

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A WOULD-BE POET

(Dedicated to my Professors)

MARY A. BERESFORD

You ask for *Rhyme and Reason*! Oh, my dears,
When e'er were Rhyme and Reason seen together?
Not surely since the time when blue snow fell
In summer weather.

For Rhyme and Reason quarrelled in their youth,
And Rhyme, the mystic—charming Fancy married,
Nor have these lovers since that time been found
Where Reason tarried.

For Rhyme and Fancy and their daughter Song
Live gay and free, and love the open air,
And for the towers and towns that Reason builds
They do not care.

And Reason in her cities walled and strong
Despises them and will not hear their name,
Nor would she let them cross her portals, if
By chance they came.

Queen Reason is a maiden most austere,
Flat-footed, resolute on fact and figure,
Knows always what is right and what is wrong—
She acts with vigour.

She knows the size and number of the stars,
Their distance and their orbits; and she knows
Why mice have tails and elephants have trunks,
Why green grass grows.

She has a mighty kingdom rich and wide,
And castles great and fleets that cross the sea,
And every comfort which the world affords,
O happy she!

THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW

Poor Rhyme and Fancy have a different lot,
 They own no land, they have no thought of gain,
 And all the castles that they ever build
 Are built in Spain.

Their house is oft a hut, their clothes but rags,
 Their bed is hard, from earthen cups they drink,
 And often when the bread and meal are scarce,
 They feed on ink.

But Fancy smiles: the hut a palace grows,
 Their rags are dainty laces, silks and satins,
 Their ink is very nectar, and their cups
 Are golden patens.

They never learnt to count—this pretty pair,
 They cannot tell how many beans make five;
 But nathless they live happy and are glad
 To be alive.

They know the stars, but not to count or weigh,
 They know them spirits in the vault of Heaven,
 To whom by angels, when the night draws dark,
 A lamp is given.

They watch the sun rise glorious in the East,
 They see him sink into the golden West,
 They love each other and their daughter Song,
 And so are blest.

And Mirth is with them at the evening-tide,
 And Love, who laughs at Reason, dwells close by,
 And Fear, who ever is at Reason's side,
 Comes never nigh.

So more than Reason's is their kingdom great,
 Who having nothing, yet have more than all—
 So high they cannot higher go, so low
 They cannot fall.

m.a.B.
- June 1926.

wed.

Amigo mio

Yesterday afternoon I very nearly climbed the stairs to your "den" but instead I went down to Hollis Street and gazed at Joseph Howe. - Of course a statue isn't so interesting or as responsive as a live man is, but then you might have thrown me out if I had bothered you whereas Joseph only looked superciliously over my forlorn head. Sometimes I wish I were only a statue myself cold and indifferent to life, though I confess I shouldn't like all the smoke and smuts and not being able to wash one's face. I believe they've been trying to wash Joseph but they've left him rather mottled and "speckled like Jacob's cattle."

I hope you didn't mind my "lecture" very much, caro mio. Probably what I said I'd have said sometime, and maybe it was as well it came out in a letter though when I started I had no thought

of speaking so. And when one reads
a thing in a letter one can say
"damned impudence!" and pitch it
into the waste paper basket! But
you know, don't you A. Dear, that
I am not "impudent" where you
are concerned even if I might have
refrained from talking at all, and
I'm old enough to appreciate talent
and to be sad when it isn't being
used to its utmost. You might
tell me to behold the beam in mine
own eye before I see the mote
in yours. But of course I didn't
see a mote in yours - all I saw
was some dust that hinders your
vision a little. In other words
I feel that your soul is big and
your fault is small but it just
happens to be enough to keep you
from accomplishing great things.
Heavens, I'm blundering horribly -
let ever since I read - and I had
to read it rather hurriedly - your
big poem I've wished you would
go on and finish it and go on to
other big and bigger things. And
so you should. And you should

let nothing stop you. Throw aside
all weakness for the sake of the
divine in you. I realise it is easy
to say and hard to do, and I
realise too that life tests us out in
different ways and that the way
I was tested might be easier - though
it bruised me and crushed me -
than the way you are tested. But
that only means that when you win
your fight, you'll win a bigger
victory and a greater joy. It
is just eight months since I
first met you and perhaps it
seems presumptuous that I should
speak to you so. But in my heart
I feel it must be at least eight
centuries since I met you and
perhaps I am right for in some things,
time and space know no bounds
or limits. I value your kind and
understanding comradeship more than
I can express in words. It isn't that I
have seen you or talked with you very
often, but you just happen to be you,
and I look on you as a friendly
big brother and Canada seems a
friendlier place because of you. And

I'm not "talking a lot of stuff". If I hadn't liked you I'd never have gone to meet Florence and if I hadn't liked Florence I'd never have gone back to Larch St. (I guess I'm rather ill-mannered at times!) But you are both so dear and so kind and your home has been a haven to me from the wind and the rain of loneliness and moodiness.

I have finished your Shelley and shall return it soon. It turns out better than I expected from a first cursory glance. Though I still feel Shelley can't be explained - least of all by quoting. I like some chapters more than others. Of course Arthur Brock says he's written of him "as a middle-aged man for middle-aged men", but it depends on what you call "middle-age" and even if I live to be a hundred I think Shelley will always carry me off on the wings of the spirit so that for a little I escape this prison - house, the body, and am one with the eternal essence. We usually link Shelley and Keats together but actually Shelley is more akin to Blake and

You can answer that, Caro mio, you'll know why you
have a corner in my heart ^{W.B.}

to Francis Thompson in my gallery - Blake
perhaps more mystical, Thompson perhaps
more austere.... but all, like the Celtic
poets, longing for something, seeking something,
pursuing and pursued by something -
the something that is there and yet
when you touch it it is not there.
People like Browning and Tennyson
and Chaucer and Shakespeare and
ever so many get hold of a tangible
thing quite often, but some there are
who never do. This elusive something
is not quite the same as God. It
is perhaps rather one's ideal of
oneself as God meant one to be.

Why should a rose - not all roses,
but a deep crimson velvety one - catch
at my heart; why should a tree - a
birch tree - lure me; why should a
star - not stars as it were, though I love
them all, but a star - move me; why
should a grim rock challenge me, and
the sea - not the dancing blue waves, but
the grey breakers - call to me and urge
me to come. Who can tell! And why
should certain words and certain poems
stir me. Who knows! And why
should I shrink from some people whom I
hardly know, and love others at sight. And if

G. R. Vive le roi!

(I hope you recognize the date!)

Do you know we forgot one thing last night — we didn't turn our money over when we saw the new moon! *très triste!* Now, we'll be poor till the next new moon.

How one of my nationalities, as Prof. Stewart would say, forgot such an important procedure is most extraordinary, particularly as yesterday was pay day and I had a whole pocketful of money and if I had turned it over I might have been a millionaire by the next moon! However I'll bow to her three times if I see her to-night. That, you know, keeps you from growing any poorer, at least.

I suppose the evening was so lovely and our drive so full of beautiful adventures that such a futile thing as money escaped even my Scottish pecuniary attention.

As for you — you are the sort of man who'll never be rich in dollars though I think you'll always be rich in heavenly treasure. True,

heavenly treasure won't buy bread
and "shoes for de feet", but yet
it is wealth untold even in this
life. Anyway you can bow three
times to the moon next time you
see her and then you'll never be
penniless.

It was very dear of you giving
me such a happy time and I
enjoyed every minute of it. And
your coffee didn't keep me awake
as coffee often does at night,
and so if you ever volunteer as
a ship's cook on a white-winged
"clipper", you can come to me for a
recommendation. I'm afraid my
qualifications fit me to be nothing
higher than Cabin-boy, and that
according to my grandfather meant
chiefly being the butt of the Captain's
tempers and being flogged three times
a day. Once I said "Why didn't you
hit him, grandad?" And he said
"I did, and that day he flogged the
fight out of me, and the iron into
my soul and left me senseless -
well, if it had been myself I think
I'd have stuck a knife into the bully.
..... very blood-thirsty is nab!"

This morning I awoke with this
which sounds as if it should be
the beginning of a song but which
is probably only a "gloria" --
"O woods and hills and little rills
O joy of the wild-bird's song --"
Sometimes I think I must dream
in rhyme but as I'm too lazy
to get up in the middle of the
night my rhymes mercifully
relegate themselves to oblivion.

I've just been tidying up one of
my trunks and among papers and
letters, more or less of no importance
yet preserved, I found your letter - the
first, and only one, you favoured me with -
in which you express contrition for
having taken "Mike" away. Your letter
sounds just like you. You know you
aren't half enough conceited about
yourself. You are humble and I love
you for it - yet you might easily be
more conceited and still be unspoiled.
I'm ever so glad you did take Mike away
that day because it gave me you
instead - not 'instead', but also, over
and above, I should say.
And now I am going for a tramp round
the point so an revoir, and a loving thanks
to you, my dear, wolly.

Tuesday,

Hotel Baddeck,
Baddeck, C. B.

Amigo mio

Bedad, and I found some ink and paper in Baddeck! And I also discovered you can get a Halifax Chronicle after 7 p.m. which I suppose, is so bad after sixty years of Confederation!

Is Halifax quiet again after her feast of noise that I read about? (Here we rang the Church bell and the little "Blue Hill" blew her steam whistle. You can see in what a nice peaceful place I am refreshing myself.) I wonder how the pageant came off - most of the principals were Bloomfield girls, and oh the spirit of Irony!... the girl who was to represent the spirit of Canada was a Jewess. She is quite pretty and graceful, but it seems rather sad if there aren't any pretty and graceful Canadians, really ones, I mean.

This place is very beautiful and very restful and I just "loaf" by day and sleep ever so sound o' nights, and last thing at night and first thing in the morning I look out to water as clear as crystal and as still as silence, and over to Beinn Bhreagh with its tree-crowned slopes. Graham Bell was very wise to build his house over there. Of course he was a Scotsman. Personally I'd build my house in a wilder spot. This place is good

to rest in but would make me lazier than I
am by nature, though it must be bleak enough
in winter to satisfy even the Highlanders.
I haven't gone on any excursions yet, either
by car or by boat; so far I've gone only so far
as I could walk but "quite away" that
way, though I am so annoyed by dusty cars
passing that I am nearly thinking of carrying
a bag of nice big nails with me and dropping
them here and there just to delay the cars
a little and let me walk in cleanliness.
The people are all very friendly, and very
respectful; the men all call me 'mum'
and pull their forelocks when I talk to them
along the way! You know they are all
such nice clean open-air people. It seems
a great pity people have to live in cities
and grow stand-offish and suspicious and
dishonest. Just think if I went along
Habitat speaking to everybody I met,
what would they think down there! Of
course I do speak to all the car-conductors
and people like that, but I expect they'd
send Mrs. Egan after me if I spoke to any other,
yet over here young, old, and middle aged,
men, women, and children one can give
greeting to and win a friendly word!

I am sitting on a big rock. It is flat and big enough for me to lie on and is most convenient, for the mists rolling in in the evenings make the grass rather wet and it doesn't dry up till nearly noon. But a rock is sensible and dry and it serves as my table and my chair and my couch - albeit a little hard.

And I was lying in the sun thinking of you, my dear big-hearted Paddy. Always I was quite independent in earthly things, my work and things like that. But I always had "skeery" fits, bad "blue", even black spells, and then it was I needed to know my mother or somebody who wouldn't want a lot of explanations, was near. Of course it is weak to rest on another's strength yet it helps to know there is someone stronger than oneself. And it's something like that I feel about you, I am unafraid of the "bogey" when I am with you. I hope that doesn't sound sentimental for I don't mean it in any sentimental way. When I was small I wasn't afraid of the darkness, but perhaps a bat would dart past or an owl would hoot suddenly in the stillness and then I'd slip my fingers into my mother's. Perhaps you remember doing that too when you

were small. Well, it is like that. I can slip my fingers into yours and feel secure for a little from the bats that flutter past and the owls that hoot and startle, and best of all I don't mind letting you know I'm 'skeert' and that's how you are like my darling brother who gave his life out in Saskatchewan and why I love you.

And I love Flower too. Do you know she told me next time I was 'blue' to come round to Larch Street and be 'blue' there, which is very dear of her. But of course I wouldn't have gone that last time if you hadn't come for me because I shouldn't worry other people with my blues or blacks or whatever it is.

I had a lovely two hours with her before I came here. You didn't come home so I didn't see you. I had to go down to the station first as the clerk had given me the wrong ticket. When I changed cars at George Street I think I spotted your car at the Dennis block. If it had been clean I mightn't have known it but I told you it needed a wash - so it didn't need Sherlock Holmes to recognise all the beautiful mud on it!

Were you up visiting 'Hoppy'? I've never met him but I've heard of him - I was told

I'd like him - that he had "a nice taste in reading". which I took to be a compliment to myself as well as to him. I'm not even sure what his real name is but I nearly met him. That is however, a long story I may or may not tell you some day. Of course you may not know "Stoppa" - whoever he is - but as he's the only person I ever heard of there I just wondered, and anyway I expect you know about everybody in town.

I haven't come across any particularly interesting people here though they are all very pleasant. There are eight Americans at the hotel - mostly keen on fishing, and of course fishermen and golfers have always lots of stories to tell! One man is a cousin of the aviator Lester Whitland... though I had to confess I hadn't heard of that aviator. There have been and are various Halifax folks here too. The other afternoon as I was passing the other hotel someone hailed me. It was Dr. G. H. Murphy so I chattered with him for an hour. Later his wife & he took me for a

little run but there was a thick fog coming
in and we didn't see very much. They are
always friendly to me since I was on the Dal
Gazette when Arthur was editor. He is a fine
lad - they were telling me Mr. Dennis sent
him for the Herald on the Acadian trip. He
is going in for medicine but writes a bit.
I believe Charlie would like him.

Now I must really stop talking to
you. And if this chatter isn't entirely
lucid it is the fault of the mosquitoes
for I have to stop about every three
lines and scratch myself. My legs are
bitten all over and I've a big bad sting
on the back of my neck. I believe I'll
need to start smoking if they continue
to worry me so; they are 'the fly in the
ointment' here, except that the fly comes
first and I have to apply the ointment later.

I really think you should write me
a letter for a change. I won't say 'write
to cheer me up', for I am wonderfully
content here, but if you aren't too
busy, pound on your typewriter a
friendly greeting. An revoir, my dear.

God's sunshine be around you and his
blessing go with you. Yours loyally,
Molly.

My dear Andaro

Will you please give
this to the big Leslie man. I
feel he's missed something in
not being able to sing 'Passing By'.
Tell him to learn it and
then sing it to you.

If you'd known me in Scotland
I'd have sung it to you myself.
I could sing once. But Canada
cracked my voice along with
my heart and my faith and
my teeth and all the other things
I've lost since I came from
bonnie Scotland.

Losing faith is the worst because
it is hardest to recover. As I told
Mike even yet I'm scared to love
and trust people in case they go
back on me. Thank heaven, so far
you haven't broken any promises
to me. Mike has. I don't blame him:
it's just that it coincides with my
fears. Don't make any promises unless
you're pretty sure you can keep 'em because
in Canada it matters an awful lot to me.

Of course this is to make a fetish of it, but up to date I haven't recovered my old sure faith in everybody.

I was thinking Mike told us the wrong Sunday. First he asked me to come after the wedding: then he said Sunday week which sounds like the wedding weekend. You can find out which is right and I'll go with you. I promised him I'd go and I'll enjoy going with you.

How could I find out from where the mail got a poem? In Thursday's Herald and mail there was a 'Coronach' by Hilton Brown. Hilton is an old St. Andrew's - a College friend of mine. He's in the Indian Civil Service, writes now & then for Punch. I don't imagine he wrote it for the Herald. I'd like to know where they got it. There was a letter from him on the ship when I set sail but I haven't yet replied so I sort of winced - not exactly - when I saw his name in the Herald. He was home with his wife & small son just when I left - but we missed seeing each other. Five years ago! What aeons of time five years can be. Love and a blessing to you. Molly

Hotel Baddeck.
Baddeck, C.B.

Dearest People

This place is so lovely I am very happy. It is exactly like the west coast of Scotland - and what more can I say - Of course I love the East Coast of Scotland best of all, the grey North Sea has a thrill about it that the Atlantic on the west has not, though the Atlantic on the north is wonderful - Well, here I am reminded of Argyllshire and sailing up the Loughs (pronounce loch!) among the islands. From where I am sitting I look across to rolling green hills with trees,

and further away rolling hills
mistily blue with a white mist
cloud resting on the top, and
there is a ship with sails
coming in lazily over the
silvery blue waters.

So far I have not seen
Bras D'Or - it is Bras
D'Argent or Bras de Bleu -
but there has not been even
a faint touch of gold and
I've been looking particularly
But no matter, it is
very beautiful.

The journey up was quite
interesting. I was on the
train in good time - A family
was going off - exactly seven
ladies and two men were
down to see them off and
all the ladies wept and
the lady of the family most
of all, and they all said
"good-bye dear" sniff! sniff!
about ten times over.

and among them they left
11 lbs. of chocolates and
two geranium plants and
managed to break the blossoms
of one amid all their embraces.
However after the train started
the lady cheered up and the
two boys started to eat the
candy and the meek little
father beamed on them - he
looked as if he'd been up
all night packing and had
had no breakfast and he
started eating oranges.

The ticket man came next
and told me I'd have 1½ hrs.
at Truro. I said I had it.
He was sure I had till another
man came and proved me
right. - just ten minutes there.

At Truro I asked a train man
where the Sydney train was
and he said "It's gone - you'll have
to wait till 9-30 to-night."

Consternation! However I decided
I'd always wanted to see Truro
and now was my chance. But

then he came after me & said
he'd made a mistake - to cross
the track and find the train
still there - The which I did.

The trains were changed on
Sunday and evidently the folks
hadn't got used to the change.

The country side looked very
beautiful all the way along,
and the dinner was very
nice and I didn't weary.

At New Glasgow your
miners' convention people
came on the train. Some of
them were nice, some not
so nice. One man reminded
me of a miner man I used to
know - an idealist who dreams
of conditions as they ought to
be and gives himself to the
striving for them - poor man
he looked as if he slept and
ate little - his eyes sunken
in his pale face. He wasn't
entirely satisfied with the
convention - one man said
"it was a pretty good convention,"

One man said it was "the best convention he'd ever been at," and incidentally thought the new Glasgow people had been collecting liquor for the last three months as there was lots going! He had two bottles and I'd have liked there & then to smash one over his head because by the time he got to Sydney he'd not be able to tell 'the boys' a thing that had happened.

I have no patience with a man who is willing to be a delegate and doesn't realise his responsibility to his fellows - who could be made to vote one way as easily as another for a drink. You see I taught in a mining village for three years, and that in Fifeshire which in Scotland leads in strikes etc. - And I used to attend labour meetings

and learned a good deal about conditions and I was down the biggest mine there and saw some of their hardships - and I sort of know the type of delegate that's any good - there were three only that pleased me among the Sydney crowd though of course I didn't see all of them but only the ones near me -

As Mulgrave they doubled us up into the forward compartments and shunted off the one we were in - And later on when the ticket man came for my ticket check I had to confess it was still in the other car left behind!

However he didn't make any fuss, but I really began to wonder if I was meant to reach Baddeck at all with so many uncertainties

about tickets and things -
After Point Tupper something
crawled past my feet and
down the aisle - Unheard of
in a train surely! A turtle!
A man rescued it. He had
seen several in a field, he
said, and this was a small
one he was taking to a cousin.
He had a wife and two small
children with him so I suppose
his story was true - He had it
in a box without a lid but
after its perambulation he
got another box from the
Cook's department and
tied the turtle down -

So you see I had quite an
interesting trip and then at
Lona I boarded the "Blue Hill"
and we paddled merrily across
here -

I've prowled round quite a
bit. There are heaps of flowers
both garden & wild and
yet the apple trees are only
in blossom and looking lovely.

I have in my room a jar full of loveliness I gathered on one walk along the shore - purple iris, blue forget me nots, and a kind of lily white and green, such as I do not remember - seven or eight flowers on a stem the petals white inside but ~~edge~~ green edged with white outside.

