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# Early Life at McGill

told by

# A Professor's Wife

1876 ~ 1907

Edited by L.W.S.

1970

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Rough draft of pedigree

## Sir William & Lady Dawson

### Their Children

George Mercer Dawson. unmarried.
Anna Lois Harrington - husband - Bernard J. Harrington.
William Bell Dawson. wife - Florence E. Elliott.
Rankine Dawson - " - Glo. Cate.
Eva Dawson - husband - Hope T. Adkin

## Bernard and Anna Harrington

### their children

Eric - died age 17
Edith - " " "
Clare Margaret - — unmarried
Ruth M. married Selkirk Clarkson Keogh - Edward -
Conrad Dawson - " Muriel " "
Bernard Gift — " Ethel Jamieson (B.C)
Lois Sybil " Edward Winslow - later Winslow-Spragge
Constance Eva - " Ernest Bercal
William Seymour - unmarried -

## Hope & Eva Adkin.

3 children, 2 girls & a boy - The boy killed in first world war.

## William & Florence Dawson

4 children - 3 boys & 1 girl - (Vicky, Dawn, Hebert & Carolot)

## Rankine & Glo Dawson

1 daughter - Margaret

# Special friends

Mrs J. H. R. Molson — kind at Piedmont, Pine Ave.
Sir Wm McDonald — kind in Price of Wales Terrace
Mrs Carpenter "Carpy" — wife of Prof Carpenter
Sir Daniel Wilson — Principal of Toronto University
Sybil Wilson — daughter.
Charles & Cecil. Gowan at McGill.
Mrs Hunt — wife of W Hunt.
Dr Arthur Browne — Dora Browne (wife)
Mrs Baynes — Mr Baynes (Barbara)
Prof & Mrs Bovey — (McGill).

# A FEW WORDS OF INTRODUCTION

The following pages of typing, are passages selected from Anna L. Harrington's letters, written during the years of her married life ( 1875 - 1907 ) They give a good idea of the pleasures and difficulties of bringing up a family in that period in a College circle.

One of the difficulties of trying to write an historical story of a family told from sections of letters written over a period of years, is that these letters were only written when people were apart, and therefore there were often long intervals of time when there were no letters at all. Added to this there were also empty spaces caused by letters being thrown away. Thus in order to keep the continuity and interest of such a narrative, it has often been necessary to rearrange sentences, add words, and even to inject small pieces of extra information to make the whole understandable - however, as far as has been possible, Anna's true words and thoughts have been set down as they were in her original writings.

Anna's family was large, and her husband's salary painfully small. During the space of 20 years, she gave birth to nine children - 4 boys and 5 girls, and brought them up with her husband's help on little more than $3000.00 a year, which was a professors allowance at that time.

In order for Anna and B.J.H. to provide social and educational advantages for their children, as they grew, it required careful planning and much self-sacrifice on their part.

Anna though brought up gently, took hold on her rugged life of matrimony with courage and energy. She had a superb faith which carried her over all difficulties and obstacles - she always realized strongly that she was the heart and core of the family, and would sometimes quote the following verse.

" Oh you must remember, wherever you are,
You are the jam, but your mother's the jar -
You are the twig, but your mother's the trunk
You are the crumb, but your Mother's the chunk,
So you must endeavour whatever you do,
not to be clever, or think it is you -
But intellect smother, and stick to your mother
and somehow or other she'll pull you through "

There were times when sorrow fell heavily upon B.J. and Anna, as it did in 1888 and 1894, when they lost their two oldest children, Eric and Edith. But Anna never gave in, one never saw tears - It seemed as if the words "I triumph still if Thou abide with me " were always singing in her heart.

Anna had great love and affection for her devoted " B " and through the stress, and strain and also the joys of life, they grew ever closer together in a wonderful and deep understanding of true love.

. . . . . .

The greater number of episodes which occur on the following pages take place in Little Metis, where Anna spent so many summers with her growing family - there are also incidents from letters written from Kingsey, Toronto, London, Ont. U.S.A. and England, where at various times she was visiting. A few letters of interest appear from St Andrews P.Q. where Bernard's father had an estate - and this list would not be complete without including remarks from letters sent from their home at Wallbrae Place, close by to McGill, and from 295 University Street to where they moved after Wallbrae Place was taken over by the University.

The persons one reads about through this family history are for the most part close members of Anna's family - her father and mother, her brothers and sister, their wives and husband - her Harrington in-laws - and her beloved " B " & her 9 children - as well as a few of their intimate friends and casual acquaintances

This sheaf of papers is the first putting together of the selected parts of Anna 's letters. much still remains to be done before the whole is complete and satisfactory.

L. W-S. Nov. 1970.

# ANNA L. HARRINGTON ( NEE DAWSON )

The following pages contain excerpts from the letters of Anna L.Harrington written just previous to and after her marriage to Bernard J.Harrington - Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy at McGill University. They cover the years 1875 to 1906.

Tuesday, 1875. Before marriage. Montreal

" Dearest Bernard, I am so sorry that I missed you, I came in such a few minutes after you had been here.

Mrs Scott came up to see me this morning, congratulated me, and made some charming little speeches about you, and then invited me to go there to tea on Thursday, so what could I say but " Thank you " I will with pleasure, she is such a dear that I always like to see her - and then tea-parties always have a charm for me, they are so rare in these dining-out days. I conclude that we are to have a ladies tea and gossip first, and then gentlemen and small talk in the evening, not to mention the treat it will be for all to observe you and me, and see how we conduct ourselves, I think dear, you must not deny them that pleasure; and then perhaps if you ask me very po;itely, I may allow you to see me home ! Come early tomorrow if you can.

Lovingly your Anna.

About 1875 - before marriage.

Dearest Bernard,

I wanted to ask you last night whether you thought Friday was the best day for Dr Bell to come - if you like any other time better it will be just the same to us.

Did I vex you love, when I said that, about liking to be with you next best to being alone - It was a foolish speech dear, and I am afraid not quite true either - I certainly should not like to have my words come true - and have you stay away any hour or day that you could spend with me. I'm afraid I cannot promise never to say silly things, but you must not mind them,because I love you so truly, that nothing would grieve me more than to vex you by word or deed.

I enclose the text I want you to have engraved in that ring, I will tell you some day why I want that one so partictularly.

Your own

Anna.

April 24th: 1875.

Dearest,

Will you please measure the crimson damask as we must find out how much we want ? Mamma thinks that we ought to make the curtains now for to have yards put away is to tempt the moths.

I went to see Mrs Armstrong today, she feels better, but does not expect to get off till next week. She was very sweet and gracious, but evidently considers a marriage in the house somewhat irreligious, but is willing to overlook the impropriety on the grounds of our being " Scotch " Mamma is still comparing the relative advantage of the 1st and 7th of June, I decline to give a decided opinion and feel my mind going to such an extent that I can scsrcely even combat dressmakers.

Mrs Mackay has just been here to ask me your address for she wants you to go to a musical party at her house, they have lovely pictures so please say you will go.

If I talked a great deal of nonsense last night, console yourself by

live by faith" Gal. 3. 10. 11.

The argument in the 7th chap. of Romans, bears on the same subject - to quote a few words of it - "When the commandment came sin revived, & I died, the commandment - which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death" - Paul goes on to shew the misery of this state a holy law reproving the unholy walk of man; till he finds freedom & relief in the triumphant words "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus"

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The gift of eternal life, & the fact of justification is almost uniformly affirmed to be arrived at by faith. See Jno. 3. 16 - 36 - Jno 5. 24 Jno 6. 40. 47. & many others.

Nor is the holy law dismissed because salvation is a free gift, grasped by simple faith. - "For the law of the Spirit of

* Composition in his Woods effusion!

Mr Wood in his communication to the Gazette has not mentioned, the doctrine of justification by faith, but he certainly attacked it, by quoting Matt. 19. 16 - Luke. 10. 25 - in a sense clearly implying that Christ preached salvation, justification, & eternal life, by the works of the law (the works of the law being the commandments in practice)

The passages cited are peculiarly unhappy as proofs of Mr W.'s view. In Luke the inquirer was one who stood up to tempt his Lord, & in answer to such an impious query we can scarcely expect a just

declaration of the plan of salvation, & Christ does not attempt it, but convinces the man of his personal sinfulness.

As to the second incident quoted. Mr W. has contented himself with a fraction of Christ's answer, leaving out the last & most important clause - "The question was, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The Lord tells him to keep the commandments the inquirer asserts that he has done so. Christ proves him wrong, he had not loved his neighbour as himself, there were, "sores" in the city, & the young man had "great possessions" Then he tells him to amend this, & literally to "come follow Me"; these words are in the three stories of this event & must be included as part of the divine answer to the Question first therefore, the commandments were of force from that day forth, even as now enough to secure inherit eternal life,

No man was ever yet saved by living up to the Ten Commandments.

And why? — Because no man ever did - no man ever could keep them.

Listen to the divine testimony on this matter

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law, & yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" James 2. 10.

"Cursed be he that that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them" Deut 27. 26

"For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God it is evident, for the just shall

Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin & death. For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, & for sin, condemned sin in the flesh. That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit" Rom. 8. 2. 4

hoping that there is so much less for you to hear in the future, and remember, that always I am

Your own true love
Anna.

April 1875.

My dear Love,

Obedient to your words, I have tried to do the composition you suggested, and to remark on Mr Woods effusion. I have no idea how the line of argument I have followed would seem to anyone reading it, and I do not wish you to make any use of it, unless you see any particular fitness to do so. If it would help anyone, and if it will not, at least it has cleared up my own mind, and I have done what you told me to like " one good child "

With much love
Anna.

( Mr Wood's subject in his communication to the Gazette, on which Anna writes her composition, dealt with the doctrines of justification, salvation and eternal life - she thinks he has done this very poorly and incompletely and gives her reasons why, quoting more precisely the passages taken from the scriptures. ) add to script *

For complete composition see paper clipped to letter.

Friday - 1875.

My dearest: I won't call you "B" any more if you will chaff me about it all the time - and then you surely will be sorry, for it is such a sweet little name !

When I go to Kingsey, it is perhaps best for you to stay with your mother, for I daresay she will feel a little as if this were the last opportunity to have you all to herself, and you will have many other opportunities of devoting yourself to me . . . . So here is a dilema, mother on one side and Anna on the other, but as I have heard, a wise man in the same case decided to stand by his mother, as he might find another love, but never another mother ! ... Should you not come, you must write to me directly for I shall need a very great many comforting words. ..... I can't help thinking sometimes now that the days are numbered and then ------ well it does seem rather dreadful ---- all my old life to be taken from me at once - and a new one substituted, which however happy it may prove is all untried - But that is enough - take good care of yourself my dear " B ", and if all is well I shall be back very soon.

Lovingly Anna.

Tuesday, 1875. Eastern Townships

And how are you this morning my dear Bernard ?

How are the eyes, and the teeth, and the head generally ? You must be quite sure to stay in the house today, and not only that, but you must keep out of draughts, and not go and say good-bye to enquiring friends at the open door, or any other careless thing, for I want my dear love to be well again just as soon as possible.

How well the sun shines today, only it is " awful cold " as an old french woman I used to know would express it. I enclose a lock of my hair that science may be advanced... If anyone should wish to write our lives and to publish this letter, what theory would they invent, think you, for the reason I give for enclosing a lock of hair ? what connection would they imagine between science and such a token?.. But my desire for talking nonsence is getting the better of me, and besides I must be off to the Art School - and if you think I am making a fuss over your cold, and don't like my letter, why you can just send it back to me, and I shall write on purely stony subjects next time.

Your loving Anna.

Kingsey, May 22nd.

My dear Bernard,

It has been raining all day and I was so glad to get your dear letter, I think I deserved it, after watching a whole half hour for Charlie to come back from the post, the little wretch took nearly an hour to ride a mile and back again.

Now when evening has come, the sun has appeared in sudden glory, and tinted the clouds, and the woods with exquisite colours. Yesterday the thermomiter was up to 76 and today it is down to 46 and we have a wood fire of great logs in the old-fashioned fireplace. Since tea Sophie has been playing exquisitively and music takes my thoughts directly to you - I am glad to know that you miss me.... till I came away, I scarcely knew how much I had learned to depend on you, and to look to you to sympathise with me in all things.

I am glad that you are going up the mountain on Wednesday, and if it is fine we shall go to the woods too, oh such lovely flowers grow here.

Tuesday was an eventful morning ! six little turkeys having pecked their way out of their shells - the weather is so cold that we feel much anxiety on their account, and they are now in the kitchen looking most comical, and not nearly so pretty as little chickens.

I begin to wish myself back again, though I certainly feel a great deal better for my repose. I shall be so very very glad to see you again, so pleas don't look tired, when I do reappear.

With fond love Your Anna.

1875 - Kingsey.

Bernard my dearest:

Will you think that my pen is never quiet ? let me explain - my feelings assure me that I have been here at least 3 weeks, and surely one letter a week is not much to write to some one, I love so well ! Today the fine weather has returned and Sophie and I have been for a drive in the " valise " stopping to pick wild flowers by the way - when we got back I found your letter, and as we were late Mrs Browne said I should not have it till after tea. I submitted as when I could see the letter, I would rather wait and read it quietly - I don't think I will tell you how often I read it over.. I think it is the nicest letter you ever sent me, because it just tells me what you are doing, and what you are thinking about, and you must always " moralize " to me if that is what you call it,as I shall certainly not be tired of it - I am glad you feel solemn, for that is just how I feel myself, and I think we ought to feel so, for it is certainly not a light thing, to make promises which are to last all our lives long - I feel like saying with Moses " Lord, if thy presence go not with us carry us not up hence " and then God's answer which He surely is as ready to give his children now as then, comes in benediction " My presence shall go with thee and I shall give thee rest " - That is the one only thing I really fear, the losing the " sunshine of His face " and if we dwell in the light of his countenance, we need fear no evil.....

As to trusting you, dear heart, of course I trust you, I trusted you long before I learned to love you, I think that was partly the reason I did learn to love you, because I believed in you, and was sadly aware of how few people one could believe in....

I am very glad that you had a nice talk with my people. Mamma is like yourself somewhat reserved, and I fear you two will need an earthquake to shake down the barriers and make you rush into one anothers arms as you shd. If only you would tell them not to call you Dr Harrington, it would be a relief to my mind.

My inclinations do not at all turn to Philadelphia, though the news of the geological exhibition is certainly very satisfactory, especially as you had so much to do with it, still it is exactly what I should have expected when you had a hand in it.

One of the young turkeys has died, and Sophie and I in the capacity of

coriners decided that it was carried off by " infantile debility " the others seem to promise well so far, though Charlie insisted on their having ginger pills, which seems to me rather an unnatural start in life for such creatures.

As you say, I think we are very happy in agreeing on so many points, and as we both only wish to attain to the truth of all things ( though that abstract truth is more clear to me by calling it " God's will in earth as in Heaven " ) we must both be patient, if sometimes we seek it by different paths If we always ask for more love, better and truer love - I don't think we shall drift apart or lose our happiness - for the love that God gives, bears, hopes and endures all things, and what is still better ' is not easily provoked ' which said, being easily provoked is the general cause of discord.

Now dearest, I have certainly returned moralizing for moralizing, but if you like mine as well as I like yours, it will be alright.

I intend to leave by the early train Thursday, it leaves Richmond at 7 O'clock - I fear the hour of arrival will be inconvenient for you, but I do not like to put off returning as I know many things ought to be done. Thank you for the Punch it was a very pleasant evening amusement for us all.

Your loving Anna.

1876 - The House Beautiful.
where the pilgrims rest.

The day has seemed such a very long one, and as these dear people have sent me to my room at quarter past 9, I think I might take a few minutes to talk or write to you. I have your painted picture on the table, and if only it would smile instead of being persistently grave, it would be almost like really talking.

After I left the station, Mr Ferrier was very devoted, talked incessantly and told me much that was curious, among other scientific facts he mentioned that it was impossible to mesmerize anyone if they had India rubber shoes on, for these being non-conductors, prevented the electricity of the earth from circulating through the person - I said that it was very remarkable. After a bit I gave Mr F. your newspaper, which kept him quiet for more than an hour, and meanwhile I slept as well as circumstances allowed - then I had to give him my book, and devoted myself to looking out of the window, and oh ! the woods were so full of hope, a green veil over all and spring beauties and marigolds blooming - but still the 5 hours were rather long, and the car was very hot.Mr Browne was at the station, and we drove down in Sir Edmond's waggon. We reached here a little after 2 o'clock and found dear littl Sophie looking very well - we had a nice chat in the afternoon and after tea we went up to the post, the frogs singing all the way, and even now their concert continues, and it seemed quite long ago since you and I listened to them last night.

All enjoyed your strawberries very much, and Sophie sent a few of the best to Sir Edmond who is very old and an invalid, she asked me if you would mind ? and I said I was sure it was exactly what you would do yourself. I wish you could be out here too and rest while the frogs sing, and the beautiful stars shine so serenely - God seems so near in the country, and everything is so lovely - I must try and take in all the beauty and restfulness, till I can carry an atmosphere of peace back to you.

One sheet is enough for tonight, so goodnight dear .....

1875.

" The days here seem so much longer than at home, they linger and linger like a dear friend loath to depart....Everything is so beautiful, so much sky with its changeful moods, the wind whispering in the two large pine trees at the gate, the bees humming, and the birds singing in a sort of ecstacy - and the cattle wandering over the field in search of extra long patches of new grass. It is just exquisite, I begin to feel a sort of oblivion stealing over

me, and a forgetfulness of the busy hurrying world I have left behind me, It is like a delicious restful dream - very often my thoughts wandered to you, and I wondered if you much missed your Sunday evening talk ? but here I have leisure to begin to realize what a happy girl I am.

Just as I turned this page a thunder storm has begun, rain in sheets hiding the trees and the cattle, the loud thunder directly over our heads - Mrs Browne has just been in to know if I am alarmed. " No " I say " it is not fearful to me " . I believe I am half asleep, and begin to wish breakfast was ready, and there is scarcely any ink in the bottle which necessites such frequent stoppages that my ideas are interupted - still such a disconnected scrawl will probably only remind you more forcibly of your ever loving

Anna.

MONTREAL.

Dearest: It is the old story of " so near and yet so far " and I actually have to write you a note, when I could throw a marble down into your laboratory without much exertion.

I want you to come to dinner tomorrow at 7 O'clock - Sophie will be here and also Mrs Fortin, both of whom want to see you - papa will be in Toronto so the party will be quite informal, and as the evening will thus be devoted to my friends and not to me, please be sure and come in for one little minute after your lecture, for you know it is quite a long time since last Tuesday.

Your own Anna.

St Andrews - 1876.

..... " Somehow I feel as if I had got to a very far off place, and I am not quite sure that I don't feel just a little home-sick, though every one is very kind. It was so good of you to come up for me this morning - We left the station about 5 minutes after you said goodbye. Your father was waiting for us at Vaudreuil, he had been there an hour in expectation of our arrival. I like him ever so much, but oh what cold blue eyes he has ! he took such good care of us... I have seen little of your mother, she and Mrs Molson have been shut up together, of course they had so much to speak of. Mary looks pretty well and only wants to be roused, I think her nerves are out of sorts, and I will make her laugh a good deal, and cheer her up - Laura is finishing that wool work I think this house is a perfect picture, everything so nicely arranged and so pretty, flowers everywhere - But in case I quarrel with them all before the week is out, I had better not " gush " on the head of first impressions !

As usual the mail wishes to leave long before I am ready, and as I can't dispute with such a low institution, I must give way, and say no more.

So my dear love good bye, and don't buy any more easy chairs, till I come back.

Fondly your Anna.

January 13th. 1876. - St Andrews.

Dearest Bernard :

Your letter came just in time to save me from a desperate fit of the blues, I was getting very home-sick, so much so, that your grandmother felt it her duty to come into my room about 7 o'clock in the morning, and spend half an hour in petting and consoling me - she does look so sweet and pretty in her night-cap. I hope she is going to like me, for I am quite falling in love with her.

And now my dear you need not try to deceive me if I find you looking tired and pale when I come back, I won't in the least believe that it was caused by my absence, but shall feel sure that you have relapsed into your bad ways and been working too hard - so be warned, and go to bed early and look well on Saturday when the tyrant returns ! and you must come up to dinner and hear all the news.

Several mornings we have had such pleasant times reading aloud and work-

ing - several people have called, and while saying mild platitudes with their lips, scanned me narrowly, let us hope the result was satisfactory ? a Mrs Simpson was here, whom I hear is a friend of yours, she was evidently dying to have a good look at me, which the gathering dusk prevented, however she stayed til the lamp was lighted and so was satisfied and I hope gratified.

Yesterday Mrs Molson, your father, Maria and Laura went to La Chute - I went for a short walk with Mary, and then continued further up the La Chute road by myself, there was a glorious sunset, if it had not been quite so cold I would have gone a great deal further - one old frenchman offered to take me up to the ridge, and quite a handsome young one invited me to ride back in his sleigh, but I declined both offers, preferring my own company.

Since I have been here I feel more than ever that you and I ought to be very grateful, when we both have such homes - I do feel so glad and thankful to know how good your father and mother are, it is a far richer inheritance than all the gold or titles that the world could afford - and I feel far more proud of it too.

Tonight we are to " tea out " ( why not use that expression as well as " dine out " ) at Miss Harrington's, she looks nice, but I have not spoken much to her, has she a gift for silence ?

We have breakfast so late that time is short for writing, but if the Lord will, I hope soon to see you again my beloved, which is far better than quires of writing.

Ever fondly and truly your Anna.

St Andrews 1876.

Dearest Bernard.

Just as I was about to get out my pen to write to you, there was a knock at my door followed by Mary's entrance - as she looked like a chat I invited her to sit down, and we had quite a talk as we brushed our hair.

We went to church yesterday, and heard Mr Perry preach, not a very charming sermon, and I grieve to say that your friend deacon McGregor disgraced himself by giving expression to his weariness in a sounding yawn, half yawn, half groan, which so amused me that I had to laugh, your Aunt Sara who was beside me tried to look shocked, but I believe she laughed herself.

Your mother is just as neat and particular as mine is, so many little things she does, just in the same way.... I don't think I ever saw such a pretty house as this, so different from a house that owes its all to an upholsterer. The only thing that tries me about it is that I have a great fear that I shall never be able to make any house I have charge of half so pretty, and then, and then, - and then. Here a sigh ought to come in, but I don't know how to express one in writing. This marble table makes my hands feel like frogs toes !

After dinner yesterday, Maria and I went for a walk to a pine grove, where the wind was making that wonderful rushing sound that reminds one of the sea, and always makes me think of the word ' forever ', but it was too cold to stop and listen - Maria told me all about her trouble, poor girl !... when I meet people with such sorrows, I want to be miserable too so that I can feel for and comfort them. But I am sure you will say " nonsense " at this point.

Last evening a Mrs Davis came in, and was pleasant in a very quiet way, she has a sweet low voice, which as you know an excellent thing in a woman.

Your mother and I had quite an interview this morning, and got deep into all sorts of practical mysteries, quite beyond your masculine ken -

Every one is very good to me, but I want to go home, I have been away quite long enough for my own wishes....my ideas of time are more confused than ever, I feel sure I have been here three weeks at least.

With ever so much love, dear - Anna.

Montreal - 1876.

My dear Love, I am in a penitent frame of mind this morning, and you know when anything troubles me I like to dispose of it at once. The fact is,

I am afraid it was not quite good of me to persuade you to stay away from that meeting, I feel quite sure that when you went home, you were vexed that you did not go, and just a little cross with me - So I am very sorry, and you must forgive me, and perhaps I shall grow to be better and not persuade you to what you don't think best, for you are much more likely to be right than I am.

Your mother wrote me such a lovely little letter, which I shall show you when you come to see me next. I am sure I shall be very fond of her.

Anna.

May - 1876. ( just before wedding )

Dear Bernard,

In this state of hurry and confusion, I must do things as they turn up, but don't think I am impatient and always worrying about things - I send you Merrils bil etc.....

Mamma has written to Dr Bell - and of course you will come to dinner on Friday too - A lot more presents have come Oh ! Oh !.! OH '!!. I send you also an invitation to the wedding in case you would not like to come without !

I don't suppose you knew before how badly I could write, but mamma took my pen and desk at the 3rd line of this, and I am reduced to a quill and writing on a window seat - Mrs R's carriage will be here any minute and I must hurry away - I will surely see you on Friday shall I not ? I hope you are not as distracted as I am with things dearest -

With fond love

Anna.

Montreal - letter written at the time of B.J.H's fathers death: date ?

My dear Love:

What shall I say to you ? where shall I find words gentle and strong enough, to speak comfort to your heart. Perhaps all I can do is to tell you that I love you, and that God loves you far far better - listen to His voice dearest, He alone can speak peace in trouble, and cause you to rejoice even in sorrow - The nearer we are to God, the less can we ever be really separated from our loved ones.... perhaps death may only bring us nearer, not separate us;..... I have thought of you every minute since you left, and I cannot help being dreadfully sorry all these days when you have been expecting this sorrow. I had no idea the end was so near.... I wish that you could stay at your home longer, for they can understand so much better than I, what you have lost, in the dear one, whom God has taken, but if you are not too tired you will come to me directly you return, will you not ? ..... If there is any thing mamma and I could do in the way of shopping or ordering things, we shall do it with all our hearts.

These are wretched poor words to send you dear, but you must try and read in them, the love and sympathy I long to send you... The time will seem long till I see you again, and you must not feel desolate while you have -

Your own Anna.

Xmas Day.

Dearest Bernard:

Thank you very very much for the beautiful easel, I only wish I could ever hope to paint a picture good enough to be worthy to put on it. But even if I cannot, the easel itself will always be to me, a picture of your kind thoughtfulness.

I hope that your visit home, has been more happy than you thought possible, sometimes a common sorrow draws all the remaining hearts so near together that there is joy, as well as a sense of loss - and the love of God is always with us, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

I shall hope to see you on Tuesday, will you not come to dinner if you can ? but I must not let my note grow into a letter, for I had much better keep my news till you come and I can talk to you.

Anna.

This brings to an end the portions taken from Anna's letters which were in my keeping and which were written before her marriage in 1876.

Little Metis - 1876. ( first summer of married life )

Dearest: At last I begin to come to life again, and wake up, though this morning showed the same grey sky and wandering mist - such a sudden change always makes me feel intensely stupid. Yesterday - Eva thought such foggy weather needed some diversion, so asked the two Selwyns, the two Dareys and Majors to come over after tea and make toffie, they tried and some of it was quite a success, but such a noise they made, they had dumb proverbs, they played on 5 jew's harps, with various measures of success. Then finally Rankine and Freddy tried that ridiculous cock-fighting, and we all laughed till we could laugh no more at the absurd sight - altogether it was a jolly evening.

And now - oh Bernard, you never would have had the conscience to marry me, if you could have foreseen what I would have been subjected to in consequence - Here has Mrs Major just asked me to tea to meet Old Mrs Redpath and old Mrs Walker - picture it, think of it. I told her it was too sudden a plunge into the society of old matrons; that I would rather come after tea, when some more youthful guests were expected !

Eva and I as usual took a morning walk, and then went out in the boat which is a very light and nice one and rowed first to the point and then out to see how papa progressed with his dredging. This proved a long pull, and we did not get back till after 2 o'c. when stewed lamb and some of our beans seemed uncommonly good...The greatest trouble is the carrying up of the boat to the boat house, it was too much for me, and I struck after a few yards; such a weight, when ones feet are stumbling over boulders, is rather severe.

Later we went to bathe, the gleam of sunshine we had had, was gone, and cold and grey had returned; however we donned our bathing attire, so in view of an admiring audience Rankine rowed Eva and I out to deep water, where I tumbled in and swam to shore with what speed I could, for the water was freezing. Miss Leinor has been ill, I went to see her and to my surprise found her quite good-looking, she was in bed and divested of her hideous coiffure, and her own pretty hair was about her face - she was more nearly pretty than I cd. have thought possible.

It seems so very long since I had word or token of you - nothing left of my marriage but my rings and my new name. You will be pleased to learn that Mamma receives daily a large jug of cream, so you will have a strong inducement to hurry here. We have had delicious strawberries, but the wet weather has deprived us of them lately... It is so cold - it requires all ones resolution to undress and go to bed, and again a great effort to face the cold floors and chilly air in the mornings - Eva and I groan about it, and fight for the quilt which is made of some slippy material, and refuses to stay in its place, going all to one side or the other.

Eva says I am like Amelia in Vanity Fair, who wrote so many letters to her Love , that he was forced to light his pipe with them, as he could read no more - which makes me stop and bestow a pitying thought on the many fond Amelias, who have no faith either in their husbands or their love !

It is a great relief to know that the weather is cooler with you, and wish that I could have seen you sally forth in white. Did you manage to put the puggery on according to orders - bring it down here, it will be useful. I shall hope to hear more of your plans soon - I almost wish I had gone with you, it seems such a bad beginning to separate so soon, but I honestly thought that I should be in your way, and that this was the best arrangement. Indeed this letter is already long, but I must thank you dear for writing so soon, and for all your loving words. All here send kind greetings, and your wife sends you a whole heart full of love.

Anna.

B.J.H. in Philadelphia

Little Metis - July 22nd. 1876.

Dearest Bernard: The hour is not very late, but already I have begun to

yawn, so that Eva has just tried to stop me by trying to put a lamp chimney down the yawning aperture - so I must hasten to write a few words before sleep quite overtakes me. Yesterday I did not do much, William took me off for a walk up the beach and seems in a restless state of mind, not being nearly so brown or refreshed-looking as the others. Love has evidently unsettled his mind, and he is restless and unlike himself -he goes off to Murray Bay tomorrow, where he hopes to stay till Saturday - Dear old soul ! I hope he will succeed, if it is best for both of them. I cannot but think of the unsuspicious little maiden, to whom this awful fate is approaching, and she must say, yea or nay to such an important question.Sometimes that idea of how near all sorts of unknown things may be, strikes me with a sort of heathenish fear, as if it were blind fate, instead of the guiding of a Father's hand, as we know it is.

I went to church this morning, they have a new minister - After dinner we were told that Mr Baxter would address those who chose to assemble at the hotel, but I did not go, I stayed at home and read - I am more charmed with Daniel than ever, the single-heartedness, and steadfastness of his character are wonderful, and I hope to get quite to the meaning of those visions of his. When I read of people like that, I always despair of myself - for I always am longing for everything good and true, and the longing does not seem to become reality yet, but I often think of the comforting words, the promise that those who " hunger and thirst shall be filled "

Poor Mr Fenwick is determined to show his magic lantern, and wrote a letter to the hotel people about it, in which he said, that his pictures had been exhibited to crowned heads ( for has not every head a crown? ) Mrs Selwyn says that if she had not known them she would have taken old Mrs Redpath and Mr Baxter for twin brother and sister - I wish the old lady could hear the remark, she would be shocked !

William went about 11 o'c. I administered all the comfort I could and got Mamma to give him more money, as love-making is expensive sometimes - He has an umbrella with him which however ornamental is not of much use as it won't open .. I pity the poor boy ! I don't know what he will do if his fair Florrie refuses to smile upon him.

Of course no word from you has reached me yet, I do hope you won't stay at Philadelphia very long, I know full well that you won' stay longer than you can help, and it is my part to be patient and not tease my love with entreaties for a speedy return.

with love from your Anna.

Little Metis - July 1876.

My dear Bernard:

The weather today is quite pleasant, and one can keep warm walking about - the water is rough and we shall have a splendid bathe bye and bye, that is my delight. What will you say, when I tell you, that I have to take my rings off before going into the water, they are so loose now that my fingers have shrunk with the cold, that I should certainly loose them otherwise. I am not in the least reconciled to your absence, I miss you more and more every day... Today I had a letter from Sophie who hopes we will pay them a visit at Kingsey on our way home, she says she has heard again from Dora ( Labatt ) who is still in the 7th. heaven of perfect happiness, and Sophie says ought to be sent to " the Exhibition " as a specimen of " Paradise restored " ! I am anxiously waiting to hear how long you are to stay,and do trust that it is not to be one of these indefinate, lingering undecided things, and when you know, won't you telegraph to me dear, and not let me have to wait the interminable days that a letter takes to come. I am glad you are well and even glad that you are not quite contented without your new wife, for she is dreadfully discontented without you - if I had had the least idea how disagreable it would be, nothing would have induced me to let you go without me. As I never was married before, I could not know how dismal it would be to be left a widow - and now I do know, you will not find it nearly so easy to get

rid of the Anna you have taken for better for worse .

Thank you dearest, for keeping an eye open on my behalf, at the great exhibition - I am so glad that you find much interest in the things that you see, I hope that you will interview those scientific men ( gossips ) to any extent that may be useful to you in the future, for you certainly ought to gain some substantial benefit in exchange for the breaking up of our home and this dismal separation - ah what nice people the old Jews were, who would not let people leave their new wives, even for wars, which were more important than stupid exhibitions ! Mamma and I had quite a long walk on the beach, picked bluebells and ferns, and I received much good advice from my venerable mother who by the way, says she is quite tired of hearing about you - Eva is better and listens to anything or everything I choose to say with interest. They all wish that you were here, with William being gone, another man in the establishment would be v very useful.

Most fondly Anna.

Dearest B. How can I get any good of this place, when I have to spend so much time writing to you ! when you come I shall live out doors weather permitting.

This morning opened with quite an excitement, as a bull and 8 cows had got into Mr Darey's ' park ', and so he, Herbert and Rankine went out to dispose of them, and quite an exciting hunt they had, through the wet grass and bushes, laughing and shouting - the bull got excited and charged Mr Darey's best haycock, flinging it up into the air, all the inhabitants of the cottages looking on from their respective galleries.

I wrote to your mother yesterday, but have heard nothing of, or from any of them since we left - Mrs Carpenter spent the day here yesterday, and was as beaming as usual - - - - - But here papa calls out we must go to the mail, which is nonsense, but I dare not let him go, in case of a letter arriving from William with the Murray Bay post mark - I have not even time to read this over.

With all love dearest, Your lonely wife Anna.

Little Metis, July 30th. L'&_.

Dearest Bernard :

..... Just think, last year I did not know when your birthday was, and now I have best of all rights to love you and wish you every blessing - if only you were here or I in Philadelphia it would be much more easy to believe that I am in truth your Anna, I feel like an exile here, more and more every day... It is 11 days since we parted and I have only had two letters, while I seem to have myself written a perfect deluge of epistles, and I almost fancy you must be tired of reading them. This is not a place where presents can be bought, so I can send you nothing but a hastily-made sketch of the house we are in, just to show you that I did not forget - Mamma thinks the house looks better than it really does, but I have altered nothing, only taken it from the prettiest point of view.

Papa says to tell you that Huxley is expected at the American Ass. and that he hopes you will try and see him, and assure him of a welcome in Montreal.

Papa is mad on the subject of dredging, and spends days on the water. The pigeon berries are beginning to redden, but I have not the heart to dress my hair with them, when you are not here to admire - but I must not end in a dismal way - I cannot seem to tell you half the things I want to say. and I probably have forgotten something I wanted you to know.

Your ever loving ANNA.

Metis ,Wednesday August 2nd. 1876.

" Many many thanks, my dearly beloved husband for your letters. The printed one somehow I did not exactly like, though it is a curiosity, it seemed too Yankee in style, to have come from my husband, but the other one from your

own dear hand was such a comfort to me, and it so delighted me to know that you had got the first of my letters, and that the distance was at last bridged over

It must have been jolly to spend an evening with two old college friends of course I remember your speaking of them and am delighted that you should have some friends near, for strangers however interesting or pleasant, are but strangers after all. It is a pity that you are so tired at night, for the congregation of celebrities at the Institute must be very facinating - As I told you before you left you will learn to chatter as fast as your wife before you return - When we go to Sweden (?) I shall hope to meet Dr Nordstrom, whom you like so much.. As for that man Perrault I hope you will torment him till he does give you those photos of the College, what a hateful creature he must be, he ought to be exposed in the newspapers..... It seems that you have many worries left to you to make right, but don't be too earnest in setting everything straight, and wear yourself out - long after the exhibition is over, and people forget its mistakes you will feel the effects of too much work in this weather.

I am now planning to give Eva sketching lessons, if the lazy child will agree, she is so sunburned, and looks very pretty, she is out all day long and rows and bathes, and wanders, like a young savage - also she is an adept at catching fleas, and killing mosquitoes which is of much use in this region, as many varieties of both torments are to be found here.

The weather is charming, cloudless sky, and warm sun, yesterday about 6 of us went in to bathe - it is most laughable to see a procession of young damsels in bathing attire skipping over the rocks to the sandy beach. Today the boys took me out on their scow to deep water, and I had a delicious plunge and swim - Are you shocked to hear of such proceedings my city friend ? I always feel so at home in the water, and only wish we could always wear such a delightfully easy costume as our bathing suits - civilized attire certainly needed reform and even yet might bear further improvement!

A party went over to Mount Misery today, and we are to join them in the afternoon and have our tea there..... Laila, Rankine and I went to Mount Misery as arranged, found all the party in that lazy state of enjoyment consequent on a long day in the open air, one group was reading aloud at the top of the cliff, and another reposing under the pine trees at its foot. Dr Murray the good-natured was tending a fire and boiling the tea - when it was ready, a watering-pot and a stick served as a tea bell, and summoned all hands to partake of the refreshments.

After tea there was the most wonderful sunset, words quite fail me to describe it, then with the glowing sky on one side, and the white moon rising on the other we launched our boats, and slowly glided homeward singing catches of songs. As it grew darker a lovely phosphorescence became apparent at the dipping of the oars. It really was exquisite ! I always wonder why people don't sing hymns at such a time. ?

Papa got into such a state of fidget about William, we hope today to hear how he has fared - poor boy !

I find the history of the Netherlands better and better but have nearly finished the first vol - and must wait for the second till I go home - ..... Post time is here, and I must close this letter.

from your ever most loving wife

Anna.

August 4th. 1876.

" Eva and I making a mighty effort got your post before breakfast today, and fancy how how delighted ! how rich ! how happy I felt when I got two whole letters from you.

I feel much impressed with the fact that your friend Brinley is a very charming man, and knows how to treat his friends, the Sunday rest and change must have been very acceptable to you and also I think a home cooked dinner would be a treat after so much restaurant fare. It is most cheering to hear that you could not sleep after 7 o'clock, you will now have to wake me up, when we get home, for I find waking up quite as much of an agony, as of old.

As to reading the Bible dear heart, the more one reads, the more one finds how truly it is life and light - but sometimes the very best people find it seems stupid, which used to trouble me much, but now I know one must just keep on and never mind feelings, till the light has all come back again, in the sunshine of His smile... I had a lovely quiet hour after breakfast today, and the thought of God being the revealer of secrets, is very wonderful to me. You know I often think I am seeing visions ! and shall I tell you what I saw today ? " All the wise men of this world standing on a little spit of sand dressed as little children, and trying with eyes, and hands to search the mysteries of the ocean, they had neither boats nor could they swim, and the few strange things they saw and caught pleased them much, but scarcely touched the great mystery they longed to solve. While God leads his children far out, they themselves must seek His presence in order to understand the fullness of His mysteries.

Yesterday was a very hot day, quite oppressive, and after tea we went out in the boat, the water was heaving in long throbbing swells and we went out quite far ( Willie Redpath and Rankine being crew ) to see Mr Tom Molson's yacht which was at anchor there. One of the officers invited us to come on board and showed us all over the boat, which is a perfect beauty with every luxury and comfort even a piano. The officer apolagized for the untidiness of on room, saying it was the nursery -which seemed quite a comical idea in connection with a pleasure yacht - I believe Mrs Molson has her own child and a little step-daughter with her, and a nice time they must have preventing the child breaking its neck, unless she has great natural gifts for climbing up and down companion ladders ?

I am drying some ferns for winter ornaments, and some day soon we are going to search for those long creeping ferns... As you say, it is a happy thought that each day is one less of this banishment - I am so glad that you don't find it a bore to write letters to me, I am sure I value them much more than other people who hear from you.

Fondly, dearest - Anna.

Little Metis. 1876.

My dearest Bernard:

This is quite a notable day, for we have had green beans from the garden, if you could see the unhappy little plantation striving to live on poor soil, and parched with drought, you would understand our delight. The radishes all developed worms, the lettuce was so tough that we had to cook most of it and pretend that it was spinach, and when I found the beans really fit to pick, I was so charmed that I went out and gathered them myself - almost fancying that I must be back at Wallbrae Place gathering fruit off our own pea and bean stalks. After lunch Mamma wanted Eva to go and pick up chips and shavings round the gallery, which greatly offended Mamma's ideas of neatness, and my young lady, did not think it suitable employment, so I had to go and help her, while Rankine stood by, and said, how badly mamma would fare if she fell into the hands of ' Mrs Be-done-by-as-you-did '. Later I painted a little, and then we went for a row on very rough water, the waves were tremendous quite a change from the usual calm.

By the way - I don't at all succeed in impressing people with my being " a venerable " The washerwoman calls me Madanoiselle, the men in the steam-yacht adressed me as ' Miss ' - and even Mr Laren whom I met the other day said sweetly - " How do you do Miss Dawson ". All which shows clearly that a visible husband is necessary , to impress the world at large with my new dignity . !

Mr Selwyn is really a 'brick' to send someone down to Philadelphia by the middle of the month, though papa says the man he is sending is a disgrace to the Survey. Will you go back to Montreal before coming here ? if you do please bring your rug, your bathing attire and my small crochet needle with the twisted handle.

If you begin to abuse yourself on account of the work you have been doing, I feel it my duty to be very cross indeed - and I don't think you ought to feel you have done nothing - it is passing a harder judgment upon yourself than you would upon another. No doubt there is, in all our lives much left undone - I fear that most frequently our failures come, not from doing nothing, but doing the less important, instead of the most important - we cannot with our short sight what is great and what small - but in God's sight all is clear and that is why I why I want to see everything only as God sees it. God's will and God's way, is always great and grand and will bear fruit to remotest ages - our own way, is simply failure and misery, whatever we may think of it ourselves.

Eva is in great haste to be off to the post, so I must close long before I have finished all I would say.

Fondly, your loving wife.

Metis, August 11th. 1876.

" As to those vegetables and fruit I requested you to bring, papa says he has written to Hamilton about them, so he will both get and pack them, and all you will need to do, is to notify him when you will be leaving. The weather here is extremely hot - you must hurry or rain and fog will be your fate, two weeks of uninterupted fine weather cannot be without a sequel of dismal I fear.

This morning a number of us rowed over to Boule Rock, and one read " Mr Gilfel's love story while the others worked - the breeze off the open sea was deliciously cool.

Poor William could get no encouragement from his lady-love, but how could the girl be expected to fall into his arms when she had not seen him for so long, and had no idea he loved her, as I tell him, he cannot expect to win without wooing, and I see no reason for his despairing. Her parents were quite sweet to him, and he intends to go to Quebec in autumn and try again. He is awfully down about it, but has no idea of giving up - so he may succeed yet.

Everyone is looking forward to your coming, and I begin to fear a series of tea-parties will be given in your honour.

Yours ever ANNA.

August 14th. 1876.

My Dearest B. RanKine asks me to ask you to bring some varnish for his boat and a brush to put it on with, and papa wishes a bottle of carbolic disenfectant etc I think you must begin to wonder, as I do, what the family did before they had you to appeal to, to supply ' forgets ' - but when once you get here, you shall rest from all your labours, and sit on the shore, while I read to you. Mr and Miss Baxter are coming to tea tonight, and of course we shall be an extremely lively party ! But I will not waste my time in writing to one I hope to see so soon .... Only hurry, love, and come soon.

Your very loving wife. Anna

A year has passed it is now 1877 and it
is time for another summer outing at Metis.

Little Metis, July 1877:

My own dear Love.

The journey is accomplished, and here I am again in the little box-like room, sitting on the white pine rocking chair, the door open to the sea, and my paper on my knees all just as it was last year, with the difference that a little basket cradle is added to the furniture of the room, and that our little treasure is sleeping sweetly in it. Precious little lamb ! he does make a very great difference, but it is all for good and happiness - Coming here again naturally takes my mind back to the two other summers spent here, the first one when I was all alone and felt like a stranded unit - the

~~the~~ second when I came bringing with me the precious knowledge of a husband and now the full cup running over, with a real baby all our own.

After we left the station we soon got our berth made up, or rather made down, and baby and I got in, he was very good only " squeaking " twice, to use Percy Selwyn's expression, and they were very mild squeaks too... In the morning we all got up pretty early and had the usual scramble to get into the dressing-room for toilet arrangements. Chatty and I were much amused at seeing Kate Galt arrayed in a pink flowered dressing-jacket, and a large night-cap - she did look very queer. At Point Levis the breakfast was worse than ever, I managed to get a man to take Jessie direct to the kitchen where she got baby's food ready - when I reached the car baby was roaring lustily, Jessie trickling the milk down his throat, and mamma in much distress declaring that she never in all her experience attempted to feed a child while so crying - Jessie assuring her in her easy way that we thought nothing of that. Eventually after the usual long drive, we arrived safely at the house.

Eva and Rankine are already quite sunburnt, and we had salmon and delicious wild strawberries for tea last night. This morning Jessie with the baby lost her way between here and the shore, and I had to go down with her to show her the way - then she carefully held up her dress, till I assured her that she might sit down on the sand without soiling anything - she wanted to know about the tides and seemed much astonished at their tricks and manners as explained by me.

But here is the wee man very hungry, so I must say goodbye. Take care of yourself and give me all the news of yourself when you write.

Fondly dearest,

Anna.

Metis - July 1877.

My dear Love, Your letter was so welcome yesterday, it was one of my down days, and I had felt so dismal that I was particularly glad to have news of my dear husband. I am sorry that you could not go to the Brownes, it would have been a nice change for you.

Yesterday mamma and I made a whole lot of strawberry jam with which to sweeten life next winter.

We have discovered to our horror that 2 of the McNiders had scarlet fever last winter, and all our blankets and the Dareys were at their house. For my part I fancy these sore throats have come from the infection, the Dareys have had them as well as ourselves - it is really a great mercy that none of us have actually come down with the disease.

Poor mamma does not seem to get a bit of rest, I am not much good for baby takes so much of my time, and the young people fly out of the house directly after breakfast and that is an end of them till dinner time.

The little rose bushes planted in front of the house are doing well also two cherry trees - by the way how are our apple trees getting on, I hope the ones in the back garden will ripen, for it would be so satisfactory to know what kind they are ?

The washerwoman has been here for at least an hour, it is worse than an Indian palaver to make arrangements with these lazy - tiresome French people. Please try and get your clothes done up before you come and bring your coloured shirts for the white ones done here are not fit to be worn.

Papa has been out dredging with Mr Ferguson and got some rare and precious treasures - I believe.

I am giving little Eric his salt water baths nearly cold and he does not at all object, he begins to know quite well that being undressed means bath and chuckles and crows with delight - last night I took a sponge full of water and squeezed it over his head, the water trickled all down over his face of course but he bore it like a little man only heaving a sigh -

It is a fortnight tomorrow since I left beloved.... I would like to say ever so many things, but writing is disgusting, so I will only send you loads of love.

from your ever fond

Anna.

Metis, July 19th. 1877.

Dearest:

Your letter from Quebec reached me yesterday, it is so good of you to write every day for I really did not think you would find time to do so, only don't make letters for me an extra burden upon your already full days.

Nearly every evening we have a small crowd on our gallery, of those who desire to gossip in a friendly way - I keep my baby's socks for such occasions and can congratulate myself Pharisee-like on having something to show for my evening.

Mr Denistoun has been out fishing at Metis Lake, distant 50 miles and caught 80 lbs of fish in one day - many of them he calls salmon trout, weighing from 4 to 10 lbs each, I never saw such large ones before, indeed the fish looked different from any other species of trout I am familiar with.

I am so lazy, I walk very little have never taken a really long walk yet you will have to put me in regular training when you arrive.

Fondly, dearest -

Your Anna.

Metis, July 1877:

My dear Love,

Having come upstairs with the laudable intention of going early to bed, I now feel much more inclined to sit up and write to you ! Today Eva Kate and I went down to the beach where they erected a nice little shelter from the wind with pole and your rug, and we sat and snugly worked while Rankine read aloud - by and bye I deserted and wandered off into the nearest woods and found some beautiful cedar which now adorns my room, I also took observations with regard to a certain clump of trees, which I hope soon to sketch My pleasant ramble was summarily closed by the sound of a bull bellowing, I daresay he was quite at a safe distance, but the woods at once lost their charm and I speedily retreated.

