

Report

July 31st 1894.

Dear Mary

I took a fancy to the enclosed articles, and thought they would be very becoming on a certain lady of my acquaintance. Will you kindly pardon me for asking you to accept the same and gratify me by seeing you wear them occasionally.

I could not find an opportunity of handing them to you today.

With fond love

Yours truly
J. H.

P.S. You may think I am inquisitive in noticing what you wear. but I never saw you look so neat and handsome as when you came in bearing those beautiful flowers today. God bless and keep you near.

J. H.

Imports.

September 24th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I will not perhaps find an opportunity of
handing you this till Sabbath morning -

I have purposely kept clear of any business
engagement for any day next week except
Monday. In mentioning Thursday 30th as
the best day for going I am perhaps too selfish.

I can make it convenient to go any of the
other days. I want you to have a pleasant
outing - If Eliza wants to go on that
day, then we could go earlier. I will make
the time to suit you. But if Thursday is as
convenient as any other day, I would like to
go best on that day - for several reasons.

The prize tickets would be placed on a good
many, if not all the articles exhibited. and on
that day Mr Laurier is to be present. and also
on that day the Scottish games will be
held. I am desirous of seeing you enjoying

the sight being in the Exhibition to the very fullest extent. and to see that broad smile illumine your cherished Countenance. To see you happy and delighted, is a happiness for me that four short years ago I never dreamt of enjoying as I do.

I will not attempt to conceal the fact that I am now anxious to see you at the Exhibition, than to see the Exhibition.

I shall find out tomorrow at Windsor, all about the train time. I think the train leaves Ebershow shortly before 8 am. and would be at Halifax by perhaps 9.30 or 10 am. It will take a whole day, with intervals of rest so to go through the Exhibition. and in the evening the Exerise begins and continues till 10 pm. The Balcon Ascent is during the day. and the Spectacular page of Sebastopol in the way.

I would like very much to know as early as possible what day you find most convenient as I am going to write to a lady friend of mine in Halifax to meet me with her husband. and by so doing we shall attend none of the Conventions.

On the second day I will call for you at
a reasonably early hour. and if we cannot
fit over the whole Exhibition in one day. we
could go back for a few hours. if not
I would like to show you the Pioneer buildings,
the Young Mens C. A. Rooms - a printing office
at work. and if possible go on board a
Man of war.

You cannot conceive how great
a favour you will confer on me, or what
a rich pleasure I will enjoy by allowing
me to become your escort

My dear, dear girl you will lay me
under a lasting obligation to you. and it
would be a terrible disappointment if
any thing should prevent you from going.
I am with fondest love

Yours ever
Alfred.

Something across the silence. My soul to thine must bend.
If only the breath of a blessing, A prayer for thy weak dearest friend
If I helped build a wall between us, of coldness or doubt or distrust
Let the passionate strength of my pleading, level it into the dust.
We cheat our own lives in our blindness, We starve our own hearts in our pride
If we carry embalm'd in our bosoms, the forms of the loved that have died,
And we shrine them in hearts that are aching, with bitter regretfulness ripe
When one touch of our lips warm and pulsing, should wake them to rapturous life.
Oh, lay dearest heart on some altar, the snows of the lilies of trust.
Brush away from the page of our friendship, the veil of indifference and dust.
Let me enter thy soul's royal chambers, with the faith and the freedom of old,
Where truth, the pure Queen of thy being, sits regal in purple and gold.
Oft times in the twilight's still watches, mine eyes have been watchful and wet.
For the pearl I would wish in my keeping, in the casket of love firmly set.

April 19th
1897.

Newport

Dear Ed 1889

Dear Miss Smith

I was much disappointed that you were not at the Division last night as we made arrangements for going to Mosherville on Saturday evening. Mrs Cochran could not possibly go last week but will go this week.

In view of that I saw Miss Mc Nab and arranged with her that the practice would be on Thursday evening and I undertook to send post cards to all members of the Choir -

On my return home this evening from St Croix I called at Mrs Dills and she

informed me that you and she intended going to Mosherville Thursday.

If you go, I shall very likely see you passing, and would very much wish you would get home in time to attend practice - and should you not pass, I shall with your permission drive up and meet you in the la about 6.45 p.m. that evening (Thursday & v.) if the weather permits -

Should anything occur to prevent me seeing you before Saturday evening, I shall O.V. be at Mrs Dills about twenty minutes before 5 o'clock as we arranged to start from Brooklyn at a quarter to 5. I sincerely trust

I am not too importunate, in taking
so much liberty, to write to you without
your leave, and would beg to apologise
for the liberty taken.

Trusting that nothing will stand
in the way on Saturday evening to prevent
you from going, as your Company will
confer an honour, a pleasure and an
obligation on

Yours faithfully
Wm. H. W. H. W.

Newport
Nov 26th 1889.