I passed one quaint and beautiful bungalow by the water. It is built of big logs and the shutters have hearts cut out on them. The garden was a mass of beauty - lupins, tulips, iris, etc. lilies of the valley with blue forget me nots mixed, the same dainty combination of colour and fragrance we had at home, and then lilacs and a lovely japonica. A little stream ran down one side with a little rustic bridge over it. "Oh, here," said I, "must live the Queen of Hearts!" and I'd hardly uttered the words when out from behind a lilac came a stout lady with a big witch like hat on, and a fat fierce-looking face that glared

at me as much as to say
"If you don't get out of there pretty
quickly I'll eat you up!" -
Still I'm going back that way
and I mean to make love to
the ogress and see if she'll soften
her heart enough to let me wander
round her garden that is so
very beautiful. I noticed a pile
of books in a window too, so she
maybe a charming princess really.
Just near there I watched a
chipmunk having his breakfast
- I was out by 9 a.m. that morning
so it was not very late for him.
He was eating dandelion seeds
and I never knew before he'd eat
that. He was on a fallen log and
swung by his hind legs as far out
as he could reach and plucked the
tops of the dandies. He had seven.
He'd pluck one and hold it lengthwise

in his front paws and eat it exactly as Canadians eat corn - only more daintily. As he gathered his meal he came up the log towards me until I could have touched him and I kept so still that I didn't scare him till the wind flapped my coat open and off he bolted!

But I must stop yarning. I am thankful today this place did not celebrate Confederation except by ringing the church bell and there were a few flags out. I suppose Halifax would have a hokey and perhaps fay time but as no papers seem to come here except the Victoria news and the Sydney post Halifax doesn't come in for much notice.

An revoir now -
I hope you are all flourishing and as happy as I am

at the moment, and it
is something to be happy
and untroubled at heart
even for a little. God's
out-of-doors is very good.

With love to you both,

yours most sincerely
Molly C. Beresford

Excuse pencil, but I am sitting
on the gravelly shore with
the water almost touching
my feet, and I don't use
a fountain pen. It is lovely
and warm and I can wear
summer dresses here - m.



View Street,
North Sydney, N.S.

POST CARD

MADE IN CANADA

CORRESPONDENCE



Mrs. Merkel.
39 Carch Street.
Halifax N.S.

Came here by motor - a lovely drive & return tomorrow by boat - a most lovely sail in total.
Am having a wonderful holiday in a beautiful country. Love, L.B.B.

Sunday.

Amigo mio

I've just been "plagiarising" for Farmer Smith! In case she doesn't print it I'm letting you read it in my beautiful scrawl.

I once made a "poem" like this in part. Then one of my circle later made it over into a poem for his small boy aged four - Now I've taken it over again and made it for Rainbow Haven though as I've never been there I'm not sure how exactly it may fit.

I'm not sending it because I think it good, but I thought it was like my idea of Rainbow Haven - or of any place a youngster would love - and I rather admire Farmer Smith and the people behind her in their endeavours and achievements.

And I know it's the sort of place you love too.

And when you see me trying to make verses you may be shamed into joining on with your poem. Yours is really a poem. I never get beyond "poems".

What a beautiful rainy day it

has been. Of course it doesn't look like "Apple-Blossom Sunday", but still it shows what the rain can do when it's in earnest, even in June. At home I'd have had a fine old time out in it - and then the pleasure of taking off dripping garments that drip pools all round one, and then a good hot-bath and dry things to wear, and then a book before a cosy fire - Of course here I only look at rain through the window-pane and stalk up and down grumbling to myself. Perhaps it's as well, 'cos I once had rheumatic fever and the doctor said it must have been caused by too much rain though I assured him I hadn't been soaked for six months then... and oo-um - the pains were rather "squingy" and of course pains in Scotland wouldn't ever be a tenth part as bad as they'd be in N. S.

Yesterday the out-of-doors was wonderful. I was round the park again and the wind was just blowing in enough to make one smell the caller sea. At one place in the woods there were

millions - thousands - well, perhaps
a score of little blue-winged moths
- the daintiest, loveliest, fluttering
fairy-like things. I think I never
saw so many before. Maybe the
prison-fates had just been opened
by the sun and all the winter
prisoners had been set free.

Then for nearly half an hour I
flirted with a wee squirrel - a chipmunk
I suppose. He ran out and in among
the branches and then rested in one
spot. Whenever I'd try to reach him
he'd run off but then return to
the same place on the same branch.
He'd flick his tail over his face
and then wave his right paw in the
air in a most jocular way. I
never saw anything exactly like
it before and as there wasn't a thing
but the trees and myself anywhere
near, it was exactly as if he heard
all I said to him - and I said
a whole lot - and enjoyed himself
as much as I did in our ardent
though distant flirtation. Don't you
love God's little woodland children?
I do, and I love some of His big world
children too.. including you. Wolly.

Sat.

Dear Audra:

Did you notice Wilson has
has a 'pome' in the June 'Scribner's'?

It is rather wistful than great.
I meant to ask you last night,
if you hadn't deserted entirely.

When I set up my flat and
you come to see me I'll go off
as soon as you arrive and
stay away until you're gone!

Of course I won't go to the
market for lobsters for I don't
like such a queer mass of claws
and feelers, but I can always
go out and look at the stars
or at nothing at all.

I sat reading Shelley after I came
in — it was about 10 m. but I wasn't
sleepy & I wanted to see what the man
said of my beloved Shelley. I like his (Brooks)
odd essays, but so far I can't say I
like him on Shelley — he tries to explain
too much I think & you can't explain
Shelley any more than you can explain
a rose. You may consider him as
Christ said "Consider the lilies of the
field" — of course I may be quite

wrong about Shelley, but to me he is the most spiritual of all poets - he is just essence, perfume, light - what you will!

And that doesn't mean weakness but strength of the finest of the spirit with nothing of the body behind it. Of course people always drag in Shelley's love affairs but I don't think he knew the meaning of human love as such - marriage - sex were not in his scheme of life. I don't believe he rebelled against things merely because they were conventions but simply because they were of the earth and he was of the ether.

Extraordinary as it may seem I feel that as there was only one woman in all history who dared to be the mother of God, so if it had been possible ^{to} be born of a virgin father by the Holy Ghost, then Shelley is the only man who could have been that virgin father. It sounds rather nonsense when written down. I have never tried to write it down before so it may

sound very crude to you. You
may laugh if you like. But
also open your Shelley and read
say his "Ode to the West Wind" and
see if you don't feel that he was
pure spirit incomprehensible -

"neither made, nor created, nor begotten,
but proceeding" straight from God
though clothed with a body. Of course
we are all spirits clothed with
bodies, but some are mostly body,
many are about half and half,
and some few are mostly spirit.

Clutton Brock naturally, quotes things
that Shelley said or wrote in letters
that might seem alien to my theory.
But all of us are half the time
saying things that aren't us at
all and Shelley had to do the same.

Yet often in silence there is more
than in words; but most of us
can speak to others only in spoken
words - yet how poorly they voice
what the spirit would utter. So
I think when reading things that
Shelley put into words one can feel
that his spirit had to entangle
itself in feeble words that seemed

to say certain things - whereas if there had been a silent communion the other person would have caught his real meaning. Mary Godwin for a little seemed to have the right sympathetic rapport but even that failed I think. It is as when Christ said "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" and Philip or somebody Chimes in "Lord, show us the Father" - how, what can you do with people like that... most likely you try to show them the Father, and make an awful mess of the job.

And some people call Shelley an Atheist & some a Pantheist. And what was he? Just what we should all be - what Christ was "I and my Father are one" - "Before the world was I am" - To me it is very natural to link Shelley with Christ. Poets on the whole are more the sons of God than the rest of us are. That is why poets are mostly lonely - and God the loneliest of them all. You know I can sympathise with Wilson Mac and

he is a more real poet than Roberts
and finds it harder by that much
to get along with people. And I
am almost sure that the poet
side of Mike is a very lonely thing
too - that's the side of him I love;
but he is lucky enough to have
another side that mixes well and
takes people's love (mine included)
for granted and that's the side of
him I resent and that is why we
fight. He'd be a greater poet if he'd
trodden a lonelier road. And
I know the poet side of you is
a lonely thing too, and you've been
too "scared". Your heart is bigger
than your soul. No, that's not what
I mean. Your soul is big but you
smother it over with a lot of
piffing stuff... like drinking rum.

Oh Paddy dear heart, I never
said a word to you but you hurt
me terribly one evening when you
kissed me - a kiss wouldn't hurt
me, I don't mean that, and I could
kiss you as simply as I'd kiss
my brother. But that evening you
did it because you weren't quite

yourself, and it stung like an insult.
You needn't think I was angry because
I wasn't. But I thought such an
awful lot of you that that hurt. I'm
not a prohibitionist and I don't preach.
I don't care for the taste of any sort of
liquor I've ever tasted so it hasn't the
least attraction for me but other people
like it and I'm nothing against that.
But you know as St Paul puts it
"When I became a man I put away
childish things," and it is boyish not
to know just how much liquor a
man can take and still remain
captain of his soul. If a man can
take six drinks and keep cool
good and well. If he loses his head
on two drinks he'd better stop there.
And if when he takes one he can't
stop, then he has to avoid it as it
were seven devils. Of course I
realise that my theory that seems
sensible to me maybe can't work
in reality. But oh my dear, you
are far too splendid to let a
physical weakness hold you. You
may think I've no business with
what you do, that I've no right to

Speak of this. I am not blaming you,
and I would never discuss it with
Flower - but you yourself that evening
gave me the right to say this, that
I would give my life if thereby you
could be guarded from what made
you less than my ideal of you. And
if my prayers and my loving thoughts
and my loyal friendships can help
you in the least in your fight
I shall be so happy. Maybe my saying
so much will hurt you, but you know
I would not willingly hurt you. And I'm
not setting myself up as a judge. I have
too many "faults of my own" - I have done
things in life I regret and most surely
I would not try to judge you. But
you are a poet, and you should be
expressing the bigness of your soul
in poetry - and that's what set me
talking, that you mute your soul when
you let something else control you.

Now I cannot go back to talk of
Shelley after speaking to you of yourself.
Do you see how what I meant when I
said "when I knew you better." I just
couldn't quite make my first thoughts of you fit
in with that evening. But it is all right now.
My hurt is healed. Loyal yours,
It was healed on the island. Wally.

This letter started in one way
but has turned out a little
private so be alone when
you read it - And remember
I am close to you in spirit,
and your comrade always -

once the home of Mrs. McCurdy
now at King's College

Sat.

HOTEL BADDECK

F. F. FRASER, PROPRIETRESS

Very comfortable
and homelike
I can recommend
it to everybody

Daughter of a late
Lieutenant Arms Haliburn
of the Assembly House, N.S.

BADDECK, N. S.

Mr. Fraser is Postmaster ^{was.} here
and a real nice (Nova) Scotsman

There now, that's all the biographies needed,
unless I add that of the three hotels
here, this one has by far the best location
as it stands well up - the other two are on the
street - and from the verandah one has
the most glorious view. It is also only a minute
from the wharf which is handy as the morning
boat to Sona leaves at 7.15 a.m. I expect to take
that next Thursday morning. The Captain of the
"Blue Hill" boards here - a very fine sailor-man - a
Newfoundlander.. So is his wife. They are a handsome
pair and very nice too. She is a sister of Mrs. Stanley Bauld
whom I do not know, but I caught Donald Bauld in Tower Road.

Well, of course that's a funny way to
start a letter but since it started that
way itself it must have been preordained.

It was very dear of you, Carl mio,
to write me and your letter is just like
you. Do you know you are far too
humble. I believe I've told you that
before, but it's true. I expect that all
your life you've thought the other fellow
a whole lot cleverer and more brilliant
than yourself and you've done your best
to push the other fellow to the top of the
hill and never cared a hoot about your
own progress. And that, of course

is very lovely on your part, but some
of these others aren't so very wonderful
you know, and you have a whole
mine of talents that you've never
dug into at all. You should just
have a high opinion of yourself and
live up to it. And if that's not a
big enough ambition then add to
it the high opinion I have of you
and live up to that, and that
would be away up on the hill-tops
of life so you needn't think I'd
let you off easily. And if having
what you grandiloquently (wonderful
word that!!) call my "confidence and
affection" puts a bit of blue in your
sky why then dear heart, you can
make it quite a big patch of blue,
for I love you enough to paint a
bigger patch than you are ever likely
to need from me. God meant all
our skies to be blue and golden
but so often our skies are grey or
black, and sometimes they are black
of our own making and then it is
God takes pity on us poor beggars
and lets somebody who loves us
paint out a tiny patch of black and
put in a bit of blue instead. And so

You know, Paddy my dear, last fall
He sent you along with a pot of lovely
blue paint and you wiped out quite
a big bit of black sky and that bit has
been blue and clear and beautiful ever
since. Of course you didn't know you
did it but I guess God did ~~it~~ He knew
how very black my skies were sometimes.

There is a most wonderful wind
blowing to-day. I love winds. The fishermen
at the hotel are grumbling because it's
poor fishing weather, but of course that
doesn't worry me, as you know. To-day the
wind is warm though strong and just
and it is blowing the waves so that they
are all colours - I suppose it must
be the reflection of the green hills and the
blue grey skies around and above and of
the red sand below, for the water looks
green and blue and purple and pinkish
all at once, and it is just mid day
so it isn't sunset influence.

And the wind is full of every sort of
fragrance - clover and hay and lilac
and hawthorne - indeed it is almost a
sickly perfume, if you know what I mean
- it's the hawthorne that makes it that.

On Wednesday I went to Sydney on the Bus,
- just a big car really. Captain Noel's wife was going

to North Sydney so I decided to go. I went on to Sydney
and the whole way is beautiful. We go seven miles
on this side to the Ferry and ^{the pier on the other side} then Cross. I looked round
Sydney and then took the boat across to North Sydney
and spent the night there. Then on Thursday I sailed
back to Baddeck. And of course just because she was
to sail at 8 AM I was on the wharf in good time, the boat
had to take on an extra load of cargo. They said it would
be half an hour, then an hour. Then the time lengthened
and I had talked to even the loafers on the quay, & then
a man invited me to go and sit in "our office" - And I
went. This was the Larchmont Trading Co. office - the
same Larchmont Coy. as in Halifax - and their office looks
right across the harbour and both Mr. Robertson
and Mr. Kane(?) were pleasant and there are also
three girls in the office and various men running
up and down to the stores and wharf. I sat there
till nearly 11 and then the "Lakeview" made signs
she might begin to get ready to sail and finally
we got off. It was rather a bad start to a trip
but the voyage was glorious - it took fully
five hours to make Baddeck so it was quite
a voyage. Of course we had to call at various
little places to put off a passenger here, a box there,
a bag of flour somewhere else. I meant to sail to
Whycosomagh but as one has to stay overnight there too
I think I'll motor instead. Anyway it isn't as lovely
as Baddeck from all accounts. Indeed this place
is so lovely that you don't need to stir from the

Hotel verandah to see as much beauty
before your eyes as would delight you
all your life. At least it seems very
beautiful to me. I told the Farquhar Co.
people I'd never seen Bras D'Or yet, &
one man said he thought the French must
have sailed up in October for then it is a
glory of golden birch and red-fold (his
word) maple along the banks. He seemed
quite a prosaic man but grew quite poetical
at that point and it is rather nice to hit on
that side of a business man. So now I want
to find out at what time of the year the
French sailed up Bras D'Or.

But I must stop talking as it
is nearly lunch time.

I didn't mean to say so much
but only to send you the somewhat
odd rhyme that seems to be the
only sort of thing comes to me here.
I confess I don't know how Wilson
wrote his "Bras D'Or." Beauty drives
me to silence rather than to speech -
I keep on saying "It is very beautiful"
and that's just about all the length
I can go - the rest is just a sort
of inarticulate joy that almost hurts inside.
That sounds foolish but I know you
know what I mean. With a loving thought.
Molly.

Sat.

Dear Andrea:

Did you notice Wilson has
has a 'pome' in the June 'Scribner's'!
It is rather wistful than great.
I meant to ask you last night,
if you hadn't deserted entirely.
When I set up my flat and
you come to see me I'll go off
as soon as you arrive and
stay away until you're gone!

Of course I won't go to the
market for lobsters for I don't
like such a queer mass of claws
and feelers, but I can always
go out and look at the stars
or at nothing at all.

I sat reading Shelley after I came
in - it was about 10 m. but I wasn't
sleepy & I wanted to see what the man
said of my beloved Shelley. I like his (Brooks)
odd essays, but as far I can't say I
like him on Shelley - he tries to explain
too much I think & you can't explain
Shelley any more than you can explain
a rose. You may consider him as
Christ said "Consider the lilies of the
field" - of course I may be quite

wrong about Shelley, but to me he is the most spiritual of all poets - he is just essence, perfume, light - what you will.

And that doesn't mean weakness but strength of the finest of the spirit with nothing of the body behind it. Of course people always drag in Shelley's love affairs but I don't think he knew the meaning of human love as such - marriage - sex were not in his scheme of life. I don't believe he rebelled against things merely because they were conventions but simply because they were of the earth and he was of the ether.

Extraordinary as it may seem I feel that as there was only one woman in all history who dared to be the mother of God, so if it had been possible ^{to} be born of a virgin father by the Holy Ghost, then Shelley is the only man who could have been that virgin father. It sounds rather nonsense when written down. I have never tried to write it down before so it may

sound very crude to you. You
may laugh if you like. But
also open your Shelley and read
say his "Ode to the West Wind" and
see if you don't feel that he was
pure spirit incomprehensible -
"neither made, nor created, nor begotten,
but proceeding" straight from God
though clothed with a body. Of course
we are all spirits clothed with
bodies, but some are mostly body,
many are about half and half,
and some few are mostly spirit.

Clutton Brock naturally, quotes things
that Shelley said or wrote in letters
that might seem alien to my theory.
But all of us are half the time
saying things that aren't us at
all and Shelley had to do the same.
Yet often in silence there is more
than in words; but most of us
can speak to others only in spoken
words - yet how poorly they voice
what the spirit would utter. So
I think when reading things that
Shelley put into words one can feel
that his spirit had to entangle
itself in feeble words that seemed

to say certain things - whereas if there had been a silent communing the other person would have caught his real meaning. Mary Godwin for a little seemed to have the right sympathetic rapport but even that failed I think. It is as when Christ said "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" and Philip or somebody Chimes in "Lord, show us the Father" - how what can you do with people like that... most likely you try to show them the Father and make an awful mess of the job.

And some people call Shelley an Atheist & some a Pantheist! And what was he? Just what we should all be - what Christ was "I and my Father are one" - "Before the world was I am" - To me it is very natural to link Shelley with Christ. Poets on the whole are more the sons of God than the rest of us are. That is why poets are mostly lonely - and God the loneliest of them all. You know I can sympathise with Wilson Mac and

he is a more real poet than Roberts
and finds it harder by that much
to get along with people. And I
am almost sure that the poet
side of Mike is a very lonely thing
too - that's the side of him I love;
but he is lucky? enough to have
another side that mixes well and
takes people's love (mine included)
for granted and that's the side of
him I resent and that is why we
fight. He'd be a greater poet if he'd
trodden a lonelier road. And
I know the poet side of you is
a lonely thing too, and you've been
too "scared". Your heart is bigger
than your soul. No, that's not what
I mean. Your soul is big but you
smother it over with a lot of
piffing stuff... like drinking rum.
Oh Paddy dear heart, I never
said a word to you but you hurt
me terribly one evening when you
kissed me - a kiss wouldn't hurt
me, I don't mean that, and I could
kiss you as simply as I'd kiss
my brother. But that evening you
did it because you weren't quite

yourself, and it stung like an insult. You needn't think I was angry because I wasn't. But I thought such an awful lot of you that that hurt. I'm not a prohibitionist and I don't preach. I don't care for the taste of any sort of liquor I've ever tasted so it hasn't the least attraction for me but other people like it and I'm nothing against that. But you know as St Paul puts it "When I became a man I put away childish things," and it is boyish not to know just how much liquor a man can take and still remain captain of his soul. If a man can take six drinks and keep cool, good and well. If he loses his head on two drinks he'd better stop there. And if when he takes one he can't stop, then he has to avoid it as it were seven devils. Of course I realise that my theory, that seems sensible to me maybe can't work in reality. But oh my dear, you are far too splendid to let a physical weakness hold you. You may think I've no business with what you do, that I've no right to

Face Boy
Christmas Eve
1978

Dear Andy!

