

From "The House Beautiful"
1875 or 76 where the pilgrims rest"

To the dearly beloved, fellow-
pilgrim, Alice -

The day has seemed
such a very long one, that
if I am to give you any ac-
count of it - I must give it
now, as these dear people
have sent me to my room at
quarter past 9, I think I
might - take a few minutes
to talk to you - I have
your painted picture
on the table, & if only it w'd
smile instead of being per-
sistently green it w'd be al-
most like really talking -

After I left the station
Mr. Ferris was very de-
voted, talked incessantly
& told me much that was
curious, among other scientific
facts he mentioned that it
was impossible to mesmerize

any one if they had India
rubber shoes on, for there
being non-conductors, pre-
vented the electricity of the
earth from circulating through
~~the~~ person - I said that it
was very remarkable - after
a bit, I gave Mr F. a new
news paper wh. kept him
quiet - far more than an
hour & meanwhile I slept
as well as circumstances
allowed - then I had to
give him my book, & devoted
myself to looking out of the
window, & oh! the woods looked
so full of hope; where the
larches were thick, quite a
veil of green was over all, &
so true are trees to their
appointed task, that even some
cut-down birches, unaware
that they were severed from
the root were spreading out
their pretty banners of green.
Spring beauties, & marsh mari-
gold were blossoming, - but

still the 5 hrs. were rather long & the car was very hot. Mr Braune was at the station also Miss Cox who had come out yesterday, & we drove down in Sir Edmunds waggon - It was really hot, & the leaves & grass seem verily graining, we reached here a little after 2 o' - & found dear little Sophie looking very well - she & I had a long chat in the afternoon, perched on a window sill the window wide open & the delicious, fresh stillness all round. - After tea we went up to the post, the frogs ringing all the way & even now their concert continues, & it seemed quite long ago since you & I listened to them last night.

All enjoyed your strawberries very much & Sophie sent a few of the best to Sir Edmund who is very old & can

invalid, she asked me if you
was mind, & I said I did
sure it - was exactly what you
would do yourself - Sophie sends
thanks many - I wish you
could be out here too, & rest,
while the frogs sing, & the
beautiful bright stars shine
so serenely - Gael seems so
near in the country, & every-
thing is so lovely - I must try
& take in all the beauty &
restfulness, till I can carry an
atmosphere of peace back to
my own dear Bernard -
I cannot - but - remember, how
desolate & forlorn my whole
life seemed to me, when I was
here, last year - Lord knew, the
Lord has given me a hundred-
fold, for all I thought I had
given up, thus - Gael's ways
are so different from ours so
great, so wise so loving. & we
must serve Him with joyfulness
& we will too, will we not,
dearest - with all our hearts.
One shut - is enough for one night, so
"goodnight - dear. - - - - -"

Monday²

Another beautiful day, but no letter, so it has seemed long - Shortly after breakfast, we went out in the boat & Eva & I rowed over the most exquisite calm water, we went to Hut-Insery, & gathered some deep green moss, wh. I am drying & with which I hope to help to beautify your house next winter. we got back just in time to bathe before dinner, & for the first time the temperature of the water was pleasant, & the bubbles quite hot to walk over, with bare feet. In the afternoon I read a little & painted a little, & then Mrs Carpenter & Mrs Selwyn came in & stayed a long time - but I have gone out to

Whilpsburg - About 5^o of the
I Mrs F Jewick then came in,
I stayed to tea - Mrs F. greeted
me with "Oh, it is this the new
wife," I examined my ring care-
fully - Poor people they seemed
more hopeless than ever - After
tea Mrs Dury came in with a
present of fish, then Mrs Lely,
again I Laila Major - next -
Miss Lyman & L. Lewis who is
at the Murrays, I then sat on
the gallery I halted, the last
lingering colours of a gorgeous
sunset, tinting the waters.
Mr Lewis amused all by re-
peating an absurd story about
3 young ladies who were seen
comparing rings, at a bible class.
last winter, the 3 being, according
to him, Alice Taylor Carrie & Minnie

I myself - The real foundation
for it was, that at a ladies'
lecture, I sat beside Nellie Lock-
rane, & she asked to see my ring
wh. of course I showed her -
Mr Lewis' version was however
very amusing, I old I guess had a
 hearty laugh at my expense -

When they all went - I retired my-
self comfortably on the sofa to read
a little, when behold! another
knock, & Mr & Miss Baxter appeared
I stayed what seemed to me a long
time, for I have not been feeling
very brilliant lately, & we had
had so many visitors -

Tuesday morn'g.

I fancy that this will reach you
about Saturday, dear, & so I must
wish you beforehand, very, many
very happy returns of the day - my

own dearest! Just think, last
year I did not even know when
your birthday was, I now I have
best of all rights, to love you &
wish you every blessing - Of only
love you were here, or I at Phil-
adelphia it wd be much more
easy to believe that I am in truth
your own Anna - I feel like an
idle here, more & more every day -
& though I don't mean to be exacting
or to complain, when I am sure
you write as often as you can -
The days between letters, are long
& many, 11 days since we parted
& I have only had two letters, which
I seem to have myself written a
perfect deluge of epistles, I always
fancy you must be tired of reading
them, when you like writing so
little - I'll perhaps today I shall be
more happy & get news of you -

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. I have not even a mat
 to make it look its best - My
 mother thinks the house looks better
 than it really does, but I have
 altered nothing, only taken it from
 the prettiest point of view -
 The left hand top window or
 rather door, is my room & looks
 out to sea, -

Papa says to tell you that Shirley
 is expected at the American Cons-
 & that he hopes you will try &
 see him, & assure him of a welcome
 in Montreal.

Papa is mad on the subject of
 dredging, & spends days on the water

Your friend Miss Sterling is here
in Mrs Walker's charge, & Jack
Walker seems very devoted,
indeed I think they both are
"pretty bad" for Miss Sterling who
is known to dislike boating, goes
out daily in Mr Walker's sail
boat - They of course are subjects
of much talk & interest at the
hotel - The pigeon berries are
beginning to redder, 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 strain, I
cannot tell you half the things I
want to say - I am always remem-
bering at the wrong time, that I
have forgotten to tell you something
I wanted you to know.

Yours ever loving
Ann