My dear Miss Smith

We were not at
the Division last night & beg to
apologize for the liberty & take in
writing to inform you that we
were preparing to visit Newburyville
Division on Saturday evening next
the 27th inst.

The Messrs. March & Mahol
Cookman are not exactly sure if
they can get but will know by
Friday night.

On Friday evening I shall take
the liberty of driving up to the end

of the Lane leading to your
place about 6.45 P.M. and
can then make arrangements,
 trusting you will not
think me too intrusive.

Yours

Yours faithfully
Wm. H. Thompson

P.S. Don't Mr. Thompson's writing
on January last and informed him
that we were likely to pay the Div.
a visit, and we concluded that the
Newburyville would be pretty good there

W. H. T.

Windsor House Co.
Feb 10th 1898.

My Dear Harry

I would have very much wished to take you home last night. My darling it is such a comfort to have your company.

I received a letter from a very dear friend of my boyhood yesterday and a Memorial card of his wife who died on Nov. 20th.

The circumstances are very sad. He lived at Rathgate, (between Edinburgh and Glasgow) and has a good appointment on the Railway - where I spent a very pleasant day with them on December 23rd 1895.

On Nov 12th 1897 his father died and he went North to attend his funeral and had to remain and sell his father's effects - About 2 years ago she got her breast burned for cancer, and they thought it was cured, but about a year after it broke out again and she went into a Edinburgh Infirmary and had her right breast cut entirely off. poor girl. and she never recovered strength after.

I attended their marriage 33 years ago. Poor fellow he got a telegram to come at once. He was then 240 miles away at his father's place. and when he returned she was dead about two hours. had a shock - I was thinking about them all the afternoon yesterday, and so much did it influence me that I did not sleep half an hour last night. My thoughts were not unpleasant for they were both sincere Christians - but sleep seemed to forsake me and I could not help thinking of you - My Darling I do

Not think I ever saw you look so lovely as you did last evening and I could not rest in my mind till I would get just a glance of you this evening. I could not help being filled with sad thoughts all day. Just 9 years ago at this moment. I was left alone under similar circumstances to my friend. and I know how to sympathize with him.

I cannot help unburdening myself to you, for every day you get trippossibly more dear to me. May God reward you for your kindness to me and help me to be every thing to you that I could wish. There are moments in our lives more solemn than we can describe. Such are my feelings this night.

Do not think me foolish, dear when I yearn and long for your tenderness and companionship. If my prayers and wishes in your behalf do answer you will lack for no good thing.

Love my dear Mary

Yours faithfully
Laura Langbehn

Windsor.

August 20th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I have thinking a great deal today about a certain dear little lady, and one very strong reason for doing so, is that I cannot not do otherwise if I should. I have been pretty writing today and pretty resting and I have only to praise my eyes and bid the habitations that holds my beloved. Yet it does not require that to call it my devoted vision for you and I sometimes find for it is self-willed on my mind and so vividly that time cannot efface it. Nothing of the lady naturally leads to talking to her and this I can do with a little will.

My precious Darling I thank you from the bottom of a very grateful heart for your valued Company yesterday. I enjoyed everything so that I can never forget it. and I think you very much for your frankness, and for the drift of an conversation. I am glad that you so freely express your mind to me. I can ever forgive you for your fluctuation with the Rev. gentleman.

For you see how busy some people make themselves in other people's affairs or what should have no concern for them. No doubt of

I should you coming in I was thinking about you, and the feeling throughout the house if it was interesting would be gladness that you had the kind words as I of having it. I agree that the party was perhaps immense that others signed what she has little prospect of. and it might be a very of poor paper. I have been perhaps now of the world and studied human nature more than nine tenths of the men in that County. and I have been a good many of those pompous big-brothers who pretend to be little people trying to get in that some thing else out that they might surreptitiously get that off their drained stomachs some other place.

I know my Darling that you have got more good common sense than a dozen of her. - Well you permit me to make a comparison between you and her? and pardon me if I liken you to two brutes. One (her) is slightly dipped in a sophisticated compound, on a crumbly ~~but that~~ stick. and heavily coated with a bombastic or the slightest friction jumps into flame and well expresses themselves

The other is a good word. Equitable distribution
of the necessary Chemical Compounds. Requires a
good deal of cautious friction but gives forth
a reliable flame. I fancy you are laughing
at it. I am laughing myself at the absurdity.

This very month of August eight years ago, I
permanently to bid you good and to take your cherished
home in mine. I got a glimpse into my own

heart that night. There is a great measure
a stranger in a stranger's land. Many things in common
shared with my neighbors. but I felt decelerate. You
don't wonder, that when a fair and ventures O'Brien
against whom the tongue of Calumny had never been
raised. Whose virtue, truth, rectitude, purity
and strong common sense appeared to my every faculty
was by the force of circumstances thrown in my way.

