

Montreal September 26th 189

take the very mutual error
of trying to give the jobs.
Receipt at last, dear George
my love, I constant prayer
for you I will bring I will
bring

André
Jos. Pouché

I am sure it will
be two weeks since you left us, &
even I write with some hope that
you will be in Scotland about
the time this will arrive; but I shall
not write with much comfort to
myself until I hear from you of your
safe arrival & settlement at your
shall I call it? your home in London?
no, your work. I must not however
omit to thank you very much for the few
lines written off, Pensive de Looz which
I must not tell you were very acceptable.

I am at a loss to decide whether
it can be that the present moonlight
is the most beautiful I ever saw, as
whether my attention is so much more
directed to it than ever before, (on your
account) but the unusual warmth & calmness
of the weather & the long successions of
beautiful moonlight nights seem
to have soothed all thoughts of your
being sick or suffering discomforts at
sea. I instead I picture you enjoying, night
after night, those lovely clear skies, wishing
much you had a telescope. This reminds
me to tell you one way in which William
misses you; — he has twice come begging
I hope so I to come & look through the
telescope at this or that he ^{had} brought into
view. The other nights when it occurred

to me it was because he had not got
to re-joining with him. I went into the
parlor in my night dress to look at Jupiter
& its moon.

I need not remind you to let Mrs
Bell early, whether Cap. States is to return
to Montreal this Autumn on account of
Anna's illness.

There are some curious anecdotes
going around about the new bishop's
first experience in Canada (I mean
Bishop Ogen don upon whom papa
I called the other day). At Russell's in
Quebec, green Corn was put on the table.
The bishop having heard of it took an ear,
but feeling puzzled how to eat it he asked
a waiter if he would please tell him how
to eat it. The waiter in his turn was so
surprised at the question that he answered
"I do not know". So he asked another
of the waiters what the gentlemen could

mean by asking me a question. The
second waiter inferred that the Bishop's
teeth were defective & went forward &
said: "It is sometimes cut off with a
knife sir". About the same time young
Knabson presented himself. I said: "I am
sent my love to tell you that Mr. Baydyes
has sent ^{down} a special Car for you". The Bishop's
mind dwelt on the word Car & that
connecting it with a railway concluded
it was some Corman who wished to place
his best Carriage at his service to drive
around. He said: "Thank the man
& say I shall not have the habit tonight".

I don't know that my stories are written to
bring out the funny points but they were the
subject of amusement at dinner last ev. & as
I take for granted papa has "done" all the
business & come at the surface minus I should