

his dearest earthly friend. We therefore give entire the notes written to his wife while on this journey:—

COVEHEAD, 16th March, 1809.

MY DEAR LOVE,—

Though the day was very stormy I got along to Mr. Bayer's. There we found a number of people, who had just put William Ferguson's wife in the cold frosty grave. After receiving a little refreshment, I went over to my lodgings (at) the Smiths. They are very attentive to me. I still spit a great deal, but I breathe something easier.

It is now Friday morning, 17th, St. Patrick's Day, a beautiful day. I am just now to start for Mr. Simson's, New London. I am informed that Mr. Keir is there already. Till I return I cannot tell whether we will come along or return to Malpeque. The latter, I think, is the most likely. If so, I will be two or three weeks absent, but you shall hear from me frequently; and, if you get quite impatient, send me word and I will return immediately, but you know that riding is very beneficial to me. And I hope that you will keep up your heart, expecting to see me in better health, and our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Keir. Wishing much comfort and joy,

I am, my Dear-Love, your affectionate Husband,

PETER GORDON.

P.S.—Be sure to write me as often as you can.

MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON'S, Monday, 20th March, 1809.

MY DEAR LOVE,—

I think that I have got some stronger. I breathe easier and am in much better spirits. I stay at a distance from the fire. When I ride I feel myself very happy. Mr. Keir and his wife are here. He preached yesterday, and I baptized some children. We set off for Malpeque to-day, from which place you shall hear from me as soon as possible.

My dear, be of good courage. I am afraid you kill yourself with grief.

The Simpsons have their best respects to you.

I am, Dear Love, your affectionate Husband,

PETER GORDON.

P.S.—Mr. and Mrs. Keir and I will be along in two or three weeks at the farthest.

MALPEQUE, Thursday, March 21st, 1809.

MY DEAR LOVE,—

Every day I find myself increasing in strength and spirits. We arrived here last night, and I think that I will be most comfortable with Mr. and Mrs. Keir. I want for nothing. I wish that you would send me a few lines, for my concern for you distresses me much. Send a letter to town and it will soon find its way to me. There is nothing new in this place. The people are in their ordinary. Mr. Keir is most convenient here.

My Dear Love, I wish that the Lord Jesus would grant you every blessing, and be sure that I am

Your most affectionate Husband,

PETER GORDON.

The original manuscript of this last letter bears the traces of his weakness. The following is his final letter:—

MALPEQUE, Thursday, 28th March, 1809.

MY DEAR LOVE,—

I fondly hope that this will find you and our dear children in good health. I have received no letter from you, from which I infer that you are well. I am just about my ordinary, I am no worse and I cannot boast of being much better. Next week, at the beginning, we intend to leave this for St. Peter's. May the Lord grant us a prosperous journey.