Don't get peeved because I call you Andy. I have the Cape Breton nick-name habit. And anyhow "Andy" is what they called Ral Duncan and that childless wonder Jumpo.

Will you, when you sober-up after Christmas, slip "Flanders Fields" to Molly Beresford; and tell her not to blame me for Lukie's Bout; or I will be apt to send her the full-text, and if I do she will squander all her pin money on talcum to camouflage her blushes. Wishing you a piece of the white meat and two legs.
Yours truly, Shurtlew

Dear Guardians of Poets

Mon.

This is just to tell you that our poet is amenable to criticism after all!

Last night was really the first time I had a talk à deux with your "lion" — except the very first night and that night he was more or less a stranger in his own eyes, and a little suspicious.

Now I don't think he's suspicious of me even if I don't embrace him!

Well, last night the two girls went ahead and Mac. & I conversed together.

He asked how I liked his "Bras D'Or." If I had been Andy of course I'd have said "wonderful! marvellous! Great stuff!" & so on!!!

But being me I had several faults to find, while admitting I liked it in the main. And he took it quite meekly.

and admitted some lines out of
place and certain rhymes
too close and a verse needing
transposing, etc.

And I think if he makes his
improvements he'll have a
really fine poem. . . . though
he has a whole lot of bigger
stuff in him if he'd grow up.

I couldn't help wondering last
night if we weren't all wrong
to waste time and energy on
patty thought-reading fakes
& so on -

The old country
atmosphere would do him
good. Picture Bridges or Spensman
or "A.E." being sent out of the room
in a silly game !!! It simply
couldn't be imagined, left
alone done. So I think we
are all to blame as much
as he is. Canada's idea
of a poet is that he is a
sort of performing monkey.

I'm sure Charles Roberts was
run to death when he was
here too! He complained to me!

We want to build up quite

a different attitude and atmosphere. I don't quite know how it's to be done, but when I picture a group of Scottish teachers around Harefield and a group of Talifer teachers around Macdonald — well, as Shaw says "the contrast is damnable!"

I don't quite know why I'm saying all this to you folks because I'm just working it out to myself as something I must strive after in my teaching of English — that one should visit a poet as one visits some great Cathedral — in a certain frame of mind — and not as one visits a circus.

I'm so glad he has written "Bras D'Or" — not the writing of it so much as his feeling it. I was praying he'd find some inspiration in N.S. to cleanse his soul of the little pin-pricking hurts he inflicted on himself about Dr Macnechan, etc. When we hurt ourselves we must also heal ourselves & I think his "Bras D'Or" will

heal the poet more than any amount of praise etc. could do - it's a sort of challenge. They say of the old Highland clans that when a man was wounded his chieftain would say "ye canna fight - yell the louder!" and that very often the yelling roused him sufficiently to make him get up and fight again.

And so, after hearing Mac. making so much moan over the way he's been treated, & feel how he has shouted "Bras D'Or" as his war cry, he is ready for the fray again and he'll do bigger things than before.

But it's time I stopped talking.

I was very delighted to meet the Leslies yesterday. even the disgruntled bachelor who doesn't like to pay taxes for me, to teach other people's children, was very nice.

An revoir.

Kindest thoughts

from
Molly at Beresford

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



Savant Lake.

Sat. 10 a.m. -
EN ROUTE

Dear Andrew of the great Canadian Press
I find it rather hard I must confess
To write upon a train which sways & leaps
And then to fight - my hand is not so deft
As such manoeuvres would demand. But still
I know that you most kind and gallant will
Not damnify my effort - though you may
Condemn my grammar (this just by the way)
My trip out to the wild and woolly west
Has been most pleasant as if by request.
For if your daily requirements are rational
You're served all right by the Canadian nation.
The sun has shone upon us all the way
With just a little snowfall at North Bay
From where I sent a wire to my brother -
at Cochrane I received from him another

In mine "On time so far" I did assert
His said "With bells on we are waiting, Bert."
The train of course it jiggles all day long
And joggles all the night a bed-time song -
At 2 a.m. they woke me for a tucker
I had already given ar Montreal wicket
The man next day apologized profoundly
He having roused me as I slept so soundly!

The country all the way in beauty lies
The sun is shining from blue cloudless skies
The little rivers babble by no more,
The lakes with pale green ice are silenced o'er
The great woods seem as made by fairy hand
And every tree is touched by fairy wands
Each branch and twig adorned by a star
To catch the sun and sparkle near and far -
A tall Jack pine in snowy cloak arrayed
(Not like poor Wilson's humble kubernaid)
Stands Kingly, head erect, serene
And by his side a silver birch is queen
Together still they rule this forest old
Unscathed, untouched by man's destruction bold.

37

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



EN ROUTE

Most of the people on the train I find
 Rather uninteresting and all confined
 To thoughts of Christmas turkey and mince pies
 And mothers trying to hush their children's cries
 By saying "Santa will not come" (what lies!)
 "10 boys and girls who cry upon the train"
 (The engine now is speeding up again)
 The observation car has radio
 But it is used by men who smoke and so
 I much prefer to stay in my own stall
 Even though I miss W.C.A.F. et al

The engine now, it seems is running a race
 And as I cannot write to suit its pace
 I here shall stop, and wish you all that's jolly
 And still remain your loyal comrade Molly

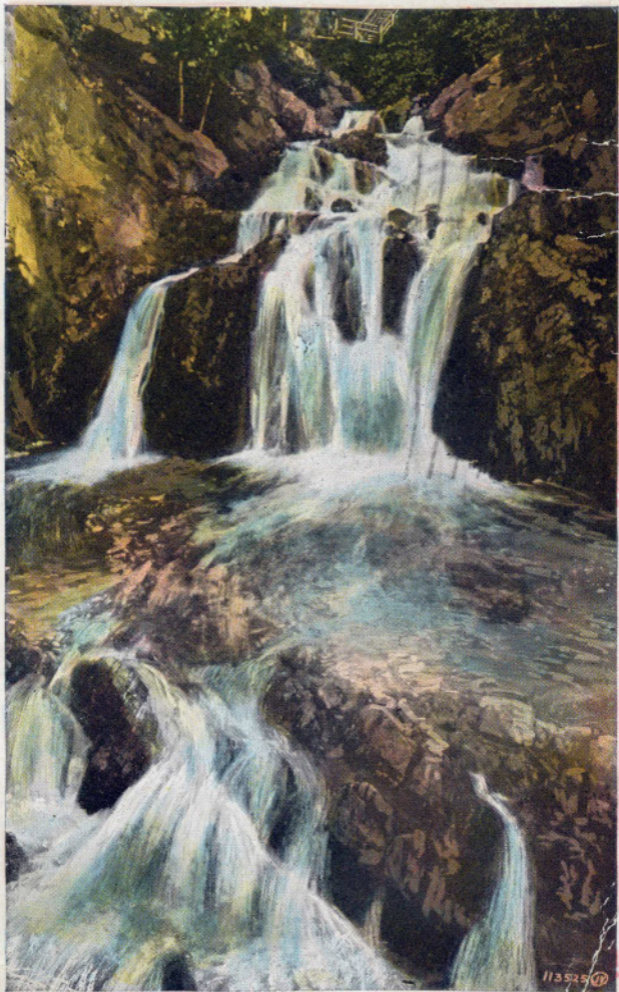
P.S.

Love to Lady Flower and children three
 And a share ~~to~~ unto yourself from M.A.B.

Dear Andy

I think a train is
not conducive to
real poetry - at
least not in Ontario
- the road to Maclean
and to Bas D'Or
might be more inspiring
of course - or is it
that it takes a real
poet to write on a train
molly

JOE HOWE FALLS, TRURO, N. S.





Send old for name!

Do you know it? Send it!

POSTCARD



THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Address Only

A.D. Merkel, Esq.
Canadian Press,
Rog Building
Halifax, N.S.

You must miss
Joe's orator, & so
I send you his
falls! They are
still frozen up, but
are beginning to
flow as eloquently
as his speeches when
have done.
Last week we had a
Shakespeare program
from Al... J. Caesar...

Copyrighted material

Mon ami

Monday

I must tell you this somewhat
awesome inscription that Wilson
Mac. has written on his
ode (for me)

Miss Molly Beresford

who is toiling faithfully in a
Kingdom far larger than Canada
and far greater than our Empire.

With best wishes to your brave soul,
Wilson Macdonald.

Of course it is in his beautiful
writing, but none the less it is
rather overwhelming. I sent for
his ode but I did not expect
such an inscription. I'm afraid
I'll have to get a new job if the
present one is so tremendous!!

The ode is good in parts, but it
is like so many other odes written
for special occasions, it doesn't
attain to its reach. One or two
verses I like immensely but others
not so much. As a matter of fact
I don't believe any poet who was
a real poet could write a real
poem on such a thing as Confederation
Jubilee - unless an old old man who
had been there during the

struggle - had seen the idea triumph,
and had lived to witness the outcome
after sixty years. Of course I'm not a
born Canadian so perhaps I
miss the thrill - if there be any - in
sixty years of Confederation even
with the help of Watson's Ode -
and I expect his is better than most
such odes will be.

I get a big thrill when I read about
Cartier and Champlain and Marie Hébert
and people like that - and I get a
big thrill when Ireland shattered
Confederation and became a Free
State sounds as if I were a
Secessionist but I'm not - except in
the case of Ireland where the folks
really have a separate nationality
and not merely a "grouch" as in the Maritime!

How are you? I don't believe
I'll have a minute to visit Larch St.
for about two weeks but I'll spare
a minute to think of you all now
and then. I remembered you on
Saturday in the Park. There weren't
any squirrels or blue moths but there
were some glorious big bees and I
played with them and you'd have
laughed to see them. You know the

big golden and black striped bees - I'd call them "bumble bees", and they were nosing round all the flowers long after their loads of sweeteners were heavier than they could well carry. Of course it was a little mean of me but I'd roll them off their flower perches onto the grass and they'd "m'm" and "z'z'" in their lazy baritone voices and languidly rise and drone onto another flower and I'd roll them off again. They didn't seem a bit annoyed and I praised them for their gallant self-control and one fat fellow "m'm'd" and "z'z'd" extra long as much as to say, "we are always polite to ladies no matter what we may think of them!" And I said "All right, old thing, I won't tease you any more, I always treat a gentleman politely also!" Then I allowed him to crawl across my hand and he kissed my finger-tips in courtier fashion and I gently laid him on a pigeon-berry blossom. The other bees were splendid but not quite so orientally resplendent as was this particular fellow. I'm sure you'd have enjoyed seeing

them or I shouldn't tell you of them. There used to be a man at home - he was just a boy when I first knew him - he's a doctor in the Indian Army now and in Egypt at present: his sister Hoë is one of my dearest friends - well, he believed in fairies and wee folk as much as I did, and loved flowers and bees and things I loved, and whenever we saw anything interesting we'd tell it.

He was a beautiful artist too and when he'd write he'd put in little sketches of daisies and squirrels and things all through his letters and that was ever a great delight to me. We have never written since I came to Canada. How much of lovely friendliness and comradeship I lost by coming to Canada I grieve to think - not by coming to Canada but because after coming I had to lay aside anything that would make me less than steel to endure. You can't laugh at blossoms and bees while a wound throbs - you have to wait till the pain dulls a little.

Speaking of letters - if you see Charlie Bruce ask him why he didn't post the letter he said he'd written to me. I'm

still awaiting its coming - - - tell him if
he hasn't a stamp - and five known
poets who didn't have even a penny
for a stamp - to send it C.O.D. -!
I really wanted to read his letter
when he told me he'd written -

On the other side of this is what
I wrote after you took me that
beautiful drive - I didn't let
you read it before because it
isn't worth reading but as I
picked up this sheet just now
to write on, you can see it this
time. Of course it's poor but it
is just as it came.

Now good night to you Paddy, dear heart.

Loyally yours,

Wally

Moon Shadows.

Like witches walking,
While the white moon rides,
Are the tall pine trees
On the high hill-sides

Dark hair wind-tossed,
Bodies gaunt and grim,
Thin arms reaching out
As if their eyes were dim.

But the moon rides on
In her silver car,
And the poor pine witches
Ghostly shadows are.

June '27

at 279 North Street.
April 12, 1927.

Dear Anno Domini

I had such a queer dream it has been running in my mind all day. You were in it and though it's a little gruesome yet if it were true it would be a compliment to you.

I dreamed I had committed suicide. I know the exact place round Point Pleasant where I had dropped into the sea. I love the sea and I think the sea loves me and so it would be all right so far as I was concerned - I love the water curling round me though I have always disliked bathing with a crowd... I may be too fastidious.

But the queer thing about the dream was I saw all that happened after my body a little battered-looking was found. In my pocket there was a letter written to you. It was "a very sensible letter" - so Judge Wallace said - what he was doing there I don't

Know but anyway he read it. In it I asked you to look after my funeral — poor you! I told you to go to a certain Bank and there you'd get \$500 and to see that I had a plain but decent burial. You were to ask Dean Lloyd to say a prayer and if he refused it didn't matter. I said I didn't want a tombstone but only the green grass a-growing over me and a wild briar rose tree. I told you not to send for my brothers but to post to them letters I'd written and left in a drawer. I said it would be foolish for them to trek here for a funeral! I had no money to leave to anybody as I said (it's true) I'd always given in my life-time all I could possibly spare to those in need. But I said if there were a few dollars left you were to buy candy for the children and tell them I'd left Halifax and wouldn't be back, and some Easter daffodils for Florence. And I left you my blessing.

It is rather a queer dream isn't it, and perhaps I needn't

have related it to you. Yet here and now I just want to say that if I ever did want anybody in Halifax to perform a friendly task for me I wouldn't hesitate to ask you and it's not many I'd ask a favour from. You are a nice 'big brotherly' sort of man. Dr. Munro is the man I admire and respect most in Halifax, but I believe if it came to my funeral I'd call on you first. I think if I did commit suicide he'd think I'd fallen below my ideals and he'd be disappointed in ~~me~~ - but you'd just be sorry about it I think.

Well, it all seemed rather real but they say it is lucky to dream of death so I won't worry.

I think I know why I dreamed that. Don't tell, but last week I was court-martialled in school. Actually the principal, before the teachers, said it had been brought to his notice that I'd criticised his school and wasn't so loyal as his teachers always had been. He said he couldn't have a thing in mind and not say it. I said I was glad he'd spoken out, that I was loyal, and he took my word for it.

But it hurt mightily and hurts still. I've been teaching for a long time now - sixteen years - and it's the first time I've ever been accused of disloyalty to any school or principal. I've always been so keen on teaching and on education and it didn't matter in what school I was I worked hard. And since coming out here I've worked as hard - perhaps even harder and I'm just as keen on education in Nova Scotia as in Scotland. I'd be as keen in China or in Madagascar. It's a sort of ideal I work for, and not for any particular city. I asked if any of the teachers had anything against me and one spoke of a petty little detail that gave me the clue right away. And later I talked with the three ladies and discovered that everything I've said or done all session has been discussed etc. etc. - that the very first week I was there I'd said the XI class seemed poor material to work on and that they'd taken that as an adverse criticism of their work last session, and seemingly any time

I've criticised a pupil it has been so interpreted, and all piled up against me. Then last week in the School paper the pupils mentioned that I'd attended all the games and they were sorry the other teachers hadn't found time to do so. And that was the last straw evidently!

These three ladies have been together in the school for six years and so it seems I'm only a Philistine. I didn't say half I felt like saying but I did say it seemed I'd need to weigh every word before I said it in case it were misinterpreted. And would you believe it, one lady told me it would be as well if I didn't express my opinions in Canada as I was an outsider.

I begin to understand why all the immigrants avoid N.S. and go west, when Nova Scotians call me an outsider after four years and think I should keep my lips shut - and these are educated Nova Scotians.

Well, well. I thought freedom of thought and speech went with the Union Jack. One is always learning.

Truly it is the most childish thing I ever came across. And yet even that suspicion of disloyalty and mean-

spiritedness hurt me as very few things
could. I feel like sending in my
resignation but I suppose the principal
would feel hurt then and he has a
big enough task without my adding
to it.

I shouldn't be bothering you with my
tale of woe but you see it accounts for
my dream and my dream accounts
for my writing you and if you weren't
among my friends I wouldn't tell I'd
been under Court-martial.

I think I'll go away somewhere for
Easter to straighten things out in my
mind, and after I come back I'll
be round to see you and your lady.

Loving thoughts to both.

Loyally yours.
Milly A. Peresford.

Heavens, whatever you do never doubt
my loyalty! Loyal is a word that
has always meant a lot to me. I
may not be an efficient teacher and I
may not be very lovable but I believe
I'm almost a fanatic in being staunch
to an ideal or to anyone I call a friend.

W.A.B.

279 North
Tues.

Dear Anno Domini, (I've never yet learned what the "D." stands for so I know only one interpretation of A.D.)!!

Hadn't we a wonderful meeting this morning! I was and am so delighted, and I give you my best thanks for your share in bringing Wilson MacDonald.

I've just written him a note to tell him how charmed all the boys and girls were. Even if he never had another success the one he had today would reveal him to be a genius, because you know it isn't so easy to stir Bloomfield - you need a magic touch because a great many of our pupils have a hard struggle to get through High School - their folks are poor, they have to earn out of school hours to buy their books and clothes, and their lives are often rather drab.

Down at the Ladies' College you'll have the cream of the city, but up at the North End — oh well, there is real cream too but it takes longer to rise to the surface.

By the way some of the pupils asked another teacher if Wilson Macdonald often came to see Miss Beresford and would she bring him to school again! In Mike's last letter he said "I know you'll fall in love with Wilson — you are a most promiscuous hussy — though I am your only lover — of course I had something to say to Mike calling me a promiscuous hussy". I hope I didn't scold him too severely — anyway it won't do him any good, but we are wonderful friends just the same.

Now I can tell him I have fallen in love with Wilson Macdonald, but I'd better not tell my pupils that or they'd take it literally!

However I didn't mean to talk
at length, but rather to ask
you how I can get tickets for my
pupils. Studley has a business
office but of course we haven't.

But I'd try to sell some if you'll
tell me where to get them.

Suppose you make me responsible
for 30 or 40 say, and I'll try
to have them sold and if I don't
dispose of them all I'll let you
know before the recital.

I do hope it will be a big
success. I'm sure it will be.

Now I must write that little
note for the Echo, though I'm not much
good at news work. I asked the
mail to print my Rainbow talk
before the recital & I hope they will
... such as it is... it isn't always easy
to write about the things one loves
though it seems as if one could say a
whole lot. An revoir -
Molly A. Brewster

Good-evening to you Paddy, dear heart,
and I hope you are none the
worse of a fishing expedition
that, thanks be to you, was a
happy adventure for me. Perhaps
because Britain is an island and
Ireland is another, or perhaps
because an island is an island,
an island has always had a
special charm for me. We have
some very beautiful islands
at home - on the west the Hebrides
are mystical and enchanted,
and every lake and loch has
its islands, each a perfect
creation of God. I used to picture
Him finishing the world and
having bits of stuff left-over and
enjoying Himself making islands
little and big and dropping them
gently here and there in the seas
and in the lakes, just as when
my mother baked pastries and
biscuits and things food to eat,
after she'd cut out the various
shapes there were lots of scraps
and corners left-over and I used

to have the privilege and the fun of making tiny cakes for my doll. So I'm sure when the worlds were made there must have been scraps left over and since God doesn't waste anything and since so far as I've heard of he hadn't a small wee girl to play with the little scraps, he just had to play with them Himself. I suppose it sounds a bit irreverent but I don't mean it so. To me God has always seemed as merry as a school-boy and at the same time as sad as a father with a lot of naughty children - a very unorthodox yet a very friendly belief, and yet God has always been to me an intensely spiritual thing -

Well, you see though I didn't fish, and though it was a little cold when the wind blew in a way none too balmy, yet I loved going on the water and landing on an island. And as it is the first island I've been on

since I came to Canada it gave me a sort of happy thrill, so that I could nearly have vanished like many Rose on the little island that lies like a lost bird on the sea over there across the Atlantic. I felt just a little bit wistful for the islands of old Scotland till I chanced on a big boulder down near the further edge from our fire - rocks have a bracing influence on me: they seem to say, "hold steady: look at us sturdy and strong and defiant of wind and weather that no doubt make some impression on us but not so that a flying bird would notice it." And so I was content with a tiny isle in a tiny lake in Nova Scotia and I said a soft "thank you" to God for a dear big-hearted man, and I wished Flower had been there too for I love you both. I do not know if I said "thank you" enough to you for taking me but you know I was happy.

