



Acc. 976

121 S^t George S^t

Saturday

My dear Mr. Dawson

I have just returned from seeing Eva off. I think she will be glad to know that I found Papa had fallen asleep & we have taken our breakfast quietly, & hope he will be persuaded to remain in bed a great part of the day, as his cold is very bad.

I cannot tell you how sorry we are to lose Eva, we all agree that a more delightful

visitor, never was in any house,
& never could be. I know I
shall miss her frightfully &
really think that in future
it will be better to invite
disagreeable people, & then we shall
be glad when they go. Now Eva
has not left us, even the smallest
loophole to, be glad in -
We regret many things about her
visit, it has been such a sad
time in our circle of friends,
so that we have not been able
to do for her all we wished
to do & she has just made
acquaintance with our own home-
circle. We did hope to have
her for several weeks longer, &

we would not have let her go, on
any account, had it not been
that she evidently was growing
miserable & nervous. I do hope
she will soon be well, I quite
understand any one longing to be
at home, where you can hope
if you like, when not quite well;
but we would gladly have done
all we could to make her well.

Your wife hurting however, I
know will be more satisfactory
than ours could have been.

Eva has made so many friends
here, you can't think how
many pleasant things people
say to us about her.

Mr. George Brown, who is not
very easily pleased, told

Mother, yesterday, that she did not know when she had seen any one, she would so much like to be a companion, to her daughter. I know you don't need us to tell you, what a sweet, bright girl Eva is; but I always like to hear the genuine praises of my dear ones, so I fancy you may feel the same -

Thank you so much for letting us have Eva, as long as you did & believe me, we found it a real pleasure -

We shall leave her to tell you all our news. With warmest love from Mamma & myself to you, Eva & Anna with Papa's kindest greetings to all,
Believe me
yrs affately
W. Sybel Wilson