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Dearest Love,

I have been  
striving all day to evolve  
a little order from the  
chaos occasioned by that  
last box of minerals from  
Miller. You will remember  
that the specimens were  
scattered about the library  
and cloak room and it  
was absolutely necessary  
to get them out of the way.  
As yet I have only partly  
accomplished this, but  
hope to finish this evening.

I picked out some of the best ones for the college museum arranged others in boxes where they would be "storable" and also packed one box to send to the States.

The house seems awfully quiet — far too quiet — and (I feel like a fish out of water.) Every time I go up stairs I find myself walking on tiptoes for fear of waking baby Clara; or for a moment I forget the tiptoes a sense of disappointment comes over me when the clatter of my hoofs eddies no wail from the cradle.

3.

The weather has been very cool to-day and we have had several showers which will I am sure do good. It is now almost 6 p.m. and I seem to see you all arriving at- Matis, tired & hungry. May your hunger be soon pleasantly satisfied and your fatigue dissipated by copious repose!!!

This is but a line to let you know that I miserably survive. ] Away from my dear ones existence may be possible for a time, and it is a lean existence.

Ever your fond B.