" Our " little boy does look so pretty with colour in his cheeks. Papa is quite devoted to him also mamma, and his appetite for being amused daily increases. Rankine takes a great interest in him, jumping him about till he throws up his latest meal, and then making derogatory remarks as to his vulgar habits !

On Sunday afternoon, Col. Haultain who is a 'dear man' had service in the hotel - such a plain, true clear discourse on christian wisdom righteousness, sanctification and redemption - he indulged in no platitudes about heinous sinners, and impossible virtue, but showed how many false gods occupied the hearts even in a christian country ..... such an earnest address so manly and humble, so definately expressed in such good English - quite a treat , and the listening people almost more of a sermon, at least I found them so - but as you know I have a special mania for watching people, and piecing together what I know of their lives, and the expressions on their faces.

Laila and Mamma are chattering like magpies beside me, while the 'Pet lamb slumbers, you will see such an improvement in him, I hope I shall be able to bring him up to meet you at the station.... The chatter is really too much I cannot gather my wits enough to write sensibly - so with love dear,

Your own wifw --

Metis - July 21st. 1877.

Dearest Bernard - *Is. of*

Your long letter written from Orleans arrived last night .. It always does surprise me that you can take such long walks without great fatigue when your ordinary work is so much indoors - You must have quite enjoyed the Orleans experience - it is pleasant to see new places, and anywhere out of Montreal would be escape to less heat. How venerable you must look in the public eye, when pretty girls of 16 are committed to your escort.

Willie Redpath, popularly called " Sweet William " is the one solitary

gentleman left and the juveniles declare he is devoted to Baby Major, which caused a delightful trick, to be invented by your wife - Mr Fenwick brought us some flowers, and among them sweet williams, one of these was wrapped in damp cotton,, enclosed in apasteboard case derected to Baby, stamped with old stamps and taken to the post office, where McNider was beguiled into putting the Metis mark upon it - Then as fate appointed - Willie himself called for the Majors letters and bore the parcel to Baby ! A lot of imagining and fun was had out of the situation .

Lovingly Anna.

Metis - July 1877.

Dearest You may be interested to hear that I am now trying baby with boiled flour, it is boiled in a jar till it becomes a solid mass, and then it is powdered and made with milk and water about as thick as rich cream - he took half a cupful this evening without a murmur , so I think he must like it.

The joke about the sweet william continues to improve. The Majors thought they identified the hand writing on the box as Charlie Selwyns, and by way of repaying him have sent a return packet. It seems he admires a girl called Amy Brooks - and they enclosed a small bottle labelled " Brook Water " 3 drops to be taken at night and copied Tennyson's poem of the brook parodying it.... All this Baby has confided to Eva and Kate in the strictest confidence, and we have had many laughs over it.

It seems very likely that you and William will arrive about the same time, for he is to sail on the 26th of the month, and he will land at Rimouski so please make those analyses come right that you may be free to return soon.

Metis,, July 25th. 1877. From his devoted old wife Anna.

Dear Love: Thank you for the stamps they were very acceptable - Now as to the question of my not writing so many letters - if I did promise to obey on that celebrated wedding day June 7th., did I not also promise to love ? and when I am hundreds of miles away, and as I am no believer in silent love, what is left to me but letter writing ?? ... Seriously dear heart, if sometimes it be a little effort to write, it is always a great pleasure, so you must let me continue as I am also persuaded that my efforts are pleasing to you.

Yesterday there was tremendous excitement, as a sad event occured, there are two Miss Whites here and with them a little child a nephew of these said Whites. Yesterday at dinner time Miss White No.1 rushed into Mrs Harry Scott's with the poor little nephew in convulsions, in her arms; Mrs Scott sent down for mamma and others, one flew for ice, the others put the child into hot water , the aunt lamenting and groaning and saying she felt so badly, till mamma told her it was of no consequence how she felt, that she must assist in getting what was needed. The second Miss White meanwhile rushed down and fell fainting in the hall - Mrs Scott quite exasperated shook her well, and told the servant to throw plenty of cold water over her.Finally they were able to get a homeopathic doctor who approved of all that had been done and dispensed a few small pills ! A batch of bread had been left unattended to in Mrs Scott's kitchen, and when all the fuss was over, Mrs Scott's youngest was found twisting the dough out into fanciful ropelike forms of delightful stickiness !

Mr Dary was complaining about seeing so little of you,, and I said I saw so little of you myself that I was only too glad to stay quietly at home in the evenings. He laughed and said " Oh that will come to an end bye and bye " " Ah ! I replied " you are talking treason, are you not ?" " Perhaps " he answered " but it is true." I do not believe it do you love ? I hope and trust we shall always be growing nearer and dearer to each other and not more independent and careless - In a world such as this we have much need to pray that God may keep our love strong and true and untarnished.

With all love

Anna.

August 2nd. 1877.

My dearest I might copy your own letter and send it back to you, I feel so much the same - I miss you so sadly, every day more and more. If you miss me, how much must I not miss you when I daily depend upon you for so much.. I think very often of all the little ways in which you think of me, putting down work half finished, leaving it, to make little arrangements for my comfort, never cross when I talk to you at the wrong moment... It is the old story of the oak and ivy , the oak could stand alone however much might miss the ivy - but the ivy cannot. If it is not bad of me I am very glad that you miss me so much, but sorry too, because you are lonely. Certainly dear, married life is God's own choice for us. Ah how happy I shall be when you can come to me.

I am thinking of celebrating the baby's birthday by giving him some gruel , and seeing how he likes it, instead of a birthday cake - ' birthday gruel ' In a few years, he would strongly object to such a substitution I imagine ?

Josephus has made very little progress, it is a very Hard book to read, I only hope he did not find it as equally difficult to write... There really is nothing to sketch here and I only make the effort because I think it will please my husband for me not to give up all my old ways at once. Do you play the piano much yourself darling, and have you moved the piano ? tell me how the house looke in what state of disarray ?..... Papa and Rankine are off - I am hoping that he will be improved by being with papa alone, he surely could not be so stuck up and opinionated with him - they expect to be back in ten days or a fortnight.

The picnic did take place yesterday, and went off very well till the return, for quite a sea had risen, and when they came to land it was a bad business, our boat got a horrid bumping, and Kate and William had to jump out knee deep to prevent it capsizing in the breakers. Finding such difficulty, all the gentlemen had to rush out past their waists to drag the other boats in - nearly all were soaked - Mrs Major wept and prayed - Chatty was quite frantic - and poor Baby as pale as a sheet - There was real danger but all has ended well.

I am hoping to hear when my husband is coming soon?- I feel very dull to day, this must be one of my down days, that you always prophesied would precede some especially bright ones, so be prepared for a ' jubilate ' in a day or two.'

August 5th. 1877.

Oh Bernard my dear !

It is too bad, too bad altogether, for that wretch to keep you in town - I would not mind so much only I know how tired you are. I have been just counting the days, hoping that nothing would happen to mar the happiness of our meeting, and now not to see you for another indefinate number of days. Could you not tell him that all your plans were made ? He likely has no idea of how long the work he has given you will take. If it were not for our baby I think I would go directly up to town, I am so sick of being alone. Oh if I only had someone to abuse, I wish I could do something spiteful to Mr Selwyn ... he is so thoughtless, so regardless of others feelings - all this time he has pretended to think so much of what you would like. It does not seem worthwhile to talk about it, for the more i say how grieved I am , the more it will vex you. Your birthday on Sunday I can scarcely hope it will be a particularly joyful day, but I hope you may have many more very happy ones. But there, if I begin to think of it, I shall end up with a cry, and it is too late and I am to tired, to be able to go in for such a luxury...

I have been today wandering in the back country, disregarding my fear of horrid animals. There is nothing especially attractive to be seen, but the warm sunny air is pleasant, and the insects hummed, and raspberries were ripe and abundant, and I thought if only my Love were here !

Good night and God bless you -

Your loving Anna.

As we enter the summer of 1878, we find that Anna's first letters speak of Bernard being away again on some geological excursion near Buckingham.

Dear Love:

Dear Love after leaving you, " The boy " and I reached home in safety , I thought I would go round by the College, but after going up the steps found mamma was gone out so had to walk the child home a matter of no small difficulty he felt obliged to stop and shake the chain round the little front enclosure, then he must say booo up the water spout, next had to throw stones into the little hole in the ground below said water spout, having accomplished these things he trotted on to the next corner where he felt it impossible to pass Mrs Bayne's yard and ran in to chase the ducks, and crow at the rooster, captured an empty meat can which quite delighted his heart, and finally I had perforce to take him up and carry him the rest of the way - I had scarcely got home when Miss McDonald appeared to beg me to go to lunch to meet the Misses Polson and Miss Douglass, so I went and feasted on salmon, green peas and strawberries - Perhaps I shall add a line in the morning but now Good night and all blessings be with you -

Your loving Anna.

July 3rd.

Dearest Bernard,

I received your note yesterday, and it was pleasant to know that you had got so far in comfort - I should think the mishap to the steamer was no great loss, for a canoe journey in fine weather must be delightful I should think. Two letters from the States have arrived for you, but i concluded to take them to St Andrews with me, as you will get them more quickly this way.. I have made what preparations I can for Tuesday, have bought my tickets, also my trunk is standing in my room ready to receive anything as it crosses my brain. Eric greatly admires the trunk, and offers up many little speeches before it !

I went with mamma to the little meeting this morning, I think it must be just 2 years today since I went the last Sunday before I was married and done for - - -

We watered the currant bushes with hellebore yesterday, so I hope they are all right. . I am hoping to see you as brown as baby when we meet.

lovingly dear Anna.

St Andrews, Tuesday - 1878.

Dear Love, on the chance of this finding you I must write just a few lines - This morning we left home with flags flying - Papa accompanying us to the station like a dear devoted parent - we had a good deal of rain while on the boat. baby was very restless and inquisitive, he wanted to go everywhere and see everything, down stairs and upstairs, however about 10 we put him to sleep in a clean little berth in the ladies cabin, and there he remained till we arrived - your father was waiting and we drove down, or is it up ?

All look pretty well - but oh they are so fond of staying indoors, this whole afternoon we have sat and sewed and read - which is by no means my idea of country, they think it too hot to go out till after tea, I think it too hot to stay in - Do come soon like a darling, it is far worse to be here without you than at home.

What a mercy that the run away did not have worse consequences - I shall have a needle ready for the torn trousers.

Fondly dear Anna

Metis, July 9th.

Dearest Bernard - We have had a very warm day with a regular sirocco wind withering and parching.

Some of the people here have got up a reading twice a week - subject Tenneyson, I was asked to go and trotted up to Mrs Redpaths this afternoon, work in hand. About 10 were there. All the ladies had work, and about 6 read in turns the latter half of The Princess - It was quite pleasant, though very hot. We were given a little lemonade, for which we were exceedingly obliged.. I'm afraid that you must be enduring frightful heat.

We have been reading the reports about the 12th. really matters look very dark, mamma declares that she will not allow papa to be in town that day - You must be very careful Love and I wish you could arrange to stay at home and work that day - The promiscuous shooting that seems imminent is not pleasant to think of. This is but a scrap but I am already nodding with sleepiness.

Lovingly your Anna.

Metis, July 12th. 1878.

My dear B. Last night I got another nice little letter from you, but I really must object to your keeping such bad company while I am away, I do not expect you to receive vagrant cats and ' B-flats ' - How can I have an easy mind about you if you so behave ? ?

Our new child promises to be a regular gymnast, and last night I began to fear I was in for twins, there seemed to be such a commotion going on !

We had quite a heavy rain yesterday, continuing all afternoon and evening which nicely replenished our water butts - we had recently been reduced to washing in hard water.

Love to my dear husband

from Anna.

Little Metis, July -

Dearest B. Papa has arrived in safety, and though I scarcely hoped you would come with him, I confess to a little feeling of disappointment in not seeing you - I had even put on a new cap that Mamma has made for me in the uncertain hope that it might make me look fairer in someone's eyes.

The day has passed as usual, morning on the beach, when Janie and I read together for an hour, and then bathed. In the afternoon Janie and I perched ourselves on a rock, and sketched the scene of the wreck, intending to try and fill it up from memory - if we succeed it will be something quite out of the ordinary.

We have had capital news tonight, William has got a " Millar prize " for his paper sent to the Eng. Society of England - 40 pounds a year for three years, is not that " galoptious " as Sophie would say ?

Yoo must not do any work when down here, I want to have you spend whole mornings with me and the " papouse ".

Daylight wanes, and I must go below and join the family. Anna.

Little Metis, July 22nd. 1878.

" Such an eventful day, dearest ! - As I told you the morning opened wet cold and stormy, the wind continued to rise till the waves were tremendous, no English resident had ever seen anything like it, and the natives said it was like one of their winter storms. Of course everyone began to fear for their boats, first the Darey's boat broke loose, and drifting along the shore finally was captured below the Botterells', Mr Darey getting rolled over three times in his battle with the surf. Then about dinner time we descried a small schooner drifting helplessly ashore - the Wilsons were at dinner and Eva, Janie, William and I instantly hurried on our most waterproof garments, and went to the beach. Oh how cold it was, rain drifting into ones face like sharp bits of glass, wind howling, waves breaking right out to a line with the Boule - The men from the drifting schooner had deserted her, and had

their small boat smashed, but reached shore in safety, and the helpless craft was rolled and tossed and mumbled by the waves, till it was finally tossed up on the shore below McNiders'. Then we came back just in time to see another nondescript barge-looking vessel, break loose and the crew after a faint attempt to head for the open determined to run her ashore and in she rushed just opposite the Majors', they threw out a rope which Percy Selwyn dashed in thro' foam and boulders to catch, and all the English present lent a hand to keep her bow to shore, not very successfully, but the crew managed to get to shore along the rope, one boy was nearly drowned, he slipped and lost the rope, and was smashed down on the boulders, another man however seized him and Percy again rushed in and they brought him to shore gasping and shivering - he was taken up to the Majors to be warmed and dried. The Major girls had rushed down with shawls over their heads, while Mrs Major wept upon the gallery. When the men got safely in; a poor little dog was descried whining upon the stern the waves dashing over - and though we shouted to Percy not to, he would go and get the poor little beast, it really was dangerous among waves and boulders shoulder deep, planks and things floating.

After that, first Astles boat drifted past, then Mrs Majors and Mrs Redpaths - I had come home by that time wet and cold, however Eva and William and nearly every other member of the community were down watching the boats - Astles came in shore with little damage, but the Majors skipped about bottom up and was with difficulty rescued by a line of people holding on to a rope - Eva and Chatty both were in the water, and Herbert Darey got a bad squeeze between the boat and a rock - that is to say his leg was badly bruised. Percy got ducked entirely the boat knocking him over - the oars were gone, and the upper part of the boat broken a bit. The Harry Scotts' boat was quite broken up. ours and the Murrays at dark were still holding their anchors

Today it is still cloudy and foggy and great waves roll in the fruit of yesterdays storm, and I write with frosty finger tips, and wrapped in my scarlet cloak - We are still enjoying your lemons, a good many were made into a mixture for tarts, and when company comes we have lemon tart.

I do long to hear again from you that you are well again but it will be hard for you to grow strong in such heat, I am sure you will try and be careful, and nurse yourself as much as possible..... But the family are going down to breakfast, so I must go to, and supply myself with warm porridge as an antidote to chillsomeness.

Lovingly your Anna.

Metis - Tuesday morning.

My dearest Bernard:

Yesterday we had a perfect sea-side day, cool clear fresh and full of sea-savour, I was on the shore all the morning as usual, and had several little walks up and down the rocks with mamma and Mrs Wilson, The baby was as good as usual playing in the sand, paddling in a little rain pool on a rock, and climbing over a prostrate log with unwearied energy. He seems to have inherited a deep insight into stones, for when Janie appeared with a jet necklace on, Eric at once put his finger on one pendant and said emphatically " tone " and since has applied the same remark to the topaz in my brooch - this is his birthday today, 16 months by the next one I hope to have his dear precious old father with me - even though I have so many around me none of them can make up to me for your absence.

A Dieu dearest and good bye.

Anna.

Metis, Aug.22nd. 1878:

My dear Love - We were all very sorry to hear of poor Foords illness It is well he has gone to the hospital, but he does not look as if he had a good physique, and I should fancy that he would at once take the bluest view of matters - Poor solitary soul. I am so glad you have been to see him.

Mamma and Miss Lunn have gone down to Campbell town to spy out the land about Dalhousie, I hope this will be a pleasure to both of them, especially Mamma who so much enjoys Miss Lunn's company and has so little of any selfish pleasuring... I have begun Papa's sketch of the forest primeval, and in its half done state it looks very well, I only hope it may turn out satisfactorily, Papa is rather a difficult critic to please, as you know.

Did you notice that David McCord was married ? I am quite curious to see his bride. Papa and Eva are expected tomorrow - Eva has been to lunch to meet Lady Dufferin, and had invitations and attentions in plenty.

Mrs Major had a party last night, at which shadow pantomines were the amusement. I did not go, and imagine my regret when I learned that chocolate cake had been the supper.

Mamma has had a letter from Maggie who seemed inclined to come back to me, for she was so fond of the boy - what do you think about asking her to return? She was not very tidy nor thorough, and had what you once called " class smell " but she was very obliging and quick, and I don't think would do anything deceitful or wrong.

Metis begins to look quite empty, the Dareys go on Friday, The Scotts, Majors and Savages intend to remain down till the middle of September, so we shall not be quite alone.

Your very loving Anna.

Metis, August 30th. 1878.

My dearest Love : The rose which you sent me came sweet and lovely a number of people at the house for the Bible Reading admired it, and praised its odour, which certainly is delicious.

Arthur Browne's wedding is fixed for the 5th, so you must think of them on that day - I think they are sure to be happy, they have waited such a long time. Eric is becoming very observant, I was shocked to see him the other day turn his little head round and spit - he must have been watching some horrid Frenchman - But oh ! it looked so funny, of course I scolded him, but I had to go into the house and laugh, it was so ridiculous.

Papa has got back from Quebec, and leaves again Wednesday with Eva for home he brought some delicious apples down with him, which shows that autumn is at hand.

Yours Anna.

August 30th.

" Your little letter came with its wonted regularity, you are better and better about sending me letters, but that is just what you are about everything else too, continually better and better. I am sorry that I gave you the impression that I was so very wretched the other day, I was only a little blue, and I don't know why I mentioned it at all, except because I have got into a sort of habit of mentioning everything to you, and sometimes I do feel as if it were a little one sided arrangement, for I know I speak much more to you about my thoughts and feelings than you do to me - I suppose you are naturally more reserved than I am and have more reliance upon yourself, but once in a way when you speak as you did in your last letter of all you have suffered by death and all you still feel about the sickness at home, it makes me feel as if in all these things you had been so much alone, and had perhaps had many painful hours that I had no share in. I suppose it must be true that I cannot feel with you, as if I had been through the same experience of loss and anxiety, and yet perhaps I have gauged more fully than you may think, what sorrow is - At any rate one day I hope you will let me feel more with your troubles, as well as your happiness.... I never forget how easily the nearest ties are severed, and how uncertain we are of everything but the present hour, and alas ! that present is now a lonely one, and I am far away, from my own precious husband. God grant us a happy meeting, If all goes as we hope 2 more weeks will see us at home again. "

Anna.

Metis - September 3rd. 1878.
Dearest Bernard -

Your pencil lines reached me telling me of your departure, it was good of you to write when you were so hurried, I am hoping for a letter from the peace and quiet of St Andrews.

I quite forgot to tell you that old Richardson is here, arrived a few days ago from the Shickshock Mts. and was much disappointed at not finding you here, he had quite set his heart on taking you there which he said he could do in two days.

Last night we had a grand bon-fire, burning up all the rubish that had been gathered out of our woods and along the shore - it was the largest and best one of the season and it was very pretty. All the scattered remnant came to see it, it being the final festivity of the season. We had coffee and cake served round near the close.

We have had letters from George and Rankine to our great delight, they were written from Skedegate, Queen Charlotte Isds., and sent by a fishing smack that they had met, had it not been for this chance, another month might have passed without our receiving a word from them which would have been very trying. Fort Simpson is the next place from which we may hope to hear.

We talk of taking our departure say Wed. the 11th, I cannot say what I shall do till I learn Janie's ( maid ) intentions; if she is in the house, of course I will go there, if not I will go to Mamma ... I am selfishly trying to arrange matters for my own ease and comfort, I feel that I cannot wisely attempt much now - I shall scarcely have 2 months when I get back, and those last few weeks are not suited to an active life.

Little Eric on being shown in a picture a lady with the old-fashioned crinoline, looked at attentively and then said " Brella " = he is such a little darling. He still talks of you and you will see he will remember you quite well when he sees you -

Fondly, truly, darling
your Anna.

Metis, September 10th. 1878.

" Our last night here ! we have been sitting on the shore till just now 8o'clock the dying sunlight on the water, a full moon rising - warm as a July evening ..... I begin to long so much to be home again, I don't mean in Montreal, but with you, for that is the only real home.

Jane has written that she is willing to stay for a time and make herself useful, indeed I begin to feel quite sorry at the thought of parting with her she has done so much better lately, and the boy seems so fond of her. My packing is all done, except the few little things that must be left till morning, and I am delighted to find that I am not worn out.

I will take this note with me and add a few lines in town - as you see I have got into such a confirmed habit of writing that I can't desist even on the last night.

McGill College - Thursday morning.

Dearest: All the journey over we have arrived safe and aound, the journey was as comfortable as it could be - Eric exceedingly good, he spoke perpetually of the Toot toot - he looked so bonny and behaved so nicely that I was quite proud of our little son.

The house looks more in order than I had expected and the garden seems overflowing with good things for the mouth and eyes. I feel much the need of your advice about household matters, but feel at least clear on two matters that I must see Mrs Gordon the maternity nurse and get a cook, but I have made no inquiries as yet.

I have not heard whether your mother is in town or not ? but I wrote and told her when I expected to be home, so will trust to her letting me know.

The weather seems close after Metis the day being warm and cloudy, it is quite forlorn to be back here without you.

Your Anna.

September 13th. 1878.

Dearest, I scarcely know whether to write to you again or not - Papa is very anxious for you to be here in time for Mondays faculty meeting - I am hoping to hear from you today, and know when to expect you.

The weather is exceedingly hot, and little Eric insists on leading a life of wild activity investigating everything with the spirit of a Livingstone or Columbus. He has slept well lately which is a great comfort.

Cooks seem to be scarce, the treasure I heard of has decided to stay in her old place, and only one creature has come in answer to my advertisement, however I do not despair. I sent a note by message boy to Mrs Gordon with instructions to hunt her up wherever she was but he returned and said that a lady had " tooked " her from St Martin St yesterday and she would be there today at 12o'clock - I suppose I must go or send to the rendez-vous but begin to think the woman is an entire myth. I have heard no word of your mother, I suppose I ought to go and see about her, but I am so unable to do much, it must be the fault of the little one - if such an adjective can be applied to anything that makes so great an appearance - The great-man-mountain was nothing to me - just wait till you see me ! ! ! and I have no dress fit to hide myself in.

But this may not reach you in which case it is a shocking waste of time.

Dear old Love - how rejoiced I shall be to see you again !

Your most loving

Anna.

For some reason or other there appear to be no lettere from Anna to her husband during the year 1879 - perhaps an inquiry into B.J.H's letters to his wife for that year may give the solution ?

March 27
1879.

Written to St Andrews East
and re-addressed to
Montreal.
Wednesday

Le Vendredi 13-9-45
Mollie

My own dear Bernard,

A whole day has passed without your
before I go to class at the
college I must take a few
moments to write to you —
Time has been fully occupied
since you left: At 9 this morning
I had to go to have a dress
tried on, then the usual
round of bathing the baby
eating Calvert — the beard &c.
Mrs Molson came in before
lunch, & told me some of the
news I was longing to hear
I am so thankful to hear
that Mary seems well Ada
are bearing up so well, I
fear the worst is to come
when all the needful work
& planning is over —

I heard two of have saved & peaceful & your dear mother looked, & have pleased to see Eric's photo - . It will all be over when you get this my Beloved - my dear dear Love & I can feel something & have said it is & must be for you all . God himself will comfort you, he is the God of all comfort

Little boy foot seems no better & I will send for Bucaraal in the morning though Maunsell & Rankine think it nothing, I do not for easy about it myself - His Lordship got in a big passion today when I was out & threw that china cake pair in dear face, the poor man was thing nearly frightened, when I got back only traces of the storm were to be seen I shd assuredly have classified Eric but both they & Murch - seemed to have consoled the poor chick well, & also in the meat - finding nature shut - him in the cupboard - so though Murch - was full of curette on the baby account & undoubtedly longed to see him unfolded - I fortunately contented myself with reposing him some oranges for which he pleaded

The proof & your question has come also a bill from Murray, & the rent - books from Darey & no news from Ketchii -

I must fly - though my darling it have given Eric enquiries constantly for you

Loving Your Wife -

It is now the year 1880 and it would seem that Anna's summer which was just commencing, would prove to be much the same as her previous ones since her marriage. She and her children were again staying with mamma in her cottage at Metis - and Bernard's first letter to her intimates that he is off somewhere on one of his geologising excursions.

Dearest Bernard -

I was thinking of you all yesterday in that soaking rain, so charming for the vegetable creation, but not quite so refreshing to travellers. Still from your note, I fancy you were either in a vehicle or a boat where at least your feet and knees could be protected - and this hot sun will quickly dry even woods I should think.

George left last night, he seemed sad to go, poor dear fellow ! Mamma and papa seem to be having every hospitality and attention heaped upon them, in the floral offerings banquets etc. while the lectures are said to be an unparalled success.

The great heat has been unsettling for the children - Eric was asking yesterday " Where is all the air gone ? " I don't feel any - a very pertinent question, in the sultry state of the atmosphere.

I intend having rhubarb for dinner, it has grown in a night like Jacks bean-stalk and looks quite inviting. The spring-beauties I have duly admired, also the little curls of the ferns coming up.... but I must go and relieve Jane and let her have her dinner and settle the knotty point as to what summer garments the chicks shall don for the afternoon.

With all love, Anna.

Metis, June 22nd., 1880.

My dear Husband.

You are at church I suppose listening to some thoughtful words that may go with you through the day. Here it has been threatening rain, which we quite long for on account of our water barrels, and also the plants which Mamma brought ... a little new bed has been made in front of the house, as there were too many for the old bed, still I daresay a couple of colias could be put in, and I am rather anxious to see if the sea air would make them more brilliant. Just at this moment such a delicious cool breeze has sprung up that it makes me long to seal up a little in this letter for you dear, who need it more than most of us.

Yesterday we were busy all day settling our affairs - 4 or 5 french women took their seats in the kitchen at a very early hour, each hoping to secure our patronage, the woman who washed for us last year is in expectation of an addition to her family in September, but still wishes the work - one almost dislikes to give it to her, only perhaps the better food and money may prove better for her , than the absence of work.

After the groceries were unpacked and put away, I went to the shore with the children, baby was charmed with the sand, calling it sugar, and her little trowel became more dear to her than ever.

I am so glad to be safely over the journey and bustle of settling - and hope to do my best to gain all health and strength for the new darling, dear little soul ! it is having a good start in life, and our children need sound bodies and brains, as they must make their way in life without much money-backing - but that is, as we see constantly the least powerful of agencies for good as regards true success in life. You and I have all or most of the best things - education, a free country, the light of the Bible , a lovely home, and the delicious air here - I always feel full of blessings when I think of how much, how very much, we have, it really makes me ashamed in the presence of so many others less favoured, and I cannot but feel what manner of

people ought we to be, with so much - That is the sorrowful part, that we fall so far short of the high aims, and clear noble lives that we ought to live for Christ... I pray that this separation may draw both of us to think more of these things, and when we meet to be more helpful to each other.

I have not yet remembered many " forgets " except the songs for the little ones, and I would like Farrish's life of Paul, if you come soon, we might read it together which would be lovely - the jars were all right thanks to your care my dear and devoted B. Dinner is almost ready so for the present

A - Dieu, my Beloved ---

Anna.

Metis - June 27th. 1880.

Dearest B.

The trains have been very late several times since we came, , it is a great matter for thankfulness that we got in as we did, I don't know what would have become of us if we had not arrived before such a late hour. Mrs Redpath's servants had a long and difficult trip down, poor creatures ! I fear the old lady will not find her house in very good order when she arrives tomorrow.

This afternoon we went past the Astles' looking for the lovely swamp road, but we could not find it, we did find quantities of Labrador tea in full bloom, purple iris, and ferns, but nothing further - returning I was horrified to see a bull trot past us, and mamma knowing my fear of such creatures was doubly terrified and insisted on our all beating a hasty retreat over the nearest fence - I fear my condition causes me to be a consuming care to her.

We had salmon and green peas for dinner, Eric and I shelling the peas, which we both enjoyed, and then we made canoes of the largest pea-pods, and had quite a charming time altogether.

Eric is selling imaginary fish at 3cts a pound, and the clock is just at the hour of 10, so I am obliged to stop.

Love dear, and all best greetings for my absent

dear husband. Your own Anna.

Metis - June 1880.

My own dear B.

You were right about the woods ! they are most perfect, and full of beauty - I went in a little way, in those, just beyond Mrs Redpath's house and found carpets of pigeon berry blossoms, clumps of veronicas, wild lillies , linaea, and little wild white violets - also an odd flower quite unknown to me, which looks like a mitella ( fancy my hazarding a botanical opinion ) ? and I have pressed a few for your observation.

We felt a little uneasy about the arrival of the boat passengers, for yesterday was such a storm - but today was calm and fine and about 12o'clock the steamer arrived; many of those on board had had a sea-sick time, but William and Mrs Carpenter were all right. The vegetables arrived safely, and will be an added luxury to our establishment.

Eric and I walked to the falls this morning, owing to the heavy rains I had some trouble in getting over the brooks, but Eric scrambled and jumped like a young cat - and was much delighted with various dead fish, star fish and crabs which We found on the way - he is a delightful little companion.

I do trust that your assays will run smoothly to a speedy conclusion and that the Logan writing will advance well too, for as you say each page done is a relief to you and consequently to me . We will all be so delighted to welcome you when you do come down, Eric was enquiring about when to expect you tonight ?

I have left behind the little book of F.R.Havergal's " Royal Commandments " It will do very well when you come - I wish you would take it for morning readings, I found it so helpful, I have the companion vol. of evening meditations, and enjoy it so much.

I have both the chicks to help me finish, so my words must be few .

So good-bye and with love to my far away husband.

Anna.

Little Metis: June 28th. 1880.

Dearest Love, you write me such lovely letters that I cannot find nice enough words to thank you for them.

The children are in some ways more troublesome here, for they want to be always with us; however now I think we have established the hours at which they must not appear in the society of their elders - Lizzie has been quite as much at fault as the little ones, but she evidently is rather in awe of mamma's displeasure, which is a comfort. Baby has been rather rebellious about sleeping too, and that wretched carpenter not having put up yet the additional bars to the crib, we are rather at her ladyship's mercy, as you dare not leave her to her own naughty little devices, if she does not choose to sleep - she is such a little witch, so sweet and picturesque, wilful and coquettish. Today she and Eric took a bath in the real sea, Eric walked in manfully and took quite a good bath, then of course baby cried " me too, me too " etc. I do so long to have a salt water dip, I wonder if it would be a risk to try, if anyone would put my 'duds' ready I would certainly hop in some time, without further debate.

Mamma and William have been out at Astle's lake all day, and brought home some beautiful water lillies of the yellow variety and a very queer flower which I never saw before, I may enclose you one, which may be no novelty to you.

You must have had a horrid excitement over that poor man who tried to take his life on the McGill campus, it is too dreadful to think of - the forsaken despair of a human soul, before it can resolve on such a step - I trust someone will try to assuage the cares of his soul as well as the wounds on his body.

I wonder if you will think me more enormous now than when you parted from me. The wiseacres down here evidently think me a little mad to be here at all, but I hope the result will be satisfactory - I am sure the town heat would have tried me much.

But now two busy little bees are buzzing round me, and writing, will go no longer...With fondest love

your Anna.

Metis, June 1880.

My own dear Bernard:

The close of another day, has brought me another letter from you as loving and good, as the most exacting wife could wish, and the written words you send, are the greatest comfort to me. I am so sorry you have not been sleeping well - I fancy the heat has been more to blame, than tha absence of your ( very soundly ) sleeping partner. To tell you the truth I have not had the best of nights myself - the bed is rather hard for so weighty a person as myself.

I do not think of any list of needed things for you to bring with you, my bottle of Chinese white which is on my desk I need as I am trying to finish the Glen's falls - I begin to cherish the hope that they will look like something. If I could take home about four pictures just to assure myself that I had not quite fallen away from the love of the brush, I should be satisfied. I fancy it is too late to implant artistic tendencies in no. 3 - unless the lucky number has the gift already. Would you bring 1 or 2 yards of mosquito netting, I would like this to put over the two nursery windows, I tried to tack up what is there now but found it too rotten to hold and gave up in despair.

I had thought that Mamma and I would read sometimes, and that we should have found long quiet hours to rest in - but she seems to carry a sort of busy atmosphere about with her, and though the things she has done are all useful or admirable, they have taken up most of the time while the place was quiet - now most of the Metisians have arrived, and one is subject to more interuptions.

After dinner I took Eric with me up to the store, where old McLaren offered us our cow for $(6.00 the season, saying it had calved last monday and was in prime condition, also he called Eric Sonny and gave him what he called a " pep " which proved to be a sugar duck of the peppermint persuasion.

When I was reading the " Peep of Day " to Eric tonight, one remark in it was about the sea, saying " One cannot walk upon it or build houses on it, " when

Eric said " No it is easier to build castles in the air " ! Mamma was greatly amused when I told her of it.

Rankine has been to see the wife of that wretched would-be suicide, and seems to be taking an interest in the man, he seemed to be hopeless of ever reforming himself, and had attempted his life in despair and disgust at his repeated failures - Poor soul !

Sleep overcomes me ! it is nearly 10o'clock, so good night dearest, I may add a line in the morning.

Fondly Anna.

Metis - July 1880.

Dearest B. I got your letter duly tonight, and as I have the delight of hoping for you so soon I won't write you a letter this time but only a little note, and devote my energies to my other letters which are sadly in arrears.

Mamma says she is quite willing for her domestics to make my currant jelly if they are agreable - Perhaps Joan might ask them if they will, they have to do mamma's in any case, and Joan could have the proper tumblers, and you could get Edward to pick and deliver the currants when ripe, the sugar they could order at the grocers... Please see that the matches are put in the washing boiler or some safe place, for the mice will be ravenous, when their usual supplies are cut off. Papa seems to have some notion that mamma's arrangement of having her two maids to keep house for the boys is improper, if you hear anything said about it do say you think it is O.K. - for it will be so annoying if all plans are to be upset for such a notion.

Au revoir is all I have to say now and if all be well it will soon be words and not these scratchings of a steel point.

Yours ever Anna.

At this point Anna's letters of 1880 cease, the reason I suspect, being, that after a short visit from her husband she returned with him to Montreal in order to give birth to her third child ( Clare Margaret ) who was born on August the fifth.

1881 - Anna's letters of 1881 from Metis to her husband, are sent to him to St Andrews P.Q., where he must have been staying temporally with his family. His mother having died in March of 1879, his homegoings would not be so happy for him.

Little Metis - 1881.

Dearest Bernard:

We still have lovely weather, rather on the warm side for Metis, and continued drought - rain would be a blessing for all the country. The children are as brown as brown can be, especially Edith - Baby too looks splendid, but continues to be troublesome at night - I have only had one really good night since I came.. Mamma has presented Edith with a remarkable doll, which has much delighted her - it has two faces, one smiling the other tearful. She took it to bed of course and I found her quite rapturous over it, and she kept saying " Grandmamma did give it to me, and she has sweet eyes " Baby Clare unfortunately admires this wonder to, and Edith has to keep it at a safe distance from her. Eric got a flag which he considers beautiful.

I suppose you know that the governors have decided to take 8% off the salaries, and that papa has resigned his principal's salary - so we shall have to mind our pence I fancy ... if I keep strong and well, we might do with less nursery attendance; I must say I feel as if I must be stupid when I see how much more other people do with their money than we do - Fancy Dr Johnson buying

J.G. McKenzie's house for $9000 dollars, besides insuring his life, and bringing up that great family. I do hope someone will give some money to the poor college for papa is distracted with it all and quite worn out.

I am anxious to hear how your expedition prospered, it was, I hope a success both as to specimens and pleasure.

Eva is better today , it is so very unusual to have her on the sick list. The place begins to fill up, but I hope we shall manage to keep quiet as mamma certainly needs rest and if I keep house I will not permit tea-parties. Mamma brought two Jacquemenot roses down , the last of the season, but exquisite as to colour texture and perfume - I was greatly pleased to see them.

I would be glad to have some more money, I still have about $5oo in change and I owe Mary her wages for June $8.00, and also something to McNider, who I find a perfect Jew - I believe Mrs McN. however is the chief offender - He has sent me a bill for $4.00 for bringing us and our things from the station, and the major part of our number came in Astle's carriage - I must speak to him about it though it be unpleasant. I shall certainly have no future dealings with him that can be avoided.

Kate and Lena Galt are at Cacouna settling the house for the rest of the family who are to come later. Mrs Selwyn and Mary Hunt are coming to Metis. I scarcely know what we ought to do about Mrs S. I had hoped her path and ours would lie apart, but she must needs come down here, if she clearly understood what I thought of her and her boys I would have no objection to be friendly for I have no ill will towards her, but I certainly would not like her to construe politeness on my part to an admission that she was in the right, which it seems to me she would be exceedingly likely to do.

I have been reading a little more of " The Creative Days " and like it, though you decided against it proving anything, that is all the reading I have accomplished. I hope the Redpaths will have readings again, I should much like to go, as it would brush up my intellect and also is such a pleasant time for working.

I am glad that your sister Mary gets on well with her oils - you must not tempt me to begin such a thing, it occupies too much time for a mother, I must reserve that for my old age like Dr Leach..... This is washing day and so I am in a hurry, Eva is better but mamma is still dancing attendance upon her and I have to make the rest of the menage go, but it goes pretty easily -

With fond love
Anna.

Little Metis. July 14th. - 1881.

Dearest - Many thanks for the money - also for the good news that the Logan Biography is nearing completion, I can now look forward to a not too distant meeting.

I hope the R.R - a true report, though I suppose in that case your father would be much the loser as to the manor lands.

Greet all in your home from me. Eric wishes me to be sure and tell you that he and Edith picked quite a quantity of strawberries yesterday, both he and Edith picked without eating and brought home their baskets full, of course I assisted -

Your own Anna.

Little Metis. July/81.

My dearest - Again a nice letter to thank you for. Papa's note of Monday announced cooler weather in which you no doubt share, he seems to be getting on and hopes to be down Saturday, when he will take a few days rest and then off to Cambletown - he now says for a week, and hopes that mamma will accompany him - I don't know whether she will or no ?

Reading Clubs - and all sorts of intellectual pursuits are on the tapis. the first afternoon ' read ' begins Thursday, with Macaulay's essay on Milton.

I daresay I may take part in these happenings till you appear on the scene of action.

Baby met with an odd accident today. I had her in my arms, and just put her down beside the window-seat when she shrieked out as if in agony and rolled over - I was quite amazed for a moment, and then saw a big bee fall from her clothes, it had stung her just on her fat little leg, and of course was very painful - how the bee got there was of course unknown. I rubbed it with whiskey, as I had no brandy or amonia, and mamma went off for a plaster of wet clay, which was put on - which of the two remedies was the cure I know not ? but in half an hour the whole thing was apparently well again.

You poor dear Love, I am so sorry to be away from you in the hateful up-hill grind of this summer, and don't wonder that you feel sick of everything, I try to look beyond to when you will be with us here I hope with empty hands so that we may be happy with the dear children.

Eric continually talks of going to St Andrews - and of everything there, he is a good little man, and so delights in his sea bathe.

With all loving greetings
your lonely Wife.

Little Metis - Sunday, July 18th. 1881.

My dearest Love;

I always fancy I will be able to send you a long letter - I Have just settled baby for the night, and as she seems more quietly asleep than usual, I venture to sit in my own room - Last night she threw up all her tea, So much for feeding her ! Edith asked me gravely today " Did baby throw up all her teeth mamma, did she ? - she had heard and wrongly understood - thought tea was teeth. After the downpour on Saturday, I went down to the shore in the quiet evening, I enjoyed it so much, tide full in , and sunset glow in the west - I wish I more often could get away quite alone, I always feel so much better for it, the trivial pettiness that so often crusts over one's life, melts away and the better thoughts can rise to the surface, and the eyes catch glimpses of the land that is far off - and of that kingdom of God which though so nigh is often invisible to us. The one thing I envy in man's estate is his power to walk out of the house made with man's hands, into the living temple of nature, whenever he pleases night or day. I have been reading Kingsley, and am greatly interested, but longed for you at every page - If we only could read some of it together down here it would be a great pleasure - We are altogether too ignorant of the lives of the good and great, I think fuller knowledge would widen and deepen the channels of our own life.

Papa arrived on Saturday bringing some butter beans from our garden and a bouquet of lovely flowers from his own. He looks very tired and pale, but plans to go to Campbell-town about Wednesday.

Rankine has got through his exams, some 200 went up and less than half were passed - I am glad that that is over, he seems undecided about his next steps.

Have you heard that mr. Peter Redpath has bought the Manor House of Chisel-hurst - How fine they will be !

Eric has just come in and wants to tell you that both the punshons are running over, and Marguerite's pail also !

I don't think Mamma will want many tea-parties, she is not at all strong - but if Moffatt and Fleet come down as they said about the 23rd. no one knows how much Eva may go in for - but I do not yet know if they are coming ?

With all love my darling and so grieved that you are not feeling well.

Your loving Wife.

Little Metis - July 1881.

My dearest carefullest B.

Don't you believe a word of Dr H. and his " obscure diseases in the joints ", though if it were the result of nursing and to end with it, it

might be preferable to the more steadfast friendship of the old-fashioned " rheumatics ". As to the oil - it would be quite superfluous, for the butter is so good here that I eat quantities, and we have literally had more cream than we care to eat from this $15.00 cow. Dampness I do avoid, finding it has a bad effect and about eating, surely you can have no great anxiety about my appetite ?

I am so glad that you can ride dear, and shall imagine you careering over hill and dale and exorcising neuralgia and biliousness. I am sure that such exercise will make a new man of you, and trust you will take it continually and faithfully as a duty as well as a pleasure.

Everything is dear here this year and they are trying to charge $1.00 for each horse-ride - but I believe an indignation meeting is to be called on that score. The fact is that some of the horses were ruined last year by reckless riders. Mabel Selwyn and Emma Skelton are said to have finished two, took them down to Riviere Blanche and back without rest, and one of them fell under Miss Skelton - But they have raised the price of everything and actually ask more for butter than we paid in town - however now that Mrs Major has come down, she will lecture the community and put things straight.

Weather is again beautiful and Eric and I had a dip in the sea which was very cold. We have found quite a new flower here, one of which I will enclose if dry enough, it is pink and has a sweet odour and some call it wild verbena, it grows in the woods by the beach. Eric calls the rustic steps " those clumsy steps " and told me that nearly all the " rustic " was off the seat grandpapa made meaning the bark !

I have found my cuffs in my painting case but no collars -

With all love

Anna.

Metis July 1881.

My dearest - I was truly ashamed to hear from Mamma that you could not read my letters, but I don't altogether wonder, for I know some of them were shocking. The ink I got from McNider was purple and I foolishly poured it into my bottle which had held black, and by some chemical magic the two became almost invisable.

Mamma has arrived quite worn out - Fancy her three domestics taking themselves off and leaving her in an empty house till she came to the station. She brought some beautiful roses, with her from the garden.

But all my time has gone, and only that I do not like you to miss a Sunday greeting I would not send this scrap. So many thanks for the letters you send I don't find them lacking in any good quality... I hope you will get fat on cream and strawberries. The blanket and other things have arrived safely.

lovingly

Anna.

Little Metis - July 30th. 1881.

Dearest B.

In a way I was disappointed to find from your letter last night that you were still in town, especially as your enemy persecutes you still. Now that Dr Howard is away, I wish you would go to some other doctor and see if they would not recommend some more likely treatment for neuralgia, perhaps Arthur Browne or some of the younger ones would take more pains ?

The drought here is really serious, and the garden is not promising at present - it looks a little like rain today, but the wind is in the wrong direction, still we hope rain may come ?

I have rearranged our room and it looks much better more space and altogether less like an Irish cabin. I have not read anything not even an novel, nor have I sewed except to darn Eric's stockings which give way with unparalleled rapidity - he tore half the seat out of his trousers yesterday, as he explained " he was just having such a fine slide when it happened - quite miraculously as it seemed to him ! pure spitefullness ! " I laughed.

Montreal - May 30th. 1882.

Dearest Bernard - Just a line to let you know that all goes well at Wallbrae Last night I went over to 'Carpy's ' and had a very pleasant little evening with her. This morning I paid Mr Howell a visit, not exactly from curiosity, but to ask him if he would call and see Mrs Carpenter, who has still in her possession a duplicate collection of Dr C's shells and is anxious to dispose of them .

The ungainly puppy grows apace, I think it is a most repulsive looking creature.

Dearest love, I hope you will find a great deal of pleasure in your excursion, and go to Arnprior and St Andrews before you come back, and if Ottawa has not made you too grand, I wish you would buy me a basket of eggs, they are 20 cents here which really is rather too much, at this time of the year --

But I must run over and say good bye to Anna Hunt - Poor thing !

With all love ANNA.

1882 - Anna is again spending the summer at Metis in her mother's cottage - as she is now expecting her fourth child, I should think another dwelling would be necessary for future summers.

Little Metis - June 28th. 1882.

My dearest Husband:

The first day here over, and everyone gone to roost but your wife, I really begin to fear that I have begun to imbibe your bad habit of sitting up late, for 10 O'clock seems so early to me now - We have of course had a busy day, but all the groceries and childrens things are now in their places, and hop vines having been trained, paths weeded, and flowers planted, order begins to dawn upon us, and after tomorrow we will I hope begin regular ways. I must have some solemn thoughts about the wisest plans for the children, I feel that in so many ways I have not been doing quite the best thing with them, and yet .. . what is best is more difficult to say. Clare plainly wants a little coersion, she roared and screamed tonight just because she did not choose to go to bed - the reform, I fear is really needed in myself, I have got into an easy shiftless habit of mind lately that won't do at all and I do pray that I may do better. We have got it now ! the typical east wind and fog, and so shiver we must in spite of warm garments - no shore or outdoors today, I fancy... We have just got half a salmon which much delights us, I wish I could send you a piece.

Mail time is about due , and I must not risk being late.

Lovingly dear one yr. Anna.

Metis - July - 1882.

" It was a great pleasure to get your letter last night, and sorry I was that your head was making you so miserable. It is a comfort that Marg. has taken puppy in hand, but I don't think you need mind sending him to your father on the children's account, if they are told it has gone there and that they will see it there in the autumn - really a dog is not a joke to feed and care for, still if you want it I will say no more about it.

I began a sketch yesterday of a sort of bog-hole, which I am sure would astonish the eye of the unanitiated, but it may turn out to be pretty. Having to explain everything to Eric while I worked used up nearly all my time. I don't know what to do for time here, there are so many letters to be written and with the house to care for and the children the morning is gone in no time. I am puzzling how to manage better ?

The little flower I send you seems very curious to me, it grew on the bank below the house had no leaves and came directly from a little bulb minute in size - no more were to be seen.

Sorry this note is so scrappy but it bears much love to my absent husband

His lonely wife ---

Metis - July 22nd. 1882.

My letters to you seem always a promise of future goodness never fulfilled - much like a great deal of my life with and my love for you - only in part, do I succeed in being to you what I would be, in all ways, if my wishes found a true interpreter in my works.

Papa seems determined to go up on Tuesday, which we consider a most unfortunate idea as he is really tired, he forgot the flowers leaving them in the car. I never saw him more apparently shattered than when he came down, he looks already a little revived, but three days are of small avail to undo the effects of the past months of toil.

Mr Hague and another young cleric had a service for the children on the shore, and it went off very well, I took Eric and Edith who behaved creditably and Edith seemed to have caught a gleam of the meaning, Eric has not yet digested his impressions, or told them to me.

Eric has quite a fleet of small boats made from scraps of wood, and whittles away at masts etc. with wonderful perseverance - his own knife was left in town so he has to use mine which is so blunt as to secure him from much danger, and let him in for almost superhuman effort.

Mrs Wilson is here, she says for a week, I hope it may prove to be so, for various reasons... I experience a daily increase that is remarkable - and the little creature begins to assert its right to exercise - prepare to see a grand personage when you come.

