

Little Metis.

Sunday July 23<sup>d</sup>

My dear Love,

The hour  
is not very late, but already  
I have begun to gasp, so that she  
has just tried to stop me by  
trying to put a lamp chimney  
down the "gassing caverns". So  
I must hasten to write a few  
words to my Love, before sleep  
quite overtakes me - yesterday &  
today, have been cloudy & cold,  
I walk about shivering, with  
my red cloak on, & tonight we  
have had to light a fire in the  
little stove - It is difficult to  
realize that you are probably  
overcome by heat - yesterday  
I did not do much, but rather  
rested, William took me off

for a walk up the beach  
& seems in a restless state of mind,  
not being nearly so brown, or  
refreshed-looking as the others.  
Love has evidently unsettled his  
mind, & he is restless, & unlike  
himself - He goes off tomorrow, &  
intends to take boat at Riviere  
de Laup & make for Murray  
Bay where he hopes to stay till  
Saturday - Dear old soul! I hope  
he will succeed if it is best for  
both of them. I cannot but  
think of the unsuspecting little  
maiden, to whom this awful  
fate is approaching, & the <sup>most</sup> ~~most~~  
say, you, or may to such an <sup>important</sup> ~~unpleasant~~  
question. Sometimes that idea  
of how near all sorts of unknown  
things may be, strikes me with a  
sort of heathenish fear, as if it  
were blind fate, instead of

the guiding of a Father's hand -  
as we know it is.

I went to church this morning  
they have a new minister Mr  
Bland who has ideas, but clothes  
them in a brilliant garb of  
objections - Still that does not  
matter, & the text was a beau-  
tiful one, "not by might or by  
power, but by my Spirit saith  
the Lord" - Coming out we  
found a passing rain waiting  
for us, so there was a grand  
tucking up, & arranging, & then  
then a procession of wet  
people slowly wound along  
the road - I don't mind rain,  
but it was chilly - After dinner  
we were told that Mr. Baxter  
would address those who chose to as-  
semble at the hotel, but I did  
not go, but stayed at home.

read I had a great little  
"think" all by myself - I am more  
charmed with Daniel than ever  
the single-heartedness, & steadfast-  
partners of his character are  
wonderful - & I hope to get quite  
to the meaning of those visions  
day by day - When I read of people  
like that, I always despair of  
myself - for I always am longing  
for everything good, & true, & use-  
ful; & the longing does not seem  
to become reality - yet, even for  
this, God has tender, comforting  
wards - & I often think of the  
promise that those who hunger  
& thirst for righteousness, shall  
be filled - & being filled with  
righteousness, it shall be impossible  
that we shall not show it in every  
day & hour - There are so many  
mysteries around us, but to believe

is a firm anchor in the midst  
of all difficulties.

Monday

I fear, dearest that the words  
I wrote last night are very  
mixed, for I was "so sleepy."  
Now Mr Finnick is deter-  
mined to show his magic lantern  
I wrote a letter to the hotel people  
about it in which he said  
"It had been been exhibited  
to crowned heads, (for has not every  
head a crown)." Mrs Seluz  
has been in bed ever since  
her arrival, with a rheumatic  
attack, she says that if she  
had not known them she wd  
have taken old Mrs Kestpatte  
& Mr Baxter for twin brother &  
sister - I wish the old lady  
cd. hear the remark, she wd be  
so shocked -

Today is still raining & foggy.  
But Eva & I went out for  
a walk wrapped in our  
long cloaks. William  
went about 11<sup>o</sup> - I admin-  
istered all the comfort I could  
& got mamma to give him  
more money, as love-making  
is expensive sometimes. He  
has an umbrella with him  
which however ornamental  
is not of much use as it won't  
open - he left it on the beach  
one day, & after a wet night  
there, it utterly refused to  
unclasp. I pity the poor boy.  
I don't know what he will  
do if his fair Jennie refuses  
to smile upon him.

Papa had a cable telegram  
from Mr Armstrong resigning  
his professorship, so that is

another troublesome matter  
for the College - Will you be  
very sorry dear? The Murrays  
are here seemingly settled, I  
have heard no more news  
from Scotland -

I had a letter from Julia  
Carpmaill today, she has been  
all over the country, I seem  
more than satisfied with  
everything in her new life  
cannot praise Mr Carpmaill  
too much - which is very satis-  
factory, she hopes to stay a day or  
two in Montreal on their return  
in September so we may see  
them -

Do you know Bernardet dies  
I find it rather difficult to  
write to you - It is something  
new & strange, I miss the  
smile & the pleasant words

that always made it easy to  
talk to my dear husband  
when I was with him.

This cold fog too, makes me  
feel so stupid, that I have  
no pleasant, bright words to  
say to my, far away - darling  
of course no word from  
you has reached me yet  
& it seems a long, long,  
while since you said good  
bye to me in our dear home  
which seems now almost like  
a dream, we were there such  
a little, little while - Dear  
I do hope you wont stay at  
Philadelphia very long; but per-  
haps I sh<sup>d</sup> not talk of that  
for I know full well, that  
you wont stay longer than you  
can help - & it's my part to be  
patient & not take my love with  
entreaties for a speedy return  
with fond love - your Anna