I asked you one day if you knew 'The Roadmender'. I can't find my first copy that might or might not be cleaner than this small one which is not too clean. Perhaps it isn't fair of me to scribble on books, but of course there is no use in asking pardon for the things I ought not to have done when the book is one I love for I think it understands. And I leave the rhyme I scribbled back and front - just a thought that came I know not when - because you understand too. I don't know if you'll like 'The Roadmender'. Don't read it through as a book. But just after you've been busy and have a minute to relax, croon over a chapter and I think you'll like some of it a little anyway. I believe the writer was a woman, an invalid, but I used to know an old roadmender very like the one she pictures. He used to catch moles too and we always called him 'Old Moley'. I used to sit on his pile of stones and listen to his philosophy so perhaps that's why I enjoy 'The Roadmender'.

Now I must get some beauty sleep. I'm plain enough as it is without setting up late to chatter to you - lovely

Amigo mio

May I ask you to do something for me - There is no very pressing hurry but I must have it done sometime and never put off till to-morrow what you could have done yesterday is a good motto!

D^r. Munro wants me to cut out some parts of my paper on English [which he heard me deliver twice & wanted me to give again if the local tin fods hadn't reminded me I was paid to teach in Halifax! and I said I'd better not play truant any more this session] and have the aforesaid bits cut out - or the bits left in - printed in the newspapers.

My talk of course was to teachers and is therefore written accordingly. I was also expected to talk about 45 minutes and so it is long.

Its appeal if any in the newspapers would be chiefly to teachers or to educationists.

I wonder if you'd please read

it over and pencil off bits that
sound half decent to a journalist's
ears - of course you can't read
it in my "peculiarly charming way."
(ahem! - so Dr. Solloan said)
but that's just what I want ---- to
know if there's any good in it itself
apart from me!!

Beginning at page xiv you will
find me in my element & I wonder
if a few pages there could be extracted
and called "Poetry in the Schools"
or something like that. Perhaps a
bit from the first section on English
in general might be possible -
Being a teacher I'm not sure what
would appeal to a wider audience.

Please be a dear, and lend me
your aid if you aren't too busy.
Best of all tell me the rotten bits -
I enjoy adverse criticism - I agree
with it & improve, or I disagree and "jangle
my ain gait" - Things that hurt Wilson hurt.

wouldn't hurt me and I suppose
the things that hurt me wouldn't hurt
him. My mother taught us nothing
could hurt us really but ourselves,
and I believed her until I came
to Canada -- and when folks ask me
when I'm going back to Scotland if I
spoke out what I feel it would
be - "I'll go back when I can laugh
at the hurt I received here and
only God knows when that will be."

I am quite cool about things now
but I can't laugh at them yet and
until I can - why I must stay.

By the way if you want romance come
to Bloomfield! Some of the girls asked a
teacher if she thought Miss Beresford loved
Wilson Mac Donald!! she played up and said
"I think so." Then a girl asked if Wilson had
loved Miss B - and another girl said
excitedly - "He ought to - we all love
Miss Beresford -"

Now how's that for copy!!
I can picture Dr. Macnechan disapproving
most heartily of the way I teach English.
vs. molly at Dun. 102

A. D. Merkel - Esq.

Amigo mio
Will you please direct
this note enclosed, to your singing
poet.

I'm telling him plagiarise is
quite wrong. His song is too
good to spoil for a word.
He was very delightful yestereven
and I enjoyed myself with you
two men and comrades. It was
ever so good of you to give me
a happy while. Of course if I
had Mike's powers of description
I'd scold you for sailing past
me this afternoon - at least I
am sure it was you - a little after
four by the willow tree. I was on my
way to the Education Office as Dr. Hunt
asked me to call at 4.30. about
work in the Summer School that may
or may not be mine. We had a nice
talk, and then I went out to Rockingham
for a few hours with the Jones children.
Now I have some books to mark so
good-night.

W.A.B.

279 North. Thurs

Amigo mio

It was dear of you to call up last night. Thank you very much.

I've just packed my tooth-brush and am going off to Wofville by the afternoon train. I found it rather nice up there last year and the hotel people were kind - some hotels are more homey than others and Mr. & Mrs. Sanford at the Royal certainly made me feel at home so I'll be all right there.

Did you read my little verse in the mail last night? I hope you liked it. I called it "Halloo Spring!" but the printer called it "Hello Spring!" which looks almost like O hell! Don't be shocked! Probably he doesn't know the hunters' "halloo!" that calls to bring woods and fields and horses and scarlet-coated horsemen and dogs - we used to call "Halloo!" to each other as children - it's a sound that carries like the bushman's "Coo-ee!"

An revoir - W.A.B.

Amigo mio

This is just a wee note for it is time I were asleep but I was just asking God in my prayers to bless you and be fond to you for your dear big brotherliness to me, and I just want to give you my blessing too for my heart is full of thanks that it is not easy to put into words. You couldn't ever guess how big a help you have been to me, not in any particular way or for any particular reason, but simply because you have an understanding sort of nature that smooths out some of the crinkles in my somewhat ruffled moods and tempers.

Maybe there will be some ink and paper in the wilds of Cape Breton and I'll send you a line - what an old Scotsman used to call "a bit yowt" he applied it to either a short visit or a note. And if there isn't any paper I'll send a thought winging to you and when the Canadian Press hushes for the night, you may receive it.

With a loving wish,
— woolly.

In hunting in my trunk for some
summer clothes: (may my faith that
the sun will shine in Baddick be rewarded!)
I came across the only story I've
made on Nova Scotia. So just to
keep you busy when you haven't
anything else to do will you type it
for me while I'm away. It isn't up to
much. At Annapolis I asked if they had
any photos. They said there was a gray
lady used to walk the shore, but they
couldn't tell me the story so I made one
up for myself. The odd two pages at the
end were a special version for Mr. Barnjum
who liked my story but thought I should
mention that Port Royal was now Annapolis
- but I do not know if that really belongs
to my story. You can see what you think.
I suppose you know Mr. Barnjum - a dear
old hard working gentleman who is never
sure whether to let his heart or his head
rule him, but who is intensely keen that
Canada should develop and especially that
her forests should not be exploited, and I'm
all with him there, though not in many things.

I hope you'll like my Gray Lady. I love her
myself though I perhaps didn't make a very good
story for her. Good night to you Paddy beloved.

Box 245-

Toronto, N.S.
June 22.

Dear Andy

Thanks for
your letter and for
the form — which I
have filled up, not
because I am an
author, or have the
slightest desire to be
one, or to be included
in the Canadian Authors
Association, but
because I teach literature
and want to encourage
literature, and perhaps
joining the association

will be more like a
blessing on Canadian
literature, than standing
aside is — yet maybe
I've done more to spread
a knowledge of, and
plant a love for Canadian
literature these last
five months than I
could do by attending
scores of conventions!

... the which, I hope,
doesn't sound a-blowing
of my own trumpet.

But as life goes on,
most things in life have
less and less value to
me — I am, I think,
more tolerant of people,
of painting, of music,

but more and more
anxiety over literature,
and perhaps sculpture.
And until everybody in
the land has some love
of literature, some sense
of beautiful words used
beautifully, I don't believe
the best will be produced.
Canada is littered
with rubbish but has
much that will still
be blossoming a thousand
years hence. Maybe as
well if I don't tell some
of the folks I see on the
list of expected visitors,
what I think of
some of their stuff!!!
In older days lots of it
would have disappeared,
but today advertisement keeps

too much of it alive.
Heavens, I seem in
iconoclastic mood to-day.
Pardon me.

Well, I can't spend
all the days at the
Convention, but I'll be
down on Tuesday at
noon and will stay
till Thursday evening or
Friday morning, when
I must return to pack
up my stuff here.
I see by the programme
I won't miss very much
on Tues. morning, but
reports.

I'll stay with you since
Florence and Tom will
have me, if you're sure
I won't be in the way.

I'll be in on the train
that arrives 11.50 ^{noon}
that is 12.50 your time.
I expect Florence &
you will be going to the
luncheon which I see
is at 12.30, and so don't
worry about my arrival.

I'll turn up for the
afternoon session as,
of course, I must hear
what "Archie" has to
say on Pacific Coast
literature a sort of
high-hatted condescension
on his part, the little
tin god of literature living
on the Atlantic Coast!!
By the time I arrive
I suppose you'll know

everybody and be able
to introduce me to
Mr. Langstroth Betts
to whom I owe an
apology,
to Professor Edgar whose
work I admire and
who I think is to
lecture at Columbia this
summer

to Donald's French who
wrote a nice little book
on poetry with most of
which I agree.

to Archie M. Kitchie
with whom I sparred
once by letter,
—well, perhaps that's
enough for a start.

I'm just getting my
year's work finished
up. We had Dr. Munro &
Dr. Patterson (Acadia) with
us on Thursday - I love
the one and admire
the other ... admire both,
should I say.

Mr. Davis was all nerves
and went into hospital
last night for rest and
observation and a few
days should put him
all right I think.

I had a post card from
Sorrento also, but I haven't
yet forgiven Mike!

I had a letter from the
Countess who hopes to be
off to Italy soon for her holiday
- she offered to look for a
room for me near Columbia

which was like her own
kind heart to do, and
if she is successful
I'll have a definite place
to go when I arrive in
the "wee village." I had
a letter from a man
who said "At last your
curiosity is taking you to
see this thing called Columbia"
— which rather takes
my fancy.

An revoir now.
My love to Florence
and to you.

- to C. G. Dear if he's there.

Molly

Box 245
Trenton, N. J.

Dear Andy

Are you having
a Fishermen's meet?

If so, when?

I've promised to visit
some of the County Schools
after they open and before
College opens, and I don't
want dates to clash.

I noted you said the
talkative molly was to
be present, but that
remains to be seen.

I thought you'd have had

Your date or dates
fixed and broadcast
ere this !!!

I'm rather glad to be
back in N. S. again
and to be lazy for a
few days. I lost 4 lbs.
in New York but whether
that was work or heat
I don't know... perhaps
it was having to turn
out to a 7.30 a.m. Class.

Leumas gave me a small
packet to pass on to
Bob Leslie, and I'm

mailing it care of you
on the chance he is
in Halifax.

Seumas sent his love
to every body - he'd
have come to N. S. if
he could - his soul
yearned for it but he
couldn't stand the
trip.

Love to Florence and
to you.

Molly

June 13, 1928.

My dear Molly:

Many thanks for the verse which is very fine also your gibe at Seumas O'Brien. I gave him your letter to attach to his copy of the newspaper clipping which he considered a scream.

He is really not the sort of person you think he is, most delightful and we greatly enjoy having him with us. He will be here until Saturday when we take him down to Ken's home. Won't you drop in and meet him.

Sincerely,

January 2, 1929.

My dear Molly:

Many thanks for your note telling me of your intending move. But as it happens I knew it was coming to you. My blessings on your work.

Stanford McCawley has asked me to send you the enclosed booklet. I quote, "Tell her not to blame me for Lukie's Boat; or I will be apt to send her the full text. And if I do she will squander all her pin money on talcum to camouflage her blushes."

With love and best wishes for the
New Year,

Sincerely,

March 22, 1929.

My dear Molly:

Many thanks for your card. Seumas writes that he was overjoyed with your poem. He has been having a hard time of it and you did a great deal to cheer him up. When are you coming down to see us?

Love to you,

June 20, 1929.

My dear Molly:

Of course you are coming to the Author's Convention. Why not? Florence agrees you should stay with us unless you have somewhere better to go. I enclose application for membership endorsed by the president which ought to be good enough. Fill it in and send it to W. T. Allen, care of T. C. Allen Company.

Had a card from Bob today. He is having a whale of a time apparently in Sorrento, but is leaving shortly for Palestine.

Poor Laura Carten's sister, the unmarried one, died very suddenly last night.

We are getting out a little tribute to Bliss Carman, which you will receive in due course.

With love and best wishes,

Sincerely,

November 29, 1930

My dear Molly:

Many thanks for your note.

I have not seen the Nat Benson Anthology yet. He sent me a copy of the "Wanderer." Have you heard anything of Dr. Eliza Ritchie's "Anthology?" She wrote me it was to be out before Christmas.

As usual, I am in full agreement with your observations on present day poetry.....You were a ~~sun-of-a-gun~~ not to have let us know you were in town Thanksgiving Day.

Bob seems to be going ahead like a house afire. Received a wire today from Lloyd Roberts addressed in my care. He must be on his way here--perhaps you will have the opportunity of hearing him at Truro.

Love to you,

P.S. Just had a wire to meet St. Peice at the train
on his way to Halifax.

11.6.31

Dear Andy

This weekend I am trying to clear up my correspondence for the summer. After College closes I am going D.V. to New York for another summer session at Columbia. In the fall or rather in September I hope to be back in N.S. and to have time to play, and to look up my friends, before a new session begins. I've had several odd days in Halifax at English committee meetings but there has never been much time for anything but business.

Have you happened to meet Mr. Eayes (of Macmillan's)? Last weekend I had one night at the Nova Scotian and he and his wife were there. I had met him in Toronto, but have not yet met her. He wants to holiday in N.S. and wants fishing. You have probably come across him; if not, you may. He was telling me St. Lorne Peice

had recently received an L. L. D. from
Laval - - - his eleventh honour of that
kind. Mr. Peirce and I keep up a regular
fight in our letters but he is rather a
dear, just the same.

I see Mike has his new Escadillon.
Have you been aboard and how
is he? I've written him twice
since he came down but haven't
had the ghost of a nod from him.
I suppose I must have offended
him in some way, but since I don't
know how, there is nothing to say
but Kismet. Just give him my
love when you see him.

I was very grieved to know of
Colonel Montgomerie's death. I met him
only two or three times but the first time
he claimed me for a fellow country woman
as he was born in Scotland, and I thought
him a fine sincere man and had I ever
needed his help I wouldn't have hesitated
to ask him. Maybe that doesn't sound
a very great tribute, but there aren't
so many people I trust right away
and I did have a high regard for him.

Was it you, or Charlie, who wrote up J. D.

Gillis's new productions? He sent
the books to me and after I sent the
money I had the quaintest letter
from him. He is a real 'character' -
there should be a new adjective,
Gillisesque, or something, for I certainly
never had such unique letters and
he always addresses me as Professor Miss -
On a copy Dr. Davis bought he has
written: "These poems by my Berneford
are not necessarily her best."
I think he'd need to write that often
because I can see no sense in his
attaching to me that awful piffle
on the Author's convention - it isn't
even decent doppered. Of course
you should never have put it
in the 'Song Sheet' to begin with -
I had forgiven you long ago, and
now T.D. has to resurrect it.
However I forgive you again, and
him too, though I told him he might
have asked me for my best.
He said my best would have brought
fame to me not to him, and it
was his book!!!
My best, I'm afraid, isn't so very

up-to-much, so that he needn't
have been afraid I'd ever
over shadow him. Well, well.

I had a letter from Seumas
last month. Do you know if
he decided to go to Ireland?
If he is in N. Y. I may see
him, and Ken. I want to pull
Ken's hair for he played me a
mean trick!

But I must stop talking.
I hope you and yours are
all well these days and
that you'll have a happy summer.

With much love to you and Florence,
Molly.

I suppose this 'pome' would not
bring fame to anybody, but it
is for you to read in your best
style to Mike when he comes into
your office. m.

Near Andy

Mike let me know he was passing through & I ran across to the train and we talked for 15 mins. It was nearly two years since we'd met and I suppose were both that much older, but I try to keep my "tummy" in !!!

He's looking well; wants me to sail in his boat before I go to N.J. but I said I doubted if I had time, unless he was game to sail to N.J. in the "Escadil" and take me along. I always demand the impossible but seldom get it.

Thank you for your letter today. Love to you, Molly.

June 13-1932.

My dear Mollie:

Many thanks for your letter, greatly enjoyed by both Florence and myself.

Your friend Mike left this morning for New York and Schnectady, where he gets another degree today week. I think the reason he has not written you is that he has been without Miss Ricciardi. She is returning with him, however, and no doubt you will hear from him in due course.

I like the poem very much. Isn't James D. a dear? I have had a wonderful letter from him, too.

Best of luck at New York.

As ever,

Apt 46
452 Riverside Drive
New York City

Tue

Dear Andy

If you get
the result of the
Rupert's land election
in Manitoba will
you send it on
to me. Voting is
tomorrow I think.

my big brother was
the member and is
standing again, but
is working on a
survey of the new radium
belt at Great Bear
Lake, Alberta.

The provincial treasurer,
Mr. McPherson, lost his
seat in Portage la Prairie
and Premier Bracken
is backing him for
Rupert's Land because

my brother stood as an
Independent before, & is
I think, doing so again.

I really don't know much
about it because mails
from the La Bine Camp
~~at Fort Mc Murray~~ are
few & far between.

He flew in from Fort Mc Murray
about a thousand miles
to the Camp, & will be
there till the winter comes
on, I think.

My Sister-in-law is rather
luckily visiting his constituency.
Some parts of it she knows.

quite well. Some of the
mining surveyors, engineers
etc. dubbed her some
years ago "The Rancee of
Rupertland," and those
I met in Winnipeg
seemed to think a good
deal of my brother & of her.
But then I thought Mr.
Bracken liked him too,
but you see when his
minister of the treasury
loses out he bids
Herbert stand down.
Well, all this may hold

interest you but I'll be^{3.}
glad if you watch
the election and let
me know.

I didn't see Bob
as they didn't want him
to be at all excited
before travelling, but I
saw the "Countess". I
hope Bob was none the
worse of the journey.

Monday night I heard
Bruce Bliven of the New
Republic. He is great.

And yesterday to my
very great joy I heard
and met (for a minute)
Joseph Auslander -
Bob has invited him
to Hubbards so you'll
likely see him. He is
a fine poet and a
whole lot more. I
loved him.

Are you writing anything?
I wish you would get
on with your big poem. It
has been one of my
dreams that you

would go on and
finish it. If you
would, then we
Canada I mean,
would have a
really worth while
real Canadian poem.

I'm sure you might
do that for me if
for no other reason,
so that I might say
to everybody: 'Read

that; it's Canadian
and it's great; and
the man who wrote it
is a dear friend of
mine "

An ever
love to you
Moll

July 16-1932.

My dear Molly:

It was great hearing from you today. Florence happened in at the office and also read your letter with interest.

I am enclosing all we have carried on the Prince Rupert bye-election to date. Your brother still has a good chance, I would say, because I cannot quite see why friend McPherson should be credited with a comfortable lead with the majority of 80 and the returns "far from complete."

We journeyed down to Hubbards the other day only to find Bob and his colony had sailed for the high seas on the new yacht. Everybody says he is much improved.

Did you hear that Phil Grosset fell out of a canoe on the lake at Hubbards one night last week and was drowned? Fortunately the accident happened before Bob had returned. Alf Heffernan rescued Phil's lady companion, a Mrs. Martin from New York.

Tully and I have been doing a lot of walking lately and the old bug is beginning to show signs of a resurrection. So you may see something after all.

Love to you from us all,

As ever,

Sep. 31/32.