You need not fancy your memory is fading from your children's minds, Edith and Eric talk of you constantly - Clare seems quite satisfied to declare you " gone " - she adopted papa at once into her good graces, and he seems much pleased with her and has made anchors and boats for Eric to his great delight and enlightenment - I believe I shall have to take to naval studies, I find myself woefully ignorant of ship-building.

Janie and I are bent on sketching and I must discuss the Bic question today, we might go up with papa and return when we chose - or if I thought there was a chance of your joining in the expedition of course I would wait.. You certainly have begun to entertain already and I hope it lessons for you the lonliness.

Rain seems likely to fall today, so we may have a wet spell to get through as best we may.

With all love ANNA.

Metis - July 29th. 1882.

Dearest Bernard, I received your letter, and we shall, if all be well meet you on Tuesday at Bic - we ought to arrive at nearly the same hour, and I shall write and engage rooms at Mrs Deschenes - Bic Hotel.

Two little girls who were playing with our children yesterday, went home in raptures, I am told, and said that it was so nice " our children talked to them all the time " so they seem to inherit the failing of my side of the house !

A busy day, and wet so I must go - - -

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 27th. 1882.

Dear B. We still have bright sunshine and cold air which warms a little toward afternoon and relapses into stony coldness at nightfall - back in the country it is charming, and after today I intend to go there every afternoon, till the grain is reaped, when I no longer dare adventure a meeting with the bulls - till I have my husband to protect me.

I caught a monstrous flea in Edith's bed yesterday and I have no doubt that was one cause of her irritability.

Do try and be as happy as you can in the celebration of the meeting - at least you will have any amount of interesting things to tell me when you come back to me.

All love dearest, from your affectionate wife.

Metis - August 1882.

Dearest Bernard:

We have again a lovely sunny day, warm enough for comfort - As Jessie had embarked on some baking, I asked Mrs Dobell and Mrs Walker for tea, dear me ! they are talkers ! I don't know how they get along as friends. At any rate I felt I had done my social duties nobly and shall return to the peaceable enjoyment of my own evening. I don't seem to have had one really quiet one yet, people come in, and one night reading with the servants another children - it is wonderful how time does slip through ones fingers.

Did you see the announcement in the papers, of the birth of a son to Mrs F.Gault. Mrs G. was at some English watering place under the care of English doctors, who seem to have treated her more successfully than Dr Howard - I believe this is her tenth child, and she has only one living as you know - I do trust this one msy be spared to her.

The golden autumn fields continue to facinate me, Eric Mrs Skelton and I were there all afternoon yesterday - I have another sketch in view when I manage to finish up some of the ones I have in hand.

Last night was I am sure a great success, I will see about it in the papers of tomorrow I suppose. I am glad that you met Dr Rae, I have understood that he is a particularly charming man - white hair, and a pleasant open face, has he not ? I hope poor Hunt has arrived at some measure of peace of mind, or he will not enjoy the meeting much or be of much use.

I hope your sister Mary is the better for her stay at the Islands ? the enclosed letter is for her from Edith, it was written several days ago and I forgot to enclose it.

VISITORS !

lovingly Anna.

Metis - August 30th.

Dearest B.

I read the papers last night till I was aweary, you really must be having a capital time. Those ladies who expanded on Indian affairs must have been most interesting and what a very superior and advanced female that must have been who discoursed on " cross-heredity " before the medical section - Dr Rae too must have been capital, and lots of the other things seemed good, I have been retailing them to Eric much to his edification.

My head is still very stupid I hope I am not going to develop neuralgia - The days will not be many before I may hope to see you again - If any of the others come I have asked Mamma to send coffee - you will not forget that letter paper has given out !

All well here and still lovely weather.

Your Anna.

August - Metis - 1882.

Dearest Bernard:

Many thanks for your letter and the money enclosed, I think I will have plenty now to take me to the very end.

I hope you will have some one else besides Dana to the house, it would seem so much preparation for so little. It is a pity that your old friend Hastings could not come, but you will probably see him and renew your friendship. Don't trouble writing to me love, till the hurry is over, I shall conclude you are well and hope to hear all about everything later.

I went back into the country today with Annie and baby as protection,but we took so long to get to my sketching ground that my work was not much when we did arrive. also got stung on the wrist by a wasp or hornet, but wet earth seemed to allay the pain and it is much better this morning.

All love dear and best wishes for a delightful week.

Anna.

Metis - September kst. 1882.

Dearest B: the children were delighted with the little books you sent them from Ottawa, Eric particularly so, as so many boats and trains adorn

the pictures. He is already drawing from them with much care and enthousiasm.

If you have or get any supply of the weekly Witness with account of the Am.-Ass. proceedings please keep three for me. I have read the papers much more than usual this week and you ought to have had rather a good time. I am expecting you on Saturday as I have heard nothing to the contrary. I daresay I shall be advised tonight as to whom, and how many we are to expect, to reinforce the estab lishment here. Kindest regards to enquiring friends.

Your loving Wife.

Montreal - 1882 - Month ? ( probably May )

My dear Love: I received your letter yesterday, and was very sorry that you had been pursued even to the Capital by your foe neuralgia - Poor dear it does seem so hard. Papa and party returned last night in good spirits, and Eva and Mamma seemed quite charmed by the Gov. General - they told me you had decided to go to Arnprior, from which I conclude that some of your friends there have pressed you to go, as you did not seem very enthus iastic about it on your own account, still it surely must be pleasant to see old friends again - I only wish I could have been with you. I have had no word from St Andrews, and have to conclude that in regard to Eric no news is good news. It would be delightful for you to have a day or two there in this exquisite spring time. You and I must go somewhere nice on June 7th., we may not have such a good opportunity another year - my craving for country and trees and flowers increases every year, I cannot be too thankful that my home is not on the street, but where it is in a nest of green and beauty.

Dr Hunt has gone to Mr Selwyn's I hear, The lion and the lamb together - Funny is it not ?

I have nothing more to report, I hope to see you before long, and that you will find a more cheerful wife on your return - I reproach myself with having been so blue, but you must lay it down to the physical cause. Edith was found up in the attic today rocking the cradle, another straw to show the current's flow !

Fondly your Anna.

Montreal - May 1882.

Dearest Bernard:

I am sure you must be longing to know how we are ? Edith says I must " write and tell Papa to come home as soon as possible, for baby calls all the time, papa,papa, papa " - Baby is evidently quite perplexed at your disappearance and has been on several tours of the upstairs rooms calling " Papa gone " .

Last night I made a tour of the windows before it was dark, only leaving the door till bedtime, I think tonight however I will lock one porch door betimes as I had an uncomfortable idea as I fumbled at one lock, that the venerable bogie or traditional ruffian might enter by the other and take me in the rear - Don't imagine I am really afraid not in the least, I only feel it my duty to conjure up reasons for fear when I am alone, a sort of facinating amusement !

I intend to devote part of the morning to the library and then go out of doors for spring cannot be neglected and is more attractive than spring cleaning.

I hope that you will look better and more rested when you return.

ANNA.

P.S. I fear matrimony does not encourage self reliance and courage in a wife - I feel very helpless in many ways when you are away.

Little Metis - 1882, probably June.

Dearest Bernard: We were surprised and pleased as we sat at tea tonight to have a box and letter handed us from you - the flowers are lovely and in good condition , and the note assured me that you are comfortable as regards weather.

We have had our first dip today, splashing in bravely ! Edith asks frequently if she is not braver than last year ? Sad to tell, no trace of the bathing house key can be found - who locked it up last year ? and if so will that person rake their memory for news of its whereabouts - We had to undress among the trees which is not agreable at all times and as the population here increases, will not do at all !

The trouble about provisions is no joke. It seems that almost no ordinary butter is being made on account of the cheese factory, and that Quebec dealers have bought up all the eggs at high rates, 15cents I believe - and positively people have had to hire carriages and go round looking for what they needed. Meat is also a little higher than formerly - fish seems abundant, at least salmon.

I am glad you still think of going to Beloeil and wish with all my heart that I could go to, our trip to Abbotsford was so delightful. Do not rashly invest much there in land, for I fear all land ownership must involve a great deal of paying out and the sea does seem a perfect cure all for children, Edith's face looks like a peach, and Eric's resembles a full moon - poor Clarette, has an anxious expression and is variable and irritable though keeping well enough.

Eric is becoming quite a useful little fellow, but his lessons are rather a drag to him - English history meets with his warmest approval also sketching. It is wonderful how closely he observes and how accurately he remembers.

Another day of Metis wet, which as you know is very very wet, so my sketch will have to wait.

Do be careful of yourself and with much love

Anna.

Metis - 1882 - probably June.

My Beloved Bernard:

So many grateful thanks for books and flowers, which made a most imposing Post tonight - The flowers are lovely, those Jacqueminots wonderful in richness and odour, it really does not seem fair that I should enjoy alike the pleasures of town and country, I wish I could box up a little sea air for you and express it forthwith.

The reason I did not write last night was that mamma and I were out till after llo'clock with a poor sick baby at the hotel. The whole case is very sad. The mother Mrs Cotton, was a niece of and brought up by that Miss Penner you saw at the Molsons. I knew her at school but not so well as her elder sister May--- However this lady came down last week with a nurse, child and baby of 16 months who was evidently quite ill, and the mother left the next morning to return to an older child dangerously ill at Quebec. The baby here was teething and its head much affected. it became very ill on Sunday and the nurse sent for the French doctor. I begged of her to have its teeth lanced directly he arrived, but when he came she refused to have them lanced as she had heard the mother disapprove of the practise. On Sunday the nurse telegraphed for Mrs Cotton and she came on Monday bringing medecine from a Quebec doctor, who also told her to have the gums lanced immediately. The French doctor returned and lanced the gums with apparent fear saying it was a dangerous thing to do. I fear the poor child is beyond saving and the mother has no hope whatever and thinks it must be suffering from water on the brain. It is such a pretty sweet little girl, but now lies ina comatose state. Mrs Cotton has telegraphed to Dr S. to know if she may bring it home, and intends to go tomorrow unless he forbids. The father cannot leave the one ill at home - and it all seems so sad. Mrs Cotton was married April of the same year as we were, and has four children, two boys and two girls

It is too hateful of those printers to dilly dally over your book on Logan. Could you not get your part done, and leave them to worry over it as long as they liked, sending you proofs here ? I shall certainly continue to look for you in August - and won't be persuaded not to my love ! It is so very hard to leave you to struggle on alone there when tired and not feeling well. I suppose it is my duty for the children and the child to be, to stay here, but I wish, I wish I could be with you.

I went back to sketch my pool again, but alas it was utterly gone !

lovingly Anna.

A busy time was had on Christmas day Dec. 25th, 1882 as Anna's fourth child, a little girl was born. No letters from Anna to her husband can be found for the following year 1883 - So now we will proceed with the year 1884.

May 22nd. - 1884.

Dearest Bernard:

Invitations have been rife since you left - One to dinner tomorrow at Mrs Greenshields, which I was obliged to decline on account of the uncertainty of your return, another the same evening to Rev, Mr Stevenson's which I will go to in any case, as she has asked Florence and William - I will be provided with an escort even if you are away. I hope you will find time to write to E.Gibb for his invitation was so definate and so kind a one that it merits all due attention, I would have written myself, but feared you might have done so also.

I am somewhat at a loss where to direct your letters, and half thought I might have word of you today ? Summer is coming on apace since the warm rain.. Do not hurry back dear if you can attend to any matters of interest or see your sister Maria. With all love

ANNA.

Little Metis - August 13th. 1884.

Dearest Bernard:

Just a line of greeting, to tell you we are all much as you left us, enjoying another beautiful day, and expecting Papa to arrive tonight.

Yesterday the Hewarts asked the children and Mary to go for a hay-cart drive, which they all seemed greatly to enjoy - and after tea there were two bon-fires on the shore, and Eric begged me to go down, so I took him and Edith for a walk in the gloaming which they thought delightful, certainly the effect of the fires was very beautiful, and Edith found out for herself that the stars do twinkle - After you left poor little Edith retired to the house and as she said " tears dropped from her eyes because she was so sorry dear old father was gone " - she explained to me also, in her pretty innocence, that she loved father a little more than she did me.

The chief gardner is going to give us spinach today to avoid picking peas, but I fear he will have to begin on them tomorrow ! I hope dear that you will take all care of yourself.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 18th. 1884.

My dear Love,

Mother gave me the money for your expedition to Rimouski which as it was entirely to oblige papa I did not feel any hesitation in taking. Mother and Papa have both groaned greatly about my not being in town at this time and papa has made unlimited offers of money, or offered to send F and W down to look after children and close the house, or pay Miss G. as supervisor here etc. etc. Mother seemed to have been quite sure of my going till I told her of the " greeat expectations " and said she bought things on the other side on purpose to have me looking well, and she has counted on my helping her with arrangements which Eva is not experienced enough in. None of these things much disturbed me, except the idea that I might have been useful for I see that Mother has very little strength and in details of arrangements Papa certainly worries, more than he assists her, notwithstanding his exceeding kindness of intent. I am as you know very happy and content here, and quite feel it a duty as well as a rest to take care of my health and temper for the sake of the little unknown quantity, who may be destined to set the Thames on fire ! and I only say all this to you, to impress you with the fact, that my being here is a great vexation to my parents, and to tell you how very glad and grateful I should be, for any help you can give them, or any party you could make more pleasant for them in default of my services.

You will be in the swift current which leads into the B.A. whirlpool, by the time you get this, indeed every day new people arrive I suppose, and occupy your time. I hope you have got the painting of the laboratory successfully over, and enough of the work to prevent your feeling too much tried by interruptions, for I should like you to feel free to enjoy seeing as many as you can and I expect later to have a full and true account of them all. Tonight - I have again got papers (Star) with a portrait of T.Sterry H., looking very like one of Victor Hugo's villains.

We have had an abundance of delicious green peas and beans, though I must say I have to do the major part of the picking process - I never saw finer peas so large and yet so tender. We have had one currant pudding, but it took so long to pick and prepare them that I hesitated to embark upon another - we have indeed had an "embarras de richesse" lately, apples and raspberries from town etc. Are there many pears on our tree ? Mother's I suppose is loaded - and are there plums ?

Ruth (no. 4 ) talks more each day, and gets more independent, twice lately she has run off to the shore on her own account. Now I am getting very sleepy so I must say adieu !

With all love dear

Anna.

Little Metis - August 20th. 1884.

Dearest Love,

Your letter sounds very doleful, I hope you don't mean to say you are suffering from anything approaching to a sunstroke - I don't see how you managed to exist a day without a straw hat, and indeed an umbrella seems to me a necessity.

I was sorry that Mother would not stay a few more days here, but really there is a great deal to do in regard to preparing invitation cards etc. which all can be done before the meeting proper begins.

Miss Gairdner, who I find is making great efforts to sketch, I am going to take in tow, and try to do a little myself by the way - but I fear my record for this summer will be poor - Indeed yesterday I nearly put a stop to several things besides sketching, for I tripped on that step at the entrance of the shed, and fell my whole length on the floor - I really felt such a general shaking up might have unpleasant results, but today I hope all need for anxiety is over, though I feel stiff and sore - don't tell mother she will think it a judgment because I would not go up for the meeting. I long to have all this fuss and hurry over in town and you back again, it will be as quiet then as when we first came down. Do be careful of yourself love - and don't lose those precious 4 lbs before you come back.

With all love

Anna.

Little Metis - August 24th. 1884.

My dearest husband:

I had a nice long letter from you last night from which I learned you had been to St Jerome - which I am sure would interest you - what you said of Bonney quite confirmed my opinion of him, I only wish you could have gone with someone better worth knowing, some great luminary of the age. We saw a large steamer go up this morning, probably the Parisian with its freight of wisdom and knowledge - the ten days at sea eill give more opportunity for interchange of idea, than the few of the meetings... I am sorry you should still distress yourself about my absence from the meeting, and a telegram to bring me up would only have troubled and worried me... you always tell me I forget about previous times and exaggerate the discomforts of the present - but it seems to me I am as burdened now as I ever was shortly before the event - while it is more than two months off yet, so pray dear, do not imagine there is anything to be done, or thought about the matter but to make the best of it, you in town and I here.

I fear the whole vineyard is rapidly assuming the appearance of the sluggard's ground, weeds and wildness on all hands , but we still continue to reap ample fruits from your former diligence.

Tonight for the first time we have had a fire, a fierce storm of wind and rain having descended upon us from what quarter I cannot tell, as I prefer inside to any outdoor investigation but it seems to have come directly from the sea.

I daresay Lindsay Russel will be a pleasant comrade to have in the house with you, and will give no trouble - I am sorry that you should have no paper for the meeting. The Montreal weather, if not too warm will make the grounds a charming place, you ought to have outdoor seances. Mother's teas will be the bright spot upon which the memories of the visitors dwell, especially if ices and iced drinks abound. .. Lovingly Your Anna.

Metis - August 27th. 1884.

Dearest:

You will now be in the full tide of your visitors and entertainments - all kinds of Canadians seem to be waking up to the interest of the occasion and flocking in from east and west and I fancy they will be more troublesome than the strangers, for each one will consider himself overlooked if not specially noticed. I have not yet heard if the Wilsons and Alice Crow arrived in good time and have organized themselves into a helpful and efficient corp for your assistance. A letter from Florence last night tells me that William has got a temporary appointment with the C.P.R. she seems to be a daily visitor at the college, so if you manage to make all these work for you it ought to be some relief.

With love to all your party very affectionately Anna.

Little Metis - August 30th. 1884.

Dearest Bernard:

I am quite fatigued with reading the papers, an occupation I am never much addicted to, and now I feel obliged to look over the endless accounts of the meetings and papers - I find it indeed a weariness to the flesh and spirit.

You are all I conclude in a mal - strom of excitement as no one has deigned to write to me for the last 3 Or 4 days - If Dr Wilson at all resembles the picture of him in the " Star ", he has entirely outgrown my remembrance of him - I could not trace a line or feature of his face, as I knew it.

The announcement of papa's knighthood, seems to have come in well with the grand fete in hand - when I was telling the children of the titles of their grandparents, Clare immediately inquired " and who is Aunt Eva now ? " evidently thinking the process of transformation an extensive one. I am amused to see that the Ass. contemplates leaving various donations behind them as souvenirs to McGill, they must be sensitive to an attitude or air of Mendicancy about the college for surely no one would attempt to beg of them. Complaints I see are made of the seats at the Medical School, if really so uncomfortable it is a sin to keep the students on such hard and uncomfortable seats.

The poor Redpaths had a great fright last night, they have had constant fires, and the arrangements of their fireplace must have been defective for the beams below became so heated as to take fire and there was a great to do - but the damage is slight I believe. Their child who has had diptherea is quite better, but the doctor said they had a bad time with it, several people obliged to force its mouth open to see or operate on its throat.

The usual cattle trouble has been in force lately, horses were turned out of the garden lately and pigs have been daily hunted and really destroy so much - I found today some kind hearted person had let down the bars of the fence over the edge of the bank, where seemed the pigs path so Eric and I had to rebuild it, neither easy or satistactory in result, it wants much more effectual repairing than ours - Mother's gate too is again broken open, and I must have it nailed up again.

Don't trouble yourself as to that novel of B.Lyttons, stories are in any case a snare, and I flourish better on more solid food, I sat up half the night reading that "Shirley" which is a powerful and clever book of a unique type. The Arabian Nights has not come - I daresay Fisher like everyone else has been head over ears on account of the grand doings.

The Heward's dog bit Eric a few days since - not in anger, and the bite being through his trousers scarcely more than bruised the skin, still I hastened to apply carbolic acid, rather in severe measure I fear, for the burn is worse tha the bite, however neither are I hope of any consequence.

I have had no word from any of your people since you left, I hope they are well, perhaps you have heard .. I don't think I shall write to you any more you don't deserve it, you have written so little to us, but in any case I hope you are well and happy and we shall be very very glad to have you with us again if thus it be decided -

Most affectionately yours

Anna.

Little Metis - September 2nd. 1884.

Dearest Love.

I have got your two letters which were very welcome it was so long since I had heard a word from you, though I quite understood how it was - still I missed the words of love from my dear old husband.

I have just had a long letter from Rankine, dated Bombay - I must send it to mother, and she might give it to you to bring back to me. I am very grieved to hear such poor accounts of your sister Mary,I don't wonder you look darkly on such symptoms, though I have never been personally in contact with such, I think I inherit from mother a horror of all forms of lung trouble. I don't see how Mary's going away would be of benefit, unless strongly advised by a medical man to do so. At home she has quiet, good air, and all comforts are at hand for her. I personally am not likely to be of much service to her, but will be only too glad to do what I can for her before November. Would not all this make you more wishful that your father should have change and variety here, could he not join you in town and come on here with you, which would save the delay of your going to St Andrews ?

I could pour forth a host of small woes and worries to you, the creatures alone ( pigs and calves and horses and cows ) that have trespassed upon our grounds, and nearly destroyed the garden, have tired me out, and indeed, though I know very well the irritibility and tiredness are in myself, and only called out by these little things, they trouble me none the less. The water too from our well no longer seems good, and I can't bear to drink it, I wish I knew if it is really unwholesome or not ? but I won't grumble about trifles. I have had a full day, Mrs Savage came and paid me a long visit this morning, not at a very opportune time, and in the afternoon the Miss Millars called - and the pigs called several times and finally I found out they belonged to Wm. Astle, so I called upon his wife and complained - I vow I would have shot them, if I only had known how to load the gun !

Please bring oil or something for Eric's cough, he really coughs shockingly in the mornings, would you also bring the little letters the children have sent you, I would like to keep them in their memory books.

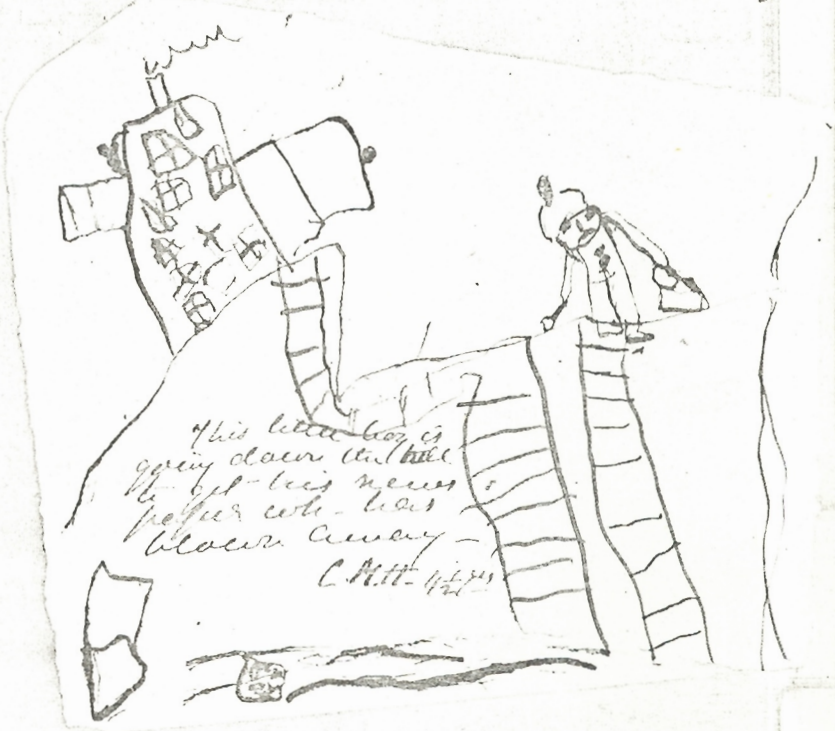
Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - September.

Dearest Bernard:

Papa has arrived looking none the better for his struggles in Montreal, and Mamma hopes to keep him till Monday for a little rest - I was very irate to find papa had brought about half a bushel of our lovely peach apples in a hopelessly green state, and to be told that George had picked the whole crop and deposited the rest, I don't know where, such an idiotic thing to do, as if any apples were fit to pick now - please assure him we would prefer to appoint our own days for such deeds.

Two or three "Stars" arrived last night with a wood-cut of Papa in them,


This little boy is
going down the hill
to get his mama
papa's wife has
flowers away —
C. Matt - 4½ yrs

and a long life of him which I have not yet read, another article is to appear in the Gazette when the title is announced, papa was correcting the proof of it.

Bonny who we wrote about before seems to have found that Canadians had some ideas worth considering, and to have yielded some of his stubborn English precedents in consequence.

I am hoping to hear from you tonight, mother had a letter from Florence in which she said she and William were going to the college to welcome you at breakfast, so you must have had quite a jolly party.... Tell me what you think of the carpet and the tinting at the college ? and if you could without much trouble send me a small bottle of marking ink I would be very much obliged.

With all love affectionately ANNA.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN TO THEIR FATHER.

Dear Father:

I hope you will come back here. Thank you very much for that nice little book you sent. Now I am very lonely, nearly all the children have gone to town, and now I don't know what I will do without you father dear. Yesterday we had a fine bon-fire and Jack Savage came to tea. The piggies came and eat all our potatoes and I did not like that at all for I wanted some nice potatoes, and two times I had to chase them right down to Astles, and I was quite out of breath.

From your loving little Edith.

Dear Papa:

Please send us our Scripture puzzle it is in the library on top of the books on the first shelf. We have not bathed yet it is so cold and wet - today is very wet we can't go out at all. We got some beautiful flowers and little trees and moss and Annie made a fairy-land for us of them - now mamma is going to read a nice book to us so good bye.

From your loving little Eric.

Dear Father:

I hope you will come back soon, I wonder where you have been in the museum - Mother says the prayers and she has to be father, and I'll give you a ginger biscuit and a bouquet of flowers and such a prize to make you laugh, it is going to be a very nice picture, because you are so dear, and I'll give you a nice pleasant word and send a kiss to you and I will send a sketch of a shell and such a remarkable doll, her name is Flossy Gertrude, she is going to Metis. I hope that will be a nice doll that you are going to buy me, I would like the doll with a dress that buttons down the back like little girls have and the dress to come off please. I hope you had a nice room on the ship. I hope you will have nice parties too. I hope you will come back soon very strong so that you can do hard work and be a carpenter and mend up things. You might write a letter back to me.

Affectionately from your loving little Clare.

Summer being over, Anna's letters cease till the following summer season. 1884 was however an interesting and important year as it was the year of the B.A.Meeting in Montreal, of Sir William's Knighthood and also of the arrival of Anna's fifth child - Conrad Dawson born on November 17th.

Montreal - Sunday May 24th. 1885

Dearest Bernard:

It seems already long since we said good-bye though I have as yet scarcely realized that you are so far away, I find Myself looking for you at various times and mentaly referring questions to your decision from sheer force of habit and against the light of reason.

Your father and Laura left early Saturday and I spent most of the day in putting your remnants away , insuring against moths etc.

George came down in the evening, and intends going west this week - The Vancouver coast is to be his summers work, and he talks of trying to get a steam launch to take him about if possible, he seems cheerful and spoke much of you and your plans - he says there is a capital Mining School at Zurich, and advises your going direct to Cook's Agency as to routes, and some of their circular tickets are cheap and they undertake to give information about every route and mode of travel.

I have just come up from tea at the college... the trees are almost in full leaf, and the gardens overflowing with narcissus and bleeding heart.

Clare is anxious to know if in case of your being very sea-sick, the sailors will telegraph to us - and Edith inquires as to whether you will have any fireworks on the Queen's birthday ? I fancy I shall have to devote myself to Pin-wheels on that festive evening, as George has given Eric money to purchase these luxuries. Eric and Edith went up to Mrs Molsons this afternoon to tell her you were off etc. and I hope they got through the visit with credit.

Please notice all the children you see and tell me how they are managed and the results.

Lovingly Anna.

Wallbrae Place, Montreal, May 31st. 1885.

Dearest Love:

I imagine that this ought to be on time to reach you just before you leave England, and that mayhap you will feel a little blue at making the change of from English to foreign lands, once there I am sure you will have full occupation and interest, I will look eagerly for news from London and once the chain of communication is fairly established , your farawayness will not seem so great. Our plans are somewhat remodelled now as William has received sudden orders to go up to Lake Superior for some work, as usual , his orders are very vague and his work, the time etc. very uncertain, however he goes tomorrow morning, and Florence will come to Metis the following Monday, and if the house is in order go to Mother's - this does not suit any of us very well but it can't be helped and it will be a great economy and a capital health arrangement for Florence.

I shall be very busy all this week and will I fear not have time to go on intended scouts with regard to education, but I will possess myself of addresses and be able to write to people from Metis - papa strongly advises the governess plan, and certainly the expense is the main hindrance ?

"Boysie" (Conrad) continues very sweet and good, but is an early riser or rather waker ! Clare continues to complain of her tooth, the Fleets are going to Metis, and are agitating to get a doctor to be there all summer, I hope they will succeed.

You see how the force of habit leads me to mention all the little things of the daily routine - and I hope you are imbibing a much freer air and expanding in mind and body under the good influence and stimulous of many men and many minds.

The building of the medicals is progressing rapidly, and the laboratory roof has been raised up an amazing height, and there is poised, till walls are run up to meet it.

I hope that by next week I shall be able to report all the hurries and worries over and a pleasant summer begun... Eric has many giants who beset him at present, but any day he may begin to rule them, I hope it may be soon ! The house is very empty without you, notwithstanding the patter of many feet.

with all love Anna.

Wallbrae Place - Montreal , June 1885.

Dearest : I fear I shall have again to send you a hasty scrap - but if all goes well next Friday ought to bear you a more restful and pleasant epistle full of sea breezes and quiet. I have really had a dreadful week, Clare crying with toothache the best part of four nights - you may fancy the trio, Boysie Clare and I keeping each other awake and each one crosser than the other - but that is scarcely fair to Boysie, who really was the most patient and cheerful among us.Mary's wedding too, gave me no end of trouble, flowers and flurry and some bad mistake was made over her box of china.... I can't begin to tell you how many things have made themselves into demons for my especial benefit like the old song - in the beautiful Scotch you love so well " There's nae luck about the hoose, when my good man's awa " However having had a good sleep last night and hope that Clare's tooth will be appeased in time, three of my packages packed and roped up- and a large sum of money paid away, relieving me from the heavy burden of wealth, I begin to feel more cheerful. "Carpy" has been most exceedingly kind in driving me about and in taking the children and inviting them for dinner. I have accumulated quite a mass of reading material for Metis for myself and the children, whether I will get through it is another matter, but I have not taken much work and mending and knitting will be the chief I shall try there leaving all greater matters to fate and the fall !

Eric has been away all day with papa at Abbotsford, I am sure he will have long stories of all the wonders, he took the vasculum with him, though I warned him of its trouble, but he thought he would go through it all in the noble cause of science.

It is wonderful to see how the building before us rises up - very thick and solid brick work - your portion too goes quickly though the back extension has met with unexpected difficulty from the water, authorities insisting upon shape or size being altered on account of their main pipes - another worry for papa - but he will now stay on at the college Ellen keeping house.

Boysie sits up so strongly, Annie put him in one of the cribs yesterday and he pulled himself up on his feet and very nearly fell out, just imagine such a feat for 6 months ?

With all love

ANNA.

Metis - June 10th. 1885.

My dearest:

We were all ready for the road in very good time on Monday and I had the glorious independence of seeing all the family out, then turning out the gas, and locking the empty house myself. I had no help from Hamilton, as only the day before two of his children were pronounced to have scarlet fever. All our young ones were of course wild to be off but by the time a porter with very great mouth and little brain had slowly managed to get the berths in order, they were glad enough to turn in. Boysie was pleasant as usual but felt obliged to wake at 4 A.M. to observe his new surroundings, but he went to sleep again and slept on long after the surley porter had rousedme by a poke in my arm. We had breakfast in the car, and went out for dinner which as usual was excellent. We arrived at 3.15 P.M. and had a bitter drive, cold north wind and gloomy sky - the wind died down shortly after reaching the house, and this morning it is lovely as I had reason to know being forced to get up at 4 A.M. to chase a flock of sheep all over the two estates - our fence not yet being in repair after the flood. Our cottage has again been entered - brandy bottle half emptied, one of the beds used and drawers opened - your cupboard burst open, a pane of glass out of the back bedroom etc. To my surprise, there are no keys to be found for eithe the cellar or the back door, if I cannot find them I must have the locks manipulated tomorrow. Clocks I observe detest womankind and play them a trick at every turn, the one I brought from home declines to go in any position but lying on its back, is it not ridiculous ? It is really a delight to see how happy and hungry and fresh looking the children already are.

McNider's hotel is going up fast but will not operate this year. I shall have to get our shore fence entirely renewed, the flood has quite destroyed it. McNider sent a man about it but he was quite tipsy and had a bottle sticking out of his pocket to improve upon his condition, so I must get another. Mother has had no end of difficulties out of which I have done my best to extricate her - she has Remaud there now, and to what lengths her love of change may drive her limited strength I fear to imagine.

I miss you on every side, so many things don't go well without you and Eric wants a good firm hand, he is the least help of any, only compulsion induces any effort to be useful, though he will be as good as gold if I read to him all day. I hope to begin their lessons next week, but I fear it will be uphill work - the hours of the day seem to chase each other, and it is hurry from one thing to another all the time, still if I can once make things run smoothly I think we shall be all right, certainly there is a repose here in the very air that helps one wonderfully and I shall make short work of the little tinkerings necessary about the place and shut my eyes to all the deficiences and just be as happy as we can without you.

We all long to hear from you and hope to hear that you are well and enjoying yourself immensely which is usually the case when you don't expect much.

I don't think I told you that Ruth dropped a lighted match into the waste basket at home and when the others exclaimed and I turned, behold a pyramid of flame - I threw baby on the bed and seized the basket but it flamed so I had to put it into the marble basin and turn the tap on, a minute later I could not have carried the basket-the basket itself of course burning too. She is the very spirit of mischief and when I said " you naughty little girl you have burned the basket" she replied with her candid blue eyes raised to mine " Did I ? " I felt it was a thing I dared not laugh at, so she was slapped and set in one of the cribs for penance. Her eager nature wants much control gentle and persistent - I am sure harshness would make her rebel in no time and rebellion with her would be no light matter.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - July 1st. 1885.

Dearest Bernard:

I have again a letter to thank you for; dated Manchester - I regret you are not taking in the charming lake district with its long walks, but of course there is a great interest in towns though the old saw " that God made the country, and man made the town " always recurs to me when I make transit from one to the other. You seem to have allotted very little time to Oxford and I hope you will give at least two weeks to London, there is so much of interest there, and we are all hoping that you will wait for Rankine who ought to be there about this time.

We are having the worst possible weather, since Sunday night, and this is Wednesday evening we have had a continual "down-easter" with much rain, we had so much leakage the first week we were here, that I had the carpenter put flanges outside and in and congratulated myself upon my forethought and ability but since the storm, they seem to leak above and below, at every pore, the first night Eric had a drip on his bed, so I had to take him into mine and spread a mackintosh over his bed, in the morning quite a pailful of water was lodged in the rubber coat besides the wet floor - today I have tried caulking the cracks with cotton wool, but I can't make them tight - and still down comes the water ! I have collected basin upon basin full of water, there are also leaks in the attic from the roof, but they would not be much except in such perverse weather, I fancy the roof being painted would stop them. One might as well be at sea for the slushy and untidy appearance of things. The older children and Boysie have been very good during these wet days, I got a large box for a dolls house, but had to put up supports and divisions myself as Eric had reduced himself to tears of despair over his own attempts, I fear

I am becoming an accomplished carpenter as I have also had to repair the baby's carriage and put a lock and hinges on the biscuit box to keep Miss Ruth from meddling ! I don't fancy wood-work however, and am not anxious to claim womans' rights in that direction at any rate.

Eric is improving, I am reading 'Tales of a Grandfather' with him, it is a capital book and most entertaining - I have also embarked on the 'Wide wide world' and find that even Clare delights in it - it is rather mawkish, but has a good deal of useful moral and has carried us through much of the tedium of these wet days. As for poor Ruth, a bull in a china shop would best describe her vigorous personality shut up in this wee cottage - I keep her as much as possible in the nursery, but she bursts out at any chink like a bomb - poor little soul, I feel for her many rebuffs, but really twins would be less trouble than Ruth and Boysie, she spills his food, pinches his feet and jumps off tables all in 5 minutes, and with no evil intent - she rushed into the dining-room yesterday and when she saw Annie coming said " Better not come in here Annie it is dangerous for you " delighted with her happy thought and the long word.

Our punchions bubble over with water and the garden looks better than I have ever seen it before and my knitting progresses, so the rain is not wholly evil, and tonight a brave boy actually brought us the first strawberries.

We have not seen the sun since Sunday, but yesterday the weather began to be, so to speak, convalescent and today it continues to improve no rain having fallen but fog and cloud and wind hovering about unwilling to depart, and since sundown the sky has been again visable so tomorrow no doubt will be fine.

The young ones and I went for a long walk yesterday, first to McNider's fall which was grand so full of water, then along the shore nearly to Turriffs and home by the road, fog was all around but after so long in the house they were delighted with everything, Edith particularly in great glee, she is very good and wise beyond her years. Boysie deserves a niche beside Washington and Cromwell he struggles so hard for freedom and independence, he can creep about now quite easily, and tries his best to get up on his feet, and can do it with very little help. His arms and legs are very strong and he rarely hurts himself. He has burned a lovely pink colour and his hair has grown a great deal, and his ever ready smile is charming - if he only would not insist upon awakening at 5A.M. to see how the day promises, I would consider him perfect.

I took my sketch bag out a few days ago, as I would much have liked to finish my sepias for the cupboard doors, but unfortunately had forgotten my new paints, and had none in my box.

I shall write you a letter all on education bye and bye, I fear that the difficulties of arranging for the children will be greater than less as they get older - I plainly see that even this year there is a restless desire to be free and go off anywhere and everywhere, and I have to plan amusement and variety for the afternoons "the beach"is no longer a panacea for all desires.

It is however a great comfort to find I can get the hour to teach them, having a punctual and early breakfast really makes all my home duties much easier I do not think I have exaggerated the importance of it to me, and I fear that however unwillingly I shall another winter have to take "official breakfast" as Mr Baynes called it - and leave you to sleep out your weariness undisturbed by such frequent reminders that hunger is distroying my amiability.

I sent lettuce and radishes to Mrs Ramsay today also to mother - Eric has hoed half of the potatoes and we all took a turn at the weeds with no great result. All send love - we had such a nice letter from Rankine from Darjeeling - I must wind Eric up to answer.

All love dear, I am too sleepy to write more...
affectionately as ever Anna.

Little Metis - July 7th. 1885.

My Beloved: Another letter to be grateful to you for, it rejoiced me to hear that you began to feel more up to work. Papa says he has got through more

work in a week than in the past year - he seems to have had Carrie and Richardson and Hamilton all hard at it. It is too bad that you don't sleep well - but it is probably the tea - you likely take more than at our own late dinner, and disguised with cream you do not notice how strong it is, just try to lessen the dose and see if slumber does not come.

Edith has had some hives, and is involved in great confession on the subject - she said to me " those bad bees like to eat little children don't they mamma ? " she thought the hives were made by the bee bites, which was quite as reasonable a hypothesis as many one hears.

I have been dabbling with Eva's oil paints today with what result you will see when you come.

I am never going to report baby's goodness again, for he was so figity last night, it was because of mosquitoes, such small ones but very noisy, I must put gauze over the window though it certainly is inconvenient over a window like ours.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - July 16th. 1885.

Dearest Bernard:

This week I received your note written just before you left England - you gave me no idea of how long you intended to be on the continent ? I am so glad you went to Antwerp, I have always thought I should like to see it - also hope that if you do not find Germany too facinating you will give as long as possible to Switzerland. Paris is not worth more than a few days for it's sights, and of course to go in for its music or society would require altogether too long. Do like a wise soul try not to hurry but to enjoy, and also take care you get plenty to eat, there is nothing more easily got than milk, and have glasses of it on all occasions before long walks or tiresome hours of sightseeing. Papa has got his boat in order, and has been out once or twice with the young ones and Florence. We have a reading twice a week, one day at mothers and one at Mrs Redpaths, the book Parkman's new one, and capital it is. I have tried to sketch but really there is nothing near, and I have not courage to go on long expeditions by myself - I find little time to sew, letter writing really is a business. Mrs Molson has told me she expects me to keep her informed of how you get on. I fear Rankine will be greatly disappointed at not seeing you, he wrote from Aden expressing such pleasure in the prospect of meeting you, I almost think he might run over to the continent if you were at any near point while he is in England.

A fine halibut was caught by one of the Astles today and we have secured a piece which we expect to enjoy tomorrow - strawberries are exceedingly abundant and I have today been making some preserves.

You need not expect to see a baby when you return, I expect Boysie will be whiteling sticks, or turning somersaults by the autumn, he did climb up by the bath tub yesterday and then tumbled in head first, but when taken out he did not seem much overcome or hurt.

As for me I am growing stouter every week, it really begins to annoy me all my clothes are uncomfortably tight, once Boysie is weaned I shall " bant " vigerously and rigorously.

Florence is looking better and handsomer than ever before, she is positively beautiful at times, but her prospects are becoming evident, and she studies comfort to such a degree that renders her condition more easily seen than need be and how she will appear by Dec. it is difficult to prophesy

All Metis has been on the spree tonight, Mother had a party, old Mr Lunn and I were at the Savages, and Mrs Redpath had a fine bonfire for the birthday of one of her boys - Eric was there and I have just brought him home - I found quite a party enjoying coffee and cake and mottoes out of one of which Eric got a hair moustache ! and wore it with much admiration.

When in Paris, had you not better get some gloves at the Bon Marche, if you do you might get me a pair of brown ones .....

Lovingly dear ; your Anna.

Little Metis - July 1885.

Dearest B.

I received with joy your letter from London - you seem to have met just the kind of people who would make your stay pleasant, and I am glad that you are reaping some benefit from your own acts of kindness during the B.A. all the pleasanter to receive because you did not render them with any thought of repayment.

Do resolutely refuse to let your travels fatigue you, there is no necessity for your seeing everything... my idea of enjoying Paris is to sit in the restaurants and see the people within and without - and I have no doubt the life of other towns would interest me more than the sights.

Mr Bovey is here and the whole settlement feels his arrival, he is in every corner and affair - I say he should be appointed mayor.

The Wilsons sail for England this week - We are so sorry that you will not see Rankine, Mother had a letter from George from Victoria - his photos are splendid. I must close now as Clare is crying again with that wretched tooth, I don't know what to do about it ?

Lovingly ANNA.

Little Metis - July 31st. 1885.

My dear Love:

I am sorry that you have been so long without news of us, it is very annoying not to get letters when travelling, it makes the time seem longer than usual and the blank greater. I hope you will get safely the "tin-type" of the boys that we sent as a small token for your birthday. I now inclose a painting Edith did not get done in time, also one of Clare's wonderful pictures, these all come with the most loving and heartfelt good wishes I can assure you - the dear little people are continually talking of you, and even Ruth seems to have large if vague expectations of the glory of your return.

Adelaide Campbell has been down this week, and consequently there have been various gaieties, yesterday I went over to Mt Misery with a party from ' Birkenshaw' ( Sir Wm's cottage) and some others in a second boat, weather was perfect calm warm and placid, with great hills of cumulous clouds making endless reflexions and shades in the water, I made a sketch there while the others wandered about. Tomorrow we talk of an expedition to the Twin lakes. I will have to take Boysie and wish all the others could go - but my inability to manage a horse and the size of the family make a difficulty. Papa took all the young ones out in the boat this afternoon, which was very aimiable of him, he is always so kind, but as usual is sacrificing to his fetish 'work' he has laid out for himself an amount of writing for the summer which makes him grudge every hour he is taken from it, this makes him nervous and seems a pity for himself and all around.

I had a letter from your sister Laura yesterday, she seems to be well and also your father but says that there is no chance of their coming down and she repeats her ernest desire that we should visit them in the fall - this brings up the question of what is to be done with the children, I do not see any way for Eric but school, though I hesitate to cast the dice by writing to Miss Gardner - I would prefer a first rate governess, and we must have one before long for I can imagine few things that would induce me to let the little girls go to school till 12 or so and become like the pert rough girls I see as the product of our schools. but for this winter I think I can compass what teaching they want ( though to get a quiet hour it is like fighting with the wild beasts at Ephesus ).

We will have so much to say when we meet - dear little Ruth was with me yesterday picking strawberries, I became separated from her by some trees, she finding herself alone cried in a lamentable voice " oh mother you've lost me, you've lost me " it sounded so funny.

Sleepy now dear, so I must away to lock up and go to bed ..

All blessings be with you dear

ever yours Anna.

Little Metis - August 7th. 1885.

Dearest - I am surprised to find that I have come to the last letter I

need to write to you, if you carry out your intention of sailing on the 2oth.

Today as you know is Clare's birthday, and she has received quite a number of little gifts which are spread on the little red table - two or three odd china figures, a little jug, a wee basket, 10cents, a tin watch, and a pretty work basket which mother got for her, as well as your painting book which much pleased her. I had promised them a hay-cart drive, and the day being fine I sent them off after dinner with the two Annies - they later got back safely and seemed to have enjoyed themselves which is a comfort.

It seems not worth while to write at length when so soon you are to be back again and you will be received with no little joy I can assure you dear - I hope you are planning to have a nice week down here with us all before we go to town - how we shall look forward to it and may God grant us a safe and happy meeting.

Au revoir love from all your ANNA.

St Andrews - September 11th. 1885.

Dearest B.

Here we are safely at last, we had a pleasant run up and Mr Gibb came on at Como - Annie was rather sick but the young ones were as good as could be expected so we got on very well - but when we arrived at Carillon there was no one to meet us, and not even the stage - I would have gone up on a hay-cart had I been alone - but Mr Gibb I thought I should defer to, and he had gone off to telegraph. I sent Eric off to walk down which he did most willingly, and he got there before the telegram and set relief in motion. We had however 2 not unpleasant hours at Carillon. Still I am glad the day is over, so unsettled and the children a little too tired to be at their best - now all in bed - and Mr Gibb flowing over with his pleasant chit-chat.

Already the house looks much less tidy than when we came. Eric has discovere shells in the dry bed of the river turned off for damming purposes.

All are very sorry you could not come up and look for you either Saturday or next week.

Very tired - affectionately dear... Anna.

St Andrews - September 16th. 1885.

Dearest B. - We were so sorry that you did not turn up on Saturday, Eric walked down to Carillon to meet you - and your father and Laura were really disappointed and seem to feel badly about your having only a day here, I would urge you staying till monday when you do come, if at all possible. The country is looking lovely and we have greatly enjoyed driving about - yesterday we went up to the head of the canal locks, most lovely. Today I have begun a sketch, there are several places I would like to try but not within walking distance, if you were here I daresay I would manage more.

The children are all as happy as can be - Edith and Eric looking for eggs, climbing into hay lofts, exploring the pine woods etc. Ruth nearly met with a dangerous accident, we were driving I had Boysie in my arms and she was sitting before me - when how, I cannot explain, she fell off the seat out of the waggon, I caught her by the legs with my one available hand, and she must herself have clung to the vehicle for I could not have held her whole weight in one hand. Laura stopped the horse - but for a moment her face was actually being ground by the wheel - of course it was all over in a few seconds and the child in the carriage again, a bump on her head and scrape on her nose all the damage, but it gave me a terrible fright

Your father suggests your coming up by train Thursday, could you manage that?

I am sure you must have endless things to trouble you dear, but when we all get settled again, I hope I shall be able to help to make things better for you at least by sympathy.

Lovingly Anna.

Birkenshaw,

Little Metis.

July 31, 1885

Dear Dr Hamilton,

I have a letter from Dr Johnston Lewis of Naples in which he says that he hopes to be in England to attend the meeting of the Brit. Association, but as I think you hardly expected to be here, you may not meet him. He says that anything sent to Mr B. B. Woodward 23 Batavia Gardens, West Kensington Park, London, will be sent to him, and if you have any Canadian minerals & you leave for home, I shall be glad if you can send a few to him in exchange for his Peruvian specimens. The remittance of

£50 sent to London I have no doubt arrived too late, but will be available when you return. It is from Mr Melvin's Soft, and will come from own funds and my credit of £500. I have asked Mr Mc, Dallow a portion of his grant to Sir for apparatus but he declines, so the sum remitted as above must be considered as for specimens, including models available in the museum. You with Mr Mc can spend as you see occasion, and we can settle the expenses to the Department accounts when you Return,

With all kind regards & good wishes from Lady, Miss, Mrs, & Frances,

Yours sincerely
J. W. Dawson

P.S. Sergt writes from Comox on his return from a successful trip, & sends blame you. Home for Mr Vancouver. Hawkins is on his way to Australia, arriving in London too late for you, and leaving on return voyage in a few days. J.W.D.

