

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
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McGill College
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My very dearest George,
It seems long since I wrote you, & yet I felt that it was no use to write too often, as you wd probably get so many letters at once that a few long ones wd be pleasanter. It is so barrick to have you so very far off, question & answer in letters is almost impossible, & all we can do is, as it were to write at each other. I wonder if you have yet got that very important letter of mine; I thought several times of asking you what you thought of Bernard, before you left, for I had a sort of idea that he cared for me notwithstanding my former refusal, & had a misty notion that some day he might ask me again. I wd very much have liked to know what you wd wish me to

answer, however I never did
ask you, it wd have been a
little awkward to put into
words, you know, as it might
only have been one of my fancies.

Of course you must now let me
talk all sorts of nonsense to you
I only wish you were here to
laugh at me, you dear, dear boy.
Wd it not be fun? We have not
yet been engaged quite a month
yet, but it seems a great deal
longer. & it is a great deal nicer
now than it was at first, it
took me a while to get used to
it, when he was here it was all
right, but when he was away, I
had all sorts of puzzled & doubtful
thoughts, I did not quite know
whether I was myself or some one
else, but now, the clouds have
gone & I know for certain that
I am much better, & surer &
happier than my old self, &
then you know I always had a
mania for making other people
happy, & so it is extremely satisfac-

tary to feel that Bernard is
happy, & contented, & consoled
for all the years of waiting
he says he loves me more every
time he sees me, but I suppose
I ought not to take far solemn
earnest - all a man says when
he is in love, only I make a point
of believing everything he says, for
he is extremely truthful, & never
says he will do anything however
trifling & then forgets. Perhaps
I shall grow very exact &
give up exaggerating myself.

We went far such a lovely
walk up the mountain the
other day, the leaves were
just turning, & a sort of golden
haze came when the sun was
low, we went every back
a part I had never been before
the old Smith farm house has
been remodelled, & the park
keeper lives there, whole lovely
wide carriage drives go
clering from Gate de Neige Rd.
all over the top of the mountain
a new flight of steps is put up at

at the east end. & here & there
pavillions have been put up
as shelters from rain or sun
in them barrels of water & tin
cups are placed for the thirsty.

I have had a long letter from
Barbadoes, from Dora who is
extremely happy in her new home
& does not find the heat at all
trying, while no carpets, no curtains,
no blankets, make it easy for
four young couples to live.
She only gives her cook £2.00 & her
housemaid \$3.00 a month, so
wages cannot be called high
& as Albert proves to be perfection,
nothing is left her to desire
unless perhaps a glimpse of old
Princes might be acceptable
I wish she were near for she
cd. give me on my new way
so beautifully.

Anne Gale seems settled in
Germany for the winter, &
likes it very much. I had a
letter of 7 whole sheets from
her a few days ago.

As far as poor Maggie Fortin
 her husband has been appointed
 rector of Winnipeg, or something
 of that sort - so she has let her
 pretty little house furnished
 all, & is now tarrying for a
 few days at her mothers till
 she can be ready for the long
 journey, it will be very trying
 with such a young baby. A
 such a large baby, it sigt must
 be very inconvenient to its little
 parents, I sh^d think.

I believe papa sent you Willing
 last letter in which case you
 know have comfortably seem
 to be settled, & ready to be turn
 ed into a frenchman.

The ladies lectures are begin
 ning again & I am trying to
 make up my mind whether to
 go to them or not, perhaps, I
 had better take one course to
 steady my mind & counterbalance
 the effect of being in love. I often
 laugh at myself for being so very
 much in love, but I walked into

it in such a deliberate matter
of fact, prudent way, & now
I am as sentimental as ever I
can be, though I flatter myself
that I manage to hide it well
from the public eye, & thus
you see whatever I begin at
I always come round again to
the old subject, however it is
a consolation to reflect that some
celebrated individual said
"C'est l'amour l'amour qui
fait la monde à ronde" so
at least every one ought to feel
grateful to us, if we are part of
the motive power that makes
the world a fit habitation for
the rest of the human race.

mine is as clear & nice as ever
though it must seem a little to
her as if she were left out in
the cold, with Alfred's love affairs
on one side, & mine on the other
but she says that she has not
felt so happy or at rest for
years, for now we are both
safely disposed of, & happy, &
she is happy because we are

always full of love & sympathy
she is more to me than ever.

& I do miss you so dear, the
new love has not at all taken the
place of the old, it has a new
place of its own, & my dear pet
brother is as much dear, & as sore
missed as if there were no Ber-
nard in the world. Is there
no time that letters ought to be
trusted to go to you directly, I
fancy that our letters must
often lie a week or more at Lew-
Fram waiting for a boat, &
it seems a pity.

I enclose to a frag of one of
the cabinet photos I have had
taken, I don't much like them
so won't send you a good
one, but by next letter time I
will send you a nice little
one which every one likes -
The money you gave me has
been a perfect treasure to me
& given me much pleasure
It is not nearly done yet either

The weather has been wretched
here, cold & wet, the glacial
days seem really to be returning
why don't you scientific people
save us from such a calamity

We have been talking of
smiling preparing bedding cur-
tains etc for the Pratt's Home
rather a long look out - is it not?

Papa wants us that is B. & I
to live in his new house but
we don't quite like the idea
it seems too large, we sh^d be
lost in it - I fear. Besides
we love our it - for we only
charge us a nominal rent -
but that is all in the shadow
picture, which may never come.
I must be as God wills -

How dear George - I must
fly, as many things call.

Lovingly your sister
Anne