I am not ashamed to own that I returned home
with the bitterest tears a human being could shed
down my cheeks. Not bitterness to you
dear, for I forbid myself to see anything but
tenderness -

In my own extremity I seemed to hear the words
spoken into my heart. "Dear, there and for I am with
the. be not dismayed for I am thy father."
Darling, we can always trust in Him.

I rejoice with all my heart that you
trust Him. and I bless Him heartily for ever the
dark hours I have had. but especially for the
quiet little dreamy life in a beloved house
abandoned these words, with your dear help.

Will my dear little girl pardon me writing
to her what I can hardly put in words.

And pray for bless you and keep you here
to the last week and pray for you.

Yours devotedly
M.D.

Windsor.

August 20th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I have thinking a great deal today about a certain dear little lady, and one very strong reason for doing so, is that I cannot not do otherwise if I should. I have been pretty writing today and partly resting and I have only to pass my eyes and bid the habitation that holds my beloved. Yet it does not require that to call it my mental vision for you and I have a form for it is self-satisfied on my mind and so vividly that time cannot efface it. Nothing of the lady naturally leads to talking to her and this I can do with a little will.

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abandoned these words, with your dear help.

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to her what I can hardly put in words.

And pray for bless you and this your life
to the last week and page of

Yours devotedly
M.D.

Monport Sept. 17th 1897.

My Dear Mary

I shall try and get an opportunity to have a private talk with you if possible this evening and if I do not, will you make an errand to Brooklyn on Monday evening and allow me the pleasure of talking you home.

The Exhibition at Halifax opens on 28th September. that is a week from Saturday next. and continues for four days.

You will find out what time Luiza is going. I would sooner go on the second day than the opening day. but will arrange to go any day that suits you best. If I had a choice I would go on the 20th.

I have set my heart on talking you there and I am sure you will enjoy it. The exhibition itself will be something you have not seen its equal perhaps. and the Amuse will be delightful.

I am yours



Full-flowered summer lies upon the land
I kiss your lips, your hair; and then your hand
Slips into mine: lo, we two understand

That love is sweet.

The rose leaf falls, the colour fades and dies;
The sunlight fades, the summer birdlike, flies;
There forms a shadow across your mistful eyes.

O love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain;
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain -
Can any note revive the broken strain.

O love so sweet?

The world is cold and death is everywhere
I turn to you, and in my heart despair
Find peace and rest. We know, though fond or fair

That Love is Sweet.

Portland.
May 26th 1898

My Darling Mary.

You sent me home a very happy man last night. I cannot find words when with you to tell you all that is in my heart. and I cannot thank you sufficiently for giving me your confidence. It worries me often to think that you would be subjected to any unpleasantness on my account. My Mary, my love. Now with all pass away. For helping me I shall treat your sister so, that David cannot but treat me with respect. There is a little something that I have often thought of telling you. I will tell you next opportunity I have.

With respect to the concert. I claim it as my undeniable right to take you there. or at least to provide your ticket. and you slipped on past me the other evening in our own church and dropped your money in my hand. when I could not return it without attracting attention. You will know I want to share one common purse with you, and unite

You do so. I will not abate one single iota of what the laws of etiquette allow me.

I know you would not willingly deprive me of a great pleasure - I want you dead to put your name in those two hymn books - I would have done it but you might not like to have my writing in your books just yet - and let me look on with you when practicable -

I felt last night like catching you in my arms and carrying you away with me. yet I do think I love you and honor you more for your devotion and self denial in thinking of others more than self. One point on which you and I can never agree, is the way in which you depreciate yourself. Let me tell you sweetheart you have the finest soil for intellectual culture in your composition whether you are aware of it or not.

I once got a communication of a very personal nature from a certain young lady, nearly five years ago and the reading of it rattled in my inmost soul like a sharp sword. I would tell to no one but your own dear self what an agony of mind I endured that long sleepless night. Yet amid it all I could not help admiring the kind and considerate

and masterly wording. I well remember among other things bewailing a fate from which all the brightness seemed to have gone, and contrasting with it the "bright have been". Sales well remember entreating with all the earnestness and energy of my being that God would crown her life with the choicest blessings of Heaven and earth, and in doing so a Calvary and a peace found to be that astonished me.

Little girl to hold your hand in mine, to feel the pulsations of the rich warm blood coursing through your veins, to hear the soft sweet tones of a voice that falls as the sweetest music on my ear, and above all to kiss those sweet pale lips, and to see the arch look of - yes - mischievousness, that looks round the corner of that shapely little mouth when it is illuminated by one of those precious smiles, I at one time would have given almost my life for.

My God I thank thee for the lord of such a good, pure woman. Makes me worthy of her - and do thou bless her abundantly in my continual words and prayers.

Yours with much love
Henry Dargatzis

Yarmport.

Feb 12th - 1898.