Mrs J.H.R.Molson (ne Louisa Frothingham) was a great friend of the Harringtons - she was devoted to young Bernard and always called him " Bernie " As long as she lived, she was ever watchful of his health, whenever she thought he was overworked and run down she suggested a trip for him, and I suspect undertook the expense of it - this overseas trip of 1885 was no doubt due to her. Through the years, she was always a generous friend to B.J.H. and his children and in gratitude Anna and Bernard invited her to spend many summer holidays with them in their cottage at Metis. The children all loved her she was always so bright and gay.

For use on this trip B.J. had a gift of money from Mr Molson to purchase specimens of minerals including models for the McGill museum.

## 1 8 8 6.

Little Metis - july 7th. 1886.

Dearest Bernard:

I have come to the conclusion that you will probably get here on Saturday evening, unless of course those rascally workmen may interfere. I am glad you have been to St Andrews, but I wish you could have prevailed upon your father to bring Laura down as I am sure a summer here would be worth much to them.

McNider expects to have his hotel full next week, but his place and Astles both look quite empty at present some 6 or 8 in each.

I shall be so thankful when Clifford Redpath is here, Eric has not played with a boy since we came but has been so good and thoughtful and obliging, Edith au contraire has been naughtier than I could believe possible and very trying- saucy, disobedient, slapping the others and " don't care " and " no I won't " on all occasions. Only loving patience will bring her right - I fear I have found fault too much and those little Howards are the greatest obstacle in my way, I wish they had never come here.However I told the little girls that I would whip any or every little girl, who raised her hand to slap another, and began on Clare today - I hope that will settle the matter.

By the way, Conrad had a ride on old Muckle's horse yesterday - you should have seen his glee, he cried ' get up ' and whacked it with his tin spoon, and fairly cried when I took him off, not a bit afraid, stuck on with knees and heels like a hero .

Now I will stop scribbling and to material concerns, so A Dieu -

Lovingly Anna.

Metis - August (?) 1886.

Dearest Love:

Every day I promise myself the pleasure of writing you a really nice letter full of other than mere business details, or complaints, but the evening is so short and after little needful stitches etc. I am often too sleepy - and truth told the last few days I have been absorbed in a hor- rible book, which nevertheless I am glad I have read " Fanny Kemble's letters from the Georgian plantation of her husband ".... Eric would like ' Ungava ' which is a brown book in the dining-room book case, by Ballantyne - he has been reading a great deal here, and I am anxious that he should not degenerate into mere tales - Ungava gives an excellent picture of the old Hudson Bay life, and he has just finished a book about Norway which he greatly enjoyed.

I feel dearest, that you are the afflicted member of the family - I my- self am quite comfortable outdoors all day - and more fit to enjoy myself than I have been for years, nothing seems to tire me physically, and I can walk and enjoy things with the greatest pleasure, were it not for my stiff knee I

I should feel like a girl again - and that does not trouble me on level ground. You can't think what a mercy it is not to feel so cumbered with flesh, and to be thin enough to go about without a drag.

I do hope that you will be able to come down soon. Could you not be able to get Mrs Hamilton to give you cream, that seems to agree with you so well. We have no ind-rubber here, you are sure to have some - Edith wants her paint box she has lost her scissors ( McCallums 30cents blunt pointed ). Poor dear you will be forced to come if I give you so many commissions.

Lovingly Anna.

St Andrews - September.15th. 1886.

Dearest B. The day has again come to an end and there is not much to tell you - I went for a charming drive up the Lachute road and then home by the beach ridge - the country here is certainly lovely - I also had the pleasure of going over a butter factory, a delightful place, so clean fresh and cool, and such enormous pans of cream and tanks of milk, very satisfying to my inquisitive mind. I found nothing to sketch on our long round today, but shall search for a place tomorrow.

You have I think taken our steamboat tickets with you, you offered them to me, and as I had no pocket I asked you to keep them longer, so I daresay you still have them in your pocket. Eric took the little girls off on a long tramp through the woods today, I was surprised when I heard how far they had been.

I hope that Kate has arrived and all is in good trim for some sort of comfort for you. I have no doubt you found plenty waiting to keep you busy, but don't sit up late dear, that is ill to begin so early in the session.

We all send love ANNA.

St Andrews - September,1886.

Dearest: Excuse the paper, but I have only a little of a higher style and must reserve that for outside friends... I am glad that Annie seems to be taking hold, for the house must be very dirty, will you please give her her wages for August $9.00 she has not been paid.

All the young ones with Laura as Jehu have gone out driving. I find it much more difficult to keep track of them here than at Metis and only hope that they will not come to any harm - I do not worry when they are with Laura. The country is ablaze with exquisite autumn tints - I would like to live in a carriage only the family is so large we would have to take turns.

Give mother my love and I may see you before you get this. Lovingly Anna.

Toronto - October 25th. 1886.

Dearest Love:

I am sorry you thought I complained of your not writing to me for you have been so exceedingly good and kind in writing - it was the long time after I left before I heard that made me feel forsaken.

I am exceedingly grieved at hearing such dismal news of poor Mary and if I had had any idea of how few days anything could be done for her, I would have stayed with her, at all hazards, and not left her to that harpy of a sister - I am glad that the doctors have found her out, and hope they gave her a stern admonition - unless she has rallied, I feel it is useless even to write to her, poor desolate soul ! Let me know how it goes with her.

Here I am safely at Toronto - arrived last night - it would be charming if you could come here for me. Everything is so quiet here, it will be repose indeed - only no one anywhere seems to need so much fresh air as I do, or fancy I do - or so many apples.

All love dear to the little darlings- I am so glad Lillie is doing her best for you, I thought she would.

Lovingly Anna.

Toronto - c/o Wilson, St George St. Oct. 1886.

My dearest Love:

Thank you so much for your loving little letter, which if it had no news, had what was much more endearing and comforting, as affection always must be. I am really beginning to be home-sick, and must get down as soon next week as I can.

I have been out to tea several times and Mr Carpmaels wanted me to go to a dinner party he is giving next Tuesday, but I declined for I think I will go home then and to back out of a dinner does not do - besides it is a long way and I don't like the Wilsons paying dollars for cabs for me to dine out, and they won't let me pay my own. I intend staying for a reception at the cathedral school room on Monday as Sybil is anxious for me to go, but after that, then home, I hope. I feel that I have so few months now, to teach or be with the children, before I shall be occupied with another duty which must engross most of my time for a good while - and I would like to do all I possibly can for them now, and get the times and seasons wisely arranged for all their varied needs.

Today we go to Mrs R. Wrights for tea, she is better but has been ill almost ever since we saw her last - poor thing, ill health and no children. I feel less and less inclined to grumble about the prospect of the addition - whether my mind is expanding to the occasion or the worries of other people seem much more than my own that it seems wicked to complain. Indeed it is not the children, I think I could find room for any number of children in my heart, it is only the seeming impossibility of doing all one ought for so many that bothers me - and also the feeling that it can scarcely be referred to the will of God, but rather to one's own lack of forethought, if cares are too much multiplied - However dearest, I did not intend to begin an essay, even on such an interesting point.

With all love my dear good husband - from your Anna.

Sir William, Anna's father, though so much taken up with college affairs, had always time for his grandchildren who he was much devoted to- during a summer excursion to England in 1886, the following sentence appeared in one of his letters to Anna. " I am sure Eric will prove a little man, and great help to you, and I hope Edith and Clare will also be little helpers to mamma, and be very kind and gentle with the little ones. Give my love to them all, and I shall think of them if I see anything that would be pleasant to them in my travels "

Anna though somewhat harassed at this time by domestic affairs, is now looking forward with comparative equilibrium to the birth of no. 6. She has just now returned from a pleasant and restful visit with her good friend Sybil Wilson, daughter of Sir Daniel Wilson - Principal of Toronto University.

## 1887

Little Metis - June 15th. 1887.

Dearest Bernard:

The mail tonight was very late, and I only got your letter after 8 O'clock and am truly sorry that you have no better news to tell though I scarcely hoped for good news after all the past weeks - you have indeed had sorrow upon sorrow in your family, but in one sence it is better to be able to minister to the needs and cheer the last days of the loved ones, than to be the one who wrings the hearts of those left. I would rather bear any pain than

In way to Ingleside & passing by Metis.

S.S. Canadian
Thursday

Dear Anna,

Thanks for your kind letter received just before I left. I came across for Lemoy for the Quest of Metis, as even here in the Canadian I feel thrown upon the great world, from Lady Lansdowne downwards. We have been so thoroughly Scotchmen & Canadians, in Arthur Rendle-Short, Stacy Grenard the Clerc - and in and to miscellaneous people from Montreal & Quebec. The Steamer is indeed quite

an undistinguished one, and at one time threatened destruction to the Jews, and Exchange heads of the Cattermole, but we managed to get it down safely, and I am afraid you do make quite a great clearance,

Annie got all the washing attended to, and managed every thing quite well. Bernard will quite do quite alone now; and Nothings admired him that to stay, even if he planned home to come back to town.

Love from Loving Father

J. Allen

We shall pass Metis about 10 P.M. so shall see nothing of its beauties except the Light.

full, but all the rooms seem well arranged and there appears to be plenty of accommodation.

William and Hilaire went out to visit an Aboriginal settlement this afternoon. Wm. is I think somewhat depressed, but I hope the change will do him good, and if it does not, perhaps he may get a complete holiday for a week or two. I encouraged him however to hope that the change of air and little outing every day would be beneficial to him.

George is looking fairly well and cheerful, but seems planning as usual to prepare for too much work.

Jane Eliz. like all here quite a little woman and quite helper to me, and Mrs Scott and Clare will also be little helpers to Mamma, and be very kind and gentle with the little men. Give my love to them all, and I shall think of them if I see anything that would be pleasant to them in my travels.

Herbert cut down the tape maple tree near the gate before I left. It was quite

cause it to others - but happily, most happily we cannot choose but take and bear what is given by the wise and loving Father. Poor Laura must be very weary.

Eric has put in all the plants and done a good many things very willingly but boats were much on his mind and various naval affairs. Clare worked like a Trojan this p.m. taking things to their places as I unpacked them. We had flowers on the table for our very first meal, cherry blossoms and primroses. Old Muckle was on hand today, and has put the punshions to soak, he brought some eggs but paid 15 cents for them, quite absurd, just what we paid on St Catherine St, I don't intend to give that ! Bovey's house is still being worked at, they have got a splendid looking well. I must try to get window glass, the thieves entered by your study, broke the outer shutter and cut out a pane, nothing gone except my spring scales, and all bottles muddled over.

Do not worry about us, we are 7, and in numbers strength ought to lie - Little boy ( Bernard jr. ) is well, but my supply of milk is not sufficient for him. I am too tired to write more, but feel for you with all my heart and pray God to strengthen you with his strength.

Lovingly Anna.

Metis 1887.

Dearest B. It is a charming idea to run down here for a week or so, could Mr Selwyn not delay a little longer and give you 2 full weeks - that would make quite a nice break in the long summer - you should have heard the rejoicings at the prospect of seeing you. -

Your letters are a great comfort to me dear; and you had better not spend your lonely hours in blaming yourself for not writing more often - we are both of us too busy to do all we might like, each for the other, I feel that I am constantly putting aside things I might do for you, because the helplessness of the children seems a greater duty to attend to, but through it all what have we in life, if we do not cling to each other, and grow more patient and loving as time passes on, not less so.

My tooth is better now, thank you - I hope we have not lost our screw-driver but Conrad poked it down a crack in the gallery today and the steel fell out of the handle, I don't know yet whether a child can creep under the steps and recover it or not, it is too wet today to try, and as Mother and Florence have none and have lived by borrowing ours, it will be a great loss if we do not get it again. Con is quite crazy about tools and will screw away at screws or hammer away at nails for half an afternoon.

If we may hope to see you so soon, I will not write more.

Lovingly Anna.

Metis - June 1887.

Dearest Bernard:

Your short letter of Tuesday I got last night, it seems to take so many days for letters to reach here and I am anxious to hear that you are rested in some degree and better; I daresay Dr Robertson will take more pains for you than our venerable family doctor - you want feeding up and rest and exercise - do dear take a daily ride when Mr Gibb has so kindly provided you with a saddle, and all the cream and eggs you can subsequently. and make a point of going early to bed, do dear make a deep mark in your conscience as to all these matters.

I know you will do your best to take care of Laura,but if she seems to give up in a heartless or hopeless fashion, would it not be a good move to take her to town for a few days to buy what she will want ( mourning clothes ) .... the strain of nerve to keep up and bear on, is so hurtful.

Here we are all well, the children looking splendid, and baby improving day by day... he has actually learned how to scratch mosquito bites, which is a mark of early intelligence, is it not ? It is too funny to see him make the effort to place his hand, but when he gets it on his head there is no doubt about the scratch scratch !

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - June 20th. 1887.

Dearest Bernard:

We seem to have at last dispensed with our bad weather, and we shall probably wake up to a charming day tomorrow. The young ones have found 2 or 3 stray strawberries and I have no doubt a few more warm days will bring them in, in plenty.

Mother had a telegram this P.M. telling of Rankine's arrival in Quebec and your father's condition unchanged - I do hope you will be down here long before he leaves. It will depend very much upon Rankin'es pleasure whether we rattle over the country, or simply loaf about ? I have no idea of what humour he may be in as regaards Metis.

Have you tried whey in any form for your father, wine whey is said to be so excellent and even whey as it separates from ordinary rennet - milk is a drink much liked by some, if cold, and can take any flavour readily, surely if your father digests what he takes he must pick up a little, though you may not notice it yet.

With all love ANNA.

Little Metis - June 22nd. 1887.

Dear Love:

Your letter received tonight and was the only fruit of the mail for our two houses.... I feel really quite hopeful about your father, for if the really alarming symptoms have abated, weakness even the most profound may be built up to life again - I suppose from what you say that he refuses to take beef teas - have you tried calf's foot jelly, cold or hot a spoonful is of value, also would not some of these "chemical foods", which are peptonized or pancreatonized preparations be useful,

I received the photos which are capital as to likeness - will you send one to Uncle Eric (Arnprior) and Mr Gibb.

It would delight you to see the little ones, they all begin to look so bright and ripe with sunburn - Clare is a veritable nut brown maid. Ruth eats better but is too often enraged and rebellious against fate to grow fat, though she consumes no end of eggs cream and milk - Conrad will not touch cream, is it not odd ? We have had a wet day today, and our punchions are as full as their infirmities permit - while the poor flowers have now a chance to grow, I began to fear they would all die. Dear little baby is as good as ever and quite sunburned - he always looks to me as if he were trying so hard to understand his place and duties, he has none of the apathetic or careless look some babies have - he gets a salt bath daily, Eric fetching his two cans of salt water.

We have begun lessons and I hope will get on well - it is rather a pull - Eric's latin is quite a facination to me, I should like to do all his exercises, though I quite stuck at a sentence today, however I saw through it after a bit. The children have got on wonderfully well with Miss Campbell, she is capital at drill work - I should doubt the history and geog. faring so well in her hands and that is what I am trying to get to if possible.

Again I say, I hope you are taking as many eggs and consuming much milk and glasses of cream as I am very uneasy as to the effect upon you of all the night work, it tells on you, and if your father does take a turn for the better you really must get someone to take the night duty, and I quite hope now that he may be spared to us for a few years longer, he has shown such remarkable recuperative powers in the past.

With much love Anna.

little Metis - June 23rd.1887.

My dearest:

The days follow after each other one by one and seem to make little change in your weary watching, you must be sadly tired out, and how

weary your poor father must be,though in his weak and semi-conscious state I doubt if he really suffers from it, as much as you do - for him, it is probably only when roused, that he is sensibly conscious of his feelings and gives expression to them at once like a child, and then relapses into the stupor - I speak now from my own impressions in great weakness - The greatest distress is often for the watchers not the sufferer. Do be careful to put on some wrap in the chilly nights and early morning, a little thing covering the shoulders seems to me most necessary.

Two wet days have been a little tiresome, but on the whole we have got a little into shape, and I think are over the worst. Lessons have begun and I think we will get on even with the presence of the infant - I often wonder if it will help the young ones to work amid confusion or only make them confused themselves.

Will you please send me a few dollar bills - it goes to my heart to pay washing etc. with my small change and I have nothing else.

In a hurry --- lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - june 28th. 1887.

Dear Love -

I have just now received your telegram, I had hoped when you thought of a consultation, that we might still have had some years of your father's kindly and unselfish presence - But for him, if not for those who loved him, it is doubtless best - he had borne much sorrow and disappointment and tho' he always looked cheerful, I often thought that he must find his home a very empty one, and wondered he could with such cheerful patience devote himself to the daily duties and cares left to him. Indeed he has now the larger part of his dear ones with him, " life's fitful fever over " and the absolute knowledge of God's goodness, present with them, a clear sight, of what we can only dimly see, though certainly believe.

I am thankful too, as I know you are, that it has come at a time when you could devote yourself to him, for he seemed to take both a pride and pleasure in you, as his only son, more than in the others, and your being with him would be a constant pleasure.

I am very sad at heart to be so far away from you in your sorrow, but I daresay Laura will feel more free in her plans and confidences with you alone, and Mr Gibb will I am sure give you any help or advice about business matters, much better than I could. I should think from my standpoint that it would be best both for you and Laura to come down here as soon as you can make some arrangement about the house and farm - and if it suits you I am quite ready to go up early in the fall and devote myself to helping Laura in whatever needs looking after - Indeed dear, if you have any wish or fancy for it, I would willingly stay all winter there and let you come up and down and try whether you could at all make a home that would suit you, or work in with any college plan. Do not hastily say you never want to see the place again, after a short time a place can neither heal nor hurt, the wounds made by loss or death. Do not in any case let Laura embark on any elaborate arranging of matters...I am sure she is fit for it neithe in body or mind, and she needs entire rest and change - and unless Arnprior be preferable to her,or Mrs Molson should make her some more pleasant offer - she could not have a more healthful or quiet place than this, or a warmer welcome.

If I were nearer I shouldcertainly go to you - but do come to us as soon as possible. Dear little Edith takes her loss sadly to heart but has such a womanly self-control, that child certainly will be a blessing to you, if she lives; Eric too though he does not say much thinks all the more. the others ask many unanswerable questions, but with a child's lack of comprehension of the deeper loss and sorrow.

Do dearest care for yourself all you can and remember how much you still have to make your welfare your duty. Do come as soon as possible to us all.

Your loving wife Anna.

Little Metis - July 1887.

Dearest:

Your letter tonight gives the assurance that you are feeling better, and I am thankful that the most trying day is over. I do hope that Mr Gibb will be able to go up, for no doubt he will be of great assistance to you, his notarial knowledge, as well as his long intimacy with your father both of great service.... Will you have a lot of trouble about winding up the Seigneury affairs ? or does Laura know all details.

Every day new people arrive, they say the train on Saturday had 2 engines and was enormously long, so much luggage and so many people put out at every sea-side station.

You have got back to town as I see from your last letter, and I am sure you must find plenty to do, you are very uncommunicative however - I have engaged Grace McEwan she will come down the day Laura is to arrive and be on hand.

I hope you will bring an organ I consider it a most desirable educational advantage for the children, and with Laura here they ought to hear a good deal of music, I am sure I do not overrate the benefit, and as money has been flowing on all hands, you need not stick at that last small sum -

affectionately Anna.

Little Metis - July 12th. 1887.

Dearest Bernard :

I have had so few letters from you lately, but I certainly do not wish to complain of it for under the circumstances it was only to be expected, but do not be too hard on my brevity, repetition and omissions, for the daily and nightly scrimmage here, makes writing almost impossible, and certainly forbids any reasonable thought.

I do not wonder that you find it difficult to realize that your father has really gone - and not being in daily contact with him, makes it more hard to grasp. The habit of thought and affection of a life time cling to the loved idea, but surely we are not required to break the ties but to fix them on another and better sphere.

I seem to have omitted telling you of Rankine altogether, he looks well but thin and he is most kind to all the young ones, never seems to find them de trop, he had them all out in the boat this morning, and took us en famille for a nice drive - he has given Eric a lesson in shooting and will be of great assistance in directing him in rowing... He has not expressed any special opinion as to the young ones, I think Ruth rather takes his fancy.

What ought I to do about the organ if it comes before you do - I should think to have it put in ' unclaimed luggage ' at station best - I could not unpack it here, nor yet leave it out-doors, and the men I could get to help would be too rough.

As you see from my writing, I have been dozing over the last of this

affectionately ANNA.

1887 was a year of both joy and sadness for B.J.H.
Joy - in that Anna presented him on March 19th. with another fine litte boy, by name " Bernard Gibb "
Sadness - in the death of his much loved father who left B.J. now with only one sister, his sister Laura, the talented musician of gentle disposition.

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Little Metis - June 10th. 1888.

Dearest : ..... towards evening however the clouds reasserted themselves, and it has been pouring, fortunately not cold. Baby begins to walk and

talk but he is a most lively little person and takes no end of looking after. I am trying to get Conrad in better order, but he is very disobedient and full of mischief, he has been raiding your tool box, but I have locked the cupboard now.

The vegetables are up in the garden, but McNider's horses got in the night before we came and trampled pretty well over it - We have the house radiant with marsh-mallow flowers also a few magnificent pansies from Mrs LEpages. The milk seems unusually good this year, richer in colour - Mrs Lepage is keeping a cow for mother.

I have been improving my mind with Watts on education, which I find quite interesting from various points of view, he has some quaintly prophetic notions on the subject of female education, and much less stern views as to the discepline and restraint of youth than I should have imagined.

Coming down, we saw plenty of snow patches near Rimouski, and the children were delighted to discover a real snow drift down the road, and made snow balls forthwith.

I hope you are having a little time to prepare for the western trip, and are getting through your worries with some success - if you have time I would be very glad for you to take Eric to Jacobi's studio, and see what the old fellow is about.

I have no special news to give you of myself, least said, perhaps best - I really have not the courage of mind or body, to face the consideration of possible futures - and refuse to consider the matter at all for the present.

Dearest - it is very comforting to be assured of your continued love and affection, 12 years of wear and tear is a long time, and I know very well that it by no means is a matter of course to find as loving a husband at the end as at the beginning of it -Though you have always been most patient and loving, I don't forget it, I assure you.

With all love Your Anna.

Little Metis - Sunday June 26th. 1888.

Dearest B. I have at last got all the young ones to bed.... It always seems to me one of the woes of life that Sunday should not come as the pearl of days, with a perfume special and peculiar, and a time of rest, but instead be a special weariness to the flesh and anxiety to the spirit - that is one of the things that I always feel must somehow be my own fault, but I never have succeeded to seeing my way out of it.

Baby will very soon walk now, indeed he quite often takes a few steps alone and is most expert at climbing rocks and scrambling away from his care - takers - he will not try to talk and insists upon calling horses ' bow-wows ' as well as dogs... Conrad is always overflowing with energy and activity - Ruth came screaming across the grass yoday, Conrad in hot pursuit with a long stick in his hand - I called to him, " stop, stop you must not hurt Ruth " - Oh he replied slackening his speed " I was only playing that she was a cow ! "

We have heard from George and William at Kamloops by telegram, George caught up with William at Winnipeg I believe.

Affectionately Anna.

Little Metis - July 13th. 1888.

Dearest B. I was very glad to get your letter from Sudbury and to know that you had wrestled through all the preliminary difficulties, and fairly set off " Westward Ho - " and I hope you will find both pleasure and profit in it.

We had a great gale Wednesday night and then it wheeled into the west and we had a thorough soaking Thursday - waves very large, and floods without and drips within - Today the weather has made distinct efforts to reform, with but partial success.

The only disturbing element at present is the increase of my 'practice', I have been called upon several times to give advice and help to neighbours and their sick children - I suppose I should be thankful to do what I can for anyone, but my energy is not equal to looking after other peoples affairs and my own to advantage - and I hope that no more people will be " taken bad " !

William is still " Witnessing " and Judge Osler seems very exasperated at having him again to deal with,, and told him he was a master of impudence to pretend to find fault with 200 miles of road, which represented years of the wisdom of his elders and betters, - It seems William used the adjective " inexcusable " about some construction and Osler tried every way to make him take it back - but he might have known " This rock will fly, from its firm base, as soon as I " - Van Horne has the instrument he wants for his purpose - and no doubt chuckles. Who would have thought of Will's prospects, being polished up, in a Witness box ! ! -

Eric got various sea-slugs and sponges after the storm which papa seems to value, and he went for a row with papa one day which papa enjoyed I think.

I am too tired and stupid to write more ....

Affectionately dear, your Anna.

Metis - July 16th. 1888.

Dearest B.

I had hoped for further news of you, possibly from Winnipeg but perhaps tomorrow will prove more fortunate.

Papa goes to St John's tomorrow, Eva is still at Halifax. The great news of today is that Van HOrne has written a note to papa expressing unqualified approval of William's witnessing - he says that not only the C.P.R. but the Government lawyers and the old engineers have been compelled to acknowledge " surprise and admiration " Nine days in the Witness box ! think of it - this tough exam is likely to advance his prospects more than any other he has ever passed.

Eric has been at the flounder spearing again and actually caught five which I fear will appear for breakfast tomorrow. The halibut man has reappeared and brought his first monster round this morning.

I have received two letters from you, and am comforted to know that you have got so far in safety...I quite expect to have you come back in good spirits and delighted with all you have seen, I only wish I could see it all too, I would have no objection to experience the sensation of being saturated with mountains, of which George used to complain. It certainly would be delightful to go for a trip with you, in some new direction, and nothing to think of but the scenery and daily events - but after all I believe it would only make it very difficult to settle down to any family life again - and the daily jog-trot of life suits me uncommonly well !

Do dear take all the pleasure you can out of this business, and enjoy the air they tell us is so wonderful and renewing.

Good bye, dear love - good bye ---

Anna.

Metis - July 2oth. 1888.

Dearest B. Another letter from the flowery plains - I am glad you liked Winnipeg, but sorry that you still feel so down-hearted about matters - It certainly is annoying to be left to your own devices till that troublesome Scarth turns up. I hope you will take a day or so to see the lions of Banff. Mother has had a series of small tea-parties in the absence of papa and Eva.

I am sorry to be so brief but send all love dear from all -

ANNA.

Metis July 25th. 1888.

Dearest Love: I have two letters to thank you for, and charming ones they were, it seemed long before the first ones came, but the others have

followed in rapid order and keep me able to follow your movements. There seems so much that is pleasant in the country and journey, I am truly sorry that you are prevented from enjoying it by the worry of business.

I have written you such horrid scrappy letters, I am quite ashamed of them - but my only quiet time is evening, and sometimes I am really not able to think a connected thought, or to sit up and write them. Still on the whole I think I suffer less from the nausea than I did - I bathe very seldom now, it does not seem to agree with me.

With ever so much love dear to make up for the poor letters and all my shortcomings.

Ever your Anna.

Metis - july 1888.

Dearest - No letter tonight or last, so I presume you have at last met Scarth and are attacking the difficulties of the coal in good earnest, I hope they will speedily surrender their secrets, and let you hie homewards.

Poor Eric lost his temper today with rather bad effect. Lillie Heward took his little boat, to hide it for a trick I fancy, and in so doing broke the rudder - Eric, who had spent all the previous day in fitting it up, flew at her, she ran for the big boulder where the other little girls were sitting on top and tried to scale it, but Eric was upon her and held her bare feet and pinched her legs... I was quite vexed at his doing such a thing, though he was greatly provoked, and he was himself ashamed of it when he cooled down - I told him he must make an offering of candy to to her as apology - and he did go off and get a generous supply of the best with his own pocket money and gave it to her - it appeared to quite heal her outraged feelings - I only hope the story won't travel round.

Baby gets funnier and more mischevious every day, full of pranks and nonsence and pretty peppery too - I am going to try and get a tin-type of him the first good day - Mrs R. thinks he is the beauty of the family.

All love ANNA

Metis * Sunday July 27th. 1888.

Dearest B. Thunder showers have threatened all day but they have rolled away now and left still the oppresive feeling of thundery weather - I am not fit to live in the world on such a day. All the young ones went to bed early in the hope of being called up to see the eclipse - the moon looks beautiful now at 10 P.M. and shows no sign of diminution or extinction.

Eva seems to have had a jolly time in Halifax - Saturday was her birthday and I went over to tea - when we had finished, the 4 oldest children appeared, Ruth with a large wreath of roses, Clare with a little present - Edith with a basket of home made sucre-a-la-creme, and Eric with a bouquet, they all behaved very nicely and were refreshed with a piece of cake and retired later to their respective beds.

I think the peas will be ready to pick on Monday, we have had an abundance of vegetables as papa had several baskets sent down, and Mrs Russels box of fruit not yet finished - I would much like to live in some fruit region and revel in fruit, there is nothing nicer than an abundance of fruit and vegetables.

Eric got up about 11 o'clock P.M. and stayed till 12 observing all the phases of the moon. Conrad has just come in, and I asked him if he had any message for you - he considered deeply for a moment and then said " I would say - Dear father, when are you coming down ? "

I trust you will not find yourself further involved in perplexities -

With all love Anna.

Little Metis - july 29th. 1888.

Dearest B. I am greatly annoyed to find that you have still on Jy 22nd received none of our letters - however I console myself with the reflexion that once at Vancouver you would hear of our welfare from William, who has had plenty of letters and also telegrams from Metis.

Today was again sunny and beautiful - I went to church in the morning and in the afternoon to Mr Hague's open air service, very largely attended and very pleasant.

Last night all the upper ten assembled at the Hague's house and we had a very pleasant evening, refreshed by ice-cream and cake.

Fleet was lamenting your absence here, and praising you greatly, saying that all the men that passed through your hands learned to love and appreciate their work and that that was worth endless distinctions as a specialist - in which I quite agree with him a successful teacher as you are and have been is making a more lasting mark for good in his day and generation, than many more brilliant achievements - and that is one of the consolations that ought to outweigh small remuneration and a good deal of worry. I have thought much of late years that I did not help you more with the students in a social way, and had hoped to do better this winter - but here I am again under a cloud, and not likely to be fit for even the daily march till spring, and then again the prospect is worse not better. Every good thing has to be done with effort, and in the face of difficulties,but these last two winters have seemed especially full of unforseen rocks - I wish I was equal to thinking of outside as well as inside matters - but I have certainly failed in the very things I thought in my line and in the scope of my mission.

Monday - Another lovely day- and all well and prosperous.

lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 5th. 1888.

Dearest -

We all wish you many happy returns of the day, we have talked of you and lamented your absence - and Edith has suggested to the little ones that they should all be extra good, as it was father's birthday - though I am bound to admit the admonition had scarcely the desired effect,, as the day was wet and cold and Conrad was very rampageous, he wants a firm hand and though I try to do the best thing with him, I am much too irritible and tired to efficiently deal with him.

Yesterday I sent a lovely bunch of blush roses to Mrs Redpath, and we had peas again for dinner, the crop not nearly being exhausted.

Conrad went to Sandy Bay last week, and returned with the news that he heard the church there bell-owing with its bell ! was not that a capital idea ? he is full of notions, but always in that state of pugulistic feeling, that he must either join in, or make a row and certainly has in full measure the stomach for a fight, that I so often regretted Eric being without.

Emma Roi has presented Clare with a kitten which has made a great commotion in the house, and Edith has fallen in love with a pretty little puppy which is for sale, I certainly don't want the creature, but if it were only for the summer I would put up with it - I have such an objection to pets that I feel I am scarcely a fair judge of such matters.

I hope soon to hear that you see the end to your labours and can appoint a time for " Eastward Ho ! " One feels the summer time to be on the wane now that August has fairly set in.

The children all send you varying messages and their love, I fear I have got the messages too confused to send ....

Yours lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 7th. 1888.

Dearest : Thank you for a charming letter from Banff - As I have

written 3 other needful letters, I must now be brief, or I won't be able to tuck the young ones up, and put myself to bed.

Did I tell you that father has made a wonderfind of sponges in a perfect condition, Mr Fleet was helping him dig for them yesterday.

I never heard till tonight that the C.P.R. wanted you to do anything for them - it would give you a still further opportunity of studying the country - and though we miss you very much here, I fear it would be short sighted policy to slight a chance when you are on the ground. I received the $50.00 for which many thanks, as I can now clearly see the end of my present resources.

Conrad is delighted with the idea of your sleeping in a tent and having bears and wolves to shoot, and would like you to shoot as many as possible, that he may have a fur coat - Here are his remarks " Dear Father, please shoot all the wolves you can, to make blanket coats, and to hang their horns on the walls

from your beloved Conrad.

Dr Oliver has been here for some weeks and would have left today, but a little Gault girl fell off a tree and dislocated her shoulder, and he has consented to stay a couple of days to see to it, what a mercy he had not gone - I have heard full directions as to the needful steps to pursue in such a case, but would not at all like to be obliged to try.

And so to bed ! Anna.

Little Metis - August 14th. 1888.

Dearest Love :

I wrote you two very hurried notes yesterday, one to Banff the other to Winnipeg, mainly about papa. We had a very serious fright about him, but now thank God I hope the danger is greatly lessened if not altogether passed by.

I was sitting on the shore on Sunday afternoon, baby and Eric with me - when Papa passed with Mr Bailey and son going on some explorations - I spoke a few words to them, and they passed on towards Trenholmes - It could not have been 10 minutes when I saw them coming back and papa who was ahead said in an agitated sort of manner " Where is Dr Oliver " ? " what is wrong " I said - " I believe I have fractured my skull, I have had a bad fall " he replied, I sprang up and saw blood on his face , and set Eric off full pace to the service on the shore to find the doctor. I looked round to see if there was anyone to whom I could give the baby, but no one was near, so I took him under my arm and flew up to the house with him and reached the house before papa - Mr Bailey looking fearfully scared had not even offered his arm, and vanished promptly. Mother and I at once got papa propped up in bed, boots off and hot water to his feet, cold cloths on his head - he had a very ugly wound on the crown of his head, and he declared the bone was bent in, if not broken - We watched anxiously for any symptoms of sickness or faintness, for it was fully an hour before Dr O. was got. On arriving he demanded lint carbolic acid, glass syringe oil silk etc, and as a crowd had collected at the door, in a very few minutes all were collected from various neighbours. Quite a piece of the scalp had been raised from the skull besides the cut, and the bone was scraped. Dr O. cleansed and dressed it very carefully and has not allowed him to raise his head since, his chief fear being, that the violence of the blow had damaged the base of his brain, and that inflamation might set in. Imagine poor papa allowed no book, paper or even reading aloud, fed on citrate of magnesia and water gruel and a few garden strawberries today - he has been very good and patient, but we fear his patience being exhausted before the end of the weeks prescribed quiet. Papa says he slipped his foot and pitched forward with all his weight against a sharp rock, his hat a light panama flying off.

I am very sorry to learn from your letter that you have caught cold, also about your thumb, you wrote so cheerfully before, that I was comforting myself with the thought, that after all, your trip was a success. I hope your second outing will bring light on the question. It is tiresome how fast the

summer is going

Don't dear, let things vex you, if you do the best you can with your knowledge and good judgment it is all you can do, and I don't see that you need trouble further.

We have not heard from George for a long time. Already the hotel dwellers give symptom of flight, a very short summer they make of it.

As you have given me no guide I conclude Winnipeg is now the safest address - I hope you will have done with Banff by the time this reaches and either be on the C.P.R. scout, the nature of which I have never learned, or else be en route eastward. William has been in Victoria, likely holiday-making and reports himself well and flourishing. I hope soon to have brighter news of you.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 9th. 1888.

Dearest Bernard :

I intended a long letter tonight, but have had two very tiresome days and think I must go to bed instead - yesterday I felt the currants must be picked, that ceremony having been delayed too long - Christina was under the weather, so I had most of it to do myself, the younger children and Annie helped as they could and Eric is a regular duffer at anything of that kind - and I thought I had done a fair days work when they were finished and the bathing was over, but at dinner time Annie collapsed, so I had to march off with baby and the tribe till tea time.

Today, after Mr Hague's service, I was on our shore with baby and con - when a violent wind came down tearing the children's hats off, and it was very funny to see Conrad and baby blown over, and the sand rattle and fly about our ears - rain was evidently on the way, so we packed up our impedimenta and made for the house. Later I went over to pay papa a visit, he continues to improve and I hope now that all risk of trouble is over. Dr Stirling is to arrive Tues. so we will have somebody to help in case of danger.

With all love Anna.

Little Metis - August 1888.

Dearest B.

We have just had a " high old day " Clare's long promised hay-cart drive having come off at last. After 5 days of fog and rain the wind suddenly shifted to the west and rolled the clouds up, so we got a hay-cart and a buckboard and packed our own children, Annie - Herbert Redpath, Wilfred, Lily Heward and two little Greers into the cart - and Florence B. and I went over in the buckboard with the eatables - and sent the rig back for Eva, Mrs and Miss Stirling. We went to Mt. Misery and all bathed there, then the children had tea and we elders a cup of tea ... and home again. The only drawback was that a party of the Hagues were also at the Mount and Mr Dyson begged me to let Eric go back with them in their boat, which I like a donkey consented to, and was horrified to find on getting out of the shelter of the bay, that a strong and gusty wind had sprung up which blew to a gale long before they could cross. They had a sail up too, but I saw them take that in, after which I was more easy about them - but I was thankful in no small degree to find him safe at home on my return. Eric said the gearing of the sail broke and the boom swung round and carried off his hat, so they had to take to the oars and give Eric the tiller - they got well ducked in landing among the breakers. Eric thought the whole matter an excellent and jolly affair.

You will be amused to find what great friends we and the Stirlings have become - I thought Miss S. very trivial and tiresome, but she is the most unselfish simple creature and so kind to the children; she feels personally obliged to me for having such a large family, I am sure, and whatever melancholia may have afflicted Mrs S., she is greatly better now and quite ' passing cheerful '

The family now patronize the shoemaker quite extensively - notwithstanding all the foot gear I laid in, I have had to get 4 pair of shoes made here, to save enough good pairs for home-going and autumn wear - and plenty of new soles and toes into the bargain, the boys really wear far less than the girls, for their boots suit the life here, and the girls do not.

Eric and Edith are charmed with ' Rassalas ' whose eventful career we will soon close now, and I have begun Eric on reading Dickens English history as a refreshment of facts and a commentator on the events he knows - he begins to see through translating french, a little, but never was barrel more unwillingly rolled up hill, than he, compelled to wade through a small piece of french - it is weary work for the roller !

with love Anna.

Metis - August 16th. 1888.

Dearest -

I am sure

It is pleasant to have Scarth and Mrs Fortin wish you to stay at Winnipeg - but I don't feel at all inclined to gratify them, the summer is going so fast now and daily the hotels are parting with their guests, and the quiet time returning that you always enjoy so much.

We nearly had a dreadful accident yesterday - Mr Bovey Eva and Wilfred were out in the boat beyond the Boule Rock - Wilfred was sitting in the stern, and suddenly went head over heels into the water, disappearing entirely, a foot reappeared in a moment and Mr B. pulled him by it into the boat, the child shivered and chattered and cried with cold and fright, and when home was of course rubbed and bathed in hot water and put to bed - he seemed all right last night when I saw him - his mother is not yet back from town.

Papa continues to do well. Dr Oliver says the healing of the wound was marvellous, but before he left yesterday, he insisted upon great prudence - papa was sitting outdoors on the upper gallery which was a great relief from bed. I do hope that you will get light on your coal beds which will enable you to give an opinion satisfactory to yourself.

The children have got some clay and are building and modelling with good effect on the gallery - so absorbing was the interest that I had to excuse lessons in favour of the clay.

William seems to be waiting on at Vancouver in hope of your joining him on a trip up the line.

Lovingly ANNA.

Little Metis - August 23rd. 1888.

Dearest B.

We were all much disappointed to find that your telegram announced not your speedy return, but a still further absence - it begins to seem as if we should not see you here, at all. Mr Gibb appeared yesterday, but declined to put up here, however I shall do what I can for him - Dr Stirling has also arrived, clad in regular English shooting togs, and very odd he looks - heather coloured long stockings, coarse loose garments and a Scotch hat - so round and short and fat - I would like him so much better if I could add six inches to his height... I believe Eric will be a 7 footer if he goes on, today he ate 4 mutton chops and nearly half a pudding not to mention various flagons of milk - yesterday 6 slices of mutton, and other things in proportion. He rigs and sails boats continually, my only objection to which is that he wades about so much in the icy water,, which I am sure is not healthy for him.

Papa has quite recovered, but looks still very poorly, and I greatly dread another winter for him, especially if the ' angelic Dr. ' (?), and other wild beasts insist upon tormenting him - he feels weak, and lies down to rest quite often - no doubt he has scarcely had time to renovate after such a shock, but the session comes so near, and its burdens are so oppressive.

I have received your letter from Medecine Hat - before your change of mind as to the C.P.R. business, I have no doubt you decided wisely, but we miss you very much here. With love from all ANNA.

Little Metis - August 27th. 1888.

Dearest B.

With an entirely unprepared mind, I find myself face to face with the end of the summer, and everyone talking of Pulmans and preparations ! papa and family are to leave Monday - Florence would like to linger on in hope that at the 11th. hour William may get a holiday and run down for a week and bring her home, but she won't stay a day behind me, and daily inquires when I am going ? ... If you do come down, try and let me have a few days warning, and I will as far as possible, put things in train and pack up odds and ends so that we may have as much of the days free as possible - Indeed I am not fit for much, notwithstanding the long summer. As long as things jog along as usual I can manage very well, but that fuss about papa quite used me up.

Eric wants you to bring him a rattle snake's tail, or any other particularly repulsive and striking curiosity. You will be surprised at baby, I am sure, he is a perfect little busy-body, never still - he is a capital shot with stones throws them much better than Victor ( Dawson ) - and has pretty independent notions as well.

I hope every day to hear when you are really on the Eastward track, and what we are to do about going or staying.

All the little ones send love - they are busy at some play, I hear Conrad offering large baskets of fruit for sale in a loud voice - I wish he had them really.

If you don't come down, I fear I shall need more money for the wind-up.

Lovingly Anna.

It has been generally supposed that though B.J. was usually hard pressed and overworked during the winter session, that when summer came he was able to relax, and spend a long and quiet holiday with his family at Metis - but this was not the case as is shown in his or his wife's letters - on the contrary it seemed most difficult for him to escape from work, there always seemed something for him to attend to - sometimes it might be only an extra piece of work to gain a little more money to eke out his insufficient salary, as the C.P.R. job, referred to in this year 1888. ~~was~~, During this same summer he had work to do of an exploratory nature on the western coal beds, and had the aggravation of working with a man called Scarth who was most irresponsible and never kept his appointments.

Sir William's accident of this summer was a most serious one - but due to divine providence, as he would say, no great damage was incurred.

One hesitates to mention at this early date, but Anna is on the way to produce again ---- No 7.

## 1 8 8 9

Montreal - May 28th. 1889.

Dearest Love -

I hope you are not having rain at ST Andrews ? Mother and Eva seem charmed to go up - I have not seen the former so keen about anything for years - I think she still has the old country notion that landed property is a kind of patent of nobility or at least gentility - Rankine has not given a decided answer, but I think he intends to go too. I will have everything in a basket ready for lunch, if you have the milk and bread and fire going - I

I think one vehicle ought to do for the boat, you and Rankine could walk !

I wish I were with you beside a roaring fire in that nice quiet house, there is such a terrible racket here all the time. I have packed one large trunk for Metis this A.M.

I have salt, pepper, mustard and matches, tea and coffee - marmelaide and jelly, so don't worry about getting such .

I hope to meet you well and without neuralgia on Thursday at noon -

Love dear, your Anna.

Metis - 1889. June 19th.

Dearest B.

I declare, I cannot even get time to write you a line, however late I sit up - Mother gets nervous alone in her cottage, and if I don't go over and sit with her, she comes over here quite alarmed - I had to go over last night and look all over the place to be sure no one was concealed - her house has been broken into and tossed up a good deal, and the front door key taken from inside - and Florence has suggested to her that it must have been taken to get in by, which is an unpleasant thought certainly.

I find I am very short of all sorts of books for the children, especially for Sunday reading - I will enclose a list, and if you can lay your hands on any of them I would be most glad to have them. I intended to bring " Tales of Alsace "and" Sketches of Christian Life in England " for Eric, for he reads a good deal now, and the Sundays here are long.

The weather is bright and pleasant - the four eldest went for a picnic yesterday along the shore with tea in a basket, and they seem to have had a charming time.

We had a large salmon offered to us on Saturday - of which we gladly took what we could. The butcher appears only once a week, and of course our cellars are not of the best for keeping meat.

With all love

Anna.

Little Metis - June 21st. 1889.

Dearest : I am truly grieved that you have had such a peck of Troubles at St Andrews, I wish the quarrel had had time to cool before you went up; I never believe in tackling such a matter, at red hot heat - but I daresay Laura did not know what else to do, but invoke your aid - and the worst of all is that you will not feel secure about anything - I suppose McC. was tipsy when he gave vent to such threats and language - for he has reason to be grateful to Bella - ( probably a row between Bella the Harrington housekeeper of some years and the farm manager ) not abuse him and must surely have been conscious of it in sober moments. I wonder Bella condescended to be frightened, I should have expected her to throw him down the cellar, or threaten him with the milk stool.

The flowers we got on Saturday night, none the better for the extra 24 hours out of their beds, and we have been watering and fussing with them since - they were a good deal broken as well as wilted - last night and today have been wet, and will I think conferm life in all those likely to live . The lilacs are covered with buds - not nearly out yet.

I do hope that you will be able to wind up the whole estate soon, how kind of Mr Gibb to go up and see you, he is a true friend - Take care of yourself as far as possible dear, it is hard for a man of peace like yourself to be mixed up in a brawl.

All the children are well which is a comfort.

Metis - June, 1889.

Dearest Love, as usual the fag end of time is all I have left for

you - another perfectly lovely day - four of your rose bushes are doing fairly well, and the two others are not dead. As to Eric's coat.... Kennedy had some nice ones reduced, one in particular I liked, it was $6.00 a brownish colour and very good cloth, if Carsley had boy's coats they might be more stylish there.

I am very glad to hear of the light in the College affairs, I suppose that means the appointment of Adams at a fair salary, and relieving papa of some of his work, also perhaps a little less for you which would be a mercy. I suppose no friendly arrangement could procure more salary for him, PAPA which might enable him to fulfil his long intention of saving a little - I daresay the honour will also soften the heart of Sir D.S. - if only they would sack the angelic Dr (?) matters might begin a little more favourably next session.

The radishes are almost ready to pull and the other things doing well - Come as soon as you can -

Postman is passing, lovingly Anna.

P.S. the night we arrived Flora had a fire on, and a few things ready, Ellen who had been ill all the way down collapsed, baby ( Lois Sybil, born Feb.15th ) would not sleep and finally shrieked with all her might in protest of new nurses - Bernard sat down on the gravel path and was happy, and I by rushing around finally got all the little people put to bed. A.

B.J. is again absent for most of the summer from Metis - he is at St Andrewa trying to settle his father's estate.

## 1 8 9 0

The year of 1890 was a year of great and unexpected sorrow to Anna and B.J.H., as their first and eldest daughter Edith was taken from them - she was just 11 years of age and died of pneumonia, it was said by all, that she was a most unusual child, and wherever she went everybody loved her. B.J.H. grieved very much over this sad loss and in order to give relief to his thoughts, he was induced in December to take his holiday away from home - he travelled to New Haven to visit some of his old friends of early Yale college days -

B.J.H's farm at St Andrews, which was now leased to a man by the name of Brown - was a continual source of worry - this year it was pigs !

Little Metis - June 19th. 1890.

Dearest B.

That you may not have to begin a new week without news of us, I write a line this evening. The weather has improved, the sun having shone since mid-day - the wind still remains very chilly.... Baby has the points of two back teeth quite through, and the third seems near, so she has I hope got through the most worrisome time for these four back teeth.

The only thing I think we are ill supplied with is Sunday reading for the older children - I wish Eric would bring that book of Bible pictures he was painting, and if he does not care to go on with it, some of the others would. I also wish that Eric would bring me down half a dozen french gospels, and two copies of the psalms, and one each of the English gospels, they are about 5 cts. each and can be got at the Bible House on St Catherine St.

We miss you very much already, and shall count the days till you get back again.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - June 24th. 1890.

Dearest B.

So glad to hear that all has gone well with Eric, I think we have every reason to be satisfied with his standing, I hope his prizes will be readable books.

