



Montreal
July 8th 1877

My own Dear Love,

Only a little more than a week of our separation has passed and yet it seems as if my darlings had been away for a month at least. It is so very lonely here and so many things that I took pleasure in when my wife was with me to enjoy them, seem to have lost their charm. Strange, is it not, what dependent creatures we are! There are no longer fine sunsets here, the song of the birds is no longer melodious, the flowers are pale, & even the old butternut does not wave with its wonted grace. And why? Because me - yes too - who are dearer to me than my life are absent.

The more I have of it the more I feel, my love, that married life is the life that God intended for us. It is truly the most ennobling kind of life, the one calculated to uproot selfishness and ~~to~~ in its stead to plant in our hearts love for God and for our fellow creatures. Of course we have numerous examples of most philanthropic old bachelors & spinsters, but still I believe it to be the rule that he who has a family of his own has far more of true sympathy with the great family of mankind than he who has not.

Your letters of the 4th and 5th both arrived together yesterday morning, & glad I was to get them. I was so anxious to hear how my dear wife was.

I suppose I should have got the
first letter the day previous &
have come to the conclusion that
there is something rotten in the
State of the postal department.
all of which will of course
be rectified when I get into
parliament. It is a pleasure to
me to attend to anything which
you want done here, so do not
hesitate one moment about com-
missions. I only wish I knew
of opportunities to send you a
little fruit now and then, for
bananas are still plentiful, &
peaches have begun to make
their appearance. This morning
to my astonishment I found
the bushes in the garden weighed
down by 9 ripe raspberries.
greedily I devoured them, utterly
forgetting at the moment that
it was the proper thing to have

them made into jam. at
least the verbenas are beginning
to do their duty and are
blossoming out beautifully. Some
of them ~~had died~~ which I
thought were going to die
are now improving rapidly.
The roses are almost finished.
Yesterday morning when I took
up the fasette I saw written
in big letters at the top "I took
a rose". The temptation was
I suppose too strong for the
boy who brought the paper,
but he eased his conscience by
confessing the theft. Poor boy;
I only wish that more people
of his class cared for the beautiful
in nature; and surely God never
made roses for me any more
than he did for a news-boy.

And now going back all the
way to Friday I must tell you
what I have heard about since my last letter.

Not that I have done anything worth recording, but simply to please my wife - my best reason for doing many things. Well, I worked all Friday up at the college laboratory and in the middle of the day went and got Eugene Lafleur who is working in the library, to come to lunch with me. In the afternoon I had a visit from the ~~re-~~ ever-smiling Wilkins - now Professor Wilkins. He is just the same little man that he used to be and amused me greatly with his descriptions of the way in which they do things at Albert College. In the evening Frazer Torrance came up & stayed for about an hour. He is now quite enthusiastic about

going to British Columbia &
Six Alexander falls is interesting
himself in his behalf, trying
to get a number of gentle-
men to furnish the means
to send him over to B. C. to
prospect for a couple of
years.

Yesterday I went to the office
as usual, coming home for the
afternoon. Oler has lent me
one of his little microscopes
for the summer and it
is, as the girls say, a perfect
little duck. As yet I have
not succeeded in getting a proof
of that specimen section from
Burland's, although they tell me
that the lithographer has been
working at it ever since. If
this is really the case, I may
give up all ideas of having
any more done on account

of the cost. I suspect that the
real difficulty is that Burland's
men are not up to the work,
and hence the time they
are taking.

There are still quantities
of peas and last evening I picked
a basketful, intending to give
some of them away, but having
no one to send with them &
not having time ^{to} go myself,
they are still in the house.
In two or three days there
will be plenty of beans ready
for use.

The painting is finished &
I have also had all the doors
but right as many of them
were straining their hinges. Now
they all shut and lock with
ease. The floors downstairs
look well, but I am quite
dissatisfied with the upstairs ones,

especially that of the future nursery where little Eric will have to toddle about by & by.

This morning I took a little bouquet of flowers down to Mrs Brown, then went to the Hospital to enquire about a woman who had been asking me for help, and afterwards down to the Surgery to ask after old Michael who has been ill in bed for some days, but seems to be getting better. I was, however, too late to go to church, and came home for my solitary dinner. This evening I took tea at my grandfather's and have now come home with the intention of having a quiet little "read & write." We have just had a delightfully refreshing thunder shower, and after it a beautiful rainbow. The

first I have seen this summer. Since you left there has been an occasional warm day, but on the whole the weather has been very pleasant.

I am sorry to hear that our dear little one is so fretful, and fear he disturbs your rest a great deal at night. Surely he must be getting his teeth. Yesterday I saw Mrs Alfred Baynes out with her baby. The little thing was sucking away at an enormous crust most vigorously. I fancy, however, that if it had more of the food intended for it by nature and less crust it would not look as delicate as it does.

I am so glad to hear that you are giving our little dear salt-water baths; they will do him all the good in the world, especially if not too warm. It is a great pity that

The vaccination did not
take. If I can get any
good vaccine, perhaps I
will vaccinate him myself
when I go down.

With regard to his weight,
I fear the 23 lbs cannot
be scientifically accurate
and wish you would
weigh him again, devoid
of superfluous clothing or
~~with~~ only dressed in bare skin.
But here I am scribbling away
nonsense worse than a
school girl, and really I must
stop or you will think me
demented.

I think of you so very often my darling,
trying to picture you in your little room
with little Eric & longing to be with
you. May God bless & keep you both
& grant that we may soon be happily
reunited. Your loving & lonely husband
Bernard.

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