My Dear Harry

I see by the "Tribune" this evening that there is to be an Entertainment in the Presbyterian Hall. Windsor on the evening of the 17th inst.

I would have liked to take you over on that evening but I have an all day engagement at Rensselaer for that date.

I also notice that there is a lecture in the Methodist Church. Windsor on Monday 21st inst.

If the sleighing is good I will rig up a double seat, and take my sister and perhaps Mrs. Dill.

Can you manage to get over that day.

We could start about two o'clock and have tea at the Rooms in Windsor. The Lecturer is Rev. Mr. Fisher of Hantsport, Subject "Son of Lame" -

I would like very much to hear this lecture, and enjoy it doubly if you were there too. So like a good little girl let me know that you can go. Just truly Love you

Yours faithfully
Laura Farguhar

Newport. Wants Co. P.S.
April 24th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I heard that Hunter and Grosvenor intend to revisit Windsor on the 9th or 10th May. If so I would very much like to have the privilege of taking care of you there and back. If they are there on the 9th that will be Sunday.

If you can manage to plan it so, I would very much wish to have you all to myself for a whole morning or an afternoon during next week. I would drive you any place you wished -

You will perhaps tell me tomorrow morning at the W's service or on Monday. I want a long talk with you.

My Dear Girl I should just wish you to have a single word that I could not say and share with you. I am indeed

very grateful to you for your kindness on Wednesday morning. My Dear Dear Lottie I trust you will never have reason to regret them. Morning, noon, and night you come patting into my thoughts, and I do gratefully thank you for such a priceless gift as the love of a noble, true hearted woman.

May He who is our life be merciful unto you and bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you and give you peace. is the fervent wish and prayer of yours faithfully with much love
Miss Langdon

Dear, as I listen to your voice, Love's light
Falls in full glory over all the land;
And I? I scarce can see. With trembling hand
I needs must shade my eyes, since all too bright
The dazzling radiance shines. Though shadowy night
Once I looked up, and longed but for a strand
Of light from some dim star; at your command,
No day breaks, with no dawning on my sight!
Warm and not cold, beloved, but only glow
To realise how my poor life is blest.

Thus hold my hands in yours until they grow
Warm in your clasp; and thus, dear let me rest -
All the sweet peace of Love at last to know -
Here with my glad face hidden on your breast!

April 21st 1894.

She has no dazzling charms, no classic grace
Nothing, you think, to win men's hearts about her;
Yet, looking at her sweet and gentle face,
I wonder what my life would be without her!
She has no wish in the great world to shine;
For work outside a woman's sphere no yearning;
But on the altar of home's sacred shrine
She keeps the fire of pure affection burning
Still my griefs into her patient ear;
She whispers "Hope" when ways are dark and dreary
The little children like to have her near
And run into her open arms. My Mary.

Imports.

September 24th 1894.

My Dear Mary

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Monday. In mentioning Thursday 30th as
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We cheat our own lives in our blindness, We starve our own hearts in our pride
If we carry embalm'd in our bosoms, the forms of the loved that have died,
And we shrine them in hearts that are aching, with bitter regretfulness ripe
When one touch of our lips warm and pulsing, should wake them to rapturous life.
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Yours faithfully
Wm. S. Archer

Newport
Nov 26th 1889.

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the Division last night I beg to
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P.S. I met Mr. Thompson's daughter
on Sunday last and informed him
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W. H. T.

Windsor House Co.
Feb 10th 1898.

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Love my dear Mary

Yours faithfully
Laura Langbehn

Brooklyn
Dec 10th 1898

My Dear Mary

I was so pleased to see you at the Grand on Thursday evening - I had no intention of being there till about 6 o'clock. when Mrs Feather put up for me to be sent and come down with my violin - I had almost decided to drive up for you. and then concluded I would not. as I was so very highly favoured in seeing you every evening during the week. All the same I could not help looking among the others for the one face I wanted to see. and I cannot tell you how very pleased I was when I saw you walk in - and I trust you enjoyed yourself -

I got my sleigh down this evening. and by the looks of things it may soon be fit to use it -

I did not go to Windsor today. I have never been altogether free from a little pain where I was hurt and during the last two or three cold days it has been rather worse. instead of better. I am all right if I keep warm. and the road being so rough I thought it would be too slow & might be cold -

I want to go to Windsor some day soon -
as soon as a sleigh will go well. and would
like very much to take you over - I want
to get you photographed. and I would like
three copies. with your kind permission to send
one to my Mother, one to my Brother and to
keep one. And as it is at my request it is
only fair that I should pay for them -

I would like you to look as you did on Thursday
Evening, or with your new cloak on -

I would like to ask more than that. but
I trust to have the pleasure of your Company on
early day if the sleighing is good.

With fondest love and best wishes

I am very dear and truly

Yours faithfully

Geo. Farguhar

Import.