Poor papa seems in a hornets nest of worries, and his holiday still afar off. I have no doubt you find plenty to do and will continue to do so - if time serves, do look up both the Molsons and McDonalds, they have been so extremely good to us through our trouble - true friends.

I have been very much on edge all day - I sometimes wonder if I will ever get back to the possibility of being amaible without a desperate effort. It is very unpleasant to be on edge all the time, and it makes the children naughty. If the English trip spoken of would be of any service to you, do not hesitate to accept it on my account, whatever is best for you is best for us all. Change and hurry would kill me just now - but it is different with you I have no doubt - and certainly we ought to continue the blessing of our little darling's life in improvement of our own & not make those around us feel that all the sunshine and patience and love has gone with her.

Take care of yourself my darling. Lovingly Anna.

Montreal - Wallbrae Place. December 11th. 1890.

Dearest Love:

I hope your not telegraphing, does not mean that you are still enduring anguish from that tooth - I will be relieved to hear that that is past and you are able to take all the benefit out of this long-talked of trip.

I went to the nursing meeting, and saw some 30 very healthy rosy, good-looking nurses - prettily attired in pink dresses, white caps and aprons, and turned down colars. We heard a short statement from Mr Stirling, a prosy long long speech from Dr McCallum, a pleasant one from the Gov. Genl. - and a charming wide awake, well put one from Dr Craik - I walked up with Mr W.C.McDonald.

Papa is to have a meeting with Coe (?) and Dr J.(?) to settle their positions - I pity him - it will be a trying one I should think.

I am thinking of going to town again tomorrow and think if I do, I will settle most of the Xmasing - I begin to see my way through it, and hope you will approve when I tell you what I have done.

A note from Brown at St Andrews about pigs - he says " I want to know what I will do with your pork, will you have it sent to Montreal or give it to the stores here ? I intend killing 10 this week, we cannot attend to so many as it takes an awful lot of grain to feed them - I think to keep the remainder over to the spring - what butter we have got will send it with other things " I have

written to him to say to send yours to Lamb, and that I would like the smallest one sent to me, it could be sent with the turkeys and butter etc.

We miss you very much - " Precious " or Lois has mastered the situation and says you have gone " too-toos " !

Lovingly ANNA.

Montreal - Dec. 11th. to B.J.H. visiting in New Haven.

Dearest B. ..... I think in some ways it might be a useful experience for Eric to go to Arnprior, and I would willingly pay his R.R. journey myself - and for that matter mother asked me if he would not prefer money to a present, and that would help - however I shall do as you say.

Mother and I had a pow-wow with papa last night, and I tried to let some light in upon him as to McD., he was very reasonable, but looks at matters from such a different stand point. I do think Bovey has been inexcusable in undertaking to advise and guide on points of University moment, instead of referring them to the proper authority - however, I hope that on your return you will be able to speak with greater authority and help to straighten matters, being able to see both interests and from both points of view.

We had a calamity this A.M. with the furnace grate falling down, and now I am told the entire pot is cracked, but Hamilton thinks it can be cemented to serve the winter. I am going out to dinner presently and must hasten, it is rush all the time,

All send love and will write by and by...With all love Anna.

Montreal - Dec. 1890, to B.J.H. in Philadelphia.

Dearest: Little baby has been out of sorts today and yesterday, and I have been trying to get her comfortable all afternoon before I go out to dinner. Who should turn up this afternoon but Lindsay Russel, on his way to the woods to refresh his health with a hunting expedition, while Mrs R. has gone to Toronto, so Eric may see her there, I think he had better leave the day after Xmas, thus there will be no need for his Toronto friends giving him gifts. I have got him a black coat and vest and think his trousers will do with a little alteration, I fear he will be obliged to have a new tweed suit.

I am glad you saw poor Dr. Hunt. So far everything seems to have gone well with you - and no doubt you will come home primed to resist oppression which I will be glad of, as I think the time of slavery has been sufficient, and one should begin to think of the land flowing with milk and honey.

" Precious " still continues to cough, but the others are well again, though I find I have to be careful of severe weather, of which we have had a plenty... All but the very last touches have been accomplished by the children in regard to their small presents, and a quite considerable pile they make - and it is wonderful how far astray the poet was, who though man wanted little here below - when so many small trifles can be devised that are more or less useful or acceptable.

The toboggan slide is in capital order. Eric has been exceedinly fatherly to the family, and I have sent him down to the bank to cash a cheque, and off to the Windsor to see a Toronto directory, and to the R.R. Office to see about reduced fares etc. I made as much practise in business matters out of the projected visit as possible.

The Boveys, 1,2, and 3, Dr Cornish and the Pens dine at the College tonight, The Moyse's declined, what a foolish fellow he is.

Lovingly Anna.

Montreal - Dec. 17th. 1890. to B.J.H. in Philadelphia.

Dearest B. The house seems very lost without you and Eric, and having to dine alone makes my dinner very forlorn. I actually went to take tea with Carpy on Saturday, all the young ones being out - Clare, Ruth and Con at the Boveys and Eric at the Archibalds, where the lady of the house played blind Man's buff

with the boys, I should like to have seen it, would not you? Eric reported that she was surprisingly active - in retreat or pursuit !

Mr Molson continues to improve, but is very weak, I shall send and ask again tomorrow.

With much love

Anna.

Montreal - Dec. 1890. to B.J.H. at New Haven.

Dearest Bernard :

Your long letter from New Haven was a cordial to my heart, it is delightful to think that you met such a welcome, and that years had not caused the remembrance of you to fade - I daresay you did not realize till you got among people of culture and leisure how grinding was the life of continual toil that you have submitted to - I am aware of it in glimpses, and know how much better many things would go, and how much more good humoured and effective our management of the young ones might be, if we were not so constantly at the limit of our powers of endurance, and consequently, sharp set, and irritable - There undoubtedly must be a possibility of being all one ought to be, under the most trying circumstances - but I think that faith and patience would be full-fledged when one attains to it - ' overcoming ' all difficulties is the aim - still we surely ought to avoid more over-strain than we can help, and I earnestly hope that there is now a tide to better things. William was speaking today again of the new department the C.P.R. wish to make and Shaughnesy wants him to visit the physical laboratories in connection withe R.R's in the States - if he finds it not the thing for him, would it be a post worth your thinking of ? By the way William has a fortnights holiday and wants to dabble in some chemical matters, and would much like to be allowed to use some of the apparatus at the laboratory, could he do so in your absence ?

Eric's cold seems to be passing off without much taking hold of him - but Lois still coughs a great deal, I don't think I will let her go out at all till milder weather. The littlw Cox's were over playing with our children on the slide today, and seemed greatly to enjoy it - our garden is a priceless treasure, very few city people have such an extensive piece of ground, and they are of the wealthy. Papa mentioned hearing from you at N.Y., so you must have got thus far.

I counted up 50 people who had to be seen to for Xmas in some fashion - I will send Brown ( farmer) and his children an illustrated paper and some small books for the children, I have not got anything for Laura yet, but hope to tomorrow. Is there any chance of your returning by Toronto ? it would be nice for Eric, his school does not begin till Jan. 6th.

With all love ANNA.

Montreal - Dec. 21st. 1890. to B.J.H. c/o James Douglas - New York.

Dearest B.

We shall hope to see you soon again and to hear that your trip has been a success in one direction or another. Indeed as this is unlikely to reach you, I must not run this into a letter, especially as I find myself on the point of putting down currants, turkeys, Ruth's crackers, parcel post and other items between the words that belong to my sentences - indeed I have to keep a second piece of paper to record these important items as they pop into my head.

Much love dear, and a safe and happy return.

Yours lovingly Anna.

Montreal - December 23rd.(?) 1890.

Dearest Bernard:

The colds still hang on, and require special care and arrangements - Con was quite ill in the night, but seems jolly and well this morning - Today at Ruth's earnest entreaty I have asked the little Boveys to her birthday ( Dec.23rd.) - Clare is bustling about trying to put in order and arrange for the little treat ... but there is a sad want, at any of their little doings, Edith had such a lovely contented happy spirit - we ought to give thanks

perhaps, that all that is perfect now - no stain or blot or blunting of this world's sin or sorrow to shadow her loving heart.

A lovely day, mild and sunshiny, William has taken Mary Elliot out to toboggan. Ruth got your letter today and appreciated it as a birthday attention. I must off and see about the cake now ...

Lovingly Anna.

Montreal - Wallbrae Place. Dec.1890. to B.J.H., Washington.

Dearest Bernard:

Received this A.M. your Xmas letter from Philadelphia, we also got your thoughtful telegram just while we were all sitting around the dinner table - I have not had a moment since to tell you of the day which went off much as usual, the children getting a great many things, useful as well as playful. The little girls got slippers and umbrellas , books dolls carriage, games blocks etc. and Clare a very handsome brush and comb and glass set. George had a remarkable new game for the evening, and he and Mary Elliott and the children were very merry over it. I took down the 'Yuletide' and 'Graphic' which Rankine had sent, and the elders looked at them.

It was rather a bustle getting Eric off the next morning, but it was accomplished, and he has gone quite respectable in the matter of clothes and toilet etc., and armed with a pair of Rankine's skates, which seemed in good order and not too antique, and I shall be very glad if he learns that art with Gordon's help, as I have been rather ashamed that he was so ignorant of it. William kindly volunteered to go and see him off and the Usbornes were to meet him at the Union Station.

George leaves today for Washington, and has telegraphed to you to that effect, he is going to some hotel where special arrangements $3.00 a day have been made for those going to the meetings - The Arlington is, the swell and costly hotel, and sure to be full of polititions at this season.

Laura has sent you a very handsome carving knife and fork and steel which I am glad of as I think it is intended to express her appreciation of what you have done for her.

It was very satisfactory for you to find your old friends doing so well, and I have no doubt that there is a far better chance in the U.S. than with us, also that the manufacturing line is the money-making one. Money is certainly good and if it came in our path, I hope we should have the grace given us to use it well and wisely - but under every discouragement, the selfishness and greed of humanity is so patent in us, that with encouragement they might grow apace. I am not sure that it is not better to toil with the toilers than to live delicately with the wealthy - still it cannot be desirable or even right, unless pressed by necessity, to be always living in such pressure, and weariness that it takes an almost impossible effort to be pleasant or even patient, and as for being entertaining, or hospitable, or a pleasure to those about one - it is impossible.

Perhaps you and George will return together, unless you still try for Cornell. You will quite despise our smallness when you return both as to College and home I am afraid - however you will perhaps be able to give us some of the clever Yankee notions, that help our neighbours over the line to sail on the top of difficulties that would submerge us.

Eva sent quite a supply of presents of various kinds - a very funny little match case for you, and a rather pretty photo of herself in her wedding dress.

All love from the children, they received your cards, I put them on their plates at dinner and they were charmed.

Affectionately and lovingly ANNA.

Xmas of 1890 was indeed a sad one for the Harrington family as the sorrow of Edith's death still filled all their hearts - but Anna carried on valiantly and

and though lonely, was glad to have her husband away where he visited old friends, and had a change of thoughts.

The summer of 1891 again brings us to Metis where life continues much as in other summers, though as usual with an ever changing kaleidoscope of incidents ... another little baby had been born ( this must have been Constance Eva, born October 5th. 1891 ) and Mary Elliott, sister of Florence Dawson had become engaged to (Sir) Andrew Taylor, the well known architect, and also horses had again entered and rolled in B.J.H's beloved garden !

## 1 8 9 1 .

Little Metis - June 25th. 1891.

Dearest Love -

I was so very sorry to hear of your having been ill on the train, for you seemed well when leaving here, it must have been some of the tinned food you got on the train, everything they use comes out of tins, even the coffee is from a tin and made up with Swiss milk and sugar - 35cts a tin, makes 16 cups and at 10cts each a pretty good profit is made !

Our devoted lover (Andrew Taylor) left yesterday.... I believe Mary's parents are to be implored to telegraph consent, in order to shorten the suspence I have no doubt they will consent. Do you know last year he made $13.000 and he expects to make more this year, he has buildings on hand in Vancouver and Winnipeg - of course this is private, but to have a good honourable man of honest people, and with such an income, she may well excuse a few inches in stature and neither she or Florence had any idea that he was so wealthy - When he departed he bestowed an affectionate kiss upon me ! as a member of the new connection, I never was given to kissing in my youth, it will have to be an art acquired, if all the young people who make love under my eyes, are to thus express their gratitude for nothing, but a smile .

Please ask Minnie if she can find and send Lois' little wrapper, it is grey with red collar and cuffs, and also if it is not too late 2 tins of Nestles Food, baby is having it at night now, and it is a great comfort.

All love dear from the whole family
lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - Monday morning. June 30th. 1891.

Dearest B:

I found your key after you left, and in the ever hurrying series of events forgot to mention it, having safely put it away - of course I did not know that you had lost it ! and by the way, what did you do with all the trunk keys ? they are not attached to their several trunks !

Yesterday I was awakened unduly early, by horses in the garden, they had apparently jumped over the Peck's fence, at least I could find no other trace of entrance - and rolled over the mignonette and lettuce and radishes - I hope the ultimate damage will not be great, but it is very provoking - on top of this Ruth got into a terrible tantrum about some trifle, and at breakfast time no Mademoiselle appeared, and when I sent Clare up, she was discovered in tears and did not want any breakfast, so I had to settle that most unpleasant difficulty. One comfort is that Ruth seems contrite and has devoted herself to Mademoiselle since, she picked flowers for her all afternoon !

I really longed for an organ in these long wet days, and Clare continually regrets the absence of music - would it not be a proper disposal of some of that

money George gave me - also if you come to take a real holiday would you not perhaps like to practise a bit, I should think it would be a great pleasure to you and prevent your music becoming too rusty, with your talent it seems a shame to neglect it if there is any reasonable opportunity.

I promised to read Pilgrim's Progress to the children, it is on the shelves in the cloak room , and you might mail it to me some day.

With love dear and many many loving wishes, that your lonely life may at least result in accomplishing the work you hope.

Your own Anna.

Little Metis - July 1st. 1891.

Dearest Bernard:

Papa arrived safely last night, shortly after 11 o'clock, the bitter east wind still holding - today however looks settled and much warmer so our discomfort and the country's hope of rain is ended together.

About the butter - if Brown would put the summer butter in lard tubs, 50 or better 60 lbs. and keep carefully, you could probably sell it better in a lot in fall - and I would myself like a large tub and mother another, Florence probably another if a reasonable price, say 17 or 18 cts..... 6 or 8 butter tubs are in our house, all cleaned and inside one another the lids together ready for shipment if chance occurs.

I am glad you went to the McDonalds - Fleet was assuring me only yesterday that he believes your building was assured and that McD. had a strong personal regard for you and had expressed his appreciation of your difficult position, and said you were entirely handicapped by papa.

As usual I am short of time - take care of yourself dear and don't decline too many invitations.

LOVINGLY ANNA.

Little Metis - July 3rd. 1891.

Dearest B.

I received your telegram yesterday, and today the letter explaining your sudden visit to St Andrews - Poor dear ! you are harassed by many difficulties. I trust that Eliza will do well, pray shut the doors in as many rooms as possible, for she will never dust or clean any of them - I think I closed the drawing shutters, but if not pray see to it, and also tell her to close the shutters in the back room, for the carpet faded so badly opposite it, and a new part has been turned to it now...

I had no idea that the drought had been so severe in St Andrews, a new misfortune to be added to the loss side of the account - Papa says he would plough up some of the land and sow green oats for fodder, and if July proved wet, they would grow fast. If you do decide to sell, you will probably get little or nothing for the 'creeturs'.

It was kind of Mr McDonald to suggest your dining there and seeing something of him will likely put valuable opportunities in your way of explaining various matters to him - Fleet says that he (McD.) has a very particular regard for you. Papa had a long talk with Fleet yesterday - and it seems to me that the tension about the new arrangements is lessening and affairs will doubtless settle down a bit - I wonder that McLeod and Chandler do not feel more aggrieved at being left behind in the matter of salary - but they profit in another way,I suppose.

Mr Taylor arrived tonight, intending to stay till Monday - looking radiant, I do hope all will turn out well with him and Mary, I like her much better since I have seen more of her, she seems so open and candid and so willing to oblige anyone, but Florence continues to complain of her declining to be useful.. I suppose we shall see a ring tomorrow. Papa looks better already.

Today, the little Boveys and Con seemed to be stirring up Mr Bovey's worst feelings on the shore... Lois grows very rapidly, talks so well and is so independent and positive - little Berine Bernie is really about the most satisfactory at

present, he is quite a little companion, and if he only could dispose of a little of his obstinacy he would be capital, I sent him to dine in the nursery today, and I hope it will result in his obeying more promptly.

Papa speaks of going to the Joggins next week.

With all love

Little Metis : July 7th. 1891. ANNA.

My dearly Beloved :

A failure on the part of the mail bag to arrive seems to make our friends afar off - but the longed for cable has come just about 20 minutes after Mr Taylor had left for town, it said " Yes, God bless you both " which was a very nice message I think and must have delighted the bride-elect, who wears a very plain diamond ring in token of her estate, so every one can now unburthen themselves of the secret.

We go on very well here, though the presence of so many children certainly complicates matters, there were 12 on the beach Saturday, of whom Clare was the oldest - at least our children will not be able to complain of being brought up recluses. Eric is galloping through all sorts of interesting books, I would like Prescotts History of Philip the 11, which comes in well with his other reading and will round up the period for him.

I am anxious to hear how Eliza goes on at St Andrews ? and if she makes matters at all comfortable, I almost wish I had got a coal oill stove, for Eliza will burn all the wood about I am sure.

Yesterday, Bovey , Taylor, Fleet and Frank Redpath all went up to town, Eric and Herbert took them to the station and brought the nags back. I am a little sorry that the Dean (Bovey) has hastened back so soon, I thought you were having such a good opportunity for exerting a wiser influence, but all this work seems to have been of educational value to the Dean, he was so quiet the few days he was here, we never heard his voice shouting as of yore. We are a community of ladies now, and can enjoy women's rights to the full.

Time as usual gives out

affectionately dear, and with lov

Anna.

Little Metis - July 15th. 1891.

Dearest Bernard:

The fishing expedition has come home quite successful, each boy having got over 6 dozen trout, fairly large, I had both of them to tea which filled the small table pretty well,I did not expect them till later and intended to have the small children out of the way, however we managed well enough..... I have never told you that McNider's bath-house is in full operation and hot and cold baths can be had daily - 5 tickets for $1.00. I think I have plenty towels except your own rough ones - the new room is capital, Eric has it.

Our baby is growing very active and prettier each day, she was in ecstacies over a kitten this morning, and begins to want to stir about a little on her own account. Lois too looks exceedingly well, and if we only had a little fine weather, we would be in very good case.

I am beginning to feel inclined to stay late, with a doctor a mademoiselle and no very young baby, all seems to point that way, but of course there are many things to be thought of.

Papa looks wonderfully better from his trip, and though he did not get any reptilian remains, he got some other fossils, and gave a good report of Eric and his helpfulness. Papa was here last night and gave me a long history of his first visit to the Joggins when he was only a lad of 15.

We must soon go into the matter of Eric's schooling for the coming year - some of the young men like Campbell Howard and Curzon Dobell are going to a new school run by Mr Tucker.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - July 1891.

Dearest B.

Yesterday we had a wet afternoon, today the clouds have again collected thickly and seem loth to depart. When I sent you a list of 'needs' the other day, I did not remind you of the baby's bottle which it is necessary to have, I would also like a Belladonna plaster for Ruth who still complains greatly of her back.

Mrs Hague is going to have a 5o/clock tea today, and Florence talks of having a fine one for " Andrew " when he comes again.

I will try and write to Laura soon - I have not made a very energetic use of my spare time this year, indeed I begin to think that very few people do much unless pushed and goaded by an urgent needs must.

Lois sends you a blue bell for " papa " - on further thoughts she cannot bear to part with it, Bernard the less is distressed and promises to get you one.

The post is just going out . . .

With love Anna.

Little Metis - July 20th. 1891.

Dearest B.

.... Mr Taylor is here as you know, Florence had a small party at her house last night - Mr Harris the professor at Kingston was there, I have not seen him for a long while, and wish I had seen him again, he is such an odd man and an enthusiastic admirer of the Salvation Army - he has a large farm at Bathurst where he is now doing uncommonly well with having turned it into a hop farm , I think he said 400 acres in hops, he expects to make $15.000 this year out of it ! ! ! There is an idea for you - he trusts to artificial manures as fertilizers and has some ingenious invention by which he waters the fertilizer down to the roots of the plant. He had 80 girls picking last year.

We have not a hymn book here which is a great forget that I really should have seen to earlier, Mademoiselle seems to sing second, and really it was too bad of me not to have sent up for such an easy thing sooner .... When you come, you will find baby greatly altered and grown and improved - Lois is not nearly as happy with Ellen as with Kate, but she is flourishing all the same, and talking wonderfully well upon all subjects.

The light evenings and many temptations have prevented much reading, but I hope we will have more as the days go by - I find these stories of Mrs Ewing's charming, and have read two to the children, even Eric condecending to be interested.

I hope you had a pleasant visit to the Gibbs ? I suppose you did not stay over Sunday there - you would not like their style, and yet it is much better than the loafing, lounging empty day, so many languish through.

With all love ANNA.

Little Metis - July 23rd. 1891.

Dearest B.

To my surprise, I find that my letter asking for more money was never posted,so now, I have in hand only 4 or 5 dollars .. strawberry jam and a fine matress I have had made having been added to the running expenses -

The children are in high glee over the organ, and Clare is writing in the hope of giving you directions as to music. We have had a lovely day today, and Eric has been out riding on a very fair horse, belonging to Mr Craik, which he will give to Eric on the understanding that he is not to lend it to any other boy so you see he inherits your good reputation, which I hope he may do in other regards as well.

It seems scarcely worth while writing more, if I shall see you so soon - So will close with much love.

ANNA.

# 1 8 9 2 .

Once again the warmth of summertime has come, and Mother Harrington has moved her brood to the refreshing air of Metis - there is little to recount of this year however as only three short letters of this season have turned up.

Little Metis - June 12th. 1892.

Dearest Bernard :

Many thanks for your Sunday letter, the first news I have had from the world I left behind me - I am sorry to find your plans still so undecided, but hope that you will see a way open soon. No doubt The Star has done you a good turn in advertising that you had left town... Mr Tuckey is anxious to bring you down from the station in a new buckboard and a young horse which he will allow you alone to drive.

I am gradually getting matters into shape here - it is a bit complex but I have three most willing aides - Sarah is better both as cook and as regards head than I had hoped for, Rosine does not get on quite as well, but all seem to like the place.

Mrs Bayne's 80th. birthday is on the 29th. - if there is anything pretty in our garden do make Eric take her some.. I fancy you and he will have a gala time - I hope so and that perhaps McD. may have good news for you. In any case dear don't worry about the lack of funds, I am sure that will come right, and meanwhile I will be as careful as I can.

Please give love to dear Carpy.

affectionately Anna.

Metis - June 21st. 1892.

Dearest Love :

You would think I would have plenty of time here to scribble but I do not find it so.... The little ones are settling down with Rosine - Clare has been goodness itself, no child could have been better, Con too has been good according to his nature. Ruth seems a little better and greatly enjoys bathing - Clare swims capitally, I am glad I had energy to get those lessons for her. I expect Eric tonight, I am getting tired of sitting up for parties - Mother Saturday and her maids Friday.

Still no news of your movements ... weather beautiful ... garden a week behind hand ----

Lovingly Anna.

Wallbrae Place - Montreal. December 18th. 1892.

Dearest B.

So many things great and small have crowded into the short time since you left, that it seems to be a very long time - I do not mean that anything out of the way has happened, only the usual line of daily affairs - I managed to go and see Florence on Saturday, and then saw Mrs Vanneck who has not been out of the house for three months, she received us in dressing-gown and night-cap, which greatly surprised Conrad, but tea and cake which she insisted upon having brought up much pleased him.. then I went into the F.Gaults' tea for a short time - they had the most exquisite flowers, most exquisitely arranged in every available situation, but their entertainments always strike me as especially formal and without soul.

Eric had Allen Law to tea, he has developed wonderfully, his summer of hard work has been capital for him - and according to his own account he had a regular farm boy's place - I wish Eric could have just such a summer, it might not suit

his fancy, but it would be excellent for his health.

I do hope that you have had a pleasant time at New Haven, and even extended your time there if you found it worth while - the change I think will be good for you, and pray try to take it as much en fete as you can.

Love from all, especially your Anna.

## 1 8 9 3 .

Little Metis - July 3rd. Sir William writes to his son-in-law B.J.H.

Dear Dr Harrington:

I find the water question here very urgent, owing to the excessive drought - I inspected your well on Saturday, the earth has partly fallen in so as to cover the bottom, and there is barely a suspicion of water etc....

Eric as you have no doubt heard, has had a little return of rheumatic pain It began on the train coming down, and has I am convinced no connection with Metis air, he is now mending and was about a little yesterday. This tendency to relapse is unpleasant, but I hope he will grow out of it. The rest seem all well; but the few days we have been here the weather has been warmer than I have known it at Metis; the roads very dusty and the grass parched.

With all kind regards yours sincerely
J.Wm.Dawson.

Metis - July 4th. 1893.

Dearest Bernard :

..... When I got up on Friday I found Eric unable to move his leg, and so low in his mind, and with the baby (William Seymour) to settle in, and so on I had quite more to see to than I could well overtake, and so forgot to telegraph you to tell you of our safe arrival. However Eric has slept well last night, and today he can move the leg a little, and no other part is affected, so I hope and trust he will go on well, I will try to get him out on the gallery to sit in the sun, if he feels able.

Of course I have begun no routine yet, just trying to get small matters settled. I fear your plants are not having much care, I have not been able to look at them yet. I trust you are getting on well and will soon be able to join us.

Lovingly dear Your ANNA.

Little Metis - July 1893.

Dearest Bernard :

You will be glad to hear that Eric continues to feel well, and I am now dosing him with cream and fresh eggs, he really is very thin, and so far has not been off the gallery, yesterday he amused himself by rigging a boat.

Ruth is sleeping in my room and is most useful, she will skip up and heat the baby's bottle when she hears him, and admires and loves him without measure. Indeed he receives great attention and consideration. Little Constance has altered more than any of the children, she talks so prettily, and plays nicely with Lois.

All the cottages now are open, and the hotels beginning to fill. I have not been far enough afield to collect any news - not even over to the other house but now I hope the pressure will be a little less, if Eric continues better.

All love from Anna.

Metis - July 5th. 1893.

Dearest B.

I got two letters and a post card from you last night, so had quite a supply of news, you have certainly not been neglected by your friends.

but I do not like the idea of your making tea and toast on your own account, I hope at least that the strawberry man goes up the street and supplies you liberally with fruit - if you are cooking you might add an egg to your bill of fare - Mrs Molson will think I have treated you badly if she hears of such performances.

About Scroggie ( department store) I fear I was vague - he sent me up 2 corsets in the usual long boxes to try on, for neither of which I paid - I have taken one pair with me, for which I owe him $1.75 - and the other pair left in my room was to be returned, a boy was to call for them on Friday, but of course you would not know about it. If the weather keeps on being so warm, I shall want some cotton stockings, there are two pair of black ones in the top long drawer in the chest in the hall outside our door.

Dear Love, take care of yourself - I should so much have enjoyed staying up with you, and if we could have settled the new house ( 295 University St. ) together it would have seemed more homelike. In any case do let us be thankful for the many blessings we have and try to cultivate all the love and good will that may bloom anywhere, and make a paradise. There are very few things that could have happened that would be more painful to me, and the College home also being rooted out makes all the setting of life different - but the life itself if it is only blessed and a blessing as it ought to be, surely surely , we have field enough there, and I feel each day hurries away so quickly, and I do so little with it that I would wish to do for the children..... If it were not for the feeling of being always distracted between the many claims, I would like each new baby better than the last.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - July 8th. 1893.

Dearest :

Have received your letter, and it is good to observe that you have got the new library a little into shape, and that it looks cosy, for even such a little corner in your undesturbed possession may be more comfortable then a wider space on the old footing. You certainly are living in rather a Bohemian way, and no doubt your friends think you deserving of sympathy, which indeed you are... perhaps things will shape themselves more quickly than you now think.

I cannot undertake to advise you as to the shipping of a piano, but if you should send one, there is no music here - I looked out some before I left, but where it may be now who can tell ?

Today has been a perfect one and Eric has been out sunning himself in the punt, and lying about on the hot shore, he looks more like his old self tonight - Mother took him for a drive yesterday, and I do hope he will now continue to improve. Little Constance Eva is inclined to be a little upset, I have dosed her with rhubarb and will get some molasses, but I would be glad to have some more figs !

The Molson's yacht just slowly sailed into the bay tonight, and Dr Lafleur arrived thie A.M. - he like everyone else is charmed with Metis.

Lovingly ANNA.

Having read the extracts of Anna's letters for 1893 you will see that she had given birth to her 9th. and last child, who was called William Seymour - Seymour being after his grandmother Harrington, he was born May 19th. 1893 - you will also have noticed that B. and Anna have moved from their commodious house with spacious garden at Wallbrae Place to upper University st. no. 295 - and lastly that Eric's health was in a poor state and both B.J.H. and Anna were greatly worried about him.

## 1 8 9 4 .

B.J.H. is again on his way to England,
and Eric's condition is gradually
worsening.

295 University St. Montreal - April 14th. 1894.

Dearest Bernard :

I received your note this morning, and am glad that you had accomplished the first stage of your trip in safety - I fear the sailing must have been trying, the paper reports such shocking weather.

Mother and I were down at the old house yesterday, it is sickening to see houses in that stage, such lots of traps still to be disposed of - and the governors have been in inspecting, and measuring and seem to talk of class rooms; that seems to me stupid, when the place is so good for board rooms and all the many offices now needed - however of course that is not our affair.

Now that Williams head quarters will be in Ottawa, Florence will leave for there in two weeks time - I am to have Victor and Owen for a few days and Mary will take the nurse and baby. As Miss Leishman is to come for the mornings here, I will only have them in hand in the afternoons.

I shall try and write a line to Eva, but I don't see how I am ever going to find time to write.

With much love ANNA.

295 University St. Montreal - April 18th. 1894.

Dearest Bernard :

We have had two days of real summer heat, but as no rain has fallen, dust is rife, water carts appear here and there but do not seem to be in good working order yet. The children have been off on several flower quests, plenty of hepaticas and blood roots are out today and they gathered a number of little bunches and took them to the children's ward at the hospital, where they caused much joy to the little patients. Lois was much interested and wanted to know exactly what was the matter with each child.

Eric does not seem to make much headway, he has been out riding twice, he has a ticket for 10 rides for which he pays $13.00, two hours supposed to be the limit for each ride. His good friend Allan Law is leaving in two weeks time and may be away a year.

Lady Aberdeen inspected Trafalgar this morning, and Clare had the honour of reading in her august presence - at dinner Conrad in his positive fashion assured us that Lady Aberdeen had not come to town - to which Clare said " I beg your pardon, I was reading a little story to her this morning " Poor Con, was struck dumb for once - tomorrow she is to be at the High school and Bernard is filled with glee at the prospect.

The papers announce that Fleet and Mr Justice Archibald are nominated as College governors. Mrs Peter Redpath has written to papa inquiring about the needs of the museum and giving assurance of her wish to carry out Mr P.R's plans and wishes in regard to it.

Mary Taylor very kindly sent me tickets for the Philharmonic matinee and Clare and I went, it was remarkably fine, mostly orchestral, and they made use of cymbals and tambourines in a much more literal manner than I had before heard and with excellent effect.

Con and Bernard have been transplanting flowers and have quite an array blooming now. The back yard could be made quite a desirable play place as well as a pretty outlook, but I suppose I had better leave it alone for the present.

George has gone to Washington, some new hitch as to Behring Sea, I suspect. This hot weather has rather upset Eric... he slowly and wearily crawls through the things you left him to see to - he makes me very anxious.

I will send this to Hope as he will likely know where you are...

Lovingly Anna.

295 University St. Montreal April 1894.

Dearest B.

A few dull days with rain has made the grass green and the trees bud out - A long corporation meeting today much disgusted papa, I believe they passed the regulation as to the entrance after September, and there was a very great wrangle as to the grounds - the Donalda's position in regard to sports being discussed at length. A notice was sent to you, that the lengthening of the session was to be discussed... I am told that the Profs are en masse indignant at the way in which the governors have discussed this simply as a matter of their pronouncing on, and with no reference to the recompense, wishes or needs of the gentlemen mostly involved.

I went to the opening of the Can. Art Exhibition with papa on Monday night, and was pleased to see the new rooms and some few of the pictures, a pretty one by Mrs McLennan.

Florence has been in the final anguish of her packing, and she and Will got off this afternoon with some 100 and odd packages and pretty well fagged out. I have the honour and satisfaction of having 10 children reposing under our roof, I only intended to have Victor, but when it came to the point, no one would have Owen so I had to take him as well.

I have been busy as usual with the everlasting children's garments, if only they could grow a nice fur coat like pussy or bunnie, how satisfactory it would be.

I have just got your letters and am delighted you feel well at end ofvoyage, I shall let Mrs Molson know of your safe arrival.

With very much love your Anna.

Montreal - May 11th. 1894.

Dearest Bernard :

I went to see Miss Phillips exhibition of her pupil's work today, Clare has a number of things shown, she has done several very clever things lately, a branch of apple blossoms, a group of radishes etc, these in colours in which she always excells - but Miss Phillips thinks Ruth is the most talented of the two, and Miss Gross reports the same as to Music - Ruth is really unusually clever..... I wish we could get some good teaching for Con who is also clever but backward - Lois reads far better than Bernard, which he will have to make up during the summer.

I have taken the occasion of Dr Browne being here to see baby to speak to him of Eric, and he gave him a thorough examination - he says he is run down, his liver is enlarged, his heart is not absolutely right, but it is a condition often present in overgrowth and immaturity - there is nothing absolutely wrong with his lungs, but he does not like his breath being short, which I have noticed markedly lately - still he is inclined to risk his going west with George. This is the only time this winter that I feel he has been satisfactorily seen to, and I wish it had been done sooner... Baby looks quite well and jolly now.

With love Anna.

Montreal - May 14th. 1894.

Dearest :

. . . . Mrs Bovey has spoken to me several times on the play question, and she has finally evolved a play club and got young Duff who graduated this year to take charge. Con and the others are to go three afternoons a week and be initiated into football, cricket and lawn tennis, as weather permits - under supervision and in strict obedience to 3 laws,

1. To play fair
2. To play pleasantly
3. No disputes when judge decides any question.

any boy to be sent home who fails to obey. Mrs Redpath's grounds to be used for this purpose. This scheme is what we also need at Metis for peace and comfort. I know of nothing that has given me more satisfaction for a long time than this move, and hope it will be a brilliant success.

I have got your second letter from London, you always write charming letters

and it is quite a pleasure to follow all your moves - meeting Penfold was fortnate, was it not ? and I hope you will go to Cambridge to the Newalla. Do see and hear and enjoy all you can - it is for all our benefits - and we were getting into a groove too narrow, but difficult to avoid with so little spare time and such limited means.

London fashion must have been instructive, I am very radical myself, but I do detest this sort of talk of Silcox and Herron - all the same, and if they fairly represent sociology can only tolerate it as one of the phases that may have to exist, on the way to better - all they say has been literally done by the Salvation Army - and if they would roll up their sleeves and go work with them it would be better than abusing capital, and culture, and stirring up strife.

George was down yesterday and still intends taking Eric, though the parliament has not given quite the supplementary note for the Survey's extra expense - and Selwyn is so stingy that nothing is being arranged definately. I quite see that George is doing this as a favour to me, but a little later I shall write to him and insist on paying Eric's expenses.

Much love dear I will write soon again, and hope that the letter will have the best news of the two ends of the family - Eric and Baby - As I write I hear the little chap's cheerful voice again, and quite think he will be all right .

ANNA.

295 University St. Montreal - May 21st. 1894.

Dearest B.

Your letter for Ruth, stamps for Bernard, pictures for Lois, also the Art Gallery book gave us all much pleasure.

Little Constance wants to put in a letter for you before she goes to bed.

" Dear father,

I hope you are happy in England, baby can say ta-ta, and bow-wow and is better - he is going out for a walk with me tomorrow.

from Constance "

No news from Rankine yet as to when he can be expected, his patient intends to stay 6 months in Victoria, as a trial and perhaps settle there for good - but when R. will be free he does not say.

I think Eric has been steadily loosing for the past 3 months, he still coughs a great deal . . . . I do not think I ought to make pretence of things here being better than they are, but you may depend upon knowing the truth and can have the good hope that before you read the letters the storms have probably passed by.

I shall try to get off to Metis before the 15th. though there seems a good deal between this and that - the Queen's birthday is the immediate bugbear, maids wanting to take the dayoff.etc.

With much love dear, and I only wish I could write you really nice letters

affctly Anna.

Montreal - May31st./94.

Dearest Bernard :

The Nat. Hist. Soc. has sent 3 messages, reminding me of Macbeth, to Hail you as a member of the editing committee, of the lecture committee, and a vice-president - If you want to decline, I give you due notice.

I wish I could give you good news of Eric - but Browne and Roddick both agree that there is trouble at the apex of both lungs, and Browne says plainly that he considers it most serious - he won't hear of any trips for him, and suggests the Adirondacks for the summer. This is a dark look out, but we must remember,, that back of all doctor's help, is God's will in the matter. I think in the meantime it would not be wise for you to alter your plans, you sorely want

The rest and change. I will go on with preparations for Metis, and if needful send the children down with Kate, and flo and some governess, and be free to take Eric anywhere if he seemed better - when you might come out in July and head the Metis party - but do not make any decision just yet. It grieves me to the heart to write you such bad news - and you know without telling how hard I find it to bear. I spoke to Mrs Molson today, as I thought she should be warned of possible change in your plans. As to money - I have what is in the bank and Eric's money. George has written most kindly offering to help, and papa of course, is always willing to help also. The way will open up somehow, but oh my darling, I wish I could spare you the anxiety and grief - God bless you dear One with His presence.

Lovingly A N N A .

Montreal - June 8th. 1894.

Dearest Bernard :

I don't know what to say about Eric, this whole disease is new to me, and I cannot understand what the doctors mean by what they say, but his strength seems very little and he is so drowsy. You may be assured that if you have had no cable before you get this, that matters are in my view and as far as I can ascertain brighter and more hopeful - God keep us all ! this is the hardest thing I have met yet in life. With love dear and go on with a brave heart, in the meanwhile, you may be sure I will do my best.

Eva has decided to come out in August, presumably with you.

Lovingly Anna.

Montreal - June 11th. 1894.

Dearest B.

Another pleasant letter from you - you seem altogether to be having a much better time than usual when away from home, and you need not feel " selfish " about it, it is the one thing that has been of great satisfaction and comfort these last weeks. Mrs J.H.R. was here on Saturday and certainly has a very real affection for you, she was very kind to Eric and self, but her greatest wish was that you should not be docked of one pleasant hour - which is also my wish dear.

On Saturday Dr Browne came up and said he had given the whole question his most careful attention, and he definately advised me to go to the Adirondacks, this relieves me of the difficulty of deciding.... I hope to send the Metis contingent off by Monday the 18th. and to get off myself as soon as possible after. whether I shall have to stay on, or only settle Eric there I cannot tell, and upon this I think would depend whether you change your plans or not... I shall take sketching materials, photographic supplies for Eric, and the driving ought to fill out the time.. As to money I have Carpy's $ 100, which she intended leaving to Eric, but has given me now, another $ 100 George sent, and Eric's $200.00 so that will go a good way.

We must now wait - I really was quite overwhelmed by this whole matter, but now I am able to go on more with better courage - and God's hand opens up the way.

With much love A n n a.

Montreal - June 16th. 1894.

Dearest Bernard :

I am sorry to have missed todays mail, but I really could not get a minute to write. Tomorrow Kate (cook) and Conrad go down to Metis and the other six children follow tomorrow with nurse and governess - then Wed. I hope to be off myself with Eric. It is most pitiful to see him an invalid, and I have had so little time to companion him or cheer him up, and long to rid myself of other cares and attend to him. I have engaged rooms at a place called " Maplewood Farm ", Elizabeth town N.Y. Browne objects to U.S. big hotels for sanitary

reasons, and does not approve of the sanitariums as depressing and hospitalish - I think every step of the way has seemed to to be made clear before I had to take it, and I earnestly hope that Eric may improve. I don't know how I shall feel when separated from any one to fall back upon. Papa and everyone have been most kind. Eric has been so good and pleasant and grateful, but the racket and confusion of the last few days evidently tried him greatly. Dr Browne has been kindness itself, gone into every detail as to clothing - and sat and talked over matters as if he had nothing else to do, and I have tried not to bother him or waste his time more than I could help, no relation could have been more helpful or thoughtful.

I ran into Lindsay Russel the other day, and he was much concerned, and I believe went and asked Browne if he could take Eric out on his yacht. I have asked Eliza if she can come up and do for us, if you or I have to be in town for a day or two any time.

Lovingly Anna.

Can you imagine the courage, faith and organizing ability of this remarkable Anna - moving 7 children with all their paraphernalia, in charge of newly engaged maids and governess to the seaside for the summer - then getting prepared herself to leave the next day with her invalid son for a health spot in the U.S.A., and all the time begging her husband not to return from a trip to England to help and sustain her , as she knew he was badly in need of rest and change and a fresh outlook of life before returning for the coming session at the college... One bows to the memory of such a person.

Maplewood Farm - July 5th. 1894.

Dearest B.

You must have had a very anxious voyage, and I cannot even feel sure that you had received the first letter I wrote you from here. I think we are as well placed as we can be in this neighbourhood. I see no improvement in Eric, and I want to have some further advice from some one who really understands lung trouble, there is at Saranac a Dr Trudeau, who has charge of a Sanitarium and who is well spoken of. I don't wish to suggest your staying over in N.Y. to make enquiries, for you cannot be more anxious to come on than I am to have you - but if there is any opportunity, try and make any inquiries. Westport is your station, and a stage runs up 3 times a day to Elizabethtown, where they will send you on in a lighter rig to this place.

I have told Mrs Molson you are on your way out, and have received a kind letter from her since.

Lovingly dear

Anna.

Elizabethtown - July 21st./94.

Dear B.

William came in before we left and was very kind, doing up final packages, he breakfasted with us and came to the train. The first part of the journey was short from 9 till 12.45, and was over the same road we went when we were married - we have often spoken of going again, have we not ? It was very hot and the car rocked terribly, so that we both felt quite ill, we got out at Westport rather meloncholy looking, and feeling dinner to be out of the question. Mr Conrad met us, and while he was attending to some little matters I got Eric some milk, then we got into his mountain waggon which I

would not recommend as the most easy of vehicles and off we went, 8 miles to Elizabethtown, and then nearly 2 to this place. Such a beautiful road and such glimpses of mountains with clouds and cloud effects. We are 100 feet higher than Elizabeth town and it seems to me likely to be more breezy. Flowers are all around and skirmishing among the peaks.

Eric never complains, and is willing to do whatever he can which is sadly little - he is always kind and thoughtful for me. I don't think I was ever more thoroughly tired out than yesterday, but I went to bed at 8o'clock and had the longest quietest sleep I have had for years.

So another page is turned in the book of life, and here we are in one of the most lovely places I ever saw, such a change from Metis.

With love dear. ANNA.

August 17th.

" It is not 24 hours since you left, but already it seems a long time The weather is perfect, and Eric seems bright this morning and talks of going to take the photos by the river..... Dearest do remember that hitherto you have left me to do all the acknowledging of God in our home, and I have tried to do my best, though I have not found it easy, but now, if I am to be away months and months do not let them feel it is of no consequence, they are quite too young to be left to their own devices, in that regard, and we surely have had reason to feel how necessary it is to train them for God and his service and not only for a place in this life.

I shall wait anxiously to hear how matters are at Metis, try and tell me how they all look. "

With love to all, dear heart. Your Anna.

August 21st./94.

" Mr Fidler, the boarder you befriended, is more restless and inclined to be discontented since you left, and evidently the poor man is couting the days till he can get back to his wife and child and again be " Fidlers three " Miss Hall is a nice pleasant little person, and if we only had a piano would contribute much to our pleasure, for she seems to be rather a musician, but unequal to alter her technique to the organ - it shouts and squeaks at her in derision, as she tries to play on with her usual facility - I had no notion that an organ could be so spiteful.

We miss you very much dear, I doubt if we have ever been so much together as during these last days, not since our honeymoon, so long ago, and it is certainly a great blessing to realize that after so many years you are more loving & more thoughtful, and more dear, and not less so.

The partridge shooting goes on every day or two, Arthur brings in two or three after the morning tramp, and today Beldon shot a partridge and a wood cock. Mr Conrad and three boys spent part of a day berrying last week, and brought home about three large pails of blackberries, and now we have blackberry pie every day.

I am longing to hear about everything at Metis especially about the two little girls.... Mr Fidler and Miss Hall were playing cribbage last night, and I am glad they have hit on that, to stop his meloncholy pacing up and down the gallery. Love to each and all of the little people, who I must not omit to write to now you are with them. "

Lovingly your Anna.

Maple wood Farm - Aug.28th./94.

A letter to Conrad at Metis from his Mother.

My dearest Conrad :

I have been thinking a great deal about you lately, for if you really have to go to the High School it will be a great change for you, it will be like the knights in the old time, who when they were old enough to be really

knights and go out and fight a real battle, they made great preparations, they got their new armour, and new swords, and new spears, and all they needed, and prayed beside them all night long - to prepare themselves for the dangers and temptations they would surely find in the wide world. Now while you were a little boy at home you met temptations, and troubles, but they were small ones, and if you were naughty, your mother was near to help you to be good again, and to be very sorry if you made mistakes, or got into trouble.

But when you go to school you will be judged by what you do, not by what you meant to do, or did not mean to do, and you have to stay at school 6, or 7, or 8 years, but before you have been there 6, or 7, or 8 months, all the teachers & scholars, will have a decided opinion of you and say ' he can be trusted, he is a truthful honourable boy ' or they will say ' he is a bad boy who has to be watched ' and if they once think that of you, it is difficult to make them forget it.

Also there are sure to be bad boys in your class, and bad boys take great pains and trouble, to make other boys as bad as themselves, and you can only keep safe from them, by never listening to any bad talk, they soon know a really good boy who despises them, and after a bit they leave him alone.

I want you to think about all these things a good deal, and every night when you pray, to specially pray, that God will give you a brave, true, clean heart, so that you may be ready to fight the good fight at school, for if you win in that fight, you are sure to win when you are a man and go out into the great world.

Now I want you to think what two things a boy would need to be to go thro' school well, and write and tell me, and as soon as you have done so, you can open the little closed letter in this and read what I think, and find if we both think the same ? Some boys win at school a bad name - some win prizes - some win friends but the great thing to win is an honourable name. The first Harrington (Eric) who went through the High did that, and I earnestly trust the second one may - and when the third and fourth go that they will do the same.

Dear boy this is a serious letter, but I am so far away from you, and I think so much of you that I must be serious sometimes - I wish I could send you out to get apples here, green yellow and red ones, and you might take as many as you pleased.

Thank dear little Lois for her letter, and tell her, I was much pleased with it.

With much love Mother.

Maplewood Farm - September 12th. 1894.

" Eric and I took advantage of the buggy prepared for the post, and drove up to the great pine tree, and settled ourselves there for the afternoon, Eric took one photo looking down the valley, and we sat against the roots of the beautiful old tree and enjoyed the delicious pine odour. "

" On my return from Montreal, I found Eric looking very well, better than when I left, and the fever seems to have been moderate and his appetite better... things may not be so dark as we have reason to fear.

Give my dear love to the children, I shall write to Clare and give her instructions as to her regimen, she and Ruth will need to go and see about their teeth. If you have not yet written to Trudeau, please say Eric is improving, and also if you can mention Rankine as having English degrees as well as ours, for I should like him to feel respect for him, and you could put it as if it were a kind of introduction, while Rankine could not boast of his own qualifications.

you will remember about Mr Gibb's barell of apples, and the children had better eat away at it, as they will not keep, also the grapes are very cheap, 3 cts a lb. I used to give the children grapes for tea instead of jam, mother also got a barrel of apples last Friday for $2.75. for which I have not paid. I am trying to get some nuts for the boys, but they will have to wait till I go in, or some one else does. "

Lovingly A N N A .

Maplewood Farm - September/94.

