

*Letter to Major Ewing after the passing away
of his beloved wife, in 1885.*

FREDERICTON,
ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY, 1885.

MY DEAR MAJOR EWING;— I hope I need not assure you of our true sympathy under the heavy affliction you have sustained, and our heartfelt sorrow for a loss felt by thousands besides ourselves. We have long feared that your dear wife would break down under the mental strain of writing what gave such infinite pleasure, not only to children, but to grown persons, and yet we felt sure that it was a fire that could not be restrained, and that the mind of true genius would consume the frail body. We have followed as well as we could every step as mourners, and through the "Guardian" we seemed to be part of the procession and to bear a bunch of flowers, though the wide sea rolls between us. I never pass the little white cottage without thinking of you both as we all sat down to read a chapter in Hebrew, and we