Andy dear

Thank you so much for giving me the message yourself about Mike. It is so hard to believe it, and yet I had a feeling he was not so well as they all seemed to think he was and as he said he felt.

I was so worried indeed that first thing on Friday morning I wrote David Williams and told him about my fear and asked him to try to see that everybody spared Bob this winter as much as possible. Twice in my few days at Hubbards

I felt something was not right
— once especially, as he talked,
he stopped in the middle of
a sentence and seemed to be
far away from everything, and
when he ~~came~~ came back, as
it were, he talked of something
quite different. Even that day
at the Nova Scotian after you
left us, as he smoked, I watched
his face — and felt he
shouldn't go to Wolfville but
said nothing.

On Monday morning I saw
Hickey & him as they passed
through. He was so dear with
me always and as he kissed
me good-bye he said: "Molly, you
are the sweetest thing that has
come in to my life these years."

and I was glad I'd written
him a wee letter to read on
the train. I'm gladder still
now for I remember in it I had
said: "You grow in grace, my dear,
and I love you for it; you let
the Christ shine through more
clearly, and so help the rest
of us, and thereby your father's
business is being accomplished."
Something like that, and I
think it would please him
on his way back to duty.

Poor Ethel. I don't suppose she'd
be there as they weren't to leave by
car till Tues. morning. It will be
a terrible blow to her; she has always
been such a splendid wife.

And I know you'll miss him
much, Andy dear, for you have
been such good friends for
all the years.

I send you my dearest
love. I'm going to miss
him a lot too, for we've
been great chums and I
shall ever treasure the dear
comradeship I've had with
my beloved Mike.

I've written just a wee
tribute to him. If it seems
right give it to the Herald-Not-
as if I were anybody special
but just among the many saying
a word of sorrow.

I've to be in Halifax on Sat.

at a meeting - will go
down Fri. night and call
to see you at South Park
for I can't say much
tonight.

Love to you

Molly

1.

Beauty: Kindness: Christhood: are the words that come to me as I think of Robert Norwood.

He saw Beauty in everything because he saw God in everything, - in nature especially the sea; in all the little things of daily life; in men and women and little children and in his friendships with them. He stressed comradeship and kindness among men for only so, he felt, could God's purpose as shown forth by Jesus be fulfilled. He believed in man's divine sonship; he looked for and found the Christ in every man.

The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man, the Christhood of the Individual, was his great message to the world both in his sermons and in his poetry. His sermons and his poems alike reveal his deep feeling for beauty, his warm-hearted loving kindness, and his spiritual integrity. He ranks foremost among America's preachers

and foremost among Canada's poets for his spiritual vision; his power of interpretation and beauty of expression; his great hearted understanding of and reverence for his fellow-man in every walk and way of life.

While in Nova Scotia this summer he finished his latest book which was to be published early in the new year. Its title "Increasing Christhood" is significant of the man and of his message. In speaking of it only a week ago, as we drove from Hubbards to Halifax, he said to me: "I have stumbled and faltered many times but I have tried hard to let Kindness rule my life; and to be true to my vision that the bit of my Father's business, God's business, I was born to do was to help men and women to be kinder to each other and to be true to the Christ in each of us."

It is hard to believe he is gone for I saw him as he passed through Truro on Monday morning, looking forward to his winter's work.

Now his great loving heart is still, his richly vibrant voice is silent,

his virile and winsome personality is lost to us for awhile, yet I know his work will go on in the lives of the many who have been helped and inspired by his kind, lovely words, by his splendid comradeship, and by his simple and sure faith in God.

Molly Beresford

Provincial Normal College
Truro.

76 Pleasant St.
Trenton,
N. S.

Dear Andy

Can you, and
will you if you aren't too
busy, send me

Ethel's address,
and also Aileen's.

I had Aileen's some-
where but can't find
it and want to send
her a card.

I've had a host of letters
from New York but nobody

has mentioned Ethel
since the beginning when
she was busy clearing
up the apartment.

They have persuaded
me to go to New York
for Christmas, though
even yet I am not sure
if I'll go. That sounds
Irish - which I
am, of course!

If I go (I say if because
I had promised Mike
to go this Christmas and
he isn't there) every day

is filled already, I think,
with the various "St. Bart's"
people - "Comtes", Amy Hillie,
Katherine Spencer, Dr. Mason,
David Williams, and so on,
and then I've to see John
Wheelock (of Scribner's) and
Joseph Auslander. I hope
to have a couple of days
in Phila with Betty Meade
and the friends I know
there. And I'll try to
see Ken. They all seem to be missing
Bob, but all seem to think
his work was done.

I don't agree, knowing
what he planned to do
this winter. He should

have eased off the last
two years, done less preaching.
However, St. Bart's at least
appreciated him, and I'm
glad he had those years in
New York where big men
both in literature and in
business (as well as in the
Church) looked up to his
genius.

And I love you for all
you did for him.

I told the "Countess" I hoped
all his papers were looked
after and preserved - that
I thought King's ought to
get some of his M. S. Acadia
has some, hadn't it. She

said some books from
his library were being
sent to King's but she
didn't know at that time
about M. S. I asked
for one of his ^{library} books
but Ethel wanted it
because of the marginal
notes, she said. As it
happened a good many
of the notes were mine
- things we worked over
in letters, and I don't
fancy they'd convey
much to anybody who
hadn't discussed the
points. Still, of course, the
books are hers.

I was in Halifax last Sat. at a meeting but saw nobody as we met for nearly six hours and I returned on the 6.30.

You would know we had Theodore Roberts here and we all enjoyed him very much. I haven't heard from him since, but noticed his review of Dorothy Livesey's book. I also saw Charlie's review in the 'Star' last Sat. Is Charlie's own book out yet? I haven't seen

any word yet.

John Wheelock said they were going to bring his book out in time for Christmas but I haven't seen it mentioned on any of the book lists yet.

I shall hope to see you all early in the new year, if I don't get lost in New York!

I trust you are well and fit. Do you still tramp round the Park, and diet?

Love to you

Molly.

December 17-32

Dear Molly:

Ethel's address is Hills-
point Road, Westport, Conn. Aileen's
address is Oldfield and Crescent
Roads, Fairfield, Conn.

I trust you will have a
pleasant time in New York.

Tully joins me in love.

Sincerely,

76 Pheasant Sr.
Trenton, N.S.

Dear Andy

Can you give me any help in answering this question asked me in New York about one of Bob's books. "His Lady of the Sonnets" was published before "The Witch of Endor" yet it contains two songs from "The Witch of Endor".

Also was "His Lady of the Sonnets" published first in Canada or in U. S. A.? I suppose this means would a first edition be one bearing a Canadian publisher's name or one bearing the name of an American publisher?

If you can enlighten me I shall be grateful.

In New York I was privileged and very interested to read an old diary of Bob's, away back in the head's Harbor days and thereabouts, where I found one small entry running something like: "Today Vernon and I went over

our poems choosing those for publication,
and later he referred to discussing
style and binding with a Sydney printer.
That was for "Driftwood" which I
suppose is impossible to get.

I had a very happy holiday
in New York, but saw nothing of
Ken and was told they were all
in Florida. He had read "The
Spinner" at a memorial gathering
in The Boerich museum, and they all
said he read it beautifully, and they
liked the way he made no comments
but just read the poem and sat down.

Everybody around St Bartholomew's
was lovely to me, and they have
appointed me "Permanent Visitor"
to visit them at least once a year,
often if I can. Mr. Macdon has
carried on wonderfully; the new
rector comes in Feb. 1 but won't be
formally installed till the middle of
Feb. The Christmas and New Year
services and music were very
beautiful, and on Christmas Day

David Williams (the organist) entertains
the choir and clergy and a few special
friends to lunch, and it was a very
happy gathering - 90 people sitting
down to turkey etc. Canon and Mrs
Dewar of York Minister, England, were the
very special guests - he had been lecturing,
and also preached several Sundays
in St. Bart's and was well liked -
and I also met them at a party
at Mrs. Sparrow's.

On New Year's Sunday Margaret Pawling
was in N. York and then I saw her when
I spent a couple of days with
Betty Meade in Pa.; there I also saw
Helen, and Clara, and Katherine Jones.

I had long talks with John Wheelock
and Joseph Auslander, and there was
a letter from Mr. Wheelock waiting here
when I got back, and Joseph thinks
I should visit again at Easter.
Since the summer is too long to wait
for another talk! They are both
very nice and loved Bob and I
know he loved them.
I saw both Feats and Masefield, and

4.
saw one of the Irish plays, but
Masefield's recital wasn't till after
I left and I also missed a luncheon
which he and his wife were to attend.
They, the two poets, look older, Yeats
more dignified, Masefield as dreamy-
eyed as ever but looking all his years.

I spent a day & a night out at Dobb's
Jerry with the "Countess" and saw a
good deal of her as I went in and out
of St. Bart's. She is kept tremendously
busy as she keeps so much of the church
business going, and she misses Bob
very greatly. The new rector has a
good name but naturally they are
all wondering how things will go;
he is said to be quite a contrast but
broad in his own way.

I saw Ethel and Mrs. Currie one
evening for about half an hour before
they left for Ontario to spend the new year
with Bindie. They were both looking very
well and Ethel seems to be enjoying
Westport. She seemed disappointed
"Increasing Christhood" hadn't sold in
larger numbers, but, of course, the memorial

very long. I hope you all had a happy Christmas
and that 1933 will be good to you. With love to Anne and Molly

edition is expensive and people are not buying so many books. I didn't see Aileen but feel sorry for her as Pierce's salary is down and they had to take his mother to live with them, and now she hasn't the allowance her father gave her and she's given up her maid.

The Moores had spent Christmas Day at Ethel's, and Amy Lillie and Katherine Spencer were going to dinner & bridge with them the day after I left but I didn't see anything of them. I had lunch one day in the city with Eileen Hallisey and she'd had Bill and Hortense Hois at Christmas - she is with her brother Philip this winter.

Well, now I think I've rambled on enough about my holiday. I had a happy time and I can assure you Bob's personality is there among his friends. I am glad for many reasons I went. Many people asked for you and Walter Williams said I was to remember him to you very specially. I hope to see you all before

January 24-1933.

My dear Molly:

Glad to hear from you the other day.
You must have had a braw time in New York.

His "Lady of the Sonnets" was published before "The Witch of Endor" by McLellan and Stewart. The poems from "The Witch" were added as a sort of blurb for the forthcoming book. The publication of the sonnets was hurried in order that they might appear before the death of the lady to whom they were addressed. She helped Bob with the proofs, propped up in her bed, and died shortly after their appearance. Someone walked off with my copy, but I am pretty sure it was published in Toronto.

Love to you,

As ever,

at 279 North Street,
Halifax, N.S.
Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Merkel,

I have just received a letter from Dr. Korwood saying that he was not to blame for absence from duty. He seems to think you were responsible, so if you won't feel hurt I'm going to blame you.

Why did you lure him away to the wilds of New Glasgow when there was work for him to do here? He speaks of Truro also, but I have not heard of any "flesh pots" at Truro!

You see he had promised to visit me when he came to Hubbards, and as I was this year appointed teacher of English in Bloomfield High School, I asked him if he'd come and talk to my pupils. Last September

he came to see me and I persuaded him to spend half an hour with a class I then had in Tower Road School and he gave them one of the most delightful talks I had ever heard, so I knew if he'd speak to my High School pupils they would have a treat.

Well, he promised to come on Monday and he said he'd "blow me to a luncheon" afterwards. And then you took him off in your car and he says you didn't bring him back till after the stars were out on Monday night.

I was very much disappointed over his non-arrival. "Mike" and I (with his old disreputable hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth he looks so typically Irish that the name "Mike" suits him beautifully), are good friends but it was not so much for myself I was disappointed as for my pupils. You know the sort of man "Mike" is, you know the

Charming manner and the beautiful language he has, you know the way in which he speaks of things that are lovely and splendid. And you may also know that the boys and girls here have all too seldom an opportunity of hearing a man of Robert Horwood's calibre. So you see you were doing a grievous wrong when you kept him from doing this service for young Nova Scotians.

It is only four years since I left old Scotland but I am trying to be a good Canadian and I feel that one of the best things we can do for young Canadians is to bring them into real contact with our finest men. You, I suppose, believe in the power of 'the press', but I believe far more in the power of a fine human personality. So next time I persuade "Mike" or any other splendid Canadian to come to speak to my boys and girls.

will you please not-lure him away but rather see that he fulfils his appointment.

I am not sure that I know you even by sight but I have heard of you from Dr. Horwood and from Dr. Charles Roberts, both of whom I have met since coming to Canada and both of whom I admire and love. I believe I have also heard your name from the learned lips of that highly anecdotal Irish philosopher, Professor Stewart, with whom I had a class at Dalhousie last year I'm afraid he thought my "ratiocinative faculty" rather feebly developed, but I enjoyed his lectures and appreciated his jokes about my fellow-countrymen! But I must stop talking.

Sincerely yours,
Molly A. Beresford.

at 279 North Street,
Halifax, N.S.
2nd Oct. 1926.

Dear Mr. Merkel

It is very delightful of you to ask me to drink tea with you but I am not sure that you would find your tea to your taste in my company. I'm afraid I'm a rather disgruntled sort of person since in four years in Halifax "Mike" is the only man who has persuaded me to break bread with him. Like Shylock with the Christian so has W.B. been towards those Scotian men; she would talk with them, but not dine with them, or be indebted to them. And this is a little odd when you consider that over in Britain she had probably more loyal comrades among men than falls to the lot of the average woman. Just this week I had a book from a man I've chummed with for twenty years; he is minister of finance in Egypt and seems to be a success, since though British officialdom in Egypt ends next

year, the Egyptian Government has asked him to stay or if he will. It is rather nice to see one's friends climb up and up even when one remains obscurely at the foot oneself, isn't it.

I suppose it has been rather mean of me to regard men here with a sort of cold distrust when I know they ought to be rather a fine breed, but I had to prove them out for myself. You see in 1922 a home Scotian whom I loved, was supposed to have a home ready for me. Everything seemed to be all right so far as letters could tell and I set sail for Canada and happiness. And when I landed it was to find that just four days before the man had gone off to the States. It was such a deep wound, it seems it will never heal. ^{When you've known a man seven years it is a blow to find you haven't really known him at all.} I think it wasn't so much having dreams shattered as that my faith in men was shaken. My father and my four brothers and all the men I knew were so straight and true, and I have often wondered why I had to come to Canada to learn that men are not all thus. Not that I expect men to be perfect, not-

That a man must never change his mind, but I like a man to be a man and not to be a coward. This man wrote some halfapologetic letters and said he was returning, but so far as I know he has never come back.

I waited for two months and then I looked for work. I was glad to be taken on the teaching staff in Halifax for, though I do not know many people here, and though I have spent days of loneliness here, yet I love the place, I love the sea and the winds, I love the woods and the trees and to walk on the quiet pine-needle carpets, and I love most perhaps, that little Citadel Hill where I watch the ships go out to the big ocean, sailing for ports unknown and freighted with whatever cargo my mood cares to give them.

I was ill and miserable, I had to grit my teeth to go to work with a smile and a calm. All along I have tried to see some purpose in my coming here, it might be that God had in his plan for me something that I could not do in Scotland but could do only in Nova Scotia. When Professor Munro suggested my taking a year at Dalhousie

I was a little scornful for I had first heard
of Dalhousie from my Nova Scotian. Still it might be
in God's plan so I went, and I enjoyed my
year there though the contrs here is very different
from ours and there is an aloofness at
Dal there was not in my old Varsity of St. Andrew.

I'm sure Dr. Mackenzie was alarmed when I
said we used to regard our President as a second father!
I liked Professor Munro best of all - I am very
fond of him: he is a very splendid man.
I'm glad he is our new Superintendent,
but I don't believe he knows just how hard
his task is - it will take all his courage.

I suppose you are thinking I am saying
far too much and telling you needlessly
of myself. But you are a friend of my
comrades "Mike" and "C.G. Dear." You say
you have heard of me from them, and that
might give you the idea that I was an agreeable
sort of being since they are both very charming,
so I have given you an idea of myself and
my unreasonably hostile (not quite so bad
as that) attitude. But if you aren't
afraid that your tea will take on a bitter
flavour in my presence, or if you think the Green
Lantern has sufficient sugar to counteract it -

I don't take sugar so you can have my share! -
then I shall accept your invitation because
I want to hear about Wilson Macdonald.

I think he's fine. I think he could be
the greatest of the young Canadian poets if
he'd let himself go - it seems to me he
holds himself in leash. I asked Dr. Roberts
about him. She said, "Wilson is four fifths
genius and one fifth baby; that spoils
him." But I don't think it's "baby" so much
as a shy sensitiveness - if he'd forget that,
he'd be stronger I think. So I feel when I
read his poems. I'm glad you are bringing
him here and I hope we can lure him
into the Schools. I think it is charming
of you to suggest talking it over with me
after I had written to scold you. That is
to heap coals of fire on my head, indeed!

I could meet you any time after 3 Monday,
Tuesday, or Thursday of this ^{coming} week. You could
phone me, L6111, around 2 o'clock on whichever
day suits you best. If you are busy on these
afternoons we can, perhaps, arrange some other
time.

Loyally yours
Molly A. Beresford.

1927

My dear Andaro, Daro, Darino,
You know there is a poem beginning
my name is Darino, the poet" so
that would be a good name for you,
but to myself I call you - don't
be annoyed - "Paddy Button"
Perhaps you don't know who
that was. Starpool, a minor
novelist, wrote a tale called
"The Blue Lagoon" wherein a dear
kind old sailor is saved from
a shipwreck, with the small boy
and girl who make the story, and
the old sailor's name is "Paddy Button"
and he has long been one of my
favourite heroes. He charmed them
with stories of fairies and leprechauns
and when the red hot sun dipped
down into the ocean at sunset he'd
make them listen to it "hiss!" as it
touched the water. And as he was
the first man I'd ever come across
who'd heard the sun hiss as it
dipped into the sea of course I fell
in love with him because I'd often

heard it do that same thing myself but
nobody would believe me. Why don't
people believe other folks have eyes
and ears even if they haven't. I
remember when I ran home in glee
to tell I'd seen a fairy and my old
aunt said "You naughty girl. Do you
know where little girls go who tell lies?"

But my mother just told me never to
tell if I saw a fairy as the fairies
didn't like you to tell their hiding-places.

I suppose she didn't believe me
either, but she at least understood.

Yet you know even yet I believe
I really did see a fairy that day
- the loveliest tiniest creature perched
on a rose petal and then peeping at
me from that little wild rose bush that
is hidden under the low reaching
branches of a silver birch that grows
by the burn that wimples through
our village. It must have been a
fairy since it wasn't anything else,
and if I didn't see it how is it
still in my mind's vision!
Fairies are something like ideals

I think - if you believe in them they are there; like God - if you believe in Him He's there: if you don't He isn't - and you miss an awful lot if you lose your belief. I remember I was rather grateful to Yeats not laughing, when I asked him if he'd ever heard flower music. He had. The sweetest sound I had heard was when a crimson rose was shaken by the wind and as two petals touched in falling they made a sound of a silver bell. I have listened to hundreds of roses but only the red ones can make music - at least to me. All flowers can't make music but some can. I think red geraniums horribly brazen like a blaring brass band! And your flaming maples bourdon and swell like a glorious organ.

By the way, some afternoon when you aren't busy will you take me that run you took me in Autumn. I loved that afternoon and I'd like to go that way to see it

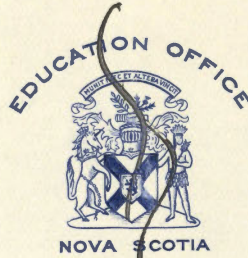
in Spring. You needn't hesitate to refuse, but I'm asking you because you were nice and understanding that afternoon and because you then gave me a new friendship with yourself and with your dear lady whom I love. Knowing you both has been a big happiness to me this winter and I can only thank you and ask God to bless you both.

I suppose our friend Wilson Mac. would approve of my asking a married man to take me out, but of course it isn't every man I'd ask - whether married or single, and of course you can decline and I won't feel hurt, so I'll ask Florence if she'll lend you for an afternoon.