" As you see by the above inditement of the physicians .I have had time to think out here which I had not in town, everything was in a whirl, and it was like a time of war when one had to hurriedly do the best one could and rush to the next urgent matter. I do not see any great change in Eric since coming here - He just seemed to collapse, when all he was keeping up for was the western trip (the scheme fell through,) and I have no doubt he was far overtaxing his strength long before. The patient endurance with which he has kept on going and doing his daily duties till they became impossible is wonderful - with such a spirit, though, quiet and unaggressive , he would have had no difficulty in making his way. He is equal to nothing, just lies about all day, the least exertion using him up - there again I want clews, is he better to be thus quiet, or is exercise however little useful ? . . . . Dr Blackader is another man who is really careful and will study a case and not give up, or shut it off. "

Maplewood Farm - September 20th./94.

Dearest B.

Owing to the horse being ill, and the weather being rainy no one went to the village today . . Do you think there is any hurry about Trudeau ? I should think we might wait for Rankine - it won't take long for the 8th. to come now, and I should think he was by far the best person to go with us. How far is it from Harriettsville to Saranac ? could we not go there, it would seem more pleasant to me, and we might stay on there if we liked it.

. . . . my letters are not very soothing I fear, but I try to keep within reason as to interfering and advising about what goes on with the family in town, but my head is so full of you all, and I am so helpless. Lovingly Anna.

Maplewood Farm - September/94.

" You must speak to nurse and let her clearly understand that Lois and Eva must not toddle down the street alone - I used to let them do that when I was there, but I watched them there and back, and had an eye always on them, now it is quite another story, and after the things that have happened on our street, I think you will agree with me, that it is not safe to let them go away from our own doors without a proper escort - if Carpy wants them she must call for them; but the little girls must not go down, they must play with Bernard in the garden.

Mrs Molson is most kind, I don't think any one could have had more kindness and practical sympathy offered to them than we have - It is very pleasant to have Mrs M. speak well of me, be sure you tell mother, she and Eva always leave me very depressed with a strong sence of all my failures, and misdeeds - Eva has posted herself in the latest views of things matrimonial, and a candid narration of her views would turn the hairs of a matron of the last generation. The upper English, can evidently no longer be reproached, as being behind the French and Americans.

I sympathise with the women who find life too much for their strength, and courage, but I think they make bad worse, by sneaking, and dodging responsibility and overstrain - It is better to walk in a straight path at any cost, than to leave it for a crooked one.

Love to everyone, especially your dear and much tried self, I trust we may be spared to each other till the days come when I shall be able to take more heed of you, and be more of a companion. It seems far off. " Anna.

The Berkeley - Saranac Lake. Oct.17th/94.

My dearest B.

We left Maplewood Farm Sunday a little before 3 o'clock, amid regrets and expressions of kindness and interest from all the Conrad family that were quite touching. The weather held tolerably fine, we were well wrapped up and did not feel the cold, till the last quarter of an hour. The Westport hotel we

found most fresh and clean and comfortable - Eric went to bed directly after tea, and I lay down till time for the north train. and then went over to the station to meet Rankine. In the night it snowed quite heavily, and we could see white patches among the hills across the lake. After breakfast Rankine wanted me to walk to the village, weather was windy and cold, but we went, and I at least managed to warm myself up, though I was tired. Eric drove this distance, and here we had to wait half an hour for the train in a frightfully hot and crowded waiting room - then the hour to Platsburg, where we found the Saranac car waiting & got in to a very shabby dirty old car, and I found that part very long and tiresome, not so much on my own account, but mostly feeling for Eric. All through the mountains, snow was visable, and Lyon Mt. entirely pine clad was white with frost from base to summit - sunshine might have made it fine, but in a dull day it looked dirty white and not pretty, the leaves too were all dull and withered, and the whole country struck me as desolate.The bus for the Berkeley Hotel was not in waiting at the station, and it was so cold that we walked up, and sent down for the baggage. We had some tea and then went directly to our rooms. Eric looked very tired, poor fellow. We may be nearer home here, but it seems to me the end of the earth ! Rankine is very kind, and I let him manage in his own way, though it is not mine, and it is a great comfort to have him.

With much love to all -- Your Anna.

The Berkeley - Saranac. Oct.18th./94.

Dearest B.

The weather is at last fine again, and everything looks a bit more cheerful - Dr Hause came in today, and recommended a boarding house for us, it was one I was just going to see, the rooms are charming, and all looked so fresh and new and clean, I have arranged to go over in the morning - Eric's room has 2 good windows with morning sun and a wood stove.

I still think the Sanitarium would be the place, if Eric is to be left. Dr Hause says that Eric could not be admitted unless Trudeau says so - he says Eric's lungs are not in such a bad condition as many patients, it is Eric's low condition, age and continued fever, he does not like. I asked him if he considered it a hopeless case, that I would much rather be told so if he thought so, he said no, he did not think that. I also hear that a letter from Dr Adami to Trudeau would be likely to be very powerful, and that if we were to allow the lymph treatment, that would probably secure his entrance... these patients are looked after with very special care. Try and see Adami, and ask him as to this, and if he would mind writing, and it should be soon, as if Trudeau once refuses, it would be more difficult to change. We are to drive out to the Sanitarium tomorrow to have Eric's throat examined. I asked Dr H. if they would not take Eric for 3 months to see if he did not improve, he said, when they took people on trial they considered 6 weeks enough, but referred it all to Trudeau.

Every mortal here, is I believe a patient, or a friend or relative of a patient - the three best boarding places are full, and no hope of squeezing in at any part of the winter.. . . I can't think any more of anything tonight. I shall have to have money almost directly - I was afraid that Mrs Oakie would ask for money in advance for our rooms, which I could not have given her, it seems to me we must be pretty near the bottom of everything.

Do keep a sharp eye on Clare.

Lovingly Anna.

Saranac Lake - October 24th. 1894.

Dearest Bernard.

Tonight I had quite a sheaf of letters from the family such a comfort - Little Lois sends a very creditable little epistle, she must have had considerable help, I should think.

I had a note from Trudeau today, saying he had heard from Adami, and would see me tomorrow - I shall try and get T. to see Eric several times before he gives

The people here quite worship Trudeau, and his word commands what can be had in the place - he seems to be the father of the people, as well as their physician and scientific light.

I think we are going to be very comfortable here, and the air does seem different to me. Today a blooming-looking girl from Washington dined here, she came with a huge cavity in one lung, which is supposed to be entirely healed, and she hopes to go home this winter.

Eric has had several bad days lately and seems very weak, and no appetite , I had hoped he would have picked up a little before he saw Trudeau.

I still feel much time has been lost, but we have done our best - and it is just a fresh reminder of how much we need daily guidance, and how little we know what great issues hang on our small decisions and actions - how often one loses kingdoms gathering straws, but we would not, if we had our minds more enlightened from above, and would see things in their more true proportions.

George is always most kind and good and I hope if he is put in Selwyn's place it will not be a great burden to him.

..... Have just seen Trudeau, he was most kind, examined and questioned Eric - he has promised to see Eric a few times before giving a definate opinion, so we are to go again Saturday, meanwhile he suggests a slight change in regimen.

Now I feel things are in train and however they turn out, there will be no more neglect or lost time.

Lovingly A N N A.

Saranac Lake - October 29th. 1894.

Dearest :

We have been to Dr Trudeau and given him all the further information he asked for, and he has told me definately that he consideres Eric's an entirely hopeless case, his kidneys are affected, and his liver is enlarged etc he says the condition of his kidneys alone would make it undesirable for him to try and sit out of doors here through the winter - he says he could not have sufficient care at the San. though he would stretch any point if it would be of any service, on the whole he advises to keep him here for a time, one, two, months or more as he seems and then take him home. He was quite fierce about the way in which people now want to send away their sick and at any cost keep their homes untainted - he thinks with proper care, the risk would be extremely small. I asked him how long he thought the disease would take to run its course ? he said thatt was a hard question to ask - I replied no doubt, but that it was very important to me to clearly know what I had to expect, and he must try and give me some idea from his long experience. He said at longest a year, at the shortest 4 or 5 months I would not tell this around, it is quite enough for us to know just now.

Of course it is to be considered whether I shall stay on here, till such time as we come home, as I told mother I would rather not go home for a visit, unless some good object was to be served , it upsets me too much, and makes me useless for both places, perhaps you might come out sometime within a few weeks when you have thought it over.

I hope the dear baby is well again, do be sure the children are out as much as possible, especially the little ones, and warn the older ones to be careful about warm clothing..... I can't write more ---

Anna.

Saranac Lake - november 2nd. 1894.

My dearest Love :

I received your letter, you are very good to write so often, I have much more time to think than you have, I will be sure and ask for what we want. I am decidedly of the opinion to stay on here, as long as Eric is able to get about - for all our sakes. He has a better room, the most suitable food, and a gallery with three exposures by just going out the door - the outlook is pretty, and enough people come and go for variety. It is better for me also, I can really

see to him here, also you have all you can do to fight along, and if he is happy here, you may at least be spared that much, of seeing the boy of so much promise, so helpless and weak.... if you, dear heart take the best care of yourself and see to the children as well as you can, and be as happy with them as possible, and take as little care for us, as may be - I think it is all you can do. I take the best care of myself, take some exercise and go to bed early. And we must be thankful we can divide the duties as we can and that we have not the anguish of knowing Eric alone and uncared for amongst strangers.

Today is again beautiful, and we are going for a short drive in a few minutes - Eric prefers the single buggy, and the same gentle little horse, no strain to drive.

I wish you would try taking a raw egg after breakfast each day, such an addition to the meal, and with a little whiskey not difficult to manage with practice, and you really truly, know how much depends upon your caring for yourself, however troublesome it is.

I cannot see that the climate here is a bit different or superior to Canada, it is the outdoor habit, I believe that benefits the people - at all these health places, the people have nothing to do but go out, that is what saves them, I believe.

Dear, good, faithful love, don't trouble about me - you cannot alter the sorrow of it, and I don't think we can help each other more than by each doing the part we have at hand, and praying for each other and the dear boy.

With all love Anna.

November 7th./94.

Dearest, I hope Dr Trudeau will turn up tomorrow - Dr hause has been to New York, and returning unexpectedly, last night, was run into by 8 of his patients on a bob sleigh, careering down a forbidden hill. He was filled with wrath and waited with a lantern at the top of the hill to catch the offenders, but they vanished - and this morning an investigation was held, but no one knew who had been out the night before.

By the way, I wish you would get Lois to write one of her sweet little letters to Sybel Wilson, and sign her two names ' Lois Sybel ', she is still in the hospital, and would be so pleased - she loves children.

Anna.

November 10th./94.

" We sat out for two hours this morning, and this afternoon we went over to the library and Eric looked up some geographical points, and read the latest scientific magazine - he called my attention to an article in it showing on medical authority the excessive virtue of eating apples before going to bed, I must try and copy it for papa's benefit - and you might remember that my habit in that regard, is no more to be looked upon as a failing, but a recognition of great laws.

I have got another book about Savonarola, who was a most astonishing man, I have always been interested in him, but never had a chance to read him up before. It is the same story all through history - the man who consciously stands in God's sight, with the simple purpose of doing His will, is an irresistible power in the world.

I am so thankful you are not going back at nights to work, and have you acquired the egg habit ?

Lovingly Anna.

Saranac - November 17th. 1894.

" This is dear little Con's birthday, I hope it will go off happily I fear the party will be a difficulty with such lively spirits. I am very thankful if Con is realizing his moral responsibilities, he is such a fine noble lad but not one to walk by necessity in good ways, but open to all temptations,

You will be interested to hear that your friend Prof. Harrington the magician was here last week giving an exhibition, and I was made aware of his

coming by a hand bill setting forth his accomplishments, and also by getting a letter intended for him, which however, I did not open.

I went to see a Mrs Seybold yesterday, very stout and kind, her father is a Mr Booth of Ottawa, a lumber merchant, I think - do you know anything of him or the Seybold. Evidently they are very wealthy, and have 5 o'clock teas and kindly welcome for various lonely persons here, I will try and take Eric over one fine P.M. it will be such a change.

I conclude that baby has had a photo from various hints I have received do let me have one as soon as you can, and don't wait for times and seasons, I have no photo of you either, if you have one , send it with baby's.

Lovingly Anna.

Saranac Lake - November 27th. 1894.

Dearest :

I have got baby's likeness and it is a comfort to have his sweet little face to look at, it is quite a new face to me, I truly would not have known him, he is entirely different from the baby I left, he really is so pretty, I can see no likeness about his face to any of the others, unless perhaps the nose which is like Edith's and Conrad's and Lois.

Today has been dull with gusty snow storms, but we sat out 10.30 till 12.30, and to tell the truth, it is really pleasant to be part of the weather instead of simply looking at it from within.

I had a kind letter from Mrs Molson, which I shall enclose.

Lovingly Anna.

November 30th./94.

" You must not think Love ! that you are afflicted above others, in reading this summer I seemed to come on so many many family tragedies, so many sorrows above measure - I think it ought to make us feel very anxious to do all we can to help others, and to set our hearts on the things that don't pass away.

With much much love my dear dear husband, and do be very careful of your health and be out of doors every minute you can - you would find me looking much better certainly not so thin.

Lovingly Anna.

Saranac Lake - December 6th. 1894.

Dear .... Trudeau has not turned up yet, Dr Hause stopped in the street and told me he had given his report in, and that Dr T. would see me in the cours of a day or two. Though I am most unwilling to take Eric home amongst the others he is really getting too ill to be with strangers, that flatulence is most distressing, amd he eats scarcely anything, perhaps a glass of milk at each meal, and just tastes other food. I don't think the people here would like him if he were much more helpless. I do not see exactly what is to be done with the children at home, my heart fails when I think how impossible it will be to keep them from running in and out at all hours. If Clare were in good health Trafalgar would be the place, but I am under the impression that the girls get very little exercise, and that of the poorest kind. If she does not seem more vigorous soon I should feel inclined to take her out of school altogether the last term.

I think dear you had better arrange to come out when lectures are over, and prepared to take us home, unless some unexpected advice from Dr T. alters my thoughts - I would like you to see Trudeau yourself, and I would like to know how you find Eric since you saw him last, it is a long time now.

I had so much more to say, but have not any courage today. and can't think properly.

Lovingly Anna.

Saranac Lake - Dec 11th. 1894.

Dearest Love : After dinner, we went for a drive in fine style Eric seems to me , less tired after a long drive than after sitting out, and if

only weather and roads hold, I must keep it up..... Eric was delighted with the box, and still appreciates the ladies fingers - the jelly he also likes and I think you might bring me a little more, he likes fameuse apples, and we had some here once, but I have been a little doubtful about giving such to him. He has been greatly relieved from flatulence the last few days, due I think to a new medecine Dr T. has given him, he also sleeps so well since he has taken it - he looks so relieved.

I have two soapstones on hand for Mrs Molson, she seemed to like the idea of having them for her carriage, they will be the greatest comfort and keep her cosy and warm.

I am exceedingly, deeply sorry for Anna McDonald's marriage - poor Mr McD. it seems an evil reward for her to run off after all his generous care, and I fear the poor girl herself will find she has but a woeful time of it, after her independent and wealthy life at no. 3 - a nobody in a mother's house. Though I am not surprised that you should not have found time to call, I sincerely think it is your duty, and not his, to do the look up. He came to see me twice after you went to England, and the last time though I knew about Eric, I did not mention it to him, which I felt was scarcely friendly, but the shock was fresh, and I felt I could scarcely go into it calmly and that it was not fair to risk distressing him by loosing my self-control, but I have thought several times that when he heard of it from others, he must have thought I purposely excluded him from a friend's privilege. He must have felt dreadfully depressed by Anna's affair , and indeed we have never been as kind to him, a lonely man, as we should have been and we should not neglect him now.

I don't know of anything else except a little book I want Ruth to get and you to bring out.

With much love Your Anna.

Saranac Lake - Dec : 12th./94.

Dearest B.

You will let us know when you expect to come, as some household preparations will have to be undergone, and Mrs O. would doubtless like a warning. She is only too glad to have you, as the house is not full, I count the days Love, till I see you - it makes me realize how lonely the exile has been.

Eric continues to be more comfortable, he looks to me better than he has been all summer. His throat I fear is bad but I think it has been neglected. but now Dr Hause is really seeing to it, he says that he never dealt with so intractable a throat. Trudeau is a rare man, if you can get him to centre his mind upon you. He has been urged to give up all practice except one consulting hour a day - and is told it is at the peril of his own health if he oversteps that limit. You can sympathise with a man in that position. I am trying to think out our problem in all its bearings, and to make a list of definate questions for Dr Trudeau.

I have got 2 wee silver thimbles for Eric to send to the little English cousins - I could get nothing else, and I could get nothing to send myself as there is nothing to buy, and I have no time to make.

With love Anna.

Unless other letters of this period turn up, this one of December 12th. is the last that Anna wrote till she was again at Metis some months later. In the meantime Anna & B.J.H's much beloved boy Eric had passed away for heavily black-edged writing paper is now being used, and strange to relate, Anna is now nursing her next son Conrad who has been and still appears to be quite seriously ill, while father is at Metis again caring for the other children.

## 1895.

295 University St. June 14th. 1895.

Dearest B.

I hope the daughters reached you tonight in safety, they left this morning in high spirits, Mrs Molson herself conveying them down in her open carriage, and as William, Aunt Mary and her Andrew, and Florence were there, they had a grand send off.

Dr Browne has been here each day- and today he examined Con. giving especial attention to his right lung and said he considered Con distinctly inproved I have not talked to him about it seriously, out of Con's hearing, for it does not seem any use, till he has time to see how Con goes on. Whatever he thinks of the future , he evidently intends to let Con go to Metis, unless he does not continue to improve. On the whole the fever lessens, and the boy certainly looks better. He has framed various pictures for Metis, and mended all the fishing-rods, I make him a bed on the sofa every day, and he can look out of the window.

I am sorry you have not begun the wing, though I am not surprised that you are out of heart about it - I thought you intended to get the walls up, and drop it there if there was any needs be - I think mother would faint if she had any idea the house was not rising ! If Con is down it would keep him amused and interested, and also keep Bernard the less out of mischief - I am really shocked at the stories Con has told me about his behaviour last summer, and have myself observed lately so much that is lawless and naughty, the less he is out of your sight the better, he is distinctly not to be trusted - he seems to delight in audacious rudeness which without his understanding is sometimes shocking - dear little child he has not had as much attention as he might have had.

Do Love keep up a good heart, we can but follow on day by day and wisdom and love is behind our short vision you may be sure.

Lovingly Anna.

University St. June 16th. 1895.

Dearest Love :

We have settled into our quiet life, the weather has been very pleasant the last two days, and Con has been up and out on the gallery today and yesterday - I spoke to Dr B. yesterday, he said he quite expected we could get off by the end of next week. Con longs for the home life with the others, and he wants to have hens, and if the fence is put round the garden I suppose he might .. he asks that you keep any wire fencing that may be over for the front of a chicken coop, and to say if there will be enough over ? he also wants to know if the flask of powder and the shot were stolen, and if they were brought back, for if not he will bring some down, he says, and he does not want the gun to be cleaned, he will clean it when he comes. He is very good - dear little soul ! about everything but eating.

Dearest, try to take all the happiness out of each day, I try to do so what ever the future may bring. I do not think it is possible for us to judge quite clearly as to what Conrad's health in the future may be - the fear is so great & neither of us incline to make too cheerful forecasts - sufficient for the day, and we must hope that this shadow will pass away. If the doctors find that Conrad is seriously in trouble and should have to go away later on, I don't see that anyone could go with him but myself, and more I don't think I could help going, it is the old story of the shepherd leaving the 99 for the 1, all the others with their needs fade away when one is in danger.

Please see about the horse for Clare, it seems most important, and I should think it would be very good for Con if he picks up a little - Mrs M. was urging this.

Now Beloved ! take the best care of your dear, good, loving self, and let me have the happiness of seeing you look well and bright when we meet.

Lovingly Anna.

Montreal - June 19th. 1895.

Dearest B.

Finley has just been here, and is evidently much surprised to find Con so improved - the left lung is very much better, he did not say so much about the other, and we are to go on Friday , if all be well - I asked him if we might hope that the trouble would prove temporary, he said no one could tell, only to watch him - keep him always out of doors, that he might row or paddle or ride in moderation and bathe after a few weeks if the improvement continues.

I think dear that whatever the future holds, we have great reason to be thankful that the child is better, and that we are not to be separated again - Dear, dear love ! do be careful of yourself, and bring us a covered carriage, and a cushion & plenty of wraps - I have a shawl and waterproof - I shall have two trunks and perhaps a valise.

Lovingly and with love to all A N N A.

Little Metis - September 18th. 1895.

Dearest Love :

Another letter to thank you for, and Mother was glad to have your facts - meanwhile , she is contented to fence the new property for William and have the cottage moved.... she is determined to move the cottage at once, and then to leave all further alterations to the future - the fence is already under way, the holes dug, and rails piled up. All this has once more deprived mother of the season of perfect repose which at last seemed to have come, I have given up the hope of it ever arriving , and one can only make the ceaseless activity as pleasant as possible. Mother talks of meeting Papa at Quebec.

We have bought partridges this morning, and the children plucked them, they are getting quite expert at the business, and Con and Bernard have sawed up enough wood for the little stove, and collected all the ends of the pickets for the purpose of burning.

I saw 3 tramps yesterday, one of whom walked into the parlour, but he did not seem very vicious, though he was annoyed because I could not understand his extraordinary patois - the other 2 I met on the road, they were the most abject beings I ever beheld, and I was sorry to be unable to offer them some sympathy in the shape of food or money.

I hope you are meditating, or preparing some definate statement of your wants for the Governors at an early date - you have done so much pioneer work, and now that the need of that is largely over, you should not so much as a matter of grievance, as for the credit of your department, and the honour of your chair insist upon better equipment - the work you initiated and have trained men to carry on, no longer counts for you or your work , it is on its own feet, and no one remembers or inquires who put it there.

The children have run off to see a fire up the road, and I must go and see if they are in any place they should not be - it looks like a building but may only be bush burning.

Don't mention about the house moving, mother is determined to do it, and papa may as well not know till it is done.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - September/95.

Dearest:

We had seatrout for breakfast yesterday, and plover for tea, we are not likely to starve and today Mr Mathewson brought us a pair of duck. One sees plenty of game from the shore, and Conrad is wild to join in the sport

Little William Seymour, now nick-named ' Poppy ' came running in to dinner yesterday crying " papas, papas - and he looked quite lost when no papas was to be seen, also he is much astonished at being moved upstairs, but he will have more air there. Little Bernard certainly is difficult to teach, but if one could only get the

right person he would get a st art that would enable him to go on successfully at school - I should not be surprised if school proved excellent for him, he loved the Kindergarten.

Mother confided in me that Papa had telegraphed to her last week to offer $ 450 without furniture, or $500 with for the cottage... I don't myself approve of this purchase, for mother will spend money and time and strength on it, far more then the extra benefit to Florence will outweigh. It really is deplorable that mother never can be quiet, it does make life difficult, and I doubt Florence being at all grateful when all is done - though if you remember, this house which has been such a blessing to us, was forced upon us in much the same way - so one never can tell how things are going to turn out.

I shall hope to have good news of you and the dear girls - Lois says she hopes you like the sandwitches, and she gives you her love.

affectionately Anna.

Little Metis - September 20th. 1895.

Dearest :

Today I went off fishing with Con and B. - we met Mrs Campbell and her boys drove up the road to Tuckeys as far as the bridge, and there we all followed the stream down to the mill, I had never been all the way down before, and there are pretty little falls on it. I was surprised at how well Bernard knew all the paths, and geography of that woody and watery flat back of Crawfords - he guided us without hesitation, through tangly places, and pointed out each log where he had seen fish. We came through the woods quite in the dark about 6, and Con was the only timid one of the party.

Mother has been in great concern about the burglar stories, and saw three men yesterday whom she was sure were of the band, several other people were bandying dreadful tales about them, and finally Sam McNider was requested to sleep there and keep guard, I have advised her to have him or Cavil every night, as there is no use her lying awake, and listening to every sound.

I really think the cottage is a really good bargain, though I was very unwilling to have mother embark on it. Don't mention burglers to papa please. The weather today is perfect, and Mother and I even took a plunge in the sea with no ill result, though I confess, it was from a desire to have a whole bath, rather than a longing to cool ourselves.

This property business has taken up a lot of time, and mother is in agonies about it all through because she is taking my time, and for fear papa may not approve - I wish she could be deprived of the power to see the worries, and to be able to look ' couleur de rose at life.

I should much like to see Rachel Skelton, she is one of the dear people, give her my love if you see her again. I still intend to go up next Friday if all remain as it is - Mr Frank went up this morning, bag and baggage - so we are the last roses of summer.

With all love Anna.

Little Metis - September 21st. 1895.

Dearest :

We have had perfect weather, yesterday I was out in the punt most of the afternoon with the two boys, and on our return , we lit the Boveys spruce shelter, which made a fine blaze, I think it would be wise to light the Fleets also in case of its being done later in some careless way. By the way, whether through mother's talk , or their own apprehensions, Dr. Kemp, Sam and Cavil patrolled the road last night for fear of the burglers - apparently 5 unknown men passed down yesterday, and no trace of them was found after Sandy Bay Hill - so presumably they were lurking about. I really have felt no great uneasiness, such a lot of cry it seems to me and little wool - and circus men out of food and work, do not seem to me of the awful type.

Poor Allen Law, he has a faithful and loving spirit, and he will not be easily able to replace Eric as a friend - I cannot even now realize that he has gone.

ERIC

Every little occurrance brings it back to me like a new stroke. We ought to have a stone put up where he lies, in one way it matters little, and again he was worthy of every mark we can make, of his short pure life.

' Poppy has learned to whistle, it is too funny to see him, I gave him a dose of castor oil this morning, as he looked a little out of sorts - I am so afraid of the excema, which again threatens him, his last tooth is still in abeyance.

With very much love Anna.

It is difficult to imagine the grief and anxiety that parents suffer, when watching their children in illness, and especially when they hold the knowledge that these young lives will never be restored to health. Anna and B.J.H. had now lost their two eldest children - Edith at 11 years and Eric at 17, really crushing sorrows for them - then on top of these tradgies, Conrad contracted a serious tubercular infection, but mercifully in the last few letters we are assured that this is under control and that he will be well again. Anna though grief stricken carries on with unwavering courage.

## 1 8 9 6 .

University St. June 6th. 1896.

Dearest B.

Your telegram reached me this afternoon - South Bethlehem was not in the geography when I was taught, and I am unaware of its whereabouts, so shall send my letter to Philadelphia.

Baby ' Poppy ' continues to look extremely well, and I have my hands full to keep him quiet - Dr Deeks came in today, and was amazed, he expected to find partial paralysis and so on, and could scarcely believe his eyes - He and Browne are both quite nonplussed - but I could not get Deeks to admit that the cause was his fall, rather than something functional , he said we must wait and see. They made me cut his pretty hair the other day, but what is left curls all over his head, and I only wish I could get a photo taken of him.

Bernard is up at the Molsons and seems to be in high favor - he and Ruth made a celebration for Mr Molson's 90th birthday.

Monday will see Clare, Kate and the three little ones off to Metis.

Kindly greetings to your party who you are travelling with -

Lovingly Anna.

P.S. We will have been married 20 years tomorrow - June the seventh.

Montreal - June 8th./96

" The Metis party left this morning in great spirits. Baby keeps well and has a capital appetite, and is very jolly - he cannot stand on his little foot and he gets tired of sitting, and every now and then flings everything all over the place, as an outlet for his pent up energy.

Hoping you have continued good success in your journey. " Anna.

Little Metis - June 30th. 1896.

Dearest B.

Added to your kind letters, I had two from mother tonight giving some account of her doings - she tells me that Rankine had had a gun-metal cigar case with 1896 set in diamonds across the corner, sent to him by Lady Shaftesbury - and an antique silver tray from Lord Ardillon - her second letter was all sympathy

about Poppy, I was sorry she and papa took it so much to heart, when so many other interests were pressing.

We have had a furious stormy night, and a furious blow all day - the Molson's yacht was seen anchored at the point this A.M. and Con tore off to give the news, but they could not land till this evening owing to the rough sea. They had a terrible passage, could only sport one fore sail, and had that split, the flag torn to shreds, and the second sailor ghastly sick all the way.

Try not to worry about the dear little child. I do my very best to watch over him and one can do no more - these attacks are very frightening, and make me very nervous in case I do not do the right thing. Dr K. is evidently not one to lean on.

There was great excitement on the beach today , Conrad observing a baby porpoise drifting among the reefs off the Botterells shore - he tried to drive it out to sea but could not, and it flopped and floundered amongst sea and rocks till it was cut and bleeding, by the time I heard of it, Con had got Dr. Sam and two Indians on the scene, and the latter wanted to shoot it, however he hauled it out by the tail and knocked it on the head, to the great wrath of the girls present. Con wanted to sell it to the Indians, but finally he bargained for a bow and arrow of majestic size.

I shall hope to hear from you tomorrow evening - the Sunday makes the time seem long when you are not here.

With love as ever - Anna.

Little Metis - July 1st./96.

Dearest Bernard :

I hoped that being away from the daily reminder of watching little Poppy, that you would not always have a dread in your mind about him - try not to dear. If the little child is to be taken from us, I still would not wish to embitter the days with fears. Let us take the daily blessings and be thankfull - I think to live in fear of Evil is the most terrible of all things, & if he grows up to take his part in life, we only waste needful strength in fearing - I am satisfied to know the issue is in His hands who can make no mistake & to know that a blessed happy innocent little child if taken from this world of trouble is not the worst of calamities, I can take that calmly - It is the shock and horror of these attacks - It is the feeling that Hagar had, that she could not bear to see her son die, that one cannot bear to contemplate, and I just turn my mind away from it. ... Both little feet can wear boots now, and he looks sturdier and more active every day - mosquitoes are worrying tonight and I fear he has been bitten while playing among the trees.

Try and be as happy as you can, and see as much of Mr McDonald as possible

Lovingly dearest Anna.

Little Metis - July 3rd./96.

Dear Love:

I did not manage to write yesterday, but we go on well, the baby looks splendid, and certainly loses day by day, those nervous ways, he sleeps well and plays actively and with keen interest. I certainly have the impression that whatever was wrong in the little head that it is improving steadily

Yesterday Mr Tuckey took Ruth, Con, Bernard and Victor down to the trout stream and they caught several dozen - B. got the largest fish of all, and they all had a lovely time. Owen came over to dinner and he and Lois went out fishing afterward, but caught nothing.

Must stop, with love - Anna.

Metis - July 15th. 1896.

Dearest B. I enclose a letter received from Rankine, with further developments, of what seems to me a dangerous idea, however one never knows. evidently R. does not intend to honour us with a visit here, which I would like

much better than in town, however we must do as we can - The life here would be nice for Glo , and I should think agreable and would give her an excellent opportunity of knowing us all.

The day has gone by as most do here - Bernard and Stuart Peck caught a lobster in a pool at low tide, but Mr Peck threw it away as it was carrying eggs and he said it would not be good to eat. Halibut was brought around today and I was offered salmon but could not take it.

I think you had better not speak of Rankine's mining ideas to anyone, just say he has gone west on business.

## 1897.

Little Metis - June 23rd. 1897.

Dearest B.

Lois is undoubtedly trying to take the measles, and has been kept in bed, there is only a suspicion of rash on her face, she really is not ill, and somewhat regretfully acquieses in a low diet ! and has partaken of liqurice powder. Eva has been very sick, quite prostrate, and two very bad days, did not even want to be spoken to, she looks thin and shrunken, poor little maiden - Poppy is as good as can be, and seems comfortable, he is in my room as we wanted him to be quiet. Kate does not understand the necessity of disenfecting rooms and it goes to her heart to starve a patient.

Did you notice all the fuss in the papers about Stanley Bagg, who at a sale at Birks jewellery store, lost his temper with a clerk, and smote him with a curious antique sword, and made a gash on his cheek. The offended party ordered B. to send $500.00 to the hospital, and to make himself responsible for doctor and consequinces - you may imagine the fuss over it - it is too bad for so large a connection to be involved in such a scandal

So many people coming down on Saturday, but no one will want to go near us for weeks, and we shall be able to have Mrs Molson delightfully quiet ( if she comes ) as she would like.

With love Anna.

Little Metis - July 7th/97.

Dearest B.

... Your two letters to Clare and Ruth have come to hand, and do not tell us very much about your movements - it will be very nice if you can bring Mrs Molson down with you, I think she would be easily persuaded, particularly if heat has again come on. I have had the spare room swept and garnished in expectation of her coming.

The new stove was today put up in triumph, Conrad covered with glory and black lead, actively engaged in the ceremony - Tonight we had a great tea in consequence. Poppy looks splendid, and seems like a perfectly well child, he is most anxious to bathe, and now he much enjoys a salt water tub in the house. Bernard is determined to be emancipated from such bondage as washing his hands or changing wet stockings, I have sent him to bed twice after tea, and today he dined in the nursery - he does have a hard time in ruling himself, or letting any one else do so.

Your loving Anna.

Little Metis - August 15th./97.

Dearest Bernard:

I fear you must have looked with disappointment in the letter-box, and I only hope that you have been too busy to really remark no news from Metis - Papa has had a note from Lord Lister in answer to one you delivered, so I have been able to trace your doings so far. There is little to report here,

Gordon Blackader's hay-cart party came off Saturday, with the usual cake and candy Con got 5cts in his cake, which I at once locked up - but as he broke a pane of glass at McNider's and was too proud to put it in himself, he had to pay out 50 cents, which was certainly an undue charge, and that leaves his gun money rather wanting.

A tableau exhibition took place Saturday evening at the town hall , and I was implored to lend Ruth for a gipsey, and Clare to adorn something else - but though Miss Reford was stage manager - I refused - I don't know that it is even well to let them go to these things, when I consider them unwholesome lessons in vanity and self-consciousness - my idea of a good manner is not constantly to remember oneself, but to forget oneself, however I am letting 4 go to see it, and no sooner than they had gone, Gordon Blackader appeared with a bundle of Roman candles to be set off in honour of his birthday and could get no spectators, so Bernard and I went up to the field and helped to fire them off !

Lois is rather disfigured by a black eye, she fell on the boulders while running down to swim, she also scratched her arm, but both, will soon pass.

This continued easterly wind makes papa say the summer is over, but I trust brighter weather will soon come, and bring warmth with it.

With much love A N N A.

Metis - August/97.

Dearest B.

It has just struck me with a pang, that it was silly of us not to think of your taking Clare with you to the Meeting at Toronto, it would have been such a great opportunity for her to see people and things, and take her out of the littleness of school girl life - When Harriet Russel spoke of so many English young girls having come with their fathers, it all flashed upon me. I remember still how much it meant to me going to one of these meetings with papa when only 14 - One must be more wide awake in future.

Everything goes on well here and I hope that you will find the advantage of your being at the meeting outweigh your burdens, I know you will make it very nice for all the strangers, and hope the headaches will leave you alone.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 19th. 1897.

Dearest :

Received your letter last night, and hear from various quarters that the guests are delighted with everything, even the east wind in the gulf - and I am sure you have added no little to the success, you are so very thoughtful and kind - Don't worry darling about being behind in some things, it is hard I know, and a man like Calendar, who has given himself entirely to investigation & let nothing interfere, never could have done what you have done in helping in the college and training men who are now doing you credit. It may not show so much but it is perhaps a greater and better work if taken at it's true value. Sybil W. was saying that no one knew better than you how to make strangers comfortable and happy, and it is true.

We are looking forward to having you here again soon, full of Niagara and pleasant recollections I trust - Sybel is in no hurry and will probably stay till the end of the summer.

Lovingly Anna.

## 1 8 9 8 .

Anna makes a short visit to Como, probably for a small interlude of rest and a change of mind from the continued worry over dear little William Seymour. Carpy's health is also failing, and she is not at all well.

Como - May 8th. 1898.

Dearest B.

We arrived here without any adventures, and Madam was pleased to see us, but she supposed ' A.L.H. ' meant your noble self. We have a charming upper chamber, two windows, clean as recent housecleaning can make it. As soon as we had settled in, we went for a walk up the village met Mr Gibb at his own gate and exchanged a few words with him, then we went down to the waters edge and sat there for an hour or so, it was quite warm and lovely - the spiders running about over the hot stones, and the trees still standing in the high water.

There is no service this morning, I wish I had seen Mrs Gibb for I am sure she must read the prayers in her little chapel, and I would like to go. It is so wonderfully quiet, I would like to stay here all May, and have the children one after the other stay with me - so the quiet spell be not broken, it is that lack of repose and quiet that is so fatal to the right development of children, and Metis no longer supplies this. I hope the children will be good, and I think this would be the very place for mother, perhaps she could come up next week. Kisses for Poppie and the dear little girls, and I hope Con and Bernard will break the record for goodness and thoughtfulness.

Lovingly Anna.

295 University St. Montreal - June 9th/98.
Anna to Bernard at Metis.

Dearest Bernard:

I am so glad to hear that you arrived safely and are doing well, I fear I neglected giving you a cookery book, but if you can get salmon and eggs, I daresay you will do very well. I think with great pleasure of you being with the boys, like this - it really is worth fortunes, and I only wish we could be in some quiet place every year where we could have the youngsters to ourselves.

Poor Carpy is in a very critical condition, I really thought she was dying last night, and I sent for the doctor and he thought she could not go on for very long - it is her heart which threatens to fail.

I hope to send the children down next Tuesday, and Mrs Molson wants to know if we could have her at any time at Metis ?

Last night Mrs Stirling and Mrs Russel came in for an hour, we received them in the library, and gave them lemonade - it was a very warm evening.

Carpy was very vexed that Con did not say good-bye, and keeps going back to it, please make him write and say he is sorry not to have been down and any other pleasant thing - Bernard did go in which pleased her.

A.

Montreal - June 13th. 1898.

Dearest Love :

Your long letter arrived this morning and rejoices my heart - It seems to me one of the best weeks in your life, and if the dear boys could only live with you like this in all the vacations it would be the making of them. It is the common, aimless, stupid companionship that is so bad for them, and Conrad has not sufficiently definate aims or tastes to raise himself out of them - Bernard will have, if we can succeed in starting him right - Poor little soul, he is sure to find life difficult.... It is sad about the mice, I wonder if moth balls would prevent them from nibbling ? I rather think they might as the creatures have such keen noses, I shall try to bring some.

Don't worry about me dear, I really did a lot of planning and arranging while getting you off, and can pack the next lot with comparative ease, especially as being still here, I can pick up any forgotten things if needful. The boys went off in excellent order, every stitch put in and every spot taken out, and with old clothes to work in and I hope the girls will also go in order. Don't worry one bit about me, I doubt we shall have any trouble, the pulmans are secured so the 2 maids Clare and the 3 children will leave on Tuesday and you will send for them the following morning, I should think 2 buckboards and a cart would be

quite enough. Papa and mother hope to go down next week, papa looks uncommonly bright and George was down yesterday.

I do hope, my thoughtful kind old love; that you will be left in peace at Metis for a little while, till I get down, and we can review the Robinson Crusoe island together - Cooky is going Wednesday, I begin to suspect she takes a drop which would account for many things, Kate said when she came in with Lizzie last night, there was a strong smell of liquor, and Lizzie said " Give us a drop, do Mary " and she flew into her room and locked the door - I shall be glad to have her off in any case.

Poppie is sweet as ever, though there is no doubt that inbred sin has wakened up in him,but I am trying to be sharp with him, and get him well in hand or rather not let him get out of hand.

Tomorrow is Ruth's last exam, and it threatens to be hot again. Florence is to be here this week, she expects an addition to the family in October and is very low and much harassed - Helen Baynes is going down to Metis with her. Helen intends going into the Victoria for training this fall - even only daughters cannot bide at home.

Lovingly ANNA.

295 University St. - June 1898.

Dearest B.

We have a very quiet house now, but have not been very much in it owing to one thing and another. Carpy is past all her restleness and weariness, and troubles and lies quite unconscious and quiet... and nurse Dodds says she is practically done with this life - and I like to think of her waking up in the better life, and all the dear ones welcoming her there - she was a most loving soul. Mr Fleet is coming to see me tonight to discuss what has to be done with the house and her possessions. What about her piano ? would you think it worthwhile to take it to the sea ? Carpy herself suggested this.

Papa had another attack yesterday, and is very down today. George talks of sending down an easy carriage for him, but Astle's old doctor's car might do just as well, and then we could have Tuckey and his horse to pull it. Papa has written to ask George to come down with him, quite needless,except it may do George himself good, Florence said he was looking very tired and pale.

I do hope you won't have to come up before I go down, as I will not feel very easy about the boys for they wont obey Clare I fear.... Ruth is enjoying repose and relief from study greatly , we both slept about 11 hours last night and were much the better for it.

With much love Your Anna.

University St. - Montreal, June 20th./98.

Dearest B. -

Carpy died very quietly , last night, a little before 7 o'cl. she looked very reverend, and entirely peaceful, with her lovely halo of white hair - I am truly sorry that all the children cannot see her. Mrs Hail her trusty worker is in and out, but will not sleep in the house or would not look at Carpy You can see that I cannot well leave Tuesday, but am very thankful you are with the children. Mother and Papa go down as arranged - and you will of course meet them.

Lovingly Anna.

295 University St. - Montreal, June /98.

Dearest Bernard :

I hope that all goes well with you and the boys, we have had no news since the first letter, but realize that the building of the new Wing accounts for a good deal.... While sitting and waiting at Carpy's, I have been reading snatches of Dr Carpenter's life, his father and mother must have been wonderful people, so devoted in spirit, so carefully considerate, in all the details of life, so truthful and methodical. We have not much longer to mould our children, especially the boys, and I feel as if I only had light and insight

? enough to see my mistakes and not to do the right things - but I never can feel there is a right influence, or expect a blessing when you are not priest as well as father - and as a family we neither give thanks nor ask for help and guidance. These things have been the strength of the family religious life in all times, and seems so much more important than anything else - what are learning or money or friends or anything unless a human soul lives in the service and fear of God. It is the one thing I constantly pray for all the children - and yet we never speak of it.

I hope you are not finding any real trouble in your gipsey life - and it is an inexpressible comfort to me to feel the boys are having such a healthy happy chance of working with you, and you of knowing them and gaining their confidence.

affectionately your Anna.

Little Metis - Sunday July 9th. 1898.

Dearest B.

I enclose you this charming little bill, and only hope it wont add bother to your other woes - if there is any difficulty about it I could lend you some from my $1ooo.oo which is still in the Merchant's bank.

I am also very sorry to tell you that Poppy had another attack last night, shorter than the last one, but much the same in character, he seemed to come out of it at the end more quickly. He is as bright and merry as possible this morning. I fear the excessive heat, and a rather too good tea may have had something to do with it, and indeed I have not been so watchful of him in little ways as I used to be - my anxieties being more fixed upon the older boys. Do not feel cast down - I do not - I believe the child will entirely outgrow this, and be a blessing in the world, otherwise I would rather he did go, now, in his sweetness and beauty, among the many little ones who make up a great part of the Kingdom of Heaven. I have great faith as to this child.

The white roses are coming out slowly and are most lovely. Poppy is recovering his usual looks though a little inclined to be mischivious, and he laments over his poor fare, he is so hungry, and I have given him very simple diet for the last few days - he says " where is my dinner, that not dinner, no meat or potatoes

The strawberries have been most abundant, I never saw them so large or so plentiful - we will try and keep a few for you. The bunch of bananas arrived safely with 80cts freight and 25cts carriage - mother can buy a few at a time here rather than at Landrys.

I have just got a photograph of Rankine's little Margaret, the sweetest wee baby..... Bernard wants 2 large rubber bands for his catapult, I promised him that I would let him use it here but not in town.

With all love Anna.

Metis - July 19th. 1898.

Dearest B. : We had quite expected you to come down Saturday, and I fear no one wrote, in case of your being detained further, I write a line. The carriage arrived, and the trial trip was a success - papa seemed pleased with it, and the kind thought it implied - The piano is eagerly looked for, Ruth is wild to get her fingers on the keys again.

Today has been perfect, clear and crisp, every one rejoicing. Con and Clare have gone to church, and I have finished reading to the others except Bernard, who disappeared in the sulks because I would not let him go to church. It is the first naughty thing I have known him to do since I came down.... I would like a copy of the Holy War, which is on one of the top shelves in school room - black back and marble sides - I think it would be interesting for all the children.

I badly need some cards of navy blue darning wool, also more coffee and a cake of sapolio, I believe if you stayed in town all summer, we would keep on thinking of things - my mind has not been keen and orderly lately, and I fear I have been letting everything go, as much as maybe.. I hope Mrs M. will manage to come down.

with much love Anna.

Little Metis - August 19th. 1898.

Dearest B. :

Papa is very anxious to know about the train service, we hear that drawing-rooms are engaged till Sept. 5th. and it would never do for papa not to have it - let us know as soon as you can.

Conrad and some of his friends rowed out to meet a small steamer which put in here - the Mayor and Premier of Quebec on board, they stopped to land some very sea-sick passengers. The boys were invited on board and offered wine, which all declined. The gentlemen inquired their names, and said they knew Dr Bovey, but had " never heard tell " of you ! suggested that the boys should go on to Quebec and return in four days.

Con. has had several sails in the skiff, mostly on moderate days when there was little danger - Bernard has been rowing a good deal, which is good for him - he is keenly interested in Uncle Tom's Cabin, also Lois, Eva complains of it being mixed !

Lois and Eva went for a hay-cart drive today with the Bovey's - this left Poppy alone, so I asked Heber(Dawson) over - when the two were seated at either end of the little table, Poppie said " that Ida had better go into the kitchen and he would rap on his plate if he wanted her, so she went, and presently he rapped, and when she came, he said in a stately manner, " Change the plates Ida " He is such a droll little man, but alas ! the boy is bursting through at all points, we cannot make him a baby much longer.

Try and take things as easily as you can and take sufficient fresh air and exercise, could you not hire a bicycle, I am sure it would suit you.

affectionately Anna.

ittle Metis - August 21st. 1898.

Dearest Bernard :

I am very grieved that you do not sleep, that is a new thing for you, or at least it is long ago since you used to complain.

I was so glad that you wrote such a nice letter to Con. - He is at such a troublesome age, I don't see one can do much but be very kind and affectionate and hope he will settle down by and by. He does what he is told, but is very unpleasant about it, his attitude is not good, he keeps his own counsel and goes his own way as far as he dares . I cannot understand the boys being as they are, I know I am a poor ruler, but I thought I had been careful, and have tried to train them. . Oh dear ! oh dear my heart sickens to think of these boys doing so badly as to character - but one must go on with prayer and courage, we have not prayed for them together..... If we were exactly what we ought to be, I suppose the children would come up all right, but the mistakes are so many, we must try and get the spirit of fault-finding out of the house - I fear that is my own blame, for their correction ought to be done quietly and privately, and let the pleasant inter course flow on undisturbed when we are together..... Parties almost nightly of one kind or another, with perpetual excitement are not good, Mrs Peck tries to keep her boys at home, and does so by arranging various pleasures, Mrs Bovey has a similar plan but of a more educational nature. Her children are not polite or agreable, and Wilfred looks to me like an over strained boy.

Sorry to be so discouraged and discouraging, but one has to face the troubles somehow.

Lovingly Anna.

Metis - August 25th./98.

Dearest B. : Conrad had a fine day yesterday - a duck, a number of plover a sea-trout and a beautiful mosquito hawk being the result. This last he is sending to you, thinking it so beautiful a specimen it ought to be skinned or stuffed, he seems quite anxious to learn this art, and I think it would be an excellent

thing to teach him, giving him a useful and thoughtful occupation for the fall - ercy Penhallow has gone in for this and works a lot at it, perhaps he would be willing to help him.

Clare and Ruth both need new films , would you kindly have two sent down. Papa has been getting restless and wants to get back to town, so mamma has engaged the drawing-room for the 8th.

Time short affctly. Anna.

Metis August 26th./98.

Dearest : ..... The small children were much taken up with a small bazaar, Bernard I think began the idea, but it proved quite a success though in a small way, and will help the Fresh Air Fund.

I was persuaded into having a bicycle lesson yesterday, with a few of the other ladies and succeeded surprisingly, perhaps I shall have one more, and then I believe I could pick it up with a little help, I thought it might be useful if I could make Bernard go out with me, if I find trouble of disposing of him this autumn, in any case it does no harm to know something of it.

Con was out fishing again yesterday with Mr Varley and Mr Grier, he brought home 17 nice fish,, so he really has had a lot of fun this summer.

William is here, and he and Florence and I had tea at mother's last night we all missed you, but it was nice for papa to be able to sit down with so many again.

With love Anna.

Little Metis - August 30th. 1898.

