



Montreal

August 3<sup>d</sup> 1877

My dear Love,

Like you I am heartily tired of writing letters; it is so unsatisfactory, & I generally find that I have left unsaid the very things I wanted to say.

It is not the trouble of writing my darling, but the feeling that I am conveying to you but so little of all I wish to convey.

I had a letter from my mother this morning and she says that Maria is still very ill although the principal difficulty seems to be disappearing.

This evening after dinner

I took a walk up to the  
Matson's & found Mrs. M.  
flat on her back on the  
sofa. She has been ill  
for more than a week  
with "summer complaint"  
and looks wretched, although  
in her usual spirits. An  
uncle and aunt of hers  
from the States are  
staying there at present.

Mr Harry Scott called  
at the office to-day to ask  
me to take something down  
to his wife, having heard  
that I was leaving for Mexico  
this evening. I was, however,  
obliged to tell him that I  
should not ~~be~~ go for some  
days. He seemed to be doubtful  
as to whether he should get  
down himself again.

It is five weeks to-night my  
darling since you left. The  
time drags along more and  
more slowly every day and  
it seems as if the time of  
our meeting never would  
come. Life is too short for  
such separations as these.

You must not apologise  
about sending me commissions  
my dear; for are you not  
my wife? and is it not my  
pleasure & duty to attend to  
your wants? I am sure  
there are not many wives  
who are so considerate and  
who send their husbands so  
few commissions. You shall  
have a dozen tooth brushes  
if you want them and another  
dozen for the boy just as  
soon as he has need of them.

~~Dear~~ Saturday morning. — I must  
only say a word this morning  
as I want to pick a few  
flowers for the hospital  
& am in a hurry to get  
to the office early. How I  
wish my darling that you  
were going to be with me to-  
morrow or rather I wish  
you. I know it is going to  
be an awfully lonely day.  
But then dear there is every  
reason to think that before  
another week rolls round  
we shall be together.

God bless you my own  
dear wife! Your fond husband  
Bernard.