But I really started to write to tell you I had a letter from Mike - your friend Bob. He is really a mean spalpeen. He begins "Beloved Molly O" but a little later he calls me a "Confounded impudent hussy" and says "I have no more knowledge of him than a cow has of a cubistic sketch." You see he isn't too complimentary!

He says he was terribly busy during Lent and that he is continuing a week day service on Thursdays. I hope these people don't work him over much. He also says he'll be at Hubbard's all September - that Aileen is to be wed there on the twelfth. And in Sept. suggests, "let us get together and be darned to all things but ourselves." And so I'm warning you in good time A.D.M. that you aren't to spoil our meeting this time! So will you be good and remember. Of course if you hadn't run off with Mike last year I'd never have known you and Florence so in a way it was a blessing in disguise. Still I'd like to see Mike's countenance and listen to his brogue again, and as we're sure to fight you can be in the offing ready to make peace and maybe to pick up the pieces! It is nearly 1 a.m. new time which sounds worse than midnight old time so I must stop talking.

kindest thoughts from
Molly A. Beresford



Sun.

Dear Andaro

I'm not-blest with a very exact memory but I think Thursday is the day of our first meeting a year ago.

If you aren't too busy and if the day turns out fine may we repeat last year's drive? That would be your call for me at School at 3, or somewhere around there, drive me out by Waverley.... and I recollect we didn't talk very much on the way!.... and stop there for tea and toast, and round by Dartmouth and Cross on the ferry and be home at 6 p.m.

If you prefer we can make it Hubbards to see Mike's new land, but I rather enjoyed that little round last year and haven't had it since, and as it seemed to begin our friendship happily I'd rather like to recapture its pleasantness.

I'm sorry I wasn't at home when

you called today. I went to the Cathedral and instead of reward had to endure a most painful attempt at preaching from the new Curate. Poor fellow, I don't know what others thought, but I felt half pity half annoyance. He's rather a poor specimen -

Of course you won't be surprised to hear I was writing Mike a long epistle - possibly he won't thank me for it, but I think he won't ever be 'peevish' with me again. He and I fought because we'd hardly seen each other till this time and neither of us would give in to the other. Now we may not always live at peace, we may fight again but it will be with understanding: we are Comrades.

You needn't be jealous. I won't steal your place in Mike's heart. His heart is big - there's room in it for me too without crowding you even though you've known him a lifetime and I never even saw him till about four years ago and didn't really know him till this year..... so we have a lot of leeway to make up - You won't object to that, Surely!

Aren't we having most perfect

October weather? I spent Saturday afternoon on Citadel Hill. I was too lazy to walk round the Park so I went up there and read Conrad's 'Youth' - a little story I have long loved: Conrad is one of the very greatest of story-tellers I think, and his sense of the value of words is fine. And he is thoroughly British by adoption. I don't believe Ken would admire that, but I do!

And then for a couple of hours I lay and basked in the sunshine and thought and thought and half dozed. It was lovely up there - blue sky, warm earth, blue sea, hazily blue Dartmouth hills, and nobody to disturb me. I'm always rather glad so few people value Citadel Hill ordinarily.

Since you aren't across the border you don't need long epistles, do you! - And if I don't see you before Thursday, and if it's fine that day phone me between 1 & 2 if we can have our outing.

Give then my blessing be on you and my loving wishes be with you.

P.S. Last year you brought along a volume of Wilson's poems - you hadn't bring him this time unless you want to!

Molly

My Dear ~~A~~ ^{What a mess to make of your initials - I was trying a monogram but I should have used pencil not ink!}

Here you are - the little ballad that is not very good. But it came to me after a time when God seemed to have hidden himself from me, when I couldn't understand why I had to suffer wounds, and it just wrote itself down ... nearly as if God were explaining things to me. I never showed it to anyone till I gave it to Mike - because some people would think it blasphemy to talk about God as I do and to make God talk in everyday speech, and also it isn't nearly so good as I feel a thing should be that tells of God and Jesus, but yet I cannot change it because I don't know how to. Mike says it is inspired - it is in the sense that it wrote itself not in the sense of being great - and he says 'it sings' - it does because all ballads sing, but it's only a feeble song I'm afraid.

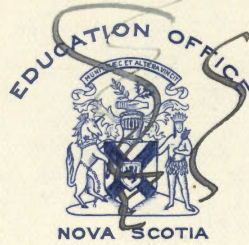
We'll see if the Editor thinks it any good - I expect it's pretty long for any paper ... of course people might read it as a sort of penance!

Thank you ever so much for our little outing. It was all very delightful to me - the air was so fresh and sweet (not including the hotel!) and the woods were lovely and the lakes blue and golden, and I enjoyed the tea and toast - - of course that's an old country weakness. And you were dear and kind, and if I talked too much, you didn't. Words, of course, are only words, and the purple and gold and gray of the sunset sky cannot be put into words, and neither can this comradeship of ours. Last year I was a little shy of you but you were rather nice and you didn't talk too much; this time I felt quite at home with you and you were still rather nice and you didn't talk too much. And so, my dear, thank you from my heart for a year of friendship that has been a help and a joy to me.

My love and my blessing to you now and always.

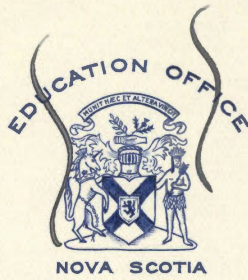
Loyally yours,
Molly.

Sat. 27.

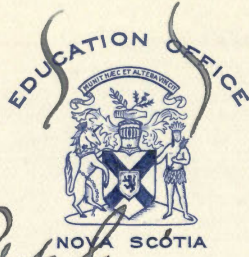


Caro mio

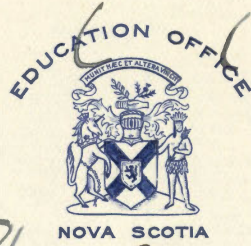
Your letter found me a little blue and made me feel bluer still. Of course that is entirely my fault - it's the way I'm made! You see I was hunting up books and making a few preparations for school on Monday, and among other things setting my jaw a little grimly as I thought of the not very congenial staff - that again is probably my fault more than theirs: I'm a little fussy about folks. And then your letter came in fragrant with rich friendliness and instead of being grateful I just felt the more lonesome and cried - dear God, why couldn't you let me work with somebody like this big-hearted Digh man instead of with these grubby-sort-of people! Which goes to show what a mean sort of being I am - only it is difficult to be otherwise than one was created. But I'm better now. I've just been sitting on the top of Citadel Hill and I conned over your letter there



and it fitted in beautifully with the Atlantic
and the ships. It was very dear of you
writing. I had a letter the other day from that
big Leslie man but he never mentioned
you! He was too busy thundering against
the Bible and the Empire. Poor misguided
man, he is quite wrong. I must write
him a line when I find time. It seems
too bad I wasn't there with the two
of you. I'd have had a wonderful
time I know, but being what the
immigration authorities call "a wage-
earning unaccompanied female" I
have to tread other paths. I've been
on holiday these last days but continued
to attend the poetry class and Prof. Davis
was delightful to the end. Somebody
told him I rhymed. I tried to deny
it but gave him my "Rhyme Reason" line.
When he left he presented me with
a little anthology of English lyric verse
and to my delight he had written
my name in it and also what



he calls "A Reply"
"Patiently you listened to the Rhymes I chanted,
Dreaming - with lifted head;
Whether for approval or not, it must be granted
no word of Reason I said."
I think it was rather lovely of him.
The "Dreaming with lifted head" sounds
poetical but it was true. I sat at a
window and I usually gazed out, listening
to him in a far-off way. That's how I get
the most out of poetry, to listen with
only half attention when it is being read.
I wish you could have listened to Prof. Davis -
he brought out of a poem everything that
could be brought out - his class was sheer
joy to me. I've enjoyed the Summer
School very much. . . . though I had a
little overmuch of the fair Rosamond
and at parting she bestowed on me
a little blue vase! I nearly collapsed
when she said I deserved it - that
she couldn't have got on without me.
Of course that last was true for
she attended only half the time and I



carried on. She says she had a most wonderful reception in Toronto, that her book is going to India - China - Japan - etc. So I'm sure Lord Cecil needn't quarrel with Austria any more. The "King's English Drill" will solve all the world's problems! But, none the less, she has such faith in her own work I admire that side of her. I horrified her when I told her Wilson's "Ode" was given away with a Railway ticket! She thought that "not worthy of him."

By the way you needn't think I am going to chase down to Hubbards after Mike. He has said more than once he was coming to see me and always broke his word, so it remains to be seen whether or not our 'date' material is. So you may or may not require to dig clams on the mud flats. I don't know why but one side of me loves Mike and the other side is very thistle-y towards him. You can tell him you'll drive me down and if I'm in the whim I'll speak to him and if he's not well pass by unheeding. You see I'm not sure of him at all, at all. An ^{awful} molly.

Well, my dear, and are you having a wonderful holiday in your native Dighy! I remember only two things I saw there - the masts of a ship looming out of the fog and a most beautiful garden in front of a hotel - it was simply crammed and massed with flowers: flowers should not be so crowded together and yet it was delightful. When you consider that there was both fog and rain when I saw Dighy you must admit it is very chivalrous on my part to be able to remember only two things and these among the most beautiful things in the world - a sailing-ship and a garden. But on a sunny day, such as this has been, I suppose it will be what an old American gentleman whom I guided to the Citadel last summer, when he couldn't find his way, said: "Dighy's the prettiest spot I've struck - next year I'm going to bring my wife and daughter there!"

However Halifax is very beautiful if they had only planned the city a little more sensibly. I know I find it beautiful in spite of its silly streets of uncounted plan and I know I'd have experienced a most wonderful thrill had

21
I come sailing in with Cornwallis or with
D'Anville's fleet a many years ago.
Thank heaven thought is not bound
by time or space but only by convention -
and I don't find it hard to throw off
the last. And so when I looked
out on the sea and heard the surf
break along the shore on Friday
evening my thoughts reached beyond
the twinkling beacons - I could see
the waves roll in and hear the
surf on the rocks away over in
Scotland, and I could also see
a little fleet of sloops coming
towards us across the moonlit
water, coming to an unknown
land and all the sailor men
feeling in their hearts both courage
and fear.

Perhaps it doesn't sound very
complimentary to you to say my
thoughts wandered so far away. But
of course that is one reason why
you are dear to me: I am at ease
with you. There are some people
in Halifax who not only seem to rub
my feathers the wrong way but make
me feel shut up in a dungeon and all

the time I'm with them my spirit chafes
and frets yet tries to behave politely.
And yet no doubt they are charming
people to those who find them so...

It was very delightful of you
to take me to the Cove by moonlight
and if I teased you about the bumps
in the road and your lack of
adjectives - why you know it was
just because I was happy
and I so seldom find anybody
to tease here. That is how you
are like my brother. Just because
we were in harmony and loved
the same things we used to 'rag'
each other and the happier we
were the more we teased. One
has to be light-hearted or mean-
hearted to tease. I do not think
I was ever mean-hearted. And it
is only with those I love I can
be light-hearted. So you needn't
spend your holiday hunting the
dictionary for adjectives! Just be
good and let the beauty of the
place and of your old home soothe
you and cleanse your soul. This
last sounds a little bit like

a sermon and perhaps I mean it that way. I think you are a little bit lazy - lazy of soul, of spirit. I suppose I should leave sermons to "Mike", though of course D'Lofer says he's "profane" and that's one thing I'm not. I take no credit for it. I never heard a word of profanity or of slang in our home and we seemed to get along very nicely without it... my mother especially could express herself beautifully and find words easily for the subtlest thoughts. When my pupils use slang I know it is not because they prefer it but because their vocabularies are so small that they have nothing else to use.

But I must stop chattering and say good-night. I hope you and all your family are having a pleasant time. I think you should find enough inspiration down there to give you the urge to continue your poem. I am quite honest when I say it is too good to leave unfinished. I don't want you to force yourself to write, but I think you should not feel satisfied till you complete your poem. With a loving wish,
- Molly

P. S.

I had this all ready to post when in came the enclosed card from 'mike'. There's a bit in the middle about dates that I expect is meant for you but as I can't read it I'm sending the card. Please preserve it as I'd like to keep the picture.

Also note that 'mike' and I have what he calls 'a date', and promise not to lure him away this time because, you know, he and I have had only one meeting face to face. I think we can all have a lovely time together but you'll have to give mike and me an hour to ourselves... periodically when we fight he says I misunderstand him and that he doesn't wonder because I've seen so little of him. He's wrong about that because he misunderstands me at times too and he'll do that same even after a hundred meetings: I'm not so diplomatic as he can be I think. However, he's a dear mike just the same and he loves you best of all in the world I believe. I'm not jealous because I love you myself. Molly -

Amigo mis

It may or may not be a pity that I dislike using a telephone, and you may or may not dislike receiving notes from me - but actually it is easier for me to take up my pen than to take down the receiver.

You came into my thoughts just now. I was reading Mr. Leslie's "White Bird" which I like, though I think it just misses being really fine - I can't say why or what it lacks because his thought is good and beautiful. Perhaps when you read it it is all right, but when I read things they have to ring in my soul in a certain way or they aren't right to me.

Maybe that's why I won't read poetry to you... I might want to skip bits you liked.

Maybe I shouldn't have said "I'd read poetry" when I knew you better. I hope I didn't hurt you in saying that. But it stands to reason that if I once knew a

nova Scotian for six years and then
found I didn't know him at all,
and then have known "Mike" for
~~three and a half years~~ and he says
I know him "less than a cow
knows a Cubistic Sketch", I daresnt
pretend much knowledge of you!
I like you very much. I love you - I
say it quite simply. But to me
reading poetry aloud is something like
saying my prayers aloud.... maybe it
sounds silly but I can't mouth the
words lightly but only repeat them
as in an holy place. Of course
this doesn't apply to mere rhymed
verses, but to anything no matter
how simple, that possesses beauty
and fragrance and sincerity. And
sometimes it draws me near to tears,
the sheer loveliness of a verse or a line,
and it certainly is not an easy thing
for me to read poetry save when my
listeners are in tune. And you know
I'm "a canny Scot." and that acts as
a wonderfully controlling rein on
the Irish bit of me that otherwise
would run madly away.

My mother and I read poetry together
from the time I could speak I think

till she went to the land where life
is a poem made by God of perfect
loveliness and strength.

And I read poetry with my college
circle and with a few intimate
chums. But in Nova Scotia I
have read poetry only to my pupils
and they always hush and listen
beautifully. When I read my
paper in English I read two poems
and I nearly wept except that
Dr. Munro was there hear me
and I knew he understood.

Never mind, I'll keep my promise
to you. Write and I'll read. Maybe
that is why I said I'd read when
I knew you better. I think you
are a poet but you don't write
as you might and ought to so I
don't quite understand you because
according to my thought you should
write much and well. . . if you don't
then of course my knowledge of you
must be even less than my knowledge
of Mike and that seems little enough.

An revoir.

Weg.

I have taken your poems
volumes -

I leave you this

Straight as trees

Strong as seas

Gay as bees

Mike

~~Sweet~~ ^{True} as birds

White as clouds

Kind as words (some words)

Mike

Deep as mines

Staunch as pines

Sweet as wine

Mike

Rich as cloves

Soft as doves

Molly loves

Mike

Don't be "prieved"

I love you too. I was looking
at his photo - Molly

Amigo mio

This little rhyme made
these lines for itself this afternoon,
lines 6, 9 & 10... the rest was made
long ago. It is hardly poetry
but then I am no poet - only once
in a long time a thought tries to
twist into rhyme instead of going
in straight paths of prose. I feel
things but I have no words for
the thousand things I feel; they get
bottled up inside and then as I am
too impotent to voice them I have
to go for a long tramp and slough
them off that way.

Thank you very much for that little while
this afternoon. The country was so lovely and
the air so fresh and sweet and you
were very nice. I expect you are a poet
with that mop of hair! I enjoyed being
with you and though it didn't make up
for Mike's non-appearance yet how I
forgive you. He says I "blister" him nearly
every time I write and I'm sure he'll
complain when I tell him I haven't forgiven
him for not coming but that I've forgiven you
for having taken him away. A warm thanks
from Molly A. Beresford.

r 279 North Wed.

Dear Andy

Please will you send me Margaret's address. I'm not even sure of her name.

She sent me a card at Christmas and I have now a post card on which she bids me say "Hello" to Andy, when I see him.

I suppose you think I've forgotten you entirely.

But you see we had the half yearly exams. & then before I got through that I had to give in. I had a heavy cold and lost my voice altogether. I've been off school for ten days. I'm a bit better now though my voice is still weak & the D. says I've not to go out till Mon. anyway. I can't phone you because my voice wouldn't carry that far and I can't invite you to "visit the sick" because you'd need to do all the talking and there isn't much fun in talking to a dumb person, is there?

I hope you and Florence and the children are well and that Peggie is running

round again.

I had an awfully cross letter from Mike last week - at least it seemed very cross when I was lying in bed; now I'm getting up for lunch, and if he were to call I'd give him as good as he gave. All because I said I didn't like every line he'd written.

Tom poets are all so unreasonable.

I want to borrow your "modernists" again too. And if you're writing him tell him I said he was worse than the medicine the doctor prescribed and that's bad enough!

An revoir now. As soon as I'm moving round again I'll be round to see you.

Love to Florence and to yourself.

yours
Molly.

Please tell the frost and snow to vanish
and the sun to shine!

at 279/108th.

Sun.

Dear Andy

Why didn't you wait? I was out only three quarters of an hour and came in to hear you had just gone. The Dr. said I might try school to-morrow & as I hadn't been over the doorstep for nigh two weeks I thought I'd better try my legs & see how I felt. Now if you'd come a little sooner I might have borrowed your strong arm to help me along. As it was I walked for about ten minutes, then went round the loop on the Street car, & walked for about fifteen minutes, and in again. So I don't know that I've tested my strength very much but I mean to turn out tomorrow though my voice isn't right yet.

I'm ever so sorry I missed you - selfishly - because I haven't seen anybody for a fortnight. My friend Miss Wright called one day but as that was when I had no voice she wasn't even invited in, nor was anyone else who called, but I mention her specially! Thanks for "The Modernists". After this I'm going to read Mike very

critically & severely. He was quite as
boastful in his letters as ever Wilson Mac.
was - thinking his work bigger than that
of most poets, so I think all Canadian
poets must be alike!! You, of
course, don't boast but that's because
you are too lazy!! There now, how
do you like that?

You didn't leave the address I asked
you for. I really want it because I
want to write to Margaret, especially
as she won't be coming to N.S. this
year. I liked her and Helen, which
is more than I'd say of all the
people I met at Hubbards. Funny
how you merely shake hands with
a person and you eternally like
or dislike them - at least that's how
it is with me.

I hate the idea of going back to
duty tomorrow - I'd like a month's
sunshine first. I am so weary of this
nova scotian winter. Somehow of all the
winters I've had here this seems to have
been the most lasting, and the other day I
had a letter from my sister in England & in
spite of the winter's storms over there she says
the Snowdrops & Crocuses are peeping
through, and at home on St. Valentine's
(over)

Day we always had our first expedition to
the woods to fill our baskets with Snowdrops
- with their pure white & green-tipped petals &
hearts of richest orange; these are the
first little flowers in the woods and then
bit by bit everything unfolds. Here I suppose
it will be the end of April before I can
go exploring in the woods!

Well, I'd better stop or I may begin to malign
your Nova Scotia. No, it isn't mine at all!
I thought a whole lot - when I was in
bed and especially when Mike's letter
came. I decided I met you all too
late in the journey. You talk a language
I do not understand; I am British
and you are all Canadian. I am not
one who denies Canada a nationality
even if the Census does, because the
longer I'm here the bigger difference I
see between this side and that in ideas
and in ways of thinking. So there it is
well, I expect you think I've said
enough so au revoir. I'll be round
when I feel able.

With loving thoughts to you.