August 20th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I have ^{not} thinking a great deal today about a certain dear little lady, and one very strong reason for doing so, is that I could not do otherwise if I should. I have been pretty writing today and partly resting and I have only to praise my eyes and bid the habitation that holds my beloved. Yet it does not require that to call up my mental vision for you and I sometimes find for it is self-uttered on my mind's eye so vividly that there cannot spare it.

Thinking of the lady naturally leads to talking to her and this I can do with a little talk. My precious Darling I thank you from the

burden of a very grateful heart for your valued Company yesterday.
 I forgot everything so that I can never forget it. and I think
 you very much for your frankness. and for the drift of our
 conversations. I am glad that you so freely express your
 mind to us. I can never forgive you for your
 flirtation with the Rev. gentleman.

Seeing some people make themselves in other people's affairs
as what should have no concern for them. To do this is

The other is a good word. Equitable distribution
of the necessary Chemical Compounds. Requires a
good deal of cautious fraction but gives forth
a reliable plan. I fancy you are laughing
at it. I am laughing myself at the absurdity.

This very month of August eight years ago, I
permanently to bid you home and to take your cherished
home in mine. I got a glimpse into my own

heart that night. There is a great measure
a stranger in a stranger land. Many things in common
shared with my neighbors. but I felt decelerate. You
don't wonder, that when a fair and ventures began
against whom the tongue of Calumny had never been
raised. Whose virtue, truth, rectitude, purity
and strong common sense appeared to my every faculty
was by the force of circumstances thrown in my way.

I am not ashamed to own that I returned home
with the bitterest tears a human being could shed
down my cheeks. Not bitterness to you
dear, for I forbid I should be less anything but
tenderness -

In my own extremity I seemed to hear the words
spoken into my heart. "Dear there and for I am with
the. be not dismayed for I am thy father."
Dearly and I am always trust in Him.

I rejoice with all my heart that you
trust Him. and I bless Him heartily for ever the
dark hours I have had. but especially for the
quiet little dreamy life in a beloved house
abrupt from words, with your dear help.

Will my dear little girl pardon me writing
to her what I can hardly put in words.

And pray for bless you and this your life
to the far and out paper of

Yours devotedly
M.D.

Brooklyn
Dec 10th 1898

My Dear Mary

I was so pleased to see you at the Grand on Thursday evening - I had no intention of being there till about 6 o'clock. when Mrs Feather put up for me to be sent and come down with my violin - I had almost decided to drive up for you. and then concluded I would not. as I was so very highly favoured in seeing you every evening during the week. All the same I could not help looking among the others for the one face I wanted to see. and I cannot tell you how very pleased I was when I saw you walk in - and I trust you enjoyed yourself -

I got my sleigh down this evening. and by the looks of things it may soon be fit to use it -

I did not go to Windsor today. I have never been altogether free from a little pain where I was hurt and during the last two or three cold days it has been rather worse. instead of better. I am all right if I keep warm. and the road being so rough I thought it would be too slow & might be cold -

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as soon as a sleigh will go well. and would
like very much to take you over - I want
to get you photographed. and I would like
three copies. with your kind permission to send
one to my Mother, one to my Brother and to
keep one. And as it is at my request it is
only fair that I should pay for them -

I would like you to look as you did on Thursday
morning, or with your blue cloak on -

I would like to ask more than that. but
I trust to have the pleasure of your Company on
early day if the sleighing is good.

With fondest love and best wishes

I am very dear and truly

Yours faithfully

Geo. Farguhar

Windsor.

August 20th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I have thinking a great deal today about a certain dear little lady, and one very strong reason for doing so, is that I cannot not do otherwise if I should. I have been pretty writing today and partly resting and I have only to praise my eyes and bid the habitations that holds my beloved. Yet it does not require that to call it my devoted vision for you and I sometimes find for it is self-willed on my mind and so vividly that time cannot afford it. Nothing of the lady naturally leads to talking to her and this I can do with a little will.

My precious Darling I thank you from the bottom of a very grateful heart for your valued Company yesterday. I enjoyed everything so that I can never forget it. and I think you very much for your frankness, and for the drift of an conversation. I am glad that you so freely express your mind to me. I can ever forgive you for your fluctuation with the Rev. gentleman.

For you see how busy some people make themselves in other people's affairs or what should have no concern for them. No doubt of

I should you coming in I was thinking about you, and the feeling throughout the house if it was interesting would be gladness that you had the kind words as I of having it. I agree that the party was perhaps immense that others signed what she has little prospect of. and it might be a very easy paper. I have been perhaps now of the world and studied human nature more than nine tenths of the men in that County. and I have been a good many of those pompous big-brothers who pretend to get a great some thing else out that they might surreptitiously get that off their drained stomachs some other place.

