

Margaret  
Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> of A.D.

Dearest Eva & Papa

God was here  
so good & kind in preparing  
us for our journey that I held  
my pen in abeyance for a  
minute to decide which I  
would address, but as I saw  
the first name appear on  
the sheet I felt the second  
must not be withheld.

Thus far we have had  
a prosperous & comfortable  
journey. During the night it  
seemed to me that we were  
making slow progress - on two  
occasions the train came to a stop.

without any of the noisy demonstrations  
 of a station, so I conclude it was  
 the snow that impeded our progress  
 but we were called before day light  
 to make ready for breakfast at  
 the Chancery. Now that meal  
 is comfortably disposed of & I forenoon  
 & I have been walking to & fro in  
 the keen high air waiting the opening  
 of the telegraph office to get paper  
 to write — as I forgot to take out my  
 "justices" from my bag which I left in  
 the train. It is a really lovely winter  
 morning the distant hills have a rich  
 purple glow & the smoke from cottages  
 is glorified by its rise into crimson  
 & gold in the morning sun. The  
 snow is not deep but covers over  
 the rugged appearance the country  
 around here presents in summer  
 & it makes a prettier landscape.

in a manner like this than at  
that season.

Now since due to very tender  
& Consoling to William he has been  
passing through deeper trial <sup>more</sup> exhausted  
by giving out sympathy than he himself  
is at all aware of. He will miss  
So's getting to do your part as a Comforter  
There out to be a tumbler of milk now  
to spare from the quantity we got &  
it wd be well to give to him, at night.

To you papa I commit Rankin's  
welfare you make him your part  
transfer my share to him, for if  
you partake as much with him  
as much as you do with me  
he will have to read your Character  
as that of the most patient of fathers.  
His faults too are at bottom very  
much the same as my own. I

only wish that he could be persuaded  
by you, ~~that~~ self-indulgence, even in a  
comparatively small a matter as tobacco,  
is weakening to his manhood. Older folks  
who indulge in it themselves think less not  
more favourably of young men with a pipe  
in their mouths. Please don't repeat this as  
now written it had sound harsher than  
if loosely spoken spontaneously.

I left with Maggie the Collection book  
of the "Home for the Blind." with two  
dollars pinned on to one of the pages. Please  
send me if it has been called for, or if  
there is the address of any one <sup>or it</sup> to whom  
it ought to be returned.

With much love to Anna & Rankin,  
tell Eric that the kind Comethons have  
made the Cure very comfortable with  
hot water pipes.

Affectionately, yours  
Mother & wife

Mary Ann