir Donald Smith, I see, is on  
his way to this side. I also notice  
that he has purchased Sir John  
Abbott's steam yacht and handed  
it over to Dr. Franke to use in  
connection with his mission work  
among the Eskimos on the  
Labrador coast. My heart and head are  
full of one thing, dearest, that I  
would like to write everything else  
seems to vanish.

God bless you all darling  
I am ever your loving friend,  
I send a little love to  
Miss [unclear].