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My precious wife,

Although I said I would not write until Sunday the time has already seemed so long that I feel myself constrained to say a few words to you this evening. After leaving you, or rather after you left me, last night, I went up to my grandpa there's to see that if Maria & Laura had completed their preparations for a start in the morning. I found a whole host of cousins there, besides a young man who either imagined himself a cousin or wished he were a cousin. The bona fide cousins left, but still the young man remained, and as the grandparent had retired, I felt it incumbent upon me to remain also and see him out of the house. A series of well directed frowns finally had the desired effect and

²ere long the youth took his departure. Meantime it had begun to rain, and as I had no umbrella I got rather moist going home, notwithstanding twenty minutes on a door step, waiting for the shower to pass. — Your telegram has just arrived (10.30) and I am delighted to get it. —

This morning I awoke to find myself alone, — no wife, no baby, "no one to love me, none to care"; whole acres of unoccupied bed, and a ghastly grinning skeleton of a cradle. At first I thought I was dreaming, but the sound of the breakfast ~~table~~ bell brought me to my senses, and also to my feet. I am going to try to waken myself for a few mornings, but if I fail, as is altogether likely to be the case, will adopt your suggestion and have Johanna jingle the tocsin in the upper hall.

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After my solitary official breakfast I went to the office, calling at Paul the grocer's on the way. Mr. Selwyn returned this morn'g. He walked through your car in the night, but found you were all wrapt in slumbers or at least in blankets, or something of the sort. In all probability he will go away again next week.

On my way home to lunch, I deposited Jessie's money, changed Johanna's, called at Pattons about the gas and also at the carpenter's on the corner of George & Ontario streets. I also made arrangements about the painting, which is to be begun on Tuesday next, and sent the box of walleables down to the Purvey. So you see I have not been altogether idle.

Sunday afternoon. - It has been hot and close here ever since you left, even thunder showers

failing to make it cool, I
I am very glad that you ~~went~~^{went}
when you did, as such
weather would be weakening
for you, and against little
Eric's difficulties. There is
such an intense quiet in the
house since my dear one
left that it is at times really
painful, and six weeks will
I fear not suffice for me
to get me bit accustomed to
it. This morning I picked some
flowers out of "ours" garden
and made a lovely little
bouquet which I took down
to old Mrs Bell, knowing
that the Dr. would be more
gratified by my taking ~~them~~^{them}
to his mother than to him-
self. I then went to St Paul's
Church and heard a
sermon from Rev. Dr Douglas,
which while it was fine in a

it was my intention to go down
to my grandfather's for
tea; but I see that the
preparations for tea at home
are so far advanced that
I shall remain & sup in
silence. Mrs Baynes has
invited me down there to
tea to-morrow evening to meet
Uncle Carleton; and I have
graciously accepted. I
suppose the old lady in-
vited me out of pity for
me in my loneliness, and
so I had to say I would go,
although I should greatly
prefer to stay at home and
set some work done.

Joanna seems to be
settling along very nicely and
has already succeeded in
decimating ~~large~~ the flies if
not in annihilating them.
It is indeed very quiet for

her here, but I hope she
will not get discontented.
Her lover was here last
evening, so that, if they did
not quarrel, she ought to
be cheerful for a week
at least. Speaking about
flies makes me think
that I find that numbers
of pansies - the flowers &
not the leaves - are being
destroyed by some insect.
It is really very annoying
& I have about come to the
conclusion that every plant
has its own personal devil
which even Lyman's phos-
phorus soap is incapable of
destroying. And now, my
darling, I must not write
any more, for I have
already given you a long
tiresome account of my own

8 miserable doing, since you left. Before I write again I hope that something more entertaining will have transpired.

I miss my wife and dear little baby more than I can tell and nothing but the feeling that it is for their good to be away & my duty to remain here could ever induce me to be separated from them for a single day. Last year's separation was trying, but this one is more so. Still my dear you must not think of me as unhappy, for it would be truly ungrateful of me to be unhappy when I have so many mercies.

Do not tire yourself any more than you can help, but at the same time take all the enjoyment you can out of our own dear little one - he'll never be so young again. Poor little dear! God grant that he may be spared to be a good and useful man! Kiss him for me, and with kindest remembrances to the dear ones with whom you are staying and a heartfelt love for yourself, believe me
your fond husband
Bernard.