

Metic
Aug 22^d / 78

My dear Love,

Again a letter from you, you are so good in writing often, I however bring it - it is at least a link between us, dear, & it is a great satisfaction to know just what you are about -

We were all very sorry to hear of poor Faarel's illness. It is well he has gone to the hospital, but he does not look as if he had a good physique, & I sh^d fancy that he wd at once take the bluest view of matters - Poor solitary soul! I am so glad you have been to see him, & that you can help & cheer him a little. It will ~~cheer~~^{relieve} yr. own troubles a little, & it is to me a constant source of regret - that we can do

so little for our fellow
pilgrims. If you go to sea time
~~often~~ choose the morning
time if you can, there is then
so much less risk to yourself
in an infected place, than in
the evening time when you
are weary & hungry -

This day has been most
beautiful, though with a
flavour of autumn sharpness
in the air. Mrs Redpath has
hired 3 carriages & taken them
filled with girls to the falls
for a picnic. Eva was asked
& not William? Imagine such
neglect!! - & they have not yet
returned though it is half past
9 of -

Mamma & Miss Linn have
gone down to Campbell town
to spy out the land about there
& Dolhausie, they are to return
on Saturday, but I hope it
will be a pleasure to both
of them, especially mamma who

so much enjoys Miss Lunn's company & has so little of any selfish pleasuring - but party here seemed very small at the when only papa, William, & I sat down at one end of the long table.

I have begun papa's sketch of the forest primæval, & in its half done state it looks very well, I only hope it may turn out satisfactorily, papa is rather a difficult critic to please, as you know.

I have not at all been devoted to sketching lately, the stimulus of James' presence being withdrawn, I wd like to try & go to the little fall & must ask Mrs Darcy to go with me there as she knows the shortest way. Next summer if we are luck together, we might expeditions in all directions, we can take little Eric with us, he is quite a good walker even now, I begin to long for companions

for him, he is very restless & hard to look after, his desire for rowing is so strong, the pleasure of throwing stones into the water never seems to fall but he becomes more careless of wetting his feet, & more anxious to mess, generally.

The tooth still appears not, & I have not been able to see the place plainly, he gets so savage if I attempt it.

Indeed he grows very wild & I am quite perplexed as to how best to manage him, & feel much my growing disability, to lift or control with him - I know it must be, & is, the best way for us both, but I often feel very helpless & inexperienced about him. I am sure another child will be the very greatest help in training him, & do hope that it will prove a good baby. Oh dear what we are, & do, if we were not sure, sure, sure, that

that God is far us, & is both
able & willing to supply, all our
need.

Did you ever think that
the Spirit whose name is the
Comforter, is also the Spirit of
Truth - it seems such an
unusual connection, at least
in human intercourse, comfort
is generally a shaping away of
truth, if not a positive removal
of it - a laying of all earthly
falsehood to our souls.

Perfect truth & comfort, hand
in hand, is to me a wonder-
ful idea, & one I never thought
of before - It may well be
"strong consolation" for those who
have fled for refuge -

Friday, ~~March 10~~

Another glorious day! If only
I had my husband to stir
me up to energetic action, there
is no knowing what sketches
or walks or delights might be
got out of it - As it is I must

try & grad myself into some
action -

I have given Eric his last
pair of shoes, but I think they
will last till we get back.

I hear that a shoe maker
down the road, makes funny
little leather moccasins for
children at 25 cts a pair. I in-
tend to go & see about them
for I fancy they wd wear
forever -

As actual is done, & I
must go & search for more,
at the end of the season the
constant inquiry is for sup-
plies, each one asking of her
neighbors, for that wh. she
lacks -

I am sorry that Mrs
Gardner is proving such a
will of the Wisp - for I know
you have much to do without
that. When you first came to
Mexico you had no prophetic vision
nunting for monthly nurses, poor dear!
You see what the willful man. draws down
on his head - But I for one am glad that it
was willful - dear old love
Yours fondly Anna