Dearest B. Just a hurried note - I am very sorry about the boat, had Con not been away for two days, he might have seen the storm coming - when he and rrin Sutherland went to the beach to try and rescue the boat which was dragging its anchor, I was afraid they would be hurt the sea was so wild, and I ran for the Peck boys and William to come and help - if they had all been there at once I fancy they could have run the boat up, without the final bump which did the damage - Conrad only got a bruse or two , and he had to hurry home as he had twice been knocked down and was wet and cold, neither he or Orrin were the worse next day.

Love dear, much - Anna.

Little Metis - September 1st. : 1898.

Dear Love :

I suppose you have gone to New York ? Eva had asked Hope to cable to her, if she could stay longer, this would be to the town address... the cable code is in papa's top library drawer under the green stamp box - the key hanging on the nail with the Egyptian face, and the door key on the ledge over the back dining-room door. Also, I wish you would mail me my calling book, in my desk as I wish to make up a list for a tea I plan to have for Eva.

We had a bonfire last night, all the world invited, went off very well - and then the people came up and had cocoa and raspberry vinegar, cake and some of Ruth's superfine home-made candy. Ruth and Clare and Conrad did all the preparation, and I was glad to show a little attention to some of the people.

Conrad is much more reasonable now that the rush and constant excitement is over - I think we must manage a quieter summer for him next year, the constant excitement cannot be good, he finds it so hard to be quiet. I also enclose a sketch of a bolt needed for the boat, William says it will have to be made by a cksmith, and Cavil will try to repair the boat, he thinks the injury was caused by the boat upsetting in coming ashore and the mast forcing the bottom - William says a mast should never be left in place in a boat like that - Eva says , what is true that our boat was out of line of the protection of the rocks, and that it is absurd when we own or have all the shore, as it were, for the other people to oust us instead of going further the other way if they want room, another year we must see to it.

All love dear

Little Metis - June 9th. 1899. 101.

Dearest :

We had quite a pleasant journey, the only drawback was that Bernard ardently desired to make the most of his opportunity by sitting up all night, and I thought this a little excessive, and said he could not do this, but that he could get up as early as he liked, so he went to bed and got up about 4 o'clock and at intervals appeared with remarks, so that Poppie and Eva also woke. B. made a most exhaustive study of the whole train, found out all that was laid in or being cooked for the dining-room car, the luggage van, the second class but there was some hitch about the engine - He could write volumes about it. The morning was fine, but the roads rough beyond description, which with Mr Tuckey's driving and the discomfort of his vehicles was bad indeed. Found everything looking nice, and breakfast supervised by Lois and the maid almost ready.

B. has worked all day like a Trojan, once or twice he was inclined to fall away but again began, and now he is watering the plants before going to bed - What did you suppose we were to do with such a quantity of plants ? next year I think it would be wise to see that you have very little in your pocket before you go a buying plants.

Walter Paul has packed our groceries badly - syrup leaked, package of oatmeal burst and several lbs lost - baking powder tin bent and broken, half lost & brown sugar package also broken etc, of course this has made the unpacking troublesome.

Well, it is time to stop, so with much love.

Anna.

Little Metis - June 10th. 1899.

Dearest B.

The weather is beautiful, sun shining and cool crisp air. Poor Eva had an attack this afternoon, but has revived quickly, and already I see a change for the better in his face, it is almost a misfortune that he is so hungry for his dinner seems so often to disagree with him.

Please ask Kate, if she can find one of Poppie's new blue flannel night - gowns, also Lois' bathing drawers, which she was to alter.

It is wonderful how Eva and Poppie have improved, and no one is any trouble really I feel like always being away from the disturbance of neighbours, I think I would like to spend a winter here and let peace rest one's nerves and brains, I hope I will feel rested enough to begin life when all will descend - it must be Con and Ruth who make the racket at home, it is so quiet here - the birds are so tame, so many robins and white tailed sparrows. I do hope the exams go on all right it would encourage Con so much if he took a good place.

Really too sleepy to write more

affectionately Anna.

Metis - June 14th. to 16th. ?99.

Dearest :

I do hope nothing will keep you in town later than the 20th ? You know you should have been here a month ago to fulfil your medical orders - if that mortgage business drags on, I think you better leave it to drag along & write about it, you really will have to drop all these people's money affairs into some business hands, and at least have peace to see to your own, but I do

really feel sorry about the mortgage and hope it will come out all right, as it would be rather hard to have to pay out the little that has come in. I do not myself fear the lack of money, it is wonderful how something has always been provided when there was a need, and as someone remarked - We are not promised all we want, but all we need !

Now that Florence and her boys are down a measure of the peace has departed - I wish Conrad could ask a really nice fellow down to stay with him, I would take any trouble to make him happy. Con is improving so much, I wish he would take up with Russel Browne or Walter Molson.

I am sorry Mrs Molson is detained on account of having to make red currant jam !

With fond love Anna.

Metis - June 17th./99.

Dearest ; .... I shall be glad to feel exams are over, and that the two dear youngsters are now delivered from " The Great Examiner " I hope Con will have a good summer and do something with his photography. Please remember your warning as to a long holiday, we really cannot afford any more break-downs in the family - Poor papa is unavoidable and I would never be surprised to see mother collapse - Will, I fear will not pick up here - and if you are added to the list we may as well all go together - I do not think my nerves would stand any more, it is such a constant strain.

Clare has sent out a Graphic with coloured pictures of the tournament, we have not seen it yet, as Bernard lent it to Aunt F. on the way from the P.O.

All our lily -of-the valley are gone, mother's are most beautiful tho' some have been taken.

Affctly Anna.

Woodstock Inn - September 25th. 1899.

My dearest B -

I think of you all today, the diminished circle, but I hope a happy one. Miss Morrison I fancy manages very well, and you can see how easy many things would be, if she or someone like her was in charge of the children.

It certainly goes much against the grain to spend so much money here. It is the resort of riches as can be seen at a glance - of course I am not responsible for it, but it makes me very thankful I am not one of them - In my heart I do see the advantages of being among the struggling, though I find the details difficult to manage. But if you only had health and strength we should do very well I keep on thinking of how tired and depressed you looked the morning we came away. I am sure you do not realize how much people admire and appreciate you, and honour your wise patience, and steady devotion - but I would gladly see you in some outdoor place where you could be free from the cares you feel so heavy. There is a beautiful little place here belonging to the overseer of the Billings huge property of thousands of acres, he has a happy and comfortable life and I would much prefer such a post , to being the great Billings himself. What a lovely place such would be for you, and here as in hundreds of such small places there is society, churches, schools, easy communications with great centres, and all the elegancies as well as necessities of life. I wish I could help you more but I feel as unequal to my share, as you do to yours. When the children were little it was all right - but to manage well and to spend less does not seem in me to do. I shall try and think it out here, but hitherto I seem to get sleepier and more stupid each day - and the fine cookery seems wasted if one does not partake. I think Bernard is learning a good deal, what will we do with him ? It is puzzling. I fear Bernard's shadow does not grow less, the good fare delights him, and he chooses such odd things... Do try to get to bed in good time, and not sit up late, and we can only pray some other door will open for you, or that we may in love and contentment make the best of what we have, which ought to do, I will try my best.

We are hesitating about a walk as the clouds are threatening.

With much much love, give my love to the dear Piedmont lady - lovingly Anna.

The following letter is one from Mrs J.H.R:Molson or Grandmother Piedmont, it shows her great fondness for Anna and Bernard, who she has continually befriended through the years.

Montreal - September 24th./99.

My dear Anna.

Bernie telephoned me of your safe arrival at Woodstock, and then came your welcome letter giving particulars of your little journey, and now I have the satisfaction of feeling that you are getting the much needed rest from home cares and duties - take all the sleep you can get day or night. I am glad little Bernard is enjoying and taking in so much even to that last lump of sugar ! the trip will be of great benefit to him also, so stay till the last minute to please Grandmama Piedmont. I invited myself to dinner with your family yesterday, only four of us, not quite as large a family as we had at Metis. Ruth did the honours very well in her mother's place, and gave us a very good dinner, and I ate with Metis relish. Bernie and Lois have just been up and have carried home a basketfull of apples, a rather high wind has sent the apples flying today. We have had several showers today - the sky was so bright last night that rain this morning was a surprise. I hope you are not having all rain now after such a dry season, for I want you to see something of the beautiful country around you, I fear the dry summer will prevent the autumn foliage being so beautiful. The poor flowers are passing away, the geraniums are about over.

My library is cleaned and in order again, but there is no dear one to say how nice it looks, how glad he always was to get home to his own room and books again. I cannot tell you how much good my visit to Metis has done me, I seem so much better able to take up my daily life again. When Bernie is blue and depressed tell him how much I love him, and depend upon him, for I feel that in him I have a friend to go to whenever I like and that means more than I can express.

Give my love to little Bernard and tell him to take good care of mother and see all he can.

Lovingly yours
L.G.F. Molson.

Woodstock Inn - Vermont. Sept./99.

Dearest Bernard : So glad to get your first note, today is fine and warm, and we are to go for a drive this P.M. could not get a vehicle this morning which shows that the place is still full - after the first of Oct. the prices diminish. there is one boarding house in the neighbourhood said to be good, I shall have a look at it later on and inquire about prices. The people here feel they are in the country, keep early hours and drive and play golf and wear short skirts ! A lady at our table is very pleasant and chatty and very proud of her English deacent, another fierce old lady who sat vis-a-vis goes today. Mrs Safford, the first lady suggested our going to the golf grounds this A.M. so we went, the links are almost perpindicular, but they have a charming little club house and a perfect view - we went on up and up to the top of a very high hill, the views were simply lovely. In the afternoon, we drove in a 'surrey' about 15 miles to Allan's Hill, the country is not unlike some of the Ashville country only soft and green and more smiling. At one point I counted 9 distinct distant distances of retreating hills, and the floating hills and autumn colours added beauty to the scene. We stopped to see a model farm on the way home and saw various black Berkshire piggies, big and small and about 100 cows mostly jerseys, driven home in a long line by a man on horseback. When in their stalls each stall had the name of the cow printed above as " Lady Finger " " Black Beauty " etc. In many places large hill sides have been planted with trees, mainly maples and with a view to sugar, which is about 18cts a pound.

Bernard objects to going long walks, which is absurd - I hear there is a celebrated maple sugar farm where such is to be bought, and he will surely want to

to go there. The bills-of-fare are of increasing interest to him, he studies them most carefully, if he does the same by his lessons this winter, it will be excellent
Much love dear and try to get the comfort of life, if there is any.

Love dear
Anna.

Woodstock Inn - Sept. 26th./99.

Dearest B.

Nothing but rain today, so far only the gallery is available. A Dr Parker here, who had met papa at Banff, is going back to Boston, and I shall be quite glad, he would talk at every corner - he is full of information and notion and apparently has deserted Madam for electricity. Miss Safford, who I spoke of before is so spontaneously jolly and funny - she perfectly charms Bernard, he brought her in a big bough of coloured leaves the other day - Her mind is now centered on the Country Fair which is to begin today, and I suppose we will go. Bernard already knows all the cows and pigs and hens on the Billings farm.

Please give my special love to mother and papa, he will find this weather trying - I enclose a card for him sent with kind regards by the talkative gentleman , who met him at Banff.

Much love dearest and many hopes for a good winter for us all.

A N N A.

* and the letter - Woodstock - next sheet 104 B.

295 University St. December 23rd. 1899.

Dearest B.

I send you various letters which may put you to inconvenience if not attended to - I suppose you are still jogging along towards the west, and I hope you find it restfull, I think I would myself, I have quite enjoyed the day going to Metis, when I have gone down without the tribe.

There seems to be as much bustle as can be here, the little girls have done bravely about presents, and are most businesslike about cards and parcels. The presents keep pouring in, parcels from Aunt Florence, Aunt Laura, Mrs Molson, Adelaide Campbell etc.... I enclose Clare's letter, I should think all sailings rather uncertain now the ships are so often commissioned for the war . I have heard nothing further from Eva, so I fear Clare will not see very much of them - she also has sent a Xmas parcel which Con has gone to the P.O to claim. The small ones are invited to a family Xmas tree at the Boveys - Poppie has never seen a Xmas tree, so it will be grand for him !

Everyone hurrying and scurrying - the streets like a crowded reception and the shops like afternoon teas, minus the tea !

I am hoping soon to hear that you are better and somewhat rested.

Lovingly
Anna.

It must be noted here, that the dearly loved and esteemed Sir William Dawson has just passed on to his rest, his age being 78. Clare is about to return from her extended tour to Scotland and England, where she was for the betterment of her health and mind.

295 University St. December 31st. 1899.

My dearest Bernard :

You have been neglected these last two days, I don't know exactly how it is, but there does not seem to be any time. We are now struggling with the memorial booklets which have arrived, and I hope we shall get them off in a day or two, and when another package of sympathy letters has been attended to we shall be able to resume ordinary life.

Have just received a letter from Clare, also a cable " Sailed ,Leucania " so she is on the way out, and you will scarcely be back in time to receive her.

104 B.

Woodstock - September 29th. 1899.

Dearest :

We had a lovely day yesterday, Mis Saffed and ourselves were the party. We drove about 10 miles through the lovely country and then were to mount a high hill and have a very wide view from " Luce's lookout " The driver said we had better go down the other side of the hill to the Lacota Club, and drive home from there, and he would drive across a farm way and meet us - I inquired if there was a good path ? oh yes he said that was right enough - and we set out, first to the house where the key to the lookout tower was - it was deserted, it being fair day, but the driver thought we could get in by blowing a horn that hung there, when a boy would bring the key up - so up we went and found the way without much trouble, but the lookout point was in a dense forest of pine, and the door of the observatory unshakeable and no horn to blow ! Thus frustrated at not being able to go up the tower, we looked about to see where the Lacota Club was and found to our disgust we had to descend the steep height we had just climbed up to reach it... We followed one track and emerged on a meadow entirely tractless, we went back and tried another through gloomy woods and very rough, but it looked so unlike what we had expected, that when we saw ahead a number of cattle and a bull, we concluded to turn back, and thought if we waited at a picnic ground we had just come to, that our driver, when we did not meet him, would surely send someone up and guide us down - but all were at the Fair ! so we aited for about two hours from 1 to 3, but Miss Safford was so angry with the driver - Bernard thought he might have broken down... Finally I said the track we had followed second, was the best we could find, and must go somewhere, and I thought we had better try again cattle notwithstanding, but I thought if we did, we must go on wherever it led. So we went down down, I should think over a mile, down through dense woods, and part way more like a brook bed than a path. Poor Miss S. rather fat and about 60 kept making most dismal igaculations - at last we came to a rough gate, which looked hopeful, then on more level ground, two ways opened, we ran along one and it seemed to be getting dim, so we followed the other, then again we came to two, and we could not agree which to take, I said we would try both, the first one brought us after a few steps to a dead lamb - and as Bernard remarked no man had killed that ! as it was mangled and fleece and bones mixed. We held a council and wer just concluding we had better retrace all the weary way across the mt. when we heard a faint shout - we replied and in a short time our driver appeared in a great fright - he had been scouring the country on the path we had not taken, which had we taken it, would have brought us out to a lovely artificial lake at the foot of beautiful tree covered hills, but as desolate as the forest primeval, except for the club house and its boats.

I fancy the driver never had been up and supposed it was clear and easy. I laugh about it now, though at the time, I certainly did not like the idea of re-climbing that great Mountain or the alternative of following wood paths wandering we knew not whither ?

The weather has been perfect - today, flying clouds, and their shadows over the lovely hills - I had a glorious walk this morning.

Lovingly Anna.

I hope you will not hurry back on this account. Mr Fleet and Sir William McD. were here today and both hoped that you would dally by the way as much as possible and get some holiday out of it. You have never once mentioned your cough, and I can only judge by your letters being cheerful that it is better, I do hope so. We have had bitter weather, and the house is very chillsome, the children complain greatly of it. I don't mind myself.

Bernard returned home on Saturday from his short visit to Harrington East and says he prefers that place to Montreal - but that he does not intend to be a farmer , but may be " a man with a green house " I think B's prospects need thinking out ? The boy is thinking somewhat himself and has improved, but he has very little idea of obligatory work or taking hold. Please give some quiet thought to this, the lad will be 13 in March - he has come home with a big appetite, but I don't know how long it may last... Eva looks much better, I am forcing her to take a little cream.

Did you see that Ducharme died suddenly last Thursday while giving a lesson. I have seen Mis Lichtenstein about Ruth, and she will begin her music this week - if she and Clare shared an hour, it would be a little less, and she would give Clare singing if I liked, and make both play and sing - is that not a novel idea ? she evidently believes in all they learn being usable, and insists on reading as important. If they are pupils, they can sing in the college choir free and go to three musical lectures each week.

Do please take the ~~the~~ utmost care of your precious self, and if possible lay up enough reserve force to take you through the rest of the session with some comfort - It is too sad to have all the young people remember us only as tired, crusty, overtaxed old people - we do owe them a little cheerful sympathy, and we scarcely ever have any of their friends in or out, and they have begun to think all fun must be looked for outside. I feel myself most unfit for this, but with a New Year, let us if possible begin better, more lovingly, more helpfully and more christianly. There is really nothing worth while that is not done in His name. I wish I could do better. Poor old darling, I don't wonder you feel cast down and disappointed, but if we can help each other more and more, we may be more contented and happy. The Coxes are most comfortable people with so little material grandeur.

Most lovingly Anna.

The year of 1899 seemed a disheartening one for Anna; she appears to be almost at the height of discouragement, her plans and desires for her husband and children had so often failed and it seemed as if she was mentally and physically worn out, and incapable of further leadership for her family. It was at such a time as this, that the kindly and thoughtful Mrs M. stepped in and would suggest a little trip for a period of relief - for she knew well that this was all that was needed for Anna's indomitable and courageous spirit to rise again and once more take hold - and so this visit to Woodstock just written about was one of these times .

295 University St. Montreal - Dec.25th. Xmas/99.

Dearest :

The table seemed sadly bare with 3 members away, both mother and George came in and we made the best of it. I think the chicks were all well pleased, though we missed the books that always seemed our heritage when papa was with us, and neither Mary T. or Mrs Hunt sent the children things - However grand - mother Piedmont sent each something, pictures for the little girls, a train unfolding out of a portfolio for Poppie, and a very clever match striker for Con.

A. Campbell sent Ruth and Conrad each $5.00 and Uncle George ditto, so they should be well in pocket. Clare sent out quite a lot of things thoughtfully chosen, as one would expect. As soon as the presents were over, letters arrived, the postman having a cab full of mail following him - We got letters from Bernard, Clare and yourself, all welcome - Con was charmed with the bicycle book, and the little girls and Ruth evidently much pleased with the frame and pen trays, also the cards which arrived today. Your letter sounds pleasant and out-of-doorsy - the big dashing waves and rocks being much better company than most people. I do hope the neuralgia will now depart and let you pick up a bit.

Ruth I fear had too much of a too good birthday cake on the 23rd. as she was sick at her tummy last night - Poppie also has had a gum boil which has caused him some distress, and much interest, but he is very sweet.

With all love. Anna.

## 1 9 0 0 .

295 University St. January 2nd. 1900.

Dearest :

Today I have received a letter from Rossland, which you seem to find quite a metropolis. I was very disappointed to hear that you were still troubled by your cough, and do trust you will take every care and precaution to get rid of it, and benefit by the mountain air. I had no idea that there was such magnificent scenery on the Arrow lake, indeed my knowledge of the geography of that region is not very definate.

Con has only one day left of his holidays, and raves against his cruel fate, Ruth has quite a week yet, and I am glad of it, she has been skating a good deal, and looks much better - Bernard has again been up to the Botanical Gardens, and Poppie was out to tea today with Elizabeth Porter, he needs definate occupation now or he will soon be a spoiled boy - I will try and see about the Kindergarten business tomorrow... Bernard and Lois are to go to tea to the Taylor's house at Essex ave. tomorrow, as Owen has turned up and has to be amused.

By the way, there are many regrets as to your absence from the New Year's lunch. Dr Bovey is reported to have "sniffed" at the rice pudding, and then to have gallantly eaten your share of the rice pudding as well as his own.

Mother and I were out for a drive with Mrs Molson today - It was rather too cold for my taste, but restful, as I had not to say much .

All kove dear ANNA.

Burlington, U.S.A. March 26th. 1900.

Dearest Bernard :

So glad to hear all goes on well at home and especially that your lecture was a success, and I am sure it is a weight off your mind, curious that Conrad always seems to miss anything that seems to his advantage, but after all a devotion to games has been a stage of many noble minds, and indeed as a rule the man of action bulks larger than the thinker ! Did you notice in scanning Henry Drummond's life that he was keen at bargaining and used to go to auction sales, and always had pockets full of exchanges with which to make purchases - it reminded me of Bernard and his propensities.

I am amazed at the numbers of splendid houses in Burlington, there are no end to them, and all so well kept outside, and the streets so fine and wide. We have been to the University and saw the beautiful library, and took a glance at the Science building, which is fine without, but not attractive within. Easter vacation is on and President Buchan is away. Mother is delighted with this place, and it is surprising how much she can walk, quite as much as I care to do.

Love to all the dear children - I enclose a small book for Con, which gives an adventurous side to mission work, after he has read it, he can give it to Clare to read to the others. Mother wants me to write to so many people that I must stop.

Much love Anna.

Little Metis - June 9th. 1900.

Dearest Bernard :

I have to thank you for your telegram, it was thoughtful of you dear and I think one values love and attention more as one grows older and it ought to be so, if one escapes the hardness of heart that life seems to bring to some.

We have had Nellie in bed quite ill, she came to me early yesterday morning complaining of dreadful pains - I put on mustard and gave her a dose etc, so I hope she will feel better soon - Clare has also been unwell, so Lois is the mainstay - Bernard has lit the fire and overlooked kitchen affairs in a desultory manner. I have Mrs Cavil here today to give a hand, she has brought her baby and the second girl to mind it, rather an addition, but the children are charmed with the baby and especially Poppie.... Poppie is radiant, and full of mischief, but finds plenty of congenial work which fills up some of his time - Lois and Eva manage to find enough to do, and B.G. also roams about, and returns with calypsas and fish and wonderful discoveries - I am letting him alone,as he cannot well get into much trouble, and seeing what he will arrive at ?

I am getting mother's old man to do some raking up,as Tuckey has not turned up. The punt still leaks terribly but Cavil has promised to tackle it again as soon as possible. Clare is anxious for it, as she likes the exercise. I shall try and begin some more definate hours next week and get into a more orderly state before the next contingent arrives.

Much much love Anna.

Little Metis - June 11th./1900.

Dearest Bernard :

I fear that you are having a bad time with the Library Ass. I do not think you had any obligation to toil for it - Now that McGill is so big I think that the old need to work for every department no longer holds, and now you are connected with several and cannot well avoid it - I hope it will be the last time you allow your good nature to overcome your prudence, you had none too much strength to pull through your own share.

I do hope you will manage to get down for some of the quiet days. Nellie is better, I will be careful of her - I wish you would bring more liquorice powder, as I have to feed her on that.

No more time I am sorry to say.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - June 6th. 1900.

Dearest Love: Tomorrow will be our wedding day ! if we live to another we must try to spend it together, the years quickly mount up, do they not ? and I am very very wishful to make the best of those which come - I wish I did not feel quite so discouraged when I think of those which are gone - One should have some sense of accomplishment or victory in so many years of blessings there are no end to count up, and be thankful for, but the sense of failure is oppressive, and I no longer have the power to tackle things as I used to, but I have still courage and faith - and if our home could be a Christ-like home it would fulfil my utmost wish. I can't think we have succeeded there -What can one desire more than for each child to be a faithful servant, and sober in the great fight between the good and evil powers - and for me, I cannot be satisfied with less - nothing else can make up.

B.G. is rarely at hand, he really has taken pains with various things, he has dug a splendid hole for the garbage, besides cutting trees and rejoicing in the garden. We have had no need to water lately - the peas and beans are fine, the sun-flowers threaten to occupy too much room - most curiously a white lilac has bloomed among the little shoots of the lilac tree.

Poppie is very ambitious to advance, we found him shinning along a scaffold of Cavil's yesterday, and he is anxious to make a hut for himself in the woods He is as usual full of mischief, hammers nails into railings, and such like, but on the whole , he improves, he seems quite to like his lessons with Lois.

Tell Conrad, I long for a word from him - I consider it the first law of kindness not to let absence be like a thick wall of darkness between mambers of a family. I half hoped that he would have come down on Friday, but if he is helping you that is better. We are hoping to hear of Ruth's wind up at school, and wish her all happiness in her finishing the years of faithful honourable endeavour, she has been most satisfactory, and certainly has not wasted anything spent on her, but taken full advantage. I hope the future will be equally satisfactory - You will not fail to bring a callendar of the Ladies' Victoria College, for we shall have to look into the classes and hours.

Do be careful of yourself dear, and don't count on doing work down here, but take a real holiday, and see to the boys as much as possible - Bernard would be glad to wander over the country with you, he is pressing some flowers, and has done it very well, he was evidently charmed with what Conrad did.

With love to all, and much to your dear kind self -
ever your loving
Anna.

Little Metis - June 13th. 1900.

Dearest B. I cannot account for the long silence you complain of etc. Lois has settled down to giving Poppie a daily lesson, and Eva writes so much, and reads so much on her own account as methodically as possible, so I have not quite decided about the french lessons ? as to B.G., he has had a plenty of exercise since being here of various kinds, and sits down to read to himself in the intervals like any other contented old gentleman. He took Poppie out fishing yesterday and that was good for him, though I was glad to get the little man safely back.

I am so sorry for all your overwork - everything piled on you, you just ought to leave like the others, I hope you will shape all your plans, and lay your best energies in the direction of supplying a chief Steward for your building, who can see to supplies and repairs and so on with only orders or lists supplied. It must be possible, money and time given, and they will have to be forthcoming. The responsible Head, cannot do all the detail work as well as the planning and directing. Rankine ought to be nearly here, I understand that George wishes him to go over some boxes of letters in the museum, and he was to write to the ship to R. about it - but cannot of course tell what R. may do ?

The Redpaths and the Botterils have been making all sorts of improvements to the exteriors of their houses, but still the children say, our cottage is the prettiest of all. A few new things would greatly improve, but if you could send the 2 new chairs they really are needed - they can be had at Hamiltons or Carsleys and cost about .45 or 50 cts each - however if you are too hurried never mind, we can always manage. The study rug looks better than I had hoped after several sunnings and some powerful brooming !

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - June 18th./1900.

Dearest:

.... Mother's place looks lovely and is being more and more cultured each day. We hear very little of you or Ruth or Con and have little idea of how you are faring, at least you are relieved of the librarians, I hear they were as locusts, and much enjoyed the land. Too bad about Ingres, he is a very rare teacher, certainly there will be no rest for the Governors till salaries are raised.

I shall be glad to get you all down = Tell Ruth I forgot to bring caps for Nellie, she might get three at Scroggies, about 10cts I generally pay - Sarah is accustomed to wear them and will be much shocked at Nellie without, indeed it was stupid of me - I cannot think when I am busy every hour.

It seems very long since I left you all. affctly Anna.

Little Metis - September - 11th. 1900.

Dearest :

I made Bernard go through all his clothing this morning and decide which were to be cast off. Clare and Ruth were off helping two friends to pack, & Doris was doing nurse for Aunt F., but about noon, we all got to the beach, and found the creatures unusually amusing - the shrimps were changing their shells wholesale, I never saw anything so curious. Two feet would be drawn out in the middle, and stick up absurdly, then they would wriggle out of one half of the old shell, and at that, my children would pull off the the other end and they would swim away - also the children found two of those curious sand tubes with the living occupant, and they had golden teeth shining like metal.

The frost was white on the grass this morning, but weather still fine but cool. Poppie packed all the jam, carried it from the cupboard and put the bottles into the nests - Good little soul !

It will be really quiet after tomorrow - Much love to you and Con and Mrs Molson when you see her.

Lovingly Anna.

Metis - Sept.13/1900.

Dearest:

.... We had a tremendous storm yesterday, the highest tide known for 12 years - the strong east wind behind a very high tide, the waves rolled in to the stone wall of mother's place, and sea-weed adorns the lower step of our bathing house. We pulled the boats up, and warned the Fleets, but soon we had to get some of the Astles to help - and the punt was brought up to the bathing house , and the boat in the lane, where the waves ran up a little distance. Mrs Redpath's pavillion had waves washing over the floor, the barber had his boat smashed to fragments, though every effort was made to save it. In the midst of the storm, we saw a schooner fly past with only a bow sail, trying to make the shelter of the point, but the big waves turning its head shoreward as each rolled in. All the youngsters have fled out to see what may happen ? It really was a fine sight !

It will be all right about the pulmans - I will take chance - Mr Fleet will find out for me today if the Metis special will be on or off next week, and then we will act accordingly.

Poppy is a splendid boy to work, he has brought in wood, and taken all the tacks out of the drawing-room carpet, and even helped Mr Tuckey get the trunks down from the loft, and he did it all well. Mr Tuckey says he is worth two of Con or Bernard, so quick and so willing.

All well here, and much love for yourself and Conrad.

Lovingly Anna.

The year of 1901 gives us only 3 short letters from Anna to her husband - The first one is to B. in Atlantic City, it is heavily edged in black which discloses the fact that there has been another death in the family, this being the death of Anna's most beloved and devoted brother George, who died most unexpectedly in his 52nd. year. Another sad and grevious blow for Anna.

The second letter is from Lennoxville, where Anna has taken her mother for a short respite - and the third from Berthier where Anna is investigating a school, with the thought of sending young Bernard to it.

## 1 9 0 1 .

295 University St. Montreal - March 7th. 1901.

Dearest Bernard:

There is little to tell, we are just as we were, no end of cards and notes of sympathy left to be answered. Rev. Mr Pedley called, he is a kind man.

I went out early this morning with Clare and attended to a few purchases, I don't think we shall have a great trouble about ' mourning ' we have the little things it is the big garments that are needed , which mean money rather than much attention.

The day has been quite cold and winter like, it is wonderful how the winter holds on. I hope you are filling yourself with the strong life-giving sea air, that is the best exorcist for the lurking coughs and colds.

Lovingly Anna.

Lennoxville - May 4th. 1901.

Dearest B:

I am sure you are still up to the hilt in business, and also sure you will continue so till you make wings and fly away to Metis, so make a definate mark on your calender and just stop there. I am trying not to think about the affairs of life - I seem still to be obliged to write a good deal as mother does not wish to write at all, and I am also trying to get George's poems in shape. We went for a charming drive this morning, following the St Francis , the Massawippi, the Salmon and the Moose rivers, quite a geography lesson in rivers and their tributaries. This is a charming village, I think it would quite suit me - I want to see the school, but have not hitherto managed to stir mother up to an interest in it. The school boy is all pervading , one also sees a master now and then, and at once recognizes his English tongue, but hitherto, I have not caught even its echo in the tones of the lads !

I hope all goes well and without trouble, and especially that Clare is not doing too much or Con too little ? Much much love to the dear Poppie, there was a vacant seat in our carriage today, and I wish I could have popped him in beside me .

Lovingly Anna.

Berthier - October 12th. 1901.

Dearest:

We had a beautiful trip down the river, I had no idea that it was so full of islands and turns and points, an intricate channel indeed, but there are buoys and stakes enough, it is like sailing down a staked out path .

This place is most quaint, and old world like, only it is sad to see the English population dying out - if only some of the young people would make money and come back and take an interest in the country it would be a mercy. It really is a temptation to thoroughly investigate such a place. This A.M. a heavy fog prevents our seeing much.

The school is very comfortable looking, and Mrs L. looks much stronger and better - I want to have a look at the market, which I believe is over early. I am glad I have Eva with me, she is in great feather, and takes everything in with her keen little eyes.

Love to all affectionately Anna.

## 1 9 0 2 .

Anna goes to England and Scotland for a trip.

S.S. Parisian - May 3rd. 1902.

Dearest Family :

We have been sailing down this fine river all day , the wind was rather keen and cold in the morning, and the colours grey and sad, but since lunch the sun gleams now and then, and the wind is not so strong, so I hope we shall not encounter an easterly gale further on, as Conrad feared.

I got my deck chair all right, and find the Tuppers very pleasant companion

I have had a little chat with a lean and dry youth, on his way home from China, he is in the Navy and is with the Commadore, and that is as far as I have got. Another individual from China is at my left at table , pale and dull he is - a most amusing old party, sits opposite, he has travelled a great deal and has contrary opinions to offer on nearly every subject, he eats things because they are likely to be indigestable, and will be a fine subject for study, and to report upon. There are several small boys who skirmish around, one has just lost his ball, for which he gave his entire weekly allowance. The Gibsons who are at my right, seem very hopeless at present... I am writing in the music room, which is very quiet, and I see numbers of people below in the saloon and a pile of letters on the sideboard - I have tidied up my belongings and arranged my flowers, and now should I become ill I can get my needful things easily. I have engaged my bath for quarter past eight. The stewardess is an ancient and gentle looking dame, whose ways it is difficult to forecast.

We pass vessels constantly, and I am anew surprised at the continual succession of villages, the church spires of which make pretty pictures as we pass.

I have not had time to make my own acquaintance in my new role, as an independent person with no encumberances, I certainly feel strange, but will do my best to take full benefit of quiet, and sea-air.

I saw nothing of B.G. as we passed Berthier, there were several little boats in view between Sorel and Berthier.

When you see Sir W. McDonald do tell him I was so sorry not to see him to say good-bye. Clare will have thanked all the kind people who were so good in sending flowers.. I will enclose a little note for Mrs M. - Give my love to Rankine and Glo, I do hope they will find the summer opens out well for them.

With much much love for each and every one, and especially mother.

Lovingly Anna.

y 5th. 1902.

Dearest Bernard: We are nearing Rimouski, and then on with no backward voice till the other shore ! Tell Poppie the berth is very narrow and rather hard and I doubt if he could squeeze in beside me there if he had ever so bad a dream.

Thackery would have liked to depict with his keen sarcasm some of the people at my table - Imagine me saying very little, but listening very much, but sooner or later I shall have to say something. Mr Gibson looks very like a sheep, and acts accordingly, he is voiceless and voracious, and evidently afraid of the keen tongues about him - The doctor is Irish exceedingly .

Much love dearest, and do be a little thoughtful of yourself, and get the girls off as soon as may be, they both need it, I wish they could have this fine air that is here to redden their cheeks. I hope Con will be successful.

I really must get up on deck before church time -

with fondest love for all ANNA.

S.S.Parisian. - May 7th.1902.

Dear Family :

We ar now well out in the ocean, so far, we have had no fog or rain and a tranquil sea till today, when we woke to a considerable heaving and creaking, and found the deck pretty wet, and only one or two of the men tried to walk up and down, and they every now and then slipped or fell - we ladies got into our chairs and stayed there all morning - there were about 4 or 5 in all - the table was deserted by many, but the men about me nothing daunts, they are pleasant and travelled to be sure but arrogant and coarse. The doctor I like least of all an Irishama who is " cock sure of everything " - however I hold my tongue. The

The Commodore is a most pleasant looking man, his wife exceedingly plain - the daughter rather sweet looking, and I should say about 18 much engrossed by her fatheris secretary, a nicelooking man to whom she must be engaged, as they sit together in all the corners reading off one book, which much amuses us.

The second aid is a very pleasant boy, with a beautiful voice, and he is always trying to make things pleasant, it was pretty to see him going about enquiring who sang or played, making such a nice little bow to strangers, and at once being kindly received - I regret to say, he is called Butcher ! ... I don't know what the Bishop does with himself? but he does not favour the deck. A family of MacIsaacs are also very agreable, an old lady with her son, just returning from China to their home in Glasgow.

But as I have been writing some time, and missed the afternoon tea, I must get up and take a look at what is going on, on deck ? The salt baths are delicious.

I hear that we have a wireless telegraphic machine on board, and that it may be employed at so much a word, but I have not heard that anyone has employed it, it must be a great safeguard in event of accident out at sea - I suppose any ship within a large radius of miles could pick up a message of distress.

I find that Mr Blundell the man who sits opposite me, is in general disfavour, he is so positive on all subjects, and talks perpetually. Imagine his saying that he had a daughter-in-law just after the pattern of Becky Sharp, only rather better looking, and much worse - he never stops abusing his relations.

The seasick people have been reappearing, some of them most woeful, and reproaching their husbands for dragging them on deck - but hot soup has proved most comforting, and unless we have a change in weather, we have been most fortunate. Yesterday we had some sports which were really very amusing, a tug of war a Gretna- green race in which a lady and gentleman holding eachothers left hand, ran a short distance, each wrote their name, and ran back to starting point, as they must not let go hands, and only one pencil was furnished each pair, and they had to write on the deck, you can imagine how funny it was - then a shoe race in which each girl gave up one shoe, and the lot were put in a basket, they had to run to this and find and put on their shoe and get back. Nearly everyone did something, the only one I undertook was one in which the gentlemen with hands tied behind their backs with a necktie, had to run each to a lady appointed him, who untied his hands, tied the necktie around his neck, and lit his cigarette when he raced back. The Commodore's wife was the cleverest of all with the matches and won the prize. The whole affair was a great success.

Tomorrow we will all be picking up our belongings, I hope it will stay calm.

Love to all

from Mother.

Holyhead - North Wales - June 6th.1902.

Dearest B. I am very rejoiced to hear that all continues well at home and there is no doubt that my absence will be a real benefit to the older children.... I often regret that you are so occupied, that you are really left out of many of the little home schemes and interests, and that is a great loss for the children - no doubt you will try to make a little more time to be with the chicks while I am away .

And this is my last day in this most facinating island, I wish I could have a good book about its history and its interesting antiquities. If we only had more time to study history, the longer I live the more I feel this to be the basis of life generally, if it only was well and clearly taught.... If Conrad is not working this summer, could you not get him to do a little worthwhile reading for perhaps an hour a day, do try and accomplish this, it would be such an advantage to him.

The days here seem all too short, and tomorrow is our wedding day, 26 yrs In looking back, I never feel any regret for anything lacking, or even for the sorrows or the anguish of loss - but it is for the things one might have done, the wiser and more loving spirit, one might have cultivated more diligently, of course this is not a thing to brood over, but a warning to diligently strive in the future.... Everywhere people complain about preachers and teachers, but

everywhere also people recognize and understand a life that is clean and righteous and lived in God's sight, and that is our affair. So let us continue to strive and grow to be more of a comfort and help to each other as the years go on.

I like the Atkins, Mrs Atkin is most admirable, and Aunt Susan very unselfish - Madam Blanche has much to learn of course, I am sorry to miss seeing her husband.

I hope your vapour density apparatus will score a success, I think if you ever get time you should make a list of things you have done - I often think you see so clearly what you have not done, that you forget what you really have accomplished.

I am so very glad that dear Mrs Molson continues to improve, please give her my special love and say how pleased I am at her progress.

Much love to all and especially the dear husband I shall miss tomorrow.

Lovingly Anna.

Egerton Park, Rock Ferry - June 9th.1902.

Dear Family.

Here we are back here again and the weather as bad as ever, we were fortunate to get good days for our Welsh drive. I made a little trip to Chester, where I met Mrs White - we strayed around the city, and walked part way round the old wall, the foundations of which are Roman, and which were kept in good shape through the troubled days of Normans and Saxons, still carefully kept during the exciting times of Welsh raids, and struggles for independence. You can walk the whole way round in 20 minutes. We visited of course the " Rows " and also the curious old church of St John, which has been rebuilt and in an old crypt are collecte curios of past times, Norman, Roman, and Saxon, of this last several of their old crosses are shown, and an old wooden coffin cut out of a solid log, and shaped to fit the body - then we saw a small old restored building , where they said an old hermitage had stood - here Harold last Saxon king is said to have died - having escaped from the battle of Hastings. The Inn where Charles 1st stayed, has still one really old part, and when one thinks of his standing on the tower on the wall , sure of his divined rights, and unconscious of his mendacity - one feels sorry for his feelings as he saw his supporters flee from Rawton Moor.

The river Dee is beautiful, and if the weather had been fine, we would have sailed up it. We have been to the Rododendron gardens, they are lovely, pile on pile of wonderful colour, like the photos of some Japanese gardens.

Love to all - Just leaving for Edinburgh.

Mother.

Edinburgh - June 19th. 1902.

Dear B.. and family:

The one thing that I require here is an improvement of the atmosphere , the soft blue haze was lovely at Holyhead and as we bowled through Wales, but here it is not good at all. Yesterday we wandered through the Prince's St gardens, and then up a steep path to a gate in the castle, then we saw Queen Margaret's chapel which Sir Daniel Wilson rescued from being a powder magazine, & had layers of paint and whitewash removed from a fine arch in it - now it is a show place. Next we saw the " Regalea of Scotland ", the first real crown I have seen, with great jewels set around in two circles and four beautiful pearl ornaments fast ened in the velvet cap below the crown, this and other symbolic jewelled articles were facinating to see - some of the stones such as a clear crystal beryl in the Lord High Treasurer's mace of office were considered amulets and their use is believed to have gone back to the time of the Druids. These articles have several times been hidden in times of danger to the castle - once for a period of 100 years they disappeared and people doubted their existance, one of those who helped in a search for them was Sir Walter Scott. Another time when the surrender of the castle was inevitable, two women smuggled the crown out and buried it under a stone.

Mrs Denistoun who is one of Miss Wilson's admirers came for us yesterday and took us for a drive around Arthu's Seat, from this place one sees many hills and small lakes (lochs) there are so many hills, and I am trying to place them

The Calton hill is fine, and you can see the Berwick, a steep conical hill where witches used to be burnt.

A Mrs Green field came to dinner, she has 9 children, the eldest girl is studying medecine with intent to go to India as a missionary, she has had this clearly in mind since she was 7 - I wish my children had these strong vocations, without wavering.

This morning I saw a number of little girls getting off to school, all so rosy , and dressed so well and solidly in jackets and skirts, and so often I see 3 or more dressed alike ! I wonder how Lois and Eva would like that ?

This afternoon we are going out to the Inch to see Mrs Barbour. The Inch is a fine old house belonging to an old family called Gilmour and rented by Dr Barbour It was charming to see the inside of the house, so full of pictures and curious relics, pictures of favourite horses and portraits of ancestors, and amongst other things a sword of Cromwells. While in the extensive gardens, we noticed several tombs to well-loved dogs. The grounds were fine, and as quiet and calm as if 100 miles away from any city. The ruins of Craig-Miller castle stand in the Inch grounds Next week we are to dine there and spend the night.

Yesterday though still grey and lowering, we drove out to Roslyn, about 6 or 8 miles, and we would have had fine views of the hills, but for the ever present mist There is a wonderful chapel there with carvings of every variety conceivable. In it are two famous pillars, The Prentice pillar and the Master's pillar, these are both much more ornate than any of the others in the chapel. The story about them was, that the master designer who was creating the chapel encouraged every workman to plan ornaments which would be submitted to him - the master builder then went off to Rome to study and design a a record pillar. On his return, he found the wonderful wreathed pillar executed by his apprentice and filled with envy and rage struck him a blow which killed him. Two time-worn heads in obscure corners, one with a wound in his head are said to record the faces of master and man. There was an old and crumbling castle near by which interested me very much - it had deep windows, and gloomy vaults where in past days soldiers lay to watch and fire their arrows through an arrow hole - the kitchen was also of this gloomy and damp nature, and the dungeon for prisoners was worse. The lords of Roslyn however had their bright ideas, they used speaking tubes which went from the dining-hall to the kitchen 2 floors below, they also had lifts which were lowered and raised by cords.

I could go on for ever, but here must stop - With much love for all -

Mother.

P.S. There was an old yew tree in front of the castle which we were told was 800 years old.

Edinburgh - June 30th. 1902.

Dear ones :

It seems a long time since I last wrote for we have seen so much Thursday, about 12 we drove out to the beautiful place I spoke of before ' The Inch there we had lunch, and I met Dr Barbour, a rather singular looking man, with the inward, quiet manner of one who has acquired a perfect mastery over himself, but who does not easily reveal his thoughts. We sat in the lovely garden, till the tea was brought to us there, and one or two young men dropped in. After tea we went to see the castle. On Friday morning we left the Inch and set off to the Highlands We saw Dumfermline cathedral, The Castle and Loch Lenan where Queen Mary was imprisoned and escaped, and the Birnam woods mentioned in Macbeth. When we got to Blair-Athol, we got a vehicle, a dog-cart, and drove off to inspect cottages, as Miss Wilson wanted to rent one for the summer.... We kept on driving through a most lovely country, mountains on every hand - we drove past the battlefield of Killiecrankie ( the only flat place, where a battle could be fought for miles around ) through the Pass, across the Garry Bridge and round a great mountain - and one could so vividly picture the battle, the vanquished fleeing through the steep pass, with the wild highlanders at their heels ! We drove on through more

lovely scenery and then returned to the hotel, where we had tea, of quite a substantial kind, scones, buns, toast and jam, which is the Scottish idea of a 5 o/c. snack.

Eventually and after exploring the beautiful river Tilt, we got back to Edinburgh. I think I almost like the highlands better than Wales.

Tell mother I went to see Miss Crease, such a nice kind old lady, very fresh and well preserved, with bright clear steady dark eyes, and I fear a wig ! On the table were two cups exactly the same as the ones she has, blue ones without handles. Miss C. said her mother got them in 1804 her marriage year - and she has the set. She sends all kind greetings to you, and looked me well over.

Mother.

Sunday - June 29th. 1902.

We went to St Giles Cathedral this morning, a beautiful old church, noble in proportions , and full of old memories, of Kings and princes - Scotlands unfortunate Mary , and the grand reformer John Knox. The old walls have seen many strange changes from Popish days, to the simple but stately service now used. But through all the changes God has seen his people assembling there, to pray and praise, and it made one realize the Communion of the saints in all ages as well as now in all the different forms of worship and varieties of language used - It accorded with this, that an invitation to " all who loved the Lord and wished to remember his death " was given. So Miss Wilson and I stayed to the end of the long but delightful service - cathedral, or hillside, or upper room ... the same spirit and the same emblems. Dr Cameron Lees preached a fine sermon, and he had a wonderful voice, which was heard throughout the great building, and above the whisperings and mutterings of strange echoes which wandered about the pillars and archways .

I think with pleasure of you and Ruth having had a while together, and learning to appreciate each other, she has never been much with you since she grew up. Conrad too seems to have taken hold of the family affairs and worked well and he will form a friendship with Clare that will be of great value to him - Have you had any official notification of his passing his exams and when will he have to go to Kingston ? It makes me shiver sometimes to think of what he may meet in life, and yet I don't suppose we can really shield him from evil at home. How do you find Bernard, and what is to be done with him next winter ? Ruth thinks him looking stronger and less thin. I find a growing and strong feeling here against the competitive exams, and quite strong statements made as to the absolute injury done in the years of strain and effort necessitated by them.

It is delightful to be with Sybel, the atmosphere of the house is peaceful and the view beautiful, and her friends are gems of the first water. The country about here would furnish one with study for months - and I long more than ever for the children to have some idea of the wideness and wonderfulness of the past ages, and the glory of this country. I would love to stay here longer, but will return to Eva next week.

Much love dear, lovingly Anna.

Egerton Park, Rock Ferry. July/1902.

Dearest B.

I was happy to hear that you were actually at Metis and had left the toil and rush of town behind you. I hope Mrs Molson's summer will be settled wisely and for her happiness - does she seem quite vigorous in mind ? I can't help thinking that Metis would be of great benefit to her, but of course I do not know how unfit she might be for any confusion.

I had a kind letter from Florence, in which she reports all looking well also so that " they did not miss me at all " after which it was comforting to hear from you that you did find a small vacancy.

The weather is now fine, and comfortably warm - Hope is busy doing things about the place, and enjoying it.... Dear me time is up as this has to be posted early . Much love dear and let me know about everything - How do the boys go on ?

Lovingly Anna.

Llandrillo - Wales, July 21st. 1902.

Dearest B.

We had arranged to have a day at LLangothlen when Cqrrie Crow sent to know if I would not come here for a few days to a " shooting box " which her brother has, so we arranged I should remain at Llangothlen and come on here on Saturday. We left Rock Ferry at noon and reached Llangothlen about 2, we had lunch on the train, and when we arrived walked through the town, and up a steep hill, when to my great surprise, we found ourselves on the edge of a very small canal where several pleasure boats were moored, into one we got, and presently a horse appeared, was attached to our boat, and off we went, after a time we landed and walked up to the Vale Crusis Abbey - it was a wonderful old building, in a quiet peaceful valley - over which the Lords of Dinas Bran mounted guard on their lofty hill. Later we went to see the home of the Ladies of Llangothlen, a facinating old place, which was on the old Post Road from London to Holyhead. The house is full of beautiful old dark oak carvings as well as many treasures. The ladies went there in the first place to start a new life, they having run away from their parents homes in Ireland to escape being forced into marriage to men they did not like or love..... When finding I had still an hour to wait before meeting Maggie Crow, I mounted a donkey and hied up the hill to see Dinas Brae, I had my paints with me, and made several little sketches. It was a pity there was no one to take a snap-shot of me on the donkey as it would have amused you all !

Sunday morning we went for a walk up the Glen, as there was only service at 3 P.M. but it was cold and cloudy, the lanes and roads were lovely with honeysuckle wild roses and fox-glove , and the heather tinted moors above all... but not a gleam of sun, my hands are so cold I can scarcely write.

Have our boys read " With Kitchener to Kartoum " ? it is so clever and amusing, they ought to read it now that Kitchener is the hero of the hour.

With love to all, and what about home coming ? Lovingly dear Your Anna.

England - August - 1902.

Dearest : So sorry to hear that you have had such bad neuralgia - just the slow collapse after the hard spring I fear - I do begin to wish much to be back. This great monster of a town is not to my taste, despite the many keen interests - We are only spectators.

Don't let money considerations prevent you deciding for Bernard G. to go back to Berthier if you are satisfied he has got on well and that it is best for him - I should feel it positively wrong to not spend money, and I think we will manage all right - If you are short about Con's first payment, you can take some of my money.

How soon could I return and find you back in Montreal ? Hope says I ought to see about my passage very soon, there is said to be a great crush for the beginning of September..... Just rushing out to take our places on a bus - as usual !

Anna.

England - August/1902.

Dearest B.

Love and thanks for your letter, I am glad your ' vapour apparatus ' was appreciated - and alas ! for the headaches ! you do have a hard fight, everything that might be a pleasure marred by these neuralgias.

I am sorry if there is any trouble about MrsM. and Metis - she must decide herself, and then we must do our part, also I think you should definately say something about her having a room with us at 295, she may yet prefer going to her relatives who have proved themselves so kind lately.

So glad all continues to go well, and especially that mother has improved. The enclosed stamp is for Lois.

Much love A N N A.

England - Sept. 2nd./1902.

Dearest B.

Thanks for your long letter. It is grievous that your holiday should be spoiled, and poor mother made so sad by Rankine - I still believe that there is some future restoration for him - but it would be a great relief if he would break his leg, or meet with some calamity that he could tackle and bear with fortitude. I fear sympathy is not good for him.

The 23rd. does seem so far off, I could have got a berth on the Lake Simcoe for the 10th. but Hope objected to my taking it, as Eva had previously crossed on her and said she rolled badly and that the bilge water ran round under the cabin sofas in an open drain, and that they all felt sick after they landed. I greatly enjoyed the voyage over, and thought I should not make myself uncomfortable on the way back.

Con is much on my mind now - today he will be beginning his new phase of life ( R.M.C. ) and I trust you have good hope of his taking some serious hold of life. I am much more reconciled to it, not as ideally best, but as good for him at present. A new book by James of Harvard says the great vice of modern civilization is something of a moral nature to give the stimulus to humanity that war gives - and replace the passionate devotion of the old monks, which has ceased to be a great factor in life " . . . . It certainly is the great need - " Faith which gives victory "

I do hope you feel rested and to some extent able for the new cycle of strife ? when one sees Rankine, one ought to be thankful to be able and willing to work, and need be fight even to the end.

I would not like Mrs Molson to think that we were now unwilling to have her at 295 since she has become an invalid - but include me heartily and absolutely in anything you think right and best.

I have been thinking quite happily of Laura in the cottage amongst all the ch[illegible]ks - I never heard whether you had a piano or not.? I am very pleased that Mrs Blake has taken to our girls, she belongs to such a nice set, and I used to enjoy Toronto so much when I was young and visited there. Really when one thinks of our blessed little Edith and Clare and Ruth, we have great cause to be thankful and take courage about the others.

I did not intend to write to you today but your letter just started me.

With much love - Anna.

Mrs M. in her usual thoughtful and kind way realized that B.J.H. at this time, was nearing the end of his physical strength, and suggested another trip for him, and so through her persuasion he started off, this time taking Conrad with hime, to travel through England, and on to Norway and Sweeden. Anna remained at Metis with the rest of the brood, and wrote to him from there.

## 1 9 0 3 .

Little Metis - June 24th./93.

Dearest Bernad:

About 8.30 Bernard the long ( Bernard a fat boy had suddenly grown into a 6 foot youth ) appeared with a telegram that he had got from Miss McNider saying that Conrad had got through all his exams, and we had great rejoicings. B.G. at once went over to inform grandmother and Aunt Florence. It was too late then to send the news on to you, but I hope you got our morning message from Joseph before lunch time, and I am sure it would give you good heart to go

on with the preparations for your trip. The lad has made good his footing not only in the requisites of R.M.C. but in his first independent steps of life - and he will realize better his own powers, and also the greatness of the difficulties, in the path of success. I will be glad to hear that he is looking fairly well after it all.

Lois and Heber are off golfing, B.G. and Owen have walked out to Astle's lake bird's nesting, Poppie is hard at work at a new water mill and Clare and her friend Olive are also trying golf... Salmon has again been brought, the vendor said they caught so many on account of the east wind driving them up the gulf. Poor Maria cannot get her goods down for the store as the schooner cannot stem this wind !

Love from all, and best wishes fro the embarcation - love also to Mrs Molson.

With all love dear

Your Anna.

Little Metis - June 29th. 1903.

Dearest Bernard:

We were so glad to hear from you from Quebec and Rimouski, Too bad to set out with a bad head, but it always seems to attend any attempt at pleasure on your part - you are at any rate having the best weather for the gulf that has been for weeks.

Here we are still all Mumps, Lois had a prodigious face, but kept pretty calm in spite of starvation and inability to eat, she is better now, and was heard exclaiming " I feel as if I were full of new wine, I want someone to laugh with, I can eat quite fluently now ! " etc. Poor Eva began to swell two days later, and her little peaked chin runs back into huge lumps, garnished with out-turned ears, she has been pretty sick with high fever, but I think is a little relieved today.

I hope Mrs Stirling's visit will interest mother, she seems very dull and lonely. Metis is filling up, but we are very well let alone just now.

Conrad will enjoy everything, I do hope he has made a good impression on the older people, a good opinion held by Kate Galt is worth much, her class is so wide spread and in some quarters so influential.

B.G. is quite a fair carver and looks well at the head of the table - On his account Olive Fyshe is staying on, which is a great boon - she has bewitched him.

Much love and may all go well... Do find out all you can as to Rankine.

Thanks for the dear boy's nice letter.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - July 8th. 1903.

Dearest Bernard :

We have seen from the papers that you had arrived, and we think of you now as in London actively engaged in sight-seeing, which will be immensely more pleasant, because of the fresh young eyes which will look at it with you I am looking forward to hearing how it all seems to Conrad, when he faces the wide world, and the wonders of the older civilization. Conrad always liked history, and may recall something of it as he goes along. If you are in Scotland, Sybel will be glad to see you, and Con may feel the Scotch element in his back bone thrill, if he stands in the old castle and sees the oldest regalia in Europe.

The mumps we hope are a thing of the past, Eva was the worst, she says she feels just like a skunk, every one is so afraid of her !

The boys, Bernard leading made two fine bonfires for the last two days that Olive was here, and with fine warm weather and moonlight it was beautiful. Mrs Stirling and Olive left on Wednesday, mother found her visator (Mrs S.) very harassing partly I suppose her deafness, but I was sorry she did not enjoy it, however it roused her up, and I think on the whole did her good.

We measured a red poppy yesterday, which was 10½ inches across - The Shirleys are coming up but in a scattered and irresolute manner.

With all love to you and Conrad --- Anna.

Little Metis - July 15th. 1903.

Dearest Bernard :

It seems a long time since I wrote, and ages since you left - How would it be for Con, to write letters instead of a diary, it gives so much pleasure, and I could keep them for him.

The Cains have a housefull of visitors, amongst others Dr Owens, they celebrated a birthday , by fireworks on the shore, three fine fire-baloons going up into a calm air, and rising till they disappeared behind some high fleecy clouds - Mrs Molson insisted upon going to the shore and much enjoyed the whole sight.

Mother is talking of selling her carriage to Tuckey, and really she might as well - she would probably get more use out of it than she does now. Do you remember what George paid for it ? Mr Tuckey suggested giving her $40.00 for it - I was surprised at his offering so much, for it is pretty shabby.

Bernard went to Gendron's lake yesterday with three other boys and caught 3 dozen trout, mostly small ones - He and Hugh Peck had a long day of "floundering " and speared 2 pail-fulls of fish, which were distributed about, and seemed to give satisfaction - the ones we had were excellent.

I have made one dozen bottles of strawberry jam for Mrs Molson, and ten for our noble selves - the strawberries have been beautiful this year.

The Metis boys have been occupied in getting up what they call a " circus " to raise funds for the base-ball team - they have advertised this at Sandy Bay and St Octave, and if the people respond, it is not to our taste on account of small-pox ; Of course the boys consulted no one, and as they are only allowing themselves 3 days to prepare in, I don't know what the result will be ?

B.G. is really quite a problem, he is never in time for anything, and wanders a great deal, I am sorry that he is rather fond of running round with the boys in the evening. I see very little of him, always late for breakfast, always off at unsuitable hours and missing meals... I don't say much about it ; He carves very well when he is here to see to it, and not only well but quickly, and is nice to Mrs M. and sees to the fire if he is here - but he no longer reads at all except under compulsion.... I suppose he will come back to it after a bit.

I am longing to hear Con's report of things in general, and how they appear to him - Surely Sunday will bring us some word.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - July 23rd. 1903.

Dearest Bernard :

Conrad's letter telling of your being ill was a great shock to us - London does not seem to be friendly to you, and I cannot make out ~~what~~ what I should hope or fear, as I have very little idea as to what Conrad's idea of illness would be ? .... 12 days have come and gone since, and that had there been anything serious I surely would have heard, but I certainly am most anxious for further news.

Yesterday Ruth, Will (Poppy) and I went back into the country by Astle's farm road, and found quantities of the Indian pipe, and also a number of yellow flowers evidently of the same kind, we looked it up, and found it to be the pine sap, the botanical name being very impressive, ' monatropa hypopitys ' - no one about here except Bernard had seen it before, and he said he had often seen it in the woods.

I enclose a letter from Carlysle in which he speaks of giving $500.00 or more to the Students Union and we were all delighted to hear that the late Mr Cooper has left Dr Forbes $25,000 to found his children's hospital, so he is now able to begin without further anxiety, he really deserves to do so, he has worked so hard for this fine cause, he has been several times to see that poor little child of Muckle the butcher, who he has put in plaster and hopes to take him up to town. Mr Cooper also left $ 60,000 to the Medical School - and Mr Fred Gault has left $10,000 to the Arts faculty, so the money comes in by little and little.

I also have heard again from Mrs Vaughan- she tells me that McGill has declined to accept Mr Vaughan's resignation and have given him leave of absence for a year with full salary.

Eva is looking very well again, she is reading Dicken's childs history of England, as her task, and writing two letters a week - Lois is teaching Will, and Ruth undergoing a martyrdom with Bernard, he comes down at 9o/clock and of course lessons are not begun till 9.30, this prevents Ruth making any arrangements for her morning, he does not seem to realize how selfish this is. Ruth has really been very patient over it. Bernard is on the go all day and wont allow himself a half hour to rest or read, he is looking better, but if he would give up that smoking I am sure he would do a lot better in body and mind. I have not spoken to him about it lately.

With much love to yourself and Con - Anna.

Little Metis - July 30th. 1903.

My dearest Bernard:

We have just celebrated mother's birthday with the usuall ceremonies plus raspberry ice cream and cake - and the best feature was that we had a hot and smokeless fire, she has had Cavil build in two sides of brick and readjust the top iron flap, and at last the charming looking fire-place seems able to give satisfaction..... Cavil has undertaken to tinker up the green punt, though he wont promise to make a good job of it - and he will buy Lois' dory, which Uncle Hope gave her - he will give her $3.00 for it and says he can cobble it up for a fishing boat, but it would be useless for the children, the weight would be so increased, and it is too heavy as it is.

Two lovely roses came into bloom for Grandmother's birthday - the nasturtiums are magnificent as to leaf, but as yet have no sign of flowers, a few days of hot sun would hurry things on - the crops and trees about the country look splendid.

Quite a party of us went to Crawford's falls today - B.G. and some of his little friends etc. The fall was fine and full of water. The boys bathed, and we sat about, and I sketched till we had to return.

Clare has been hearing all sorts of dreadful stories about Con's friend O. I hate to think of such a lad being spoken of as Con's friend. People say that to be so utterly bad and low at his age, leaves no hope for the future - it seemed to me so easy and natural that one's boys should grow up with high ideals as to purity and honour, and Eric did without effort, he just grew up as one would wish, but it is very very hard for these lads to come through life all right. Ruth was saying lately that Mr Howard and a Mr Robertson were the only two young fellows she ever heard speak naturally and clearly as if they were God-fearing men, with a firm foundation of right feeling, and living by some definate principle.

A grand entertainment again last night for the Golf Club - the usual thing tableaux, music, and a skirt dance and cake-walk, amusing but vulgar - Fancy Orrin Sutherland with bare legs and a muslin dress seated on a nurse's knees and having Msllon's food given to him in a huge spoon - I was told the nurse was Rene Cains but I think it must have been another boy ? Little Caverhill and Robertson performing the Shawl Dance - There are always two ways of looking at things, but it does not recommend itself to me as seemly.

Ruth's posters for the dance on Monday looked very well, they are to be auctioned off at the end of the dance. Ruth does not seem to care about going, and I don't think I shall let B.G. go, as the younger girls this year are not very well behaved, 3 or 4 of them were smoking with the boys lately - I would gladly help to punish the mothers who let their children run wild, and grow so bold, and spoil the boys as they do.

Mrs Molson continues well and bright, she keeps us all going - did I tell you she went up to the Fleets to see a little play that the children got up, and thoroughly enjoyed it too.

I did intend to write to Con, but must send love instead, I hope he is

enjoying every minute of his new experiences - and oh, I do wish he would give up smoking, I cannot help feeling it is a sad choosing of the worse, instead of the better part.

Mr Tuckey was lamenting your absence anew. It is such a comfort to feel that you are not alone this time but have Conrad with you, and hope you will feel he is your best friend, as well as your oldest son before you part company and last but not least, we wish you dear every happiness and many returns for your birthday, we shall think of you, and pray for you and wish you every blessing.

The last moment has come, and I must send this off -

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 3rd. 1903.

Dearest Bernard :

We were very glad to hear of you again from London, though you did not tell us much of what you had been about and Con did not tell us anything - we have heard more from Victor's letter than from either of you, but we piece it all out as well as we can.

We had a rousing sermon from Bishop Baldwin on Sunday, the English service read beautifully and slowly, and the text , Job's declaration " I know that my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter day upon the earth " He thought that all we have gained in these late centuries, coukd not make up, if we had lost that triumphant faith. He was clear as to his belief in God and his power, and also clear about the evil one - whose names as given in Holy Writ he ran over, and a grand and awful list they were - Prince of the Power of the Air, God of this World, The Spirit who now worketh in the children of disobedience ".

Once in a way, we see B.G. for half an hour, and he is very agreable, everyone seems to like him - I will try to get him to work harder as soon as the crowd has departed. I suppose we had better stay down late, as there is nothing urgent to take us back. We are all very well, and I do hope all goes well with you both and that the dear boy is learning something and thinking more.

With all love Anna.

Little Metis - August 14th./03.

Dearest Bernard :

This is the last letter you will receive before Conrad sails for home, and I imagine you will be with him at Liverpool, or at least in England. I suppose we will not know whether Con is coming to Metis or not ? I do not even know the name of the ship which leaves on the 27th. If Conrad does not get off here I hope he will telegraph from Rimouski. I wish Con would not play cards on the ship, at least not in the smoking-room - I cannot get reconciled to our boys smoking, I feel it constantly a disgrace. We are earnestly hoping to see the dear boy, and get some little account of his and your doings, I have not seen him since Easter, and that is a long while.

Ruth and Evelyn Clay went off on a fishing expedition yesterday, away back of Crawford's fall, a regular tramp, and they caught some of the largest brook trout I have ever seen, Ruth had over 4 dozen, and Evelyn nearly as many. Eva and Nora Blake are great friends, and they are going up to Bagnalls lake to fish and spend the night, it will be a fine experience for her - she has been much more contented and pleasant since she has been living on her own account instead of trying to follow Lois. Lois has gone mostly with Aggie Taylor, as I forbade her going with another girl who is hand and glove in with a set of very bold little girls. Mrs Leon-Owens is horrified at the loose vulgar behaviour of the girls and boys. The way the half grown girls are allowed to do as they please is demoralizing, they are badly in want of mothers with some sense.

Some of the Boule Rock people gave a danse a few nights ago, Clare, Ruth and B.G. went - there were nice people at it, and it was very pleasant and well managed. There were some clever charcoal sketches by Day Baldwin decorating the room - he is an extraordinary young man and affords continual amusement to Metis -

he is eccentric to a degree and most unusual, and rivals his papa in the art of making faces - Bernard is quite facinated by him - they went out for a long tramp yesterday and brought back a fish-hawk - Bernard has also been playing golf with Mr Blake and Prof. Hutton, all which is good for him, as said before, all seem to like him.

These blots are caused by the kitten jumping upon my paper, she is a very wild thing, and gets very excited about fly-catching and such trifles.

I will be glad to hear when you are planning to return, and I hope you are keeping well ?

With my fond love

Your Anna.

These Metis summers keep coming and going,
always the same, and yet always quite different.
We have now arrived at the year 1904, when the
cost of living appears difficult.

## L 9 0 4 .

Montreal - May 1904 to Bernard at Metis.

Dear Bernard :

I hope you are having as good weather as we are - no doubt you are now opening your sleepy eyes on the quiet country, and the bacon and eggs of Mary Ann are sizzling in readiness - Do tell her you like cream, she delights in pleasing the gentlemen, and you will never succeed in eating enough jam to please her.

We are all much as when you left, the charming painter is going on cheerfully, but the walls are very very bad, and quite apiece of the ceiling came down under the washing process - it would be a great relief if anyone could find out what causes those cracks ? it is a mystery which annoys me, and I do not wish to have it solved by some Samson leaning against the post of the house and having it all clatter down, leaving only the firm chimney to mark the ruin !

The cook question is now acute, but will work out somehow - you may be interested to learn that Mrs Blackader gives her cook $20.00 - two cooks have asked me $18.00 but would only agree to this, if the family was not large.

If the weather is warm, you might have Mrs Cavil make up the bed in our room and the one in Mrs Molson's room - the blankets are in the drawers in each room.

I hope you will enjoy every hour of the long beautiful quiet days -

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - June 9th. 1904.

Dearest Bernard:

We got down safely without any adventures, the drive from the station was cold, but clear star-light and no wind so not unpleasant, and the rosy dawn was breaking before we reached the house, the birds twittering, and white birches gleaming... The garden looks very well, nearly all the seeds well up the perennial poppies growing volcanically, no sign of any bulbs and the old roses very dead.... We were along time in getting Eva's trunk unlocked, but at last she managed it herself.

The faithless Tuckey did not bring our trunks down till 2 o'clock, and we had to eat our breakfast and lunch without a table cloth, or even a fork, we had spoons and knives, and no doubt they were better than chop sticks ? We will begin seteling tomorrow - we are rather pleased to find the sofa looking more shabby than we had remembered, so we feel justified in having bought a new cover. Mrs Molson's promised bed has not arrived yet, but carpet and paper and tacks are all here.

The Bovey's house looks yellower and greener than ever - the summer people are beginning to arrive - Ruth thinks we do need more chairs, and I fear she is right, The market ones would do very well, I will find out if they can be got here.

Love to all, and hope for a grand reunion before very long. The new cook is called Carry, she seems quite nice and so far obliging.

Anna.

Little Metis - June 13th. 1904.

Dear B.

I am very sorry about the money matters,, as I had hoped that perhaps you would find them a little better, not worse, than you thought,However I still think that it would be unwise to sell your stocks, as I have a little capital not invested, would it not be better to transfer your good stock to my account and use my capital. Ask Clare to send my Merchant's bank book as soon as possible, and I will see what I can do to help out.... Let me know if you do not get out of the money difficulty, for we must clear it up somehow, and economy here, will not be very easy - all prices high, and the family strong on eating ! Mrs Barclay said our new cook was economical, so we shall hope so. We are trying to get Tuckey to connect the hose so that we may water the garden.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - June 16th. 1904.

Dearest Bernard:

As someone has written almost every day, and there was no special news I have not tried to write as often as I generally do. Ruth is getting to the end of her renovating labours, and the result is very good in the main - if you had seen the dirt and fly-stains, that have been removed with some of the old decorations, you would feel that it was time they went - that old fan made of cloth over the door of the sitting-room was a dreadful rag - The nursery is greatly improved. Ruth is a great worker and has not only the ideas, but the grasp of detail, and a fair share of mechanical skill also - she is sighing for a piano, the old one is much worse since last year, I have been threatening to auction it off to the highest bidder.

I trust Clare will not have much trouble about a housemaid - Lucy should be made to clearly understand that it is dishonourable to break an engagement, and never safe to tell fibs. .... Soon you should have news from Conrad, his exams must surely be over this week.

I sincerely wish you would have a talk with Sir Wm. McD. - he lives too much with his own ideas and those who applaud and flatter him without having the courage to withstand him now and again. He is a just man, and would think over new aspects if he only had these presented to him. Poor Peterson he is having a hard time.

The floor of our room looks better than I had hoped for, since it has had a good scrubbing with lye, and a good airing.... No maple sugar is to be got in the place, I had intended to make some syrup as jam was not - so rhubarb is our one resort, it certainly is very good. The oriental poppies just rush on, the little for-get-me-nots are in perfection, the iceland poppies not as fine as usual.

Be sure you remind Con to call on Mrs Molson, as he will not think of it,& his golf clubs are in the cupboard in the box room, I intended to put them in his room before I left but forgot.

With much love dear, and hoping that you begin to see an end to the work and worry.

Yours lovingly A N N A.

Little Metis - June 18th. 1904.

Dearest Bernard:

I have not been working, Ruth has, and at top speed, but she seems to enjoy it... Florence's flock look very well, but she seems pretty fagged out herself.

I enclose you a cheque for $300.00 which is absolute capital - I ought to have $500.00 left in my account - I have felt at liberty to go on with education and educative advantages to the extent of my income, and have always done a good deal towards household expenses, but now if our actual running expenses are to require my help, I shall have to dock the education in future. I suppose this is not unnatural when the size of the family and the great rise in prices is considered, but I believe it would be much more to the girl's advantage to earn their own living than to scrape and screw at home, when we cannot give them social advantages, or see people freely at our own home. They are capable and hard-working and might as be paid for it, as toil for people who could easily buy what they want. However I suppose we will run along somehow, this summer, and may as well be as happy as we can, and spend as little. It would be delightful if all the summer could be as quietly country as at present.

With much love Anna.

Only 3 letters appear for the year 1905, the first two speak of Anna going for a much looked forward to little trip with B.J. to the U.S.A., this trip however was a short lived one, for Anna was recalled after three days on account of Will being ill. The third letter is from Woodstock where Anna had taken her mother for a short rest and change. The reason for there being no letters from Metis this year, was probably because B.J. was at last able to spend most of this summer at Metis and naturally Anna did not have to write to him.

## 1 9 0 5 .

295 University St. Montreal - December 30th. 1905.

Dearest B.

On my return home, I climbed up to my lofty berth and found it most comfortable. On reaching Albany, I wandered down to the big station waiting room and found that the D&H. left at 7, and then behold me on a high stool having some breakfast in company with various porters, workmen and stray travellers - I had coffee and a chicken sandwich of great size, and purchased 2 rather good looking cakes in case of need. I got the train easily and went over the old route via Plattsburgh to Montreal. Conrad was waiting for me, and reported Will was much better, Dr B. was evidently quite alarmed about him yesterday, and is surprised that he is so improved today. The pneumonia symptoms have gone, but the bronchitis is evidently quite a thing to be reckoned with. I think you may make your mind easy about the boy, but he will have to stay in bed till the irritation goes. I am sorry dearest that our trip should have been broken up, for it certainly was jolly, and even three days made one so much fresher, but I think I did the right thing to return. Will is enjoying being an invalid, and keeps track of poultices, fruit and drinks with much exactness.

I am very thankful that the immediate alarm has passed by. Love and best wishes for the New Year, we have many blessings to give thanks for in the one just past.

Anna.

University St. Montreal - Dec.31st./05.

Dearest B.

.... Will's temperature is down to normal for the first time, he is most lively, and thoroughly enjoys his position as invalid, he has had an eg and grapefruit for breakfast, and is to have plenty of lemonade. Mrs M. telephoned this A.M. and several other people, who seemed much concerned about the lad.

Put at bottom of 125



great de[redacted]l, and prevent him sinking into a narrow groove of thought, and interest him in g[redacted]neral reading. Possibly make him less content with small things - he has never sh[redacted]wed much ambition to excel, or attain.. Conrad is of the darkest shade of sunburn, and works all day, and studies at night with cheerful energy.

I h[redacted]ave not heard if you succeeded in getting a workman. I hope you are being careful n[redacted]ot to work too hard.

With much love Anna.

I hope you will have a good time, I am sure you will with B.G. as your companion. It is delightful to see how Bernard is waking up, if he can see, or be helped to see, that all success lies in effort, whatever the direction, it will be valuable to him - I wish he could look into the great library in Boston and see the Prophets Freize, and the story of Parsifal, and the celebrated frescoes illustrating electricity, and other powers, steam etc.... But off I must go - I will take it quietly and rest all I can and be as freash as a daisy by the time you return.

With love Anna.

Woodstock - Vermont : June 1st. 1905.

Dearest Bernard:

.... Your interview with Sir Thomas (Shaughnessy) sounded very satisfactory - you are now reaping some of the benefit of always being so very kind and patient yourself with all kinds of inquiries - and certainly the country must be full of people to whom you have given a hand in one way or another - and this the boys will find out if they knock about the country much.

Poor Mrs Molson, Miss Hill's death must have been a terrible shock, for she has known her for such a very long time and Miss Hill's tranquil and wise presence must have been a great comfort, and also made a family to come back to, and to go out from.

The drives in this lovely spot are most beautiful, you would enjoy this place from many points of view, it is so settled and prosperous, and all the farmers so educated and intelligent. I hear that the Billings pheasants have spread all over the country and the nests or young broods are often found in the hay fields, the winter does not seem to harm them.

Mother has decided to leave Monday, so unless I send further news, we will keep to that, I am not anxious to have mother long at 295, for she eats so little of any ordinary food such as we have, no meat, no eggs, rarely any fruit, mainly cereals and fish - I am persuaded that what upsets her, is not what she eats, but the state of her mind when she eats it - yesterday, she had half a fresh dough nut and put a lot of butter on each bite - Think of it ! So I think if we leave here Monday , we will go to Metis Friday evening.

A fine shower is just coming down, good for both roads and country -

Love to all - especially your dear old self -

Anna.

(omit)

( 1906 brings to an end Anna's letters to her husband , for her Dear Love has passed on, having given his all to Life's struggle. )

## 1 9 0 6 .

295 University St. /06. Anna to her Mother.

Dear Mother:

We have just received good news of the safe arrival of the first party to Metis, who report good weather, and everything looking lovely - It is Quite a novelty to have you preparing oue house, as we generally precede the rest of the world, please thank Elizabeth for her share in the preparations, and I only hope that it did not trouble you too much.

The two Bernards go on board the Canada next Friday, Bernard the elder is still busy with final college and writing affairs, but I hope he will get off without undue pressure. B.G. improves every day, and I don't know how we will get on without him, he is so thoughtful and practical. He has learned a great deal at the Business College, and will be able to take hold of office work in quite a different way, from a raw school boy. Seeing something of the world will no doubt help him a

Montreal- June 28th. 1906.

Dearest B.

We are just ready for our Metis journey, and Ruth is out getting some final odds and ends. Con will be able to see us off as we are leaving on the evening train. I hope business letters will stop coming, for I don't intend to continue to send after you anything that can possibly be avoided.

Yesterday Sidney Fisher telephoned to say a distinguished Jap. wanted to see over the college, especially the mining, so I told Joseph to get Dr Stansfield to be on hand to see that all honour was done him.

Anna.

Little Metis - July 2nd. 1906.

Dearest Bernard:

I have the mansion all to myself, as a bonfire is in progress, up beyond McNider's beach - Lois, Madge Kohl and brother, with Hugh Peck having built it this A.M. to celebrate Dominion Day. Madge has made quite a sensation amongst the boys, they all think her beautiful - Hugh Peck is already an ardent admirer - The doctor was out with her and Lois the first day he arrived. Eva is in great feather as not only Eleanor Fleet and little Creelman are here but also Nora Blake who is walking about and looking wonderfully well - she has a French governess and Mrs Blake has suggested Eva having some french reading with Nora, which delights Eva. Eva looks like a different creature she has gained 3 pounds since coming down.

We seem a very small household, but are getting into very comfortable ways. Mrs Molson comes down on Wednesday evening, and then I shall see very little of the children.

We suppose that you must have landed on Sunday, and we fancied you enjoying the hospitality of Mapledene - and the wild excitement of the youngsters, over such a tall cousin as B.G. - Of course you will see Mary Taylor, Andrew will I am sure welcome you as a breath of Canadian air and though he may not be able to offer you ice pudding, he may perchance have English fare to offer you.

We will look eagerly to getting your first letters, and I hope B.G. will write a sort of diary - he should try and write carefully, and as an improvement leaving out slang and exclamations !

Salmon seem very abundant, we were offered them 3 times today -

The piano is very good, but does not look as well as last year, not toning in with the prevailing colours, but that is not of much consequence.

I hear that Wilfred Bovey came out (third in a class of 90, and that Dr Bovey is disappointed, It is hard to satisfy a boundless ambition.

I hope your voyage was pleasant and really rested you, if you had summer seas it should have been at least tolerable.

Love to Glo and R. if you are in their neighbourhood.

I should think B. would be a very pleasant comrade.

Anna.

Little Metis - July 2nd. 1906. Clare to her Father.

My dear Father:

We have got with us now Mother and Ruth, safe dry and warm, and we hope that you and Barney have landed in the same condition ?

Mother has not gone out of the garden yet, but uses her leg quite as much as she ought - she is much grieved that she cannot weed in the garden - Weed ! I shall never forget weeds as long as I live, surely there must be more than previous years I have had to call upon unskilled labour to assist me, and I am afraid something but weeds sometimes comes out ! We are enjoying radishes and lettuce internally and Iceland and Oriental poppies externally.

We can hardly wait for your first letters to arrive.

With much love to you and Bernard- from Clare.

Little Metis - July 9th. 1906.

Dearest Bernard :

A perfect Metis sunday, quiet and neither too hot or too cold, streams of people passing up to church, I did not go, as I am still not walking about, my knee is really better, and I don't think I shall have any more trouble. Since I came down two of the McNider family have died, first Miss McNider's Uncle, and now her father - Mother and Mrs Fleet have made wreaths, and we sent a large bunch of white lilacs which looked beautiful. The funeral was largely attended by country people and visitors also a number of French people.

Conrad and Mr Glassco seem to get on well at 295, Minnie has stayed on with the boys till now, so they have had an extra week of comfort, and the time of the going out for meals will be shortened.

We counted 50 scarlet poppies all in glorious bloom yesterday, and we had not spared cutting them.... Lois is most happy with her Kohls, and Eva with Nora, but I intend to make Eva a little more liberal, and not turn away from other friends.

I hear Mrs Peck is having 3 young ladies down to arrange matters with her sons which are not already settled ! I fear we do not do our duty in that direction The boys will have to see to their own interests, but the girls cannot very well, unless Lois, she has a practical mind, and sees clearly where she wishes to proceed.

Mr Glassco seems a very nice fellow, most polite, and has read a great deal, and is tidy about the house, and musical - just a very satisfactory companion for Con. He does not care to run out much either and is enjoying his brief home comforts Max Fyshe told Ruth that Con was getting on extremely well, which was pleasant to hear from outside.

We are longing to have news of you, the time seems long, but once the letters begin we will be able to follow your doings - and I expect B.G. to give us particular annals of all that happens - we imagined that you would be in London yesterday. Everyone wants to know where you are going - we shall soon hear ?

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - July 23rd. 1906.

Dearest Love :

We were glad to get your letter telling of your first days in London, they certainly were full, but you were happy in meeting old friends. It was nice to find Rankine looking so well, and daughter Margaret so attractive. It looks now as if Rankine was to be the " do little " link between a wonderfully active father and a remarkable child.I think that Margaret could not be obscure or count for little, and to have a warm and affectionate nature with it means much - R. himself was like that when he was young, and that is why mother always clung to him so She is so incapable of expressing feeling herself, and indeed felt it a duty to repress foolish demonstrations that it made a rather cool and stand off atmosphere in the house, the mental plane was where we met and were at home and liberty - R. was the only one who stepped over all this, and would hug and kiss mother, and make much of her, he never was sympathetic with father. No one could imagine R. like this now - but he still is most nice to any one who submits to him, always kind to servants and young people, and if he stands between his mother and his daughter as the best beloved he does not do so badly.

To meet men of worth on equal terms, and to sit at well appointed tables and observe the families, seems to me the very best education for B.G. - He already writes less slang, and adopts a more dignified style and a few letters have good careful description. I hope he will see the King, and if Lord Strathcona had one of his receptions it would be grand for the lad to see those he describes as " big bugs " - and their manners would no doubt strike him.

Britanny seems to be your immediate goal - but soon we will get your programme.

With much love to both.

Anna.

July 26th.1906 - Little Metis.

Dearest Bernard:

Just a line to wish you a happy birthday, and many returns each one better than the last - I think we should have it so, one expects less and gets more I think as life goes on - The real hopes, and real blessings, are more clear, and one ceases to wish for so many things, that make up the great need and the great greed of humanity - The one enemy that is ever more hateful, is sin in all it's forms.

I had such a nice letter from Sybil hoping you would stay with her, I hope you will manage it - the grand scenery of Scotland I should think would appeal to B.G.

I hope you pointed out Gordon's tomb in St Pauls - no sermon could be more great than its inscription - I am wondering if the Natural History museum does not delight him and the Tower, where Traitor's Gate and the gruesome place of execution make one want to hold one's head well on ! Speaking of heads, do get B.G. to have his head often champooed, for he won't be able to do it himself, and I am greatly troubled about his hair - his size and handsome features will only make him look more rediculous if he loses much more.

William will be disappointed to hear that Owen has not passed his exams but delighted with the news that Heber has passed his exam for the Collegiate with great credit, first in the school.

Mrs M. sends special birthday love.

Lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 6th. 1906.

Dearest Bernard :

We were glad to get your letter from Paris and we eagerly await news of Brittany - I really do not know much about its attractions, but there are of course quaint towns and Druidical remains, and I suppose you will be walking and driving from place to place rather than rushing in trains.

Conrad has been down here since Wed. morning, he looks very well but was extremely thin - He said he and Gordon just had lime juice and water for breakfast with biscuits, it was too hot to eat.

The C.P.R. with their usual thrift declined to give Con the $75.00 though McConnell had promised it to him - the higher authorities said students ought to be thankful to get any pay. A lot of the new graduates from R.M.C. have had a gov. job at St Lambert, and each got $ 60.00 a month - however two of them came into town sick and Roddick feared typhoid. Con leaves this evening, and his exams are about the 17th.

The excessive heat continues in town and also here, I never have known such a summer, 76 and 78 in the mornings - last night all the population was sitting out along the shore till nearly midnight, too hot to go indoors - the pump water has given out, and we have just given up the garden to its fate, except the front bed & the sweet peas which we are trying to preserve. It would make you weep to see the poppies, and even the big sunflowers are drooping.... This morning we have had heavy showers which will help everything.

Mrs Peck had a dance at the town hall on Saturday, the big girls said it was like a children's party - but that all depends on the point of view, Lois quite approved of it, and Con was not scornful.

Olive arrived yesterday morning, and is very glad to be here again, she says that Victor (Dawson) has gone to North Hatley to visit his mother and study for his sup, he does not seem to be likely to stop over here.

Ruth would like to go back to New York next winter to continue her art work, but so far, I do not see any way to it - I would like her to be at home till Feb. and then go over to the other side and see all she could there, and have an opportunity to meet people. And meanwhile Con and B.G. may be doing for themselves, and we could further her enterprises if needful.

I am wondering if it might not be wise to send Will to St Johns as a weekly boarder - he could not then slip his work, and the masters would see what he could

and could not do - he certainly learned almost nothing last year, and he lost his books, I fear on purpose.... a boy who he brought up one day said he scarcely ever went to swimming, and if he made excuses for that, they were not right ones. He does not know how to swim a stroke, as far as I can learn here - he flies into a temper if it is mentioned... I cannot deal with this sort of thing, when I cannot depend upon his word. If he were at boarding-school he could not do these things - At the same time and in his nature he evidently hates other people's society, and loves to work away on his own lines. He occupies himself without any trouble and is happiest thus, does a lot of good work too, about the garden and grounds and has painted an astonishing number of things. I believe that it might happen that to be obliged to learn with others, and run in a herd, might drive him to desperation - I believe he just feels desperate when he is bullied about lessons at home and at school. Still the question is can he have his own way ? and follow in B.G's steps - or might not he now be obliged to conform = and walk in the appointed track, and learn the appointed tasks, till he is able to reach the usual standards and then his personal inclinations may develop. It is hard that all the usual learning seems so difficult to him, but is it not at the bottom a determination to do as he chooses ? and that can only lead to failure. I try my best to let him feel his own powers, and to praise him for anything good, and the girls are good to him, but he is very trying sometimes though extremely nice at others. I hate to bother you about this, but it is something that must be thought of, as I will have to write to Mr Fosbery about the 24th... There are several nice boys here, and I have had them to tea and done all I can, Will is delighted for 2 or 3 days and then the boys vanish, I fear they wont stand Will's overbearing ways.

Brenda Molson has arrived from England, but I have not seen her, she told one of the girls that she met B.G. coming along Regent St. just as he used to come along the Metis road, at the same leasurely swing -

Rankine said B.G. was astonishing both as to size and prudence - from which I concluded that he had tried to draw him out, and not succeeded as well as with Jon and Victor.

Mrs Molson's best love. Tomorrow will be Clare's birthday - 26 just think of it .

lovingly Anna.

Little Metis - August 13th. 1906.

Dearest Bernard :

Your last letter was from Granville, and we are looking forward to the rest of Brittany, and are curious to know what next ?

I had a long talk with Mr Fleet a few days since, and got some curious lights as to college politics - you know do you not ? that Clouston and Reford were put on the board, I said that I regretted Clouston being elected, he replied that it could not be helped - and in great confidence added - Sir William insisted as a guarantee for the good management of his millions. That of course has some sense in it. Fleet was very much put about that Dougall was not put on - he knew he was not the ideal man, and that various objections were urged - but he had been acquainted with the college for long, and had clearly in mind its history and its statutes and had an honest desire to see its best aims realized. Fleet says he had no man to stand by him on such issues, and that Peterson did not wish such a man - also P. gave Fleet to understand that you entirely disapproved of Dougall. Fleet thinks that you are quoted as being an upholder of Petersons, and that it is asid that only a clique are against him - and you named as being with him on all important points. Fleet would apparently be glad to get at any chance to get rid of P. - he considers him as unpopular with professors, students, and towns people and trusted by no one but Sir William McD. - Kelly apparently went to Sir Wm. and complained of P. being so disliked and Sir Wm. was thunderstruck and questioned him closely and Fleet thinks it was his determination to back P. in the face of K's attack, that induced him to decide to attack St Anns to McGill - Fleet thinks that before long there must be conflict between Robertson and P. and then sides will have to be taken. But one

thing I see clearly - P. is trading on your character and the regard in which you are held to shelter himself - He prefers to confer with you, and then represent with his own shading, your views to Sir Wm. than to allow you to confer directly with him - and the same with Robertson, if you look back, you will see how he has carefully kept between you and both of them - and woven what he gleaned from you into his own policies, shaped to uphold his own ends.

It is too bad, and I only hope you wont allow these stupid things to spoil your holiday = but I thought you ought to know, that apparently you are regarded as P's chief support and as endorsing him generally = I told Fleet that it was necessary to be loyal to one's chief, and that you always set your face against backbiting and tale bearing. I was astonished at his bitterness against and positive enmity to P.

It is nice that B.G. should seem well and alive and to be enjoying himself, I am sure he must be learning a lot. He certainly is canny, and I don't wonder that you would prefer Ruth's enthousiasm, but I do hope that you get glimpses of B.G's inner mind - he has always been a problem to me and I have only got gleams of the within. It is a real tragedy to live so within yourself that all who most love you are kept at arms length, and have no real touch with you = His last chance is in what kind of wife he chooses, If not a warm patient sympathetic and buoyant soul, she may be hidden in his heart, but she will be a lonely and sore-hearted woman - the more so, the more she cares for him. The power of expression is really the limit of your grasp on the true values of life.

Will is a fine worker, and clears paths and goes ahead in great style - One of the large stones in the path was shaky, and to tell the truth, I rather thought a crowbar had been applied to it, but I said nothing, and Will has put in pegs, and bedded it and made quite a job of it - also he has erected a little house in the woods, applied shingles to it, lined it with paper, and he proposes sleeping in it, but I doubt if that comes to pass.

I am so glad you are having a good quiet time, and are feeling well. Did B. have time to see the Dover cliffs and the queer fossils from them ?

Lovingly your Anna.

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Little Metis - August 18th. 1906.

Dearest Bernard :

A few cold days have passed by, and now we have the rapt hush that comes in the early autumn, when all is waiting for the harvest. A large number of boys and lads go up today, holidays over or about to join the Surveying school.

I imagine you in London and that you will be going north on Monday, possibly to join Eva for a few days at Keswick and then Scotland. Will is anxious to know if you are really going to Ellen's Isle ? but he will write himself on various matters of high import.He works away, has been continuing a railing down the shore path - he made a new platform outside the W.C. and has erected a hut in the woods, he made quit a nice case for Ruth's paint brushes - but surely such devotion and perseverance should take him somewhere. He has in great strength the independent spirit that wishes to go its own gait, and has no idea of submitting - this may prove a very useful power, in doing battle with real life.

Be sure and let B.G. see John Knox's house. It is quaint, and his study a veritable curiosity, just a small box-like room with a stand for his bible, and yet he moved the nation, reformed the land and planted education and religion in the very heart of Scotland... Mrs Molson was very pleased with B.G's letter, he certainly observes keenly all that passes before him and notes many things that the ordinary tourist would not see at all.

I conclude that you intend to sail by the Ottawa, Sept. 15th. as it seems the only really good boat, and being about the equinox, B.G. is likely to have his wish and see an angry sea ! Most of us will go up to town on the 13th. Ruth staying to the last.

So glad you enjoyed Brittany and with much love ----

Anna.

Little Metis - August 22nd. 1906.

Dearest Bernard :

Your letter from Dinan was received yesterday, I can easily see from B.G'S letters how his mind is expanding, and his attitude changing, I should not wonder if he would even regard Westminster abbey with wholly different eyes, if he found himself there again. How fortunate you were to see the people en fete, though the heat could not have been pleasant, but I don't know where you could have escaped it, unless by accompanying William to the Straits of Belle Isle, who reports 50 degrees as warm, and has some chilblains... I feel like you very loth to see the lad leave us, if it were for a year, I would not mind, as it might make a man out of him, but he is young to leave home and social advantages, and live a solitary life for perhaps some years, before he can look to a home of his own. I did write to Ida Burwash in Arnprior to see if she could arrange to take him in as a boarder ? she said she would think it over and write to me later - she would be an excellent person for B. and help him in many ways. I was wondering if B. himself had any clearer idea as to whether he wanted to learn more or not ? Do your best to make him think it out for himself. We might tell him that if he does well with the business, that at the end of a year, he can again choose if he finds he wants more education - and I suppose he is not bound to stay with the Mclachlins if anything better turned up, and we can see how he stands the work physically.

Con has had a hard time studying in the heat, and the day of the exam^th was over 90 degrees, and it must have been a woeful crowd that assembled ! Con reports that he answered correctly 7out of8 questions on his first paper, and thinks he is all right on the 2nd. also. I will enclose his letter.

We still have vague ideas of where you go after London - but am sure you will enjoy it, only hope you wont have wet weather in Scotland, it can be so desperately wet there. We had rain last night but not much, under the spruce trees has not been wet since we came down. Even the potatoes they say, are little use, the new ones are like small bullets.

Olive is to have a birthday tomorrow, so we shall be in party mood, she is a dear girl. She is going over ' Lady of the Lake ' with Will, and I am sure he will have a more friendly feeling to the Lady, during the winter in consequence... Lois has stuck to giving him his arithmetic like a brick - I have given her 25cts. a week to encourage her, and add to her small pocket money. I am still wondering about Will going to St Johns as a weekly boarder ? and am hoping that I may hear from you on the matter, before long. It is so difficult to tell, but he must not waste time this year if anything can prevent.

Lovingly your A N N A ....

Little Metis - August 27th. 1906.

Dearest B. :

It seems ridiculous that I have not managed to get a few minutes to write to you the past two days, but everything seems to be verging to a climax, and there has been so much driving and sailing, and in and outing, that every moment has been full, then Mrs Molson is leaving on Friday, and insists upon going by the very early train, we have opposed this but in vain, so thus it is ! We have had a great feast of melons, as two or three times a basket has come from Piedmont and they have been delicious.

Your last letter was to Lois from Quimper, we cannot decide how to pronounce it, but it looks familiar, as also St Malo. It is most surprising that the people still consider themselves Bretons not French - and yet the Welsh would not call themselves English, would they ?

Really everything seems to have worked together for good in your trip, the Peterson boys will be good for B.G. - Mrs P. is always charming, and as for the wily Head, I can well believe that he is most lovable as a family man. It was nice that you met up with them.

I was surprised at your sailing so late as the 20th. but very glad also, for both your sakes. I suppose you will write to Mr McLachlan and tell him when B.G. will be on hand. By the way, do get the lad 6 pairs of socks, some under - drawers, ties , gloves etc. It will cost you much less than at home, and they are really needed, and will have to go with him when he leaves.

Con does not enjoy the camp, he says they have to work very hard, both day and nights, and the food is ill cooked and unclean - I fear he has had rather a hard summer - the food will seem better if the heat moderates a little.

We had a party last night, Lois wishing to entertain Madge K. and Margery Morgan, we had Archie Grier, Hugh Peck, Teddy Savage, and two older men Lester Cook and Ned Fetherstonhaugh, the latter has taken to appearing on all occasions, there seems to be a 'sympatico', between Feathers and Harringtons - Lois and Harold were a great deal together, Con adores Muriel, and Ned comes to see Ruth !

Ruth looks much more like herself, she has done some quite good things, made lots of sunset studies, It wont be very long now before we are all home again, and how much we will have to talk over, and how much we have to be thankful for.

This morning Ruth and Olive have been sailing with Mr Cook and Mr Fether - Clare , Lois and Eva are going up to the Fleets Lake after lunch to return after tea.. Will has less fun than any of them, but lately has taken quite a fancy to the eldest Cantlie girl, she may be 8 or 9, and he speaks of her as Miss Cantlie - He rows her out in his boat, or paddles her in the punt.

Love to the long boy, Mrs Molson was very pleased with his letter.

affectionately Anna.

Anna's faithful and devoted husband, whose health had always been variable, in 1906, towards the end of his European trip with his son Bernard began to be ill - and it was found that he was suffering from Pernicious Anaemia. At that time little could be done for this condition, and he gradually grew worse, till at the age of 59 in the month of November 1907 he passed away. His youngest child William Seymour at that time was only 14.

Anna lived on for ten years after this sad event, to the not very great age of about 66. During that time she passed through further sorrows and joys - she lost her mother and also her most treasured daughter Ruth, who died in child-birth. Happiness came to her, however, in the marriages of her sons Conrad and Bernard, and her daughters Lois and Eva, who shortly presented her with several grandchildren.

It was a grave and unhappy sorrow to the family, when in 1917, it was found that Anna had a tumour in her lung and could not live for long. In June of that year her faithful daughter Clare took her to Metis, where in this place that she loved so well, she spent her last days.... close to the golden Iceland poppies that her dear " B " had planted, and where the perfume of heliotrope and lemon verbena from the little front garden filled the air.

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