I know my Darling that you have got more good common sense than a dozen of her. - Well you permit me to make a comparison between you and her? and pardon me if I liken you to two brutes. One (her) is slightly dipped in a sophisticated compound, on a crumbly ~~but that~~ stick. and heavily coated with a bombastic or the slightest friction jumps into flame and well expresses themselves

The other is a good word. Equitable distribution
of the necessary Chemical Compounds. Requires a
good deal of cautious friction but gives forth
a reliable flame. I fancy you are laughing
at it. I am laughing myself at the absurdity.

This very month of August eight years ago, I
permanently to bid you good and to take you cheerful
home in mine. I got a glimpse into my own
heart that night. There is a great measure

a thump in a thump land. Many things in common
shared with my neighbors. but I felt decelerate. You
don't wonder, that when a fair and honest Caden
against whom the tongue of Calumny had never been
raised. Whose virtue, truth, rectitude, purity
and strong common sense appeared to my every faculty
was by the force of circumstances thrown in my way

I am not ashamed to own that I returned home
with the bitterest tears a human being could shed
down my cheeks. Not bitterness to you
dear, for I should be less anything but
tenderness -

In my own extremity I seemed to hear the words
spoken into my heart. "Dear there and for I am with
the. be not dismayed for I am thy father."
Dearly and I am always trust in Him.

I rejoice with all my heart that you
trust Him. and I bless Him heartily for ever the
dark hours I have had. but especially for the
quiet little dreamy life in a pleasant house
abundant those words, with your dear help.

Will my dear little girl pardon me writing
to her what I can hardly put in words
and pray for bless you and keep you here
to the last week and pray

Yours devotedly
M.D.

Windsor.

August 20th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I have thinking a great deal today about a certain dear little lady, and one very strong reason for doing so, is that I cannot not do otherwise if I should. I have been pretty writing today and partly resting and I have only to pass my eyes and bid the habitations that holds my beloved. Yet it does not require that to call it my devoted vision for you and I have found for it is self-satisfied on my mind and so vividly that time cannot efface it. Nothing of the lady naturally leads to talking to her and this I can do with a little will.

My precious Darling I thank you from the bottom of a very grateful heart for your valued Company yesterday. I enjoyed everything so that I can never forget it. and I think you very much for your frankness, and for the drift of an conversation. I am glad that you so freely express your mind to me. I can ever forgive you for your fluctuation with the Rev. gentleman.

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I know my Darling that you have got more good common sense than a dozen of her. - Well you permit me to make a comparison between you and her? and pardon me if I liken you to two brutes. One (her) is slightly dipped in a sophisticated compound, on a crumbly ~~but that~~ stick. and heavily coated with a bombastic or the slightest friction jumps into flame and well expresses themselves

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good deal of cautious fraction but gives forth
a reliable plan. I fancy you are laughing
at it. I am laughing myself at the absurdity.

This very month of August eight years ago, I
permanently to bid you home and to take your cherished
home in mine. I got a glimpse into my own
heart that night. There is a great measure

a thump in a thump land. Many things in common
shared with my neighbors. but I felt decelerate. You
don't wonder, that when a fair and honest Obedience
against whom the tongue of Calumny had never been
raised. Whose virtue, truth, rectitude, purity
and strong common sense appeared to my every faculty
was by the force of circumstances thrown in my way.

I am not ashamed to own that I returned home
with the bitterest tears a human being could shed
down my cheeks. Not bitterness to you
dear, for I forbid I should be less anything but
tenderness -

In my own extremity I seemed to hear the words
spoken into my heart. "Dear there and for I am with
the. be not dismayed for I am thy father."
Dearly and I am always trust in Him.

I rejoice with all my heart that you
trust Him. and I bless Him heartily for ever the
dark hours I have had. but especially for the
quiet little dreamy life in a pleasant house
surrounding these woods, with your dear help.

Will my dear little girl pardon me writing
to her what I can hardly put in words.

And pray for bless you and this your life
to the far and out paper of
yours devotedly
M.D.

Monport Sept. 17th 1897.

My Dear Mary

I shall try and get an opportunity to have a private talk with you if possible this evening and if I do not, will you make an errand to Brooklyn on Monday evening and allow me the pleasure of talking you home.

The Exhibition at Halifax opens on 28th September. that is a week from Saturday next. and continues for four days.

You will find out what time Luiza is going. I would sooner go on the second day than the opening day. but will arrange to go any day that suits you best. If I had a choice I would go on the 20th.

I have set my heart on talking you there and I am sure you will enjoy it. The exhibition itself will be something you have not seen its equal perhaps. and the Amuse will be delightful.

I am yours



Full-flowered summer lies upon the land
I kiss your lips, your hair; and then your hand
Slips into mine: lo, we two understand

That love is sweet.

The rose leaf falls, the colour fades and dies;
The sunlight fades, the summer birdlike, flies;
There forms a shadow across your mistful eyes.

O love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain;
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain -
Can any note revive the broken strain.

O love so sweet?

The world is cold and death is everywhere
I turn to you, and in my heart despair
Find peace and rest. We know, though fond or fair

That Love is Sweet.

Portland.
May 26th 1898

My Darling Mary.

You sent me home a very happy man last night. I cannot find words when with you to tell you all that is in my heart. and I cannot thank you sufficiently for giving me your confidence. It worries me often to think that you would be subjected to any unpleasantness on my account. My Mary, my love. Now with all pass away. For helping me I shall treat your sister so, that David cannot but treat me with respect. There is a little something that I have often thought of telling you. I will tell you next opportunity I have.

With respect to the concert. I claim it as my undeniable right to take you there. or at least to provide your ticket. and you slipped me fast and the other being in our own church and dropped your money in my hand. when I could not return it without attracting attention. You will know I want to share one common purse with you, and unite

You do so. I will not abate one single iota of what the laws of etiquette allow me.

I know you would not willingly deprive me of a great pleasure - I want you dead to put your name in those two hymn books - I would have done it but you might not like to have my writing in your books just yet - and let me look on with you when practicable -

I felt last night like catching you in my arms and carrying you away with me. yet I do think I love you and honor you more for your devotion and self denial in thinking of others more than self. One point on which you and I can never agree, is the way in which you depreciate yourself. Let me tell you sweetheart you have the finest soil for intellectual culture in your composition whether you are aware of it or not.

I once got a communication of a very personal nature from a certain young lady, nearly five years ago and the reading of it rattled in my inmost soul like a sharp sword. I would tell to no one but your own dear self what an agony of mind I endured that long sleepless night. Yet amid it all I could not help admiring the kind and considerate

and masterly wording. I well remember among other things bewailing a fate from which all the brightness seemed to have gone, and contrasting with it the "bright have been". Sales well remember entreating with all the earnestness and energy of my being that God would crown her life with the choicest blessings of Heaven and earth, and in doing so a Calvary and a peace found to be that astonished me.

Little girl to hold your hand in mine, to feel the pulsations of the rich warm blood coursing through your veins, to hear the soft sweet tones of a voice that falls as the sweetest music on my ear, and above all to kiss those sweet pale lips, and to see the arch look of - yes - mischievousness, that looks round the corner of that shapely little mouth when it is illuminated by one of those precious smiles, I at one time would have given almost my life for.

My God I thank thee for the lord of such a good, pure woman. Makes me worthy of her - and do thou bless her abundantly in my continual words and prayers.

Yours with much love
Henry Dargatzis

Yarmport.

Feb 12th 1898.

My Dear Harry

I see by the "Tribune" this evening that there is to be an Entertainment in the Presbyterian Hall. Windsor on the evening of the 17th inst.

I would have liked to take you over on that evening but I have an all day engagement at Rensselaer for that date.

I also notice that there is a lecture in the Methodist Church. Windsor on Monday 21st inst.

If the sleighing is good I will rig up a double seat, and take my sister and perhaps Mrs. Dill.

Can you manage to get over that day.

We could start about two o'clock and have tea at the Rooms in Windsor. The Lecturer is Rev. Mr. Fisher of Hantsport, Subject "Son of Man".

I would like very much to hear this lecture, and enjoy it doubly if you were there too. So like a good little girl let me know that you can go. Just truly Love you

Yours faithfully
Laura Farguhar

Newport. Wants Co. P.S.
April 24th 1894.

My Dear Mary

I heard that Hunter and Grosvenor intend to revisit Windsor on the 9th or 10th May. If so I would very much like to have the privilege of taking care of you there and back. If they are there on the 9th that will be Sunday.

If you can manage to plan it so, I would very much wish to have you all to myself for a whole morning or an afternoon during next week. I would drive you any place you wished -

You will perhaps tell me tomorrow morning at the W's service or on Monday. I want a long talk with you.

My Dear Girl I should just wish you to have a private word that I could not say and share with you. I am indeed

very grateful to you for your confidence on Wednesday morning. My Dear Dear Lottie I trust you will never have reason to regret them. Morning, noon, and night you come peeping into my thoughts, and I do gratefully thank God for such a priceless gift as the love of a noble, true hearted woman.

May He who is our life be merciful unto you and bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you and give you peace. is the fervent wish and prayer of yours faithfully with much love
Miss Langdon

Dear, as I listen to your voice, Love's light
Falls in full glory over all the land;
And I? I scarce can see. With trembling hand
I needs must shade my eyes, since all too bright
The dazzling radiance shines. Though shadowy night
Once I looked up, and longed but for a strand
Of light from some dim star; at your command,
No day breaks, with no dawning on my sight!
Warm and not cold, beloved, but only glow
To realise how my poor life is blest.

Thus hold my hands in yours until they grow
Warm in your clasp; and thus, dear let me rest -
All the sweet peace of Love at last to know -
Here with my glad face hidden on your breast!

April 21st 1894.

She has no dazzling charms, no classic grace
Nothing, you think, to win men's hearts about her;
Yet, looking at her sweet and gentle face,
I wonder what my life would be without her!
She has no wish in the great world to shine;
For work outside a woman's sphere no yearning;
But on the altar of home's sacred shrine
She keeps the fire of pure affection burning
Still my griefs into her patient ear;
She whispers "Hope" when ways are dark and dreary
The little children like to have her near
And run into her open arms. My Mary.

Import. Idants
Nov. 4th 1894.

My dear Mary

I was disappointed on Sunday evening that I did not have an opportunity of a few words with you.

I met you all so suddenly, that for the time being I scarcely knew what to do. and in a position like that I am just as helpless and sensitive as your own dear self. I saw you drop behind the others a little. my darling I thank you for that. I could see the position you were in and it was best that you should go on. You have the happy knack of always doing the wisest thing.

I wanted to see your father for a minute and I was not very long after you. but I failed to see you at Brooklyn.

I got a letter that required immediate attention and I returned home for a couple of hours writing - as you was so securely guarded by two oppressors.

I noticed a worried look on your face this morning when I met you. I had no reason to be offended with you dear - and the look of tenderness you gave me completely repaid me for any disappointment I felt. I cannot help telling you

that I would trust you more than any one in
the wide world. And even than my own mother,
who I honestly believe, good old soul, is more
wrapped up in me than any of the rest of the family.
I would dearly enjoy you and her meeting together.
I know you would agree with me that you shall not end
Conscientious and true Christian. I have not given
up a hope that that desire may be accomplished
Some day.

Your father has arranged to drive up here tomorrow
(Monday) evening on a matter of business. Might you
not accompany him. I intend if I have an
opportunity to have a little talk with him on another
matter of more import to me than all the business
of the County of Hants.

I have been longing to have a talk with you if it
were only to hear you scolding me. I have dreamed
about you so much lately, that you will think me
silly for mentioning it. I believe the dream for
that arose because I was very unhappy that you
should be annoyed in the way you told me this night
week. My dear Grace I treasure every

Brooklyn

July 14th 1899

Dear Miss Smith

Herewith find

Cheque for Fifty Dollars which
Please accept as an earnest
of my best wishes for your
future happiness:

Yours sincerely

Alex. Hargrave

Mary.

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled
And choose from all earth's treasures, too,
Or ask from heaven whatso'er I wished
I'd ask for you.

Feb. 10th 1898

The rosebud is the blush of my Charmer
Her sweet smiling lips when tis first
How fair and how pure is the lily
But fairer and purer her breast

Her voice is the song of the morning
That wakes thro' the green spreading grove
Where Phoebe peeps o'er the mountains
On music and pleasure and love

But beauty how frail and how fleeting
The bloom of a fine summer day
While worth in the mind of my Mary
Will flourish without a decay.

Newport
Sept 18th 1898

My Dear Mary

I would like to tell you myself how
I got hurt. I was going up to Mrs
Starnes door, ^{at Wanda's party} ^{going about 9 o'clock} with a ^{large} basket of eggs when a
ferocious dog blew at me and made a
determined attack to bite me - I backed on
to the road and as it was downhill I slipped
either on a stone or on the wet ground and
gave my back a painful wrench. I fell on my
back on the middle of the road, then I got up
and got to the side of the road - Everything got
dark and I sank down unconscious - I was
helped into Mr Christies house - a few yards
off - I suffered fearful pain - and about noon
I got off the lounge to take some dinner, but
I got giddy again and was carried back
to the lounge - I got carried
towards evening and Mr Christie

took me home. - I stood the journey
well, got giddy about 4 or 5 times
but not nearly so bad as the other times
at Windsor. I am now lying on my
back and cannot get up without being
lifted. I am much easier and slept
some. - Many times I thought I had shut
my eyes in this world forever yesterday morn-
ing but God is merciful to me.

I would like to see you - Am I asking you
too much to come and see me - If you
do not feel like coming dear, do not come.

I am fairly in the way of getting better I
think, but if I were to get worse I would send
for you. I know you would come dear -
I am writing with difficulty -

If you could come up this way after dark -
it would be a great favor, but don't if you
have any delaying about it.

Love yours
H. Angell

Newport
Sept 18th 1898

My Dear Mary

I would like to tell you myself how
I got hurt. I was going up to Mrs
Starnes door, ^{at Wanda's party} ^{going about 9 o'clock} with a ^{large} basket of eggs when a
ferocious dog blew at me and made a
determined attack to bite me - I backed on
to the road and as it was downhill I slipped
either on a stone or on the wet ground and
gave my back a painful wrench. I fell on my
back on the middle of the road, then I got up
and got to the side of the road - Everything got
dark and I sank down unconscious - I was
helped into Mr Christies house - a few yards
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towards evening and Mr Christie