Molly

1928

Dear Andra

Did you think me very 'thrown'?
(if you know the proper meaning of the word
then I was - - - is that correct or not?)
But you know the moment you talked
of printing my paper I had my eye on it
so that I wouldn't even leave it for Florence.
Also it was my only complete copy... and
I have not only to give bits of it to the Bulletin
but I've to speak at an Institute in
Dartmouth next month and they suggest the
same nebulous atmosphere for a talk. So
I must hold on to my paper. I have
neither time nor brain to make a new one,
and indeed the things that are necessary
for atmosphere - some of 'em at least, are there.

Of course you didn't ask me to read
it to you. I once thought of volunteering
if you'd promise to give a candid opinion...
of the manner as well as the matter. Howsoever,
you read it yourself. At home I was
considered a fairly good reader and at
these Institutes I was complimented for my
reading of poetry but I wasn't sure if it
were true because you see the doctor made
me have my teeth out after I came to
Canada (no wonder I cling to Scotland!)
and a plate of teeth is about the most
awkward thing ever invented I think and
I've never read or spoken with such ease
here as I used to do.

My mother used to scold me for my speech

and praise me for my reading, which sounds
I never till you know the reason. In one village
we had several families who thought themselves
'uppish' - they had made money and climbed up
the nouveau riche ladder, and they had acquired
an accent. They all said "I think I'll hev a beth".
We called them the "yah! Yabs!" And for several
years I took great delight in speaking as
broadly as possible by way of contrast. My mother
spoke beautifully and read with all the
musical cadence I speak of, and I used to
read not so badly and sing not so badly and
various other things. If you could only
guess how terribly full of vengeance against
Canada I feel for all I've lost - why then
you might wonder that I even talk civilly
to you!! Sometimes when I am tired and
think of the thought and energy and endeavors
I've given to the schools and to education
in N. S. I laugh grimly for I never knew
the meanings of the words disillusionment
and loneliness till I came to Canada,
though I always had moods and walked
a lot alone. I might become simply a
time-server but I am cursed with ideals
and cling to them out of cussedness; if I
could toss them aside I could become a
one hundred per cent Canadian. Now that's
not meant for an indictment on Canada -
it may be an indictment on myself. Before
I made up my paper I asked several
teachers here about 'atmosphere'. One who

is considered efficient said "Dix no time to bother with silly nonsense -" When I was coming out here one of the immigration officials said "Canada doesn't need people of your class, it hasn't time for culture, it needs practical people, people who'll work on the land etc. These two folks, the teacher educated yet having no time for atmosphere, the official honest yet seeing no need for culture, are undoubtedly the folks who typify Canada and who will develop Canada. I may be pig-headed but I refuse to give up my ideals and become the third of a trio of practical people. I don't mean these two haven't ideals: I suppose they have ideals of a sturdy, prosperous type, bless 'em, the very sort Canada wants.

You know about a couple of months ago I nearly wrote out my resignation (we have to give two months' notice) so that I might begin in 1928 in the old land. I didn't, and I'll finish the session. After that it lies on the knees of the gods. If I can afford it I may take next winter at Columbia. I want more English and I want to come in contact with the U.S. A. while I am on this side of the Atlantic. I know a professor at Vanderbilt Univ. Nashville, and he says I'd see the best side of U.S. folks down there, but of course, one wants to see New York just as one wants to see London - both probably contain the best and the worst elements of both countries. Or maybe I won't have enough money, but that

is my thought. I had a note from Mike last week and he still thinks I should spend Christmas in N. Y. but I am more likely to be in W. peg and especially if I think of Columbia for next winter -

All very helmslows meantime.

How to business.

My dictionary Oxford 1934 (pocket) says:

Letter C. Cinema - cinematograph theatre.

Letter M. Movies (Slang) - Cinema pictures.

Now, how can I speak on Correct English and use Slang! Cinema is an accepted dictionary word: movies is given as slang which is exactly what it was half a dozen years ago. Or may be an American dictionary takes it out of the Slang Category - You can look it up if you have a copy.

I hope I wasn't too aggressive in my arguing! I could argue all night and enjoy it. But I won't yield an inch on the Battle of Jutland - too many of the boys went down for me to argue merely for arguing - and worse, some went mad - that was the most awful part of it - the racket of guns and shells must be bad enough in the open, but on a ship - - I know one poor fellow who, day and night almost shrieks and holds his hands over his ears - he was in the Edinburgh asylum, from Jutland till I left Scotland

and is probably still there. Inland is a matter that will never be settled truly and people will always take sides. And I stick up for "our David" - he didn't suffer from cold feet even if he had a hot head. Your friend Jellicoe is made otherwise: it took his ships an unconscionable (is there such a word?) time to go a short distance - just ask the Engine Chief! - However fog and mist cover up a lot of slips as well as ships and visibility is a handy word.

But you'd love David - he's so jaunty and true - he walks with a swing, and Jellicoe walks on cat's feet - David has a son in the navy, a lazy beggar... a 'food' man told me David gave his son an awful cursing on the 'Revenge' and then said, 'How go and kiss your mother, she's waiting'. That sounds just like him.

You know the men tell you lots that the Encyclopedia omits! They used to say 'Breezy', 'Blessed' 'growled' and 'Jacky Fisher 'Shorted'. The A.B.'s were not so polite: one said, "Charlie, he'd wink, but Jacky, he spat in your eye"!

If I'd been a man I'd have been a sailor of some sort and I used to follow up naval things more than I ever did army.

But as Canada doesn't believe in a navy I suppose if I went to be a Canadian I should discard my interest in the navy.

But when you live in a country that can grow only enough wheat for three weeks' bread supply, you are mighty glad there is a navy.

Now to wind up this letter I'm going to give
you a rhyme I meant to send you before.
I sent Mike a copy and added "This might
be for you or for Andy, but not for C. & S. R.
or Wilson Mac". You will see I don't mention
Ken but I am never sure just how much I
know Ken, which I suppose sounds strange
to you - perhaps there was a feud once between
his Leslie ancestors and my Scottish ancestors of the
Montgomery tribe! We regard each other with a
little suspicion I think.

Heart - Quiet.

My lips are mute, - for I might rue
If I should speak my love to you.
My heart is dumb, - 'twould cost too dear
To utter all my hope, my fear.
Yet will the silence of my love
More clamorously my fealty prove;
For each day, as your foot-steps go
By summer ways or winter snow,
Close to you, close as a caress,
Shall go with you my wordlessness.

Loyally yours,
Molly.

P. S.

You can ask Rosamonde if I've used
'shall' and 'will' correctly!

Wednesday -

9 of the clock, and a rainy night!

Dear Andy - my effort to talk to you over the phone this afternoon did not succeed as you were not at the other end of the line. I suppose you Canadian authors were so busy paying each other fulsome (or foolsome!) compliments that a plain, ordinary body like myself couldn't expect to get anything but "not-in".

Well, I may survive - having had a run round in the rain - the which has always a soothing influence on me.

I'm sorry I haven't sold very many of your tickets. I've sold the ten adult's tickets but only thirty of the student's. I'll bring the twenty-five dollars to the hall to-morrow evening and hand it over. I thought I'd better let you know the number so that you won't resell these forty. I hope the numbers on the tickets don't mean anything because I didn't

worry about the sequence. Go early
and choose your seat is my
motto! Personally I like to choose
one not near the front.

I confess I didn't force the tickets
on my students partly because
about half of the ^{students} are new to me
this session and I don't yet know
them, and my favorite group of
last session is gone, and
partly because you said C.G.D.R.
didn't approve of Wilson's visits
to schools and because "Mike"
has never accepted my invitations
to Bloomfield which would
seem to mean that neither would
feel particularly hurt if no
school-boys and girls were in
their audience. I realize, of
course, that a poet may "feel"
his work is for the older mind
rather than for the young student's
more meagre intellect. Yet I feel
I am right that in this wide
dominion with its scattered people
literature will never hold great sway
or have much of an audience until
beauty finds its place in the schools,
until the priests of beauty are willing!

to serve in the lowliest temple of
all - the Schools. It is all very
well to discuss Beauty with such
intellectual arc lights as "Archie"
but he will never send Beauty's torch
flaming across Canada in spite of
his royal accent and his Alexandrine
limp! He gave the address at our
prize-giving and I was very
disappointed, though not surprised,
with his speech. However, I needn't
spend time over that.

I hope the recital will be most
successful in every way.

Will you ask C. G. D. R. to read -
by special request of some little
girls - his "The Stranded Ship"; they
know it. I'd like him to read
at my request "Tantramas Revisited".

Is Mike going to read "The Spinner."
I wish he'd read his great sonnet
"Companion of the Highway" and one of his
"Modernists" - Moses, or Haaman. But I
suppose most of his time will be devoted
to talking of Charles S. D.

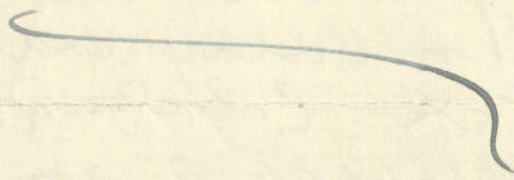
Tell Ken I feel very hurt. Twice I asked
him for his "Shanghwaachie man" and he ignored
me, but as soon as Farmer Smith smiles on
him he gives her a copy. Of course I couldn't

have let his name flourish in the
Herald, but I might have let it
blossom in my heart, lowly but
fragrant -

Good-night.

With love to all the poets
I love,

Yours loyally,
Molly



Box 245,
Trento, N. S.
Jan. 21. 1930

Dear Andy

It is high time I had sent my thanks for the book you sent at Christmas - which was here with other mail when I returned from the West. I had meant to buy "The Celtic Heart" out of curiosity but had never happened to come across it, and so it was welcome. I'm a little disappointed in it.... I don't think it shows an advance on "The Captive Gypsy" - and that would seem to be the best excuse for a book.. that it is better than the one before, though of course, that may not always be so. I think the poem to Mary Elizabeth is the loveliest thing in the book. I hope she has the original, to preserve and read when she is grown up.

I trust you all had a good Christmas. I haven't been in Halifax for ages. but hope to get there some day. It will soon be a year since I came to Trento but I don't feel at home yet. I think it must be a sort of "Sleepy Hollow" for I don't even want to put pen & paper here.

2.

I had rather a pleasant vacation. I departed the moment college closed on the 19th. Dec. but lost a day at Montreal as the Maritime was four hours late & the Continental pulled out without this distinguished passenger from N.S. However, I got in on the Mon. night, and felt almost royal when I arrived and was met by my three brothers and two nephews. . . the elder nephew being as tall as I am.

They all gave me a good time, & I met some quaint old prospectors & miners from my brother's constituency — they come to town once a year. One who could neither read nor write told my sister-in-law Miss Molly was the loveliest lady he'd ever met & he was deeply in love — & asked if he might come back to see me. But "old Bill" disappeared until the day before I left, and when my brother met him in town he was off for the north again, having spent hundreds of dollars in drinking & gambling — said he was ashamed, & not to tell me — You see I have to go west for real Romance! Another lovely old

3.

timer who couldn't read or write said -
"You look serious; are you worrying? Don't
you know this world is so small by
the stars, that there isn't a thing in
it big enough to worry about." He
had the clear eyes and quiet philosophy
that men get in the big wide spaces,
and I almost wished that I could
neither read nor write - that I too
might go forth ready to receive
the great spirit that broods in
the silences.

It was rather interesting to me to
meet these men, rough sometimes,
swearing, drinking - but with
something that is missing from
so many of us. At times, you know,
I am "fed up" with professional
people - teachers, parsons, lawyers,
clever business men I could
enjoy being uncivilised, I think.

I suppose Talifer will be all agog
over the by-election. Personally, I
hope Dr. Murphy gets in. I don't
particularly like Mr. Rhodes, but
I do see his government has made
some change in the State of Denmark,
and they'd better go on a little longer.

Did you listen in to King George's speech this morning? I was actually up in time to listen in! I hadn't heard his voice since 1919, I think it was. It's perhaps as well they broadcast only the opening of the Conference. These affairs are sometimes much more heated & noisy than the world knows. I can fancy Italy & France having a nice little scrap across the table, and America's seemingly magnanimous gesture drawing sneers from some of our people, and Japan wearing a wooden immobile mask but noting all the chances for having just the sort of navy she wants. According to the letters I get from the other side even Laborites think Ramsay is too much interested in the rest of the world and too little in his own country. . . . but all three parties of course must be at least polite and side with him for world peace.

Well, now, I'm due at a meeting at 7.30 & so I shall say au revoir.

Did the "Song Sheet" die of starvation, or had you had enough of it? I heard Charlie Bruce was married - he has courage!

Much love to Florence & to yourself
Willy.

Box 245,
Truro,
N.S.
June 18.

Dear Andy

Could you tell
me if there will be
anything worthwhile
at the Canadian
Authors' meet
and if any of their
deliberations are
open to folks like
me who are not-
members but are
interested in
Literature?

I was in Halifax on
Sat. & ran into
Farmer Smith a
second who said
"Of course you are
coming down for
the Association" &
I said "Of course
not - I'm not a
member even -"

But I'm on holiday
next week except
for getting ready
for New York - I
so off on 28th I think.

✓ I'd run down for
a day if I thought
I'd see or hear
anybody of real
interest.

Why haven't they
made their programme
more public & more
prominent? Not-
implying they want
the public in, but
they might let hova
Scottia know some
Canadian authors
are to be around.

I had thought of
going down to see
Bliss Carman again, but

he has reached the
place of vision.
I gave all my six
classes a little talk
and read some of
his poems. He was
a born singer or
rather as he said,
"nature sang her songs
- all I did was to
write them down."
I could just hear him
say "make me over
brother April, when the
sap begins to stir"
- and she heard
and it has happened.
I suppose I spoke
only a dozen words
with him but they

meant a whole lot to me, and I'd hoped to meet him again.

Took C. G. D. R. - I fancy it will break him up - Bliss & he were the old guard of Canadian literature, as J. D. Logan was its general, I think.

Well, I must go. I was in College till 6 tonight & go back at 8. We close on Thursday.

Let me know if
there's anything
worth hearing,
will you.

I don't mean Ken
Leslie reading "The
Whale & The Toad"
you know, nor
Lucy Montfornely,
nor Archie Macnechan.

I trust you are
all well.

Love from
Molly

was that only
Charlie Bruce's
"Copy! Copy" ?
About twice too
many words for
the story.

✓ I thought press
men learned to
save words.

Of course if he's
paid at so much
a word!

m.

Pardon awful writing.

Box 245,
Truro, N.S.

Dear Andy

What sort of
Commissioner are you?
What does it imply?
Congratulations.

Are your duties honorary
or is it a School
Commissioner you are?
If the latter, I am
especially glad.

I hope I don't sound
too ignorant not knowing,
but N.S. seems full
of Commissions and the

term is not one I'm
used to.

I trust you are well
and flourishing.

I suppose you would
see all the New Yorkers.

I ran across to the
Station & saw Ethel
& Mike as they went
down very early in
the morning, and
again as they returned
at a more reasonable
hour. I think Truro
would have dismissed
me had they seen me
parading the platform, with

Mike on one arm and David Williams on the other and the two of them kissing me twice about! And Mike hadn't had a Shave! Did you keep him up late? He didn't look as fresh as I expected to see him after ten days of Pubbards air. David Williams is a lovely soul, and so is the little Countess. It was nice to see them all again.

Truro is having terrifically high winds just now - I'm not nearly fat enough to stand them; it feels

almost colder than it
did in January.

I trust you all keep
well.

Love from
Moll

T. W. W.

2010

Dear Andy

If I ever used the expression "I told you so" I'd use it now.

I complained of Halifax people misunderstanding my words.

Now you speak of "my" gibe at Seumas O'Brien.

My gibe was at the newspaper.

To say "He is really not the sort of person you think he is"

I never mentioned what I thought of him, so how you know what I think is beyond me.

I don't know him as a man because I never met him so I certainly didn't pass any remarks on him, and I certainly didn't say anything of his works.

Please credit me with not passing remarks about people unless I've met them for myself. I may like or dislike them on a first meeting, but I don't like or dislike them on hearsay. If you really think I was hitting at Seumas O'Brien, or if Ken thought it, or if Seumas O'Brien thought it, then you can all go aux diables and spend eternity studying the dictionary and learning the right meaning of words!!!

I didn't know he was staying with you or I might have looked in last night. I was in a fighting mood but walked it off. Now I have something to fight you about I must work. But I may run down to-morrow evening. And I'll be gentle and good and look at him nicely and not-fight if so be I can manage it.

And if I don't like him I'll let you know in good time, but by St Patrick and the mountains of Donegal if you ever again say "He is really not the sort of person you think he is" before I've ever set eyes on the man, then I'll give you such a whap you'll know the sort of person I think you are.

I marked up one against you about the 'Daily Star' and me incident.

I have now marked up two against you.

Are you beginning to learn the sort of person I really am!!!

Just molly.

P. S.

Ask Dennis O'Brien if he's really the sort of person you think I think he is, or if he only thinks he is the sort of person you think I think he is, or if he only thinks he thinks he is the sort of person you think I think you think I think he is!

P. T. G.

P. P. S.

I didn't tell you the end of the Brian Borne story but since you think so little of me that you think I'd gibe at a pret I will.

Old Mary Cassidey, a sort of scrub-woman, also from Munster, who used to beguile me with the story would say something like, "Indeed it's a proud woman she was and why shouldn't she be God help her. Sixteen sons and all but the last one of them fighting and falling for him I've told you of Brian, God rest him etc. etc. Wirra! and why shouldn't they be fighting and falling for him and they his anyway, for it's likely they were his, and he the handsomest man and the bravest man in the land and with the love of every woman in the breast of his shirt and the many a kiss he got and gave." And then her husband, Mickey Cassidey, would put her right and tell her it wasn't these sixteen sons he had but some other sixteen. But you see if old Mary had been right it would have made me the cousin a thousand years back of Seumas O'Brien and surely I wouldn't be fibing at my own, would I. W.

File New Beesport

Box 245,
Trenton, N.S.

Dear Andy:

The enclosed letter was sent on to me with the injunction to return it to you, the which I now do.

Now are you all? I was in Halifax over Thanksgiving but was under the weather and slept most of the weekend and saw nobody. . . . I had been at Windsor at an Institute and caught cold, I think, there, or perhaps I had talked too much. Since I was given 1½ hrs. to deal with "Composition in High School" and we went on for 2½, and if

there hadn't been a train to catch
we might be still at it. It seems
there are 13 uses of a comma known²
by some people and I know only
four or five, - and on many other points
they entangled me but I suppose
that's what Institutes are for. But
I refuse to burden my brain with
things I don't use in my business
of life, and when they floored me
I just confessed my ignorance and
asked anybody in the group to
reply if he could do so. Perhaps
I shouldn't be a teacher of English,
since my chief qualification is only
a love of it. Well, well!

I see Charlie Bruce is in young
Benson's Anthology, and I also
have N. A. B.'s "The Wanderer"
which you probably have too.
It is fine in parts but could

stand a lot of pruning and
polishing up. I wish Canadian
poets would look at their work
more critically, more severely.
Am I very old-fashioned when I
feel that poetry is not to be
judged as modern or ancient
but as poetry — that topics
and themes may change, and
that forms may change but
that beauty and truth and
strength and grace must be
there in full measure before
I'll call it great poetry....
and that 'movies' and 'Talkies'
leave too little to one's imagination
and so does too much modern
poetry. This is not mere talking
for talking's sake, either; I have

two youngsters who are finding it hard to polish up little rhymes they let me see because they had been printed... in the "Sydney Post" or the "Palmyra Mail" or somewhere.

And then people like yourself who can write and begin a fine poem grow lazy!!!

Have you been drawn back to your poem at all, Andy? I wish I could force the urge upon you.

Tell Roy his tricks were excellent last week. His voice didn't carry to the back, but his tricks certainly worked, and I don't suppose he's had much chance to speak in as big a hall as the Graphic here.

Much love to you all

Molly.

To a Fair Lady on returning to
her a Pair of Rubber Shoes -

Long, long ago the Scriptures tell,
When Isaac went his love to greet
He met Rebecca by the well
And kissed her feet.
But this, my dear, would surely clash
With modern hygienic views
And so to obviate the rash
I kissed your shoes.

Dear Andy.

I sent this to Helen with
the 'rubbers' she lent me on
Sunday night, or Monday morning rather.
I also sent them a copy of "Rhyme & Reason".
You needn't ever ask me to say my
verses: 1. - They are not worth repeating
in company. 2. - I have a poor memory:
about twenty lines is my ultimate limit.
3. - I'm 'scared'!

I just couldn't help snatching that thing out
of your hand even though I'd no idea what it was.
But I suppose it seemed very rude. I'm sorry
for being rude but not for snatching it, if you
understand the difference. I couldn't run

out to see you to-night 'cos I brought
home a pile of books to mark and
also I've a blistered heel that makes
pins stick into me when I walk.

But I've spared ~~you~~ a little while
to you and Ken though I don't
know that he'll appreciate my
attentions!

An revoir

with a loving wish to you both.

Molly.

P.S.

Of course I wrote to 'Mike'.
I still marvel how he paddled
in against the storm and then
preached such a powerful sermon -
and after that Chanted verses
for and about everybody. He is a
very big man I think and yet has
the loveliest child-heart. I love him
but you needn't be jealous - loving him
makes one's heart bigger, not smaller.
M.A.S.



In the heart of the woods,
N. S. Dec. 31.

Dear Andy

Just to break the news gently, this is to tell you that Santa Claus brought me a new job for a Christmas gift!

I hope you'll shed a few tears when I leave Halifax!!! However I'm not going outside the Province and will hope to see you now and then.

Florence and you are two of the few folks, very few after 24 years in a place, that I'll be sorry to leave.

I'll likely be back to town on Wed. & will be down to see you soon, & more than once before the end of Jan. I hope.

With love & best wishes for a very happy
New Year - Molly.

Tues.

Dear Andrea

The best laid schemes of mice
and men and even of molly don't
always work out to order.

This picture was to be delivered
to you on Saturday and lo, and
behold, it wasn't and in the
meantime you have seen Tadde's
for yourself -- at least I suppose
you have if you managed to
manoeuvre all the curly-wurly
corners down Cape Bret. way

However maybe in a way the
picture will now be more appropriately
hang in your office, and the
thought from me remains the same.

Cherio: molly

To
Andrew Maxwell Jones

My dear "H" - That's what you
sign yourself but of course it tempts
me to add B. C. D. X. 7. 3;

Well, I don't know if you really
wanted to know what I think of
Blake or not, and it's not easy
for a long-winded creature like me
to put what I think into any
limited space. But I love Blake
and I think I am right that he
deserves not only to be loved but
to be far better known than he
is and so you can read what
I've said and if out of it you
can write a few words of appreciation
of him for your favourite
paper (I prefer the Herald myself)
then I'll feel I've helped a
little to make a good man known.

Of course lots of people call Blake
mad but I usually find they don't
know much about it. Surely all
of us who have a glint of divine
fire in us see visions. If we
don't we are clods merely. He
saw more than most of us do but
I can't see that that makes a
mad man. Certainly he shouldn't have
written it all down. As my "King of the Roads"
said "I might ave spared his breath"
Some of it sounds mad because we

don't understand it or because at times he didn't see so clearly.

But surely there's enough of serenity and of beauty in all I have quoted, and supposing he'd never written any more - that much is great and fine.

I could have said heaps more if I'd had time but it is now 1 a.m. and I have still some work I should be doing but must perforce leave till tomorrow. Ever since you spoke to me last Sat. I've been thinking of Blake. I made a few notes. And I borrowed some books from the library & Prof. Bennet came for them, but of course I have your book. Our Blake evening is on Fri. at 8.15 p.m. in the Ladies' College auditorium. Prof. Davis will speak & read, one or two songs will be sung, & Stewart Dick will show some slides, so we'll have Blake as poet & Blake as artist. I'm rather delighted about it.

After you're done with my "talk" you might let me have it sometime as I've written it all out only this once & I might preserve it for my pupils next session. I'll return your book as you may need it to improve on what I've said.

"An Revoir. I hope you'll love Blake and my "King of the Roads" and me too! Wolly.

If his Leslie is in town tell him. I'm sure he must love Blake who didn't plagiarise from anybody but God!

Dear man, I haven't anything to say,
but I was scribbling a line to
Charlie and one to Mr. Dennis (he
sent each of us a set of rather nice
portraits of the "Fathers," & Laurier looks
just splendid.) I admire him most
of all your Canadian Statesmen,
and so after having addressed the
Chronicle and the Herald it would
never do to leave out the Canadian
Press, would it, though it's time
I were in bed: indeed I had to
date Mr. Dennis' note for Thursday
as it is 1 a.m. We were in school
till 10.30 p.m. and I feel nearly
too tired to sleep, but at least
we have finished for the session
so far as one can finish such
a thing as teaching -

I think I am going off to Baddeck
on Monday morning. I'd go to-morrow
only I feel too lazy to pack my grip! Let
alone, catch an early train. I realize
Halifax is a beautiful city these days
but I want to get away by myself - that's
the only way I'll buck up -
I'll be to lunch with Professor Bennett

to-morrow, that is to-day really, and then I'll know if I've any work to do. I also mean to rate him soundly for the rotten stereotyped papers he set in Grade 8 English. I told him on the phone I was thoroughly disillusioned regarding him, so I expect we'll have a fight over lunch even if I shouldn't quarrel with my host.

It was very dear of you taking me out on Monday evening. It did me a world of good even if I had to mark till 2 a.m. after I came in just to salve my conscience.

But the sunset over the lake was worth it.

I'm not sure that I liked your St. John Lady. She'd like to pretend she's a real woman of the world with her one little story repeated four times while I was there and how many times since and before I can imagine! Preserve me from such piffle. However I admire her zeal for sport and for the team

so R. I. P.

Love food. night.

Be good and take care of yourself.

Molly.

My dear, I brought this from Baddeck
for your office; it had to have a
frame so that's why I couldn't hand
it over right away. It is a lovely
little picture I think, and it is the
view one has from 'the place where
I stayed - these trees, three poplars, grow
in the hotel garden. Poplars are rather
artistic, tall and slender reaching up
into the blue sky - these three are
not perfect for they have not been cared
for and pruned, and so are a bit "woody".

And I want you to have this little
bit of beauty in your office - at least
that's what I brought it for if you will
accept it. You can look at it when
you are weary of type and print and
it will refresh you, and incidentally
you can recommend the original to
anybody who wants a nice place for
a holiday - a place that has little
to do with everyday city life but that has
much to do with nature and with loveliness
and with God. My holiday was
wonderfully happy and refreshing, and
this is just a wee bit of the joy for you.
With a loving wish.

Molly
—

January 21, 1927.

My dear Molly:

I have read over your article very carefully and can honestly say there is nothing I would leave out. You have said something which needs to be said and you have stated it so brilliantly that for my part I would not subtract a single word. I feel it should be printed in pamphlet form and a copy forwarded to every teacher in the Province. If you wish to prepare it for publication in the newspapers I would suggest that you divide it up and publish it as a series, with a brief synopsis at the beginning of each division, excepting the first, explaining what had been covered previously. Florence read it and she too quite agrees with me.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Sunday.

Dear Anno Domini

I suppose you will be regarding me as an inveterate nuisance if I continue to bombard you with notes, but to me it is more natural to write a note than to use a phone, and there is this advantage to you that you do not need to reply, whereas if I phoned you'd at least need to say "Yes - yes!" or as they say in Canada "Yep - Yep!" or "Yeh - Yeh!"

This time I have to make you my father-confessor, or since you are too young for that, my brother-confessor.

When I called round with your newbolt Mrs Merkel showed me "Out of the Wilderness" through which I just glanced - I couldn't wait until you came home. And then yesterday morning my own copy of the book came and I had a wonderful time. I had just finished washing my hair so I dipped into the Wilderness during the drying process and I can assure you that amid wind and sunshine and vigorous towelling Macdonald's voice sounded very good. I hope he wouldn't feel insulted if he knew.

Later on I took him across Citadel Hill and various otherwheres until I had

Chanted all his songs. I love some of them, most of them, and some of them say a whole lot - I want to say myself only I can't find the words.

Then last night I remembered a verse made that I didn't know why it was written and so I copied it out and inscribed it to Wilson MacDonald, and I thought I'd send it to the mail. But then it came to me to send it to Wilson MacDonald himself as my thanks for his beautiful songs. So I did.

Perhaps you won't be pleased but I wrote him and said you had told me he was coming here and I said I hoped he'd let you bring him to my school and that he'd speak to my boys and girls.

Maybe I had no right to do that and I suppose it will serve me right if he refuses to come to school. I usually do things and think about the wisdom or the folly of them after. So now to-day I confess to you what I have done and if you are annoyed then I am sorry.

Of course it isn't likely he'll write to me, and of course I didn't need to tell you, but as I mentioned your name he might someday ask you what you meant by discussing him with a foolish sort of school-teacher.

I am sending you the rhyme I sent him.
It isn't very good to send to a real poet,
is it, but we can't all be real poets.
Perhaps later when he is coming down
here I shall send it to the mail to help
to advertise him, because even if the
verse is weak the idea is all right and
suited to him. Once in a while I send
a rhyme to the mail just to let Mr. Dennis
know I haven't forgotten him. I had
two little talks with him more than two
years ago. He was very nice. He said if I
could write any special articles for him
I'd be paid for them but I told him I couldn't
do anything like that. He gave me some theatre
passes. I used one just not to be too mean,
and burned the rest. He said I must have a
holiday with them at St Margaret's Bay - but when I
met his wife I didn't care for her and I do not
think she cared for me, so I didn't make friends
with them. But I liked him, though I am not
sure that his papers are up to his usual most
ideals diplomacy and shaviness are all right
I suppose, but I was brought up on the "Edinburgh
Scotsman" which was tremendously honest and
avoided sensationalism. I don't think either of the papers
here has much backbone. I suppose I shouldn't say
all this to a newspaper man but then as I said
at the start to-night you are my brother-confessor.
In any case I trust you. Au revoir.
Molly A. Brewster

Monday.

Dear Lady Flower

I feel rather like a miser this Christmas going round looking for gifts not of much cost and spending so much on my ticket to Winnipeg - it doesn't sound very Christmas-like. However there come times when one has to be selfish and I sort of felt I needed a Christmas among my air folk after five Christmases in Nova Scotia and if the realisation comes anywhere near my expectation I shall have a wonderful time. According to the Stores this is an 'Undies' Christmas so I am sending you a pair of party pants! And I send you my best love and loving wishes for a happy Christmas tide, and dear thanks to you for some happy hours in your home during the year. An

extra thanks too for that most
delightful meeting with Mrs. Merrill.
Of course I had met her before but
we had not had a chance to know
each other. I love her. - and I do
not love everybody even when they
may be charming in themselves. The
other Mollie for instance; I do not
think I could ever love her so
Andrew can have her all to himself,
but I hope you will let me share
Mrs Merrill if we meet again by
your fireside.

I have just returned from Dartmouth
where I gave a rambling talk to
teachers and between that and getting
up a play with my XII. & a debate with
my XI. and usual work and Christmas
extras I feel rather tired. I think
I shall sleep all the way to Winnipeg
and be ready for a good time there.
Au revoir now.

With much love and kindest
wishes,

Yours lovingly,

Mollie

Susan

Dear Andy

You said I had let you see any of my rhymes for a long time. I have not made any new rhymes and do not think I shall ever make any more! (my brain is growing feeble! and I find myself stumbling even in my thoughts. I am not blaming Halifax but I am seriously thinking of leaving it. ... not this year for I have promised to continue another session where I am. In Scotland thought was free as the winds but here I must always be confining it and instead of speaking straight out I have to twist and turn words in case they are misunderstood, or offend somebody - that is absolutely fatal to the sort of nature I was born with. This is not a plan for saying whatever comes into one's head, because I think very slowly and by the time I utter a thought it has been formulated to some extent. ... I am instinctive in my likes and dislikes, but not in judgments, if you understand the difference.)

Once I wrote a 'Life of Christ' - not as Mike is doing of course. I called it "The King's Maries" - it was in three chapters with the "Ballad of Young Jesus" as an epilogue: - not really three chapters but just three rhymes about the three maries . . .

1. The Fulfilment of Love: Mary, the Mother of Jesus.
2. The Mystery of Love: Mary of Bethany.
3. The messenger of Love: Mary Magdalene.

It is just telling of things by people who lived when Jesus lived and as they were ordinary people they talk just like ordinary people, and as I am not a poet but only a rhymist the result is very ordinary. Mike has seen the first and third rhymes but he hasn't seen this one so you can read it and give it to him when he comes.

I once read it to a Chum - a good Presbyterian - and she thought it a bit blasphemous. But an old priest read it and said, "I envy you, you seem to have lived when Jesus was alive; most of us seem to feel he lived so long ago that he's unreal." And he didn't think I was blasphemous in making him very man as well as very God. To me Mary of Bethany is the sweetest woman in the Gospels. The dignity and the danger as well as the necessity of motherhood has made history enthroned Mary, the Mother of Jesus. But in the Gospels the things she says and the replies Jesus makes do not make her very attractive to me - Jesus praises several women but never his mother. Of course preachers emphasize that he thought of her on the Cross, but what he says seems to me to emphasize a universal truth and gentleness and not a personal one.

On "Mother's Day" a preacher spent a whole sermon showing that Jesus had raised the status of mothers. He didn't. Mothers always had a high place in Israel. It was the status of women that Jesus raised, which is quite another matter, & until men get that into their heads women will always be desired and lusted after but seldom loved. However I'm not preaching a sermon so I won't expound. You may not like my rhyme - *l'importe!* It is my story of Lazarus or Martha & Mary, and Jesus, and a fornicating woman next door, talking as I hear them when I read the gospels. Jesus, as I see him, died for men not that their sins might be forgiven (I'd hate to think anybody took the responsibility of my actions from me, good is bad) but for men because he had a vision of what men might be and he held on to his vision even unto death. All of us have a vision; most of us shut it out. In my story Mary has a vision too - she shut it out for love - Jesus might have done the same thing had Mary been a different sort of woman. You will see how I work out Mary's vision, and the last two lines sum up the sermon I'd preach every Sunday if I were a parson.

Well, I don't suppose you were at Church today but you've come in for a sermon just the same!

By the way Margaret said to tell you - you are a fake! She didn't explain, she said you'd understand. I'm still! She & Helen aren't coming to Hubbard's - I liked them both, & they were charming to me which everybody was in an *alveois*. - Molly.

Dear Andy

Blessings on your dear head for your support on the phone. I was worried lest I'd have to find a later boat, or be kept at sea for the rest of my days ... not that I'd mind that.

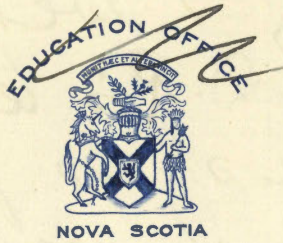
I had the chance to go to Halifax for a few hours & visited Furness Withy. They will see that I sail away and get ashore at Liverpool. The postmaster is trying to trace my first application -

perhaps somebody took a fancy to my photo and wants me to stay in Canada —

I'm having the passport sent to Furness Withy, & here's hoping. Marion Bond is motoring up for me on Monday & I've to spend the night with them, & hope to be able to see Florence & you ere I go. All aboard at 1 p.m. on Tuesday, & sail at 3. D.V.

I have a letter from Mike. They leave Mon., he says, & will be in Halifax, Tues.

I shall just miss them. Encourage him to rest and take things easy... be diplomatic, as you can be! It takes time to grow strong, but maybe he has learned patience. Love to you, Molly.



Sep. 4.

Halloo! Andy here I am started
on another session's work, owf, wowf!
And what's all this that greets
me about "Mike" and the Archbishop
and you!?! I hope you have
preserved an account of everything
that I may read it, because I can't
make out whether "Mike" strafed
the Archbishop, or he him, or
what part you played in it.

Five joins on you've been having
in my absence!!! "Gosh!" as
everybody said at Niagara —

I had a very nice holiday
though with maybe a little too much
stravaiging round to be restful. I
don't believe there was a square inch
of Niagara that I didn't see — not to
speak of Ottawa & Toronto & Montreal.

You'll be prieved to know I did not

see Wilson trax. in Toronto. When I was
in the University I went the length of
looking up C. G. D. R.'s telephone number,
and that was as far as I had
time to go, for I was called off by
my brother to view some other spots.
I enquired for two profs. - the one who
was down here last summer, & one who
used to be at College with me at St. Andrews
but both were in the old Country and
so I didn't see 'em. Toronto has
rather a fine University and I loved
"Notre Dame in Montreal!" and I'm going
back to Ottawa some day for I liked
it very much. Niagara wasn't nearly
big enough, and the Bay of Fundy hadn't
a scrap of fog on it but the Thousand
Islands looked pretty (you see only
a score or so) and one of the Rapids was
very thrilling I thought. At least I've
had a hurried glimpse of a little bit
of Canada, & judging from the questions
asked me by a little man on Niagara Bridge
I was evidently on United States' soil too.

Did Mike tell you what the Yankee at
the Chateau Laurier said of him - including him
among "the best Canadians all go to U.S.A."
He said "He's a hell of a fine preacher; he's
got some guts to him!" !! I don't know
his last name - his Christian name was Jo. He used



quite strong language and said some very remarkable things about me after we'd discussed world affairs and religion and a few other little things, and then said some very irremarkable things about Great Britain, whereupon I said some very reremarkable things to him.

I was going out to the National Gallery & he offered to take me in his car.

I said "Great Britain may discuss things with the United States but will accept no favors!!" - He gave a big swear, and I wasted 75 cents on a taxi to go to the gallery because I had only an hour & a half before train-time.

That was the only argumentative incident I came across, but I was present at the special sitting of the Ontario government with the Empire delegation & heard men from Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Rhodesia, South Africa, Newfoundland, India & Malta & of course Canada... that was very interesting.

An revoir - I'll be down when I get time. This was just to let you know I didn't succumb to the flesh pots of Toronto. Not to speak of the poets! lolly.

76 Pleasant St.,
Trenton, N.S.
March 30

Dear Andrew,

Has the Canadian
Press all knowledge
and all information
on all things and
all people?

If so, could you
tell me when Kipling
visited Canada, and
where? I am trying
to check up but can
find nothing about it

in any accounts of his
life in our library.

Was it during his
1889 trip for the Allahabad
Pioneer, or was it in
1897 when he wrote
"Our Lady of the Snows"
which had something
to do with Reciprocity
or some similar
trade treaty?

Did he visit Saskatchewan,
from the U.S.A. and
Ontario in the same way,

or did he tour Canada?
Did he ever visit Halifax,
or just write his verse
about "The Warden of the
honour of the North"
from seeing it on the
map?

If you can clear up
any of these points for
me I shall be very
much obliged.

I trust you and Tully
and the Childer are all
well. I'll probably see
you at Easter time.
Love from Molly

HENRI GAGNON, *President*
Managing Director, Le Soleil
Quebec, Que.

E. NORMAN SMITH, *Honorary President*
Vice-President, The Journal, Ottawa, Ont.

H. P. DUCHEMIN,
Managing Director,
Sydney

W. B. PRESTON, *First Vice-President*
Managing Director, The Expositor,
Brantford, Ont.

DIRECTORS

SENATOR W. H. DENNIS, Halifax Herald
H. P. ROBINSON, Saint John Times-Globe
J. A. McNEIL, Montreal Gazette
OSWALD MAYRAND, Montreal La Presse
E. J. ARCHIBALD, Montreal Star
W. RUPERT DAVIES, Kingston Whig-Standard
H. W. ANDERSON, Toronto Globe
C. O. KNOWLES, Toronto Telegram
A. R. FORD, London Free Press
E. H. MACKLIN, Winnipeg Free Press
M. E. NICHOLS, Winnipeg Tribune
VICTOR SUTTON, Regina Leader-Post
THOS. MILLER, Moose Jaw Times
JOHN M. IMRIE, Edmonton Journal
SENATOR W. A. BUCHANAