

not have mar  
ried such a  
faithful wife,  
but at least her  
tho with all  
her heart  
most fondly  
loves  
your aun  
Antra.

Metis -  
Thursday July 28th

Dear Bernard,  
I came  
upstairs with the intention of  
writing to your mother but it  
is so very much nicer to write  
to you. That somehow my pen  
wrote your name instead of  
hers, so what can I do but go on?

The great excitement of the day is  
a bazaar held at the Methodist  
church for the improvement of the  
same, they sent notices to all  
the cottages requesting assistance  
& mentioning the farm it was  
to take. Mrs Stevenson (the min-  
ister's wife) was directed to make  
& send pies - Mrs Darcy was  
told - cake was her duty, we  
were required to furnish chickens  
& salad, luxuries that are rather  
hard to obtain, Mamma rebelled,  
I sent some money instead, I  
sent them a dollar, as I think  
we ought to help when we can the

church, but I am not going to  
the bazaar - I think there too  
means a way of getting money  
for the Lord's service.

The weather today is quite  
pleasant, & one can keep warm  
walking about - the water is  
rough & we shall have a splendid  
bathe by & by - 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 sh<sup>d</sup> cer-  
tainly lose them otherwise.  
Last night Mrs Darey her sister  
& Mrs Major were in & there  
was much talk, talk, when  
I did not enjoy, as I was not  
feeling well & was longing to  
go to bed - Tonight we are  
to have a party Mrs Redpath  
Mr & Mrs Dickinson & Mrs Selwyn  
Dear Eleanor is expected at  
Mrs Murray's this evening - The  
hotel is so full that several  
boys have to share one room, &

Fredrick Selwyn loudly complained  
that in his helpless sleep, two -  
other boys were quartered with  
him, he awoke to find one in his  
bed & another on a mattress on  
the floor - Rather summary,  
certainly!

And looking at my watch  
I see that, just a week ago  
you left me, I am not in the  
least reconciled to your absence,  
on the contrary, I miss you more  
& more every day, I can't settle  
down comfortably & contentedly  
in my old home, as I used to.

I declare I am getting quite silly  
without my wise husband,  
today I took up Vanity Fair, &  
reading of how Amelia's George  
was shot at Waterloo, I positively  
shed tears, over her affliction:  
how that was being a goose, was it  
not? Today I had a letter from  
Sophie who hopes we will pay  
them a visit on our way home  
& has various little news of  
the country & its affairs. Says  
she has heard again from Jane

who is still in the 7<sup>th</sup> heaven  
of perfect happiness, & Sophie  
says ought to be sent to "the Ex-  
hibition" as a specimen of "Paradise  
restored." I sh<sup>d</sup> not have thought  
in old days, that Dora wd have  
been the kind of woman to be so  
entirely absorbed in her home & hus-  
band, but if she is in some ways  
different from the old Dora, she is  
only better I recollect - As indeed  
any one ought to be who has a good  
& fond husband - Ah darling!  
you don't know how much better  
& nicer I mean to grow, I have  
scarcely had time yet, to realize  
my new life yet & to take into  
my heart, the knowledge of how  
good, & dear, & thoughtful, you are  
I know happy I am to be your wife.

Do write often, if you can, the  
days are so long without news or  
word of you - You must be  
very sure to bring warm clothes  
with you, they are quite necessary  
& your rug wd be very useful.  
I had so many things that I c<sup>d</sup>  
not bring it with me -

and have more

Friday morn'g - -

Just returned from my daily expedition to the Post, & got your dear letter written on Sunday. I am glad you are well dear, & that the weather is cool, I even glad that you are not quite contented without your new wife - for she is dreadfully discontented without you - Everything is harried without you, if I had had the least idea how disagreeable it wd be, nothing wd have induced me, to let you go without <sup>me</sup> ~~you~~. As I never was married before, I do not know how dismal it wd be to be left a widow - I 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 -

That prayer in Daniel is splendid sounding down through all the ages, as the cry of a man, who had set his love upon God. That verse you mention - I read over about 7 times, it seemed so beautiful. But reading in our small Bibles

is not nearly so interesting as in  
that beautiful large one, at home  
the clear paraphrasing, was as  
good as a commentary. Directly  
I get home I intend to find out  
about those visions; though just  
to stand as Daniel did & look down  
down the ages of the great "to be"  
is wonderful, & to me, the repeated  
assertion of Daniel being a "man  
greatly beloved," & therefore to be  
understand is such a revelation  
of the relation between God & man  
the man fixing his heart upon God  
"setting his love upon Him" Ps 91. 14 -  
& God calling him greatly beloved.  
Indeed just read Ps 91. 14 - 16, &  
see how literally Daniel's life was  
a fulfillment of those words -  
delivered, - set on high, - answered, -  
honoured, - satisfied - -

|| 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 you see - I hope that you  
will interview those scientific  
garrisors 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  
& this, dismal separation -

Oh what nice people the old Jews  
were, who w<sup>d</sup> not let people leave  
their new wives, even for wars  
wh. were more important than  
stupid exhibitions.

The party last night went off  
very well & every one did their  
best at chattering, for a miracle, I  
was not sleepy & Mrs Dennistoun  
& I, had quite a chat on the subject  
of reformed garments, she being  
one of the converted, I really think  
I must be reformed a little more  
next winter -

Mamma & I, had quite a long  
walk on the beach picked blue-  
bells & ferns, Received much good  
advice from my venerable mother,  
who, by the way, says she is quite tired  
of hearing about you - even is better  
& listens to anything or everything I  
choose to say with interest. They  
all wish that you w<sup>d</sup> be here.

William being gone, another  
man we had very useful in the  
establishment. And oh my love,  
my love! I sh<sup>d</sup> be so happy again  
if you were only with me.  
I am anxiously waiting to hear  
how long you are to stay, I do  
trust that it is not to be one of  
these indefinite, lingering undecided  
things, & when you know, wont  
you telegraph to me dear, &  
not let me have to wait the  
interminable days that a letter  
takes to come -

I had a letter from Lina this  
morning, she has been ill again  
poor child! though the weather  
has been cool & even chilly in  
Montreal ever since we left.

The mails here are so absurdly  
that if I sent you a letter every day  
you wd only get 2 one day & none  
the next - so I think it better to  
post one every alternate day, though  
as you see I have written every  
day since we parted, but I really  
cant keep it up much longer. I wish  
so much to hear your voice & see your face.  
If you dont like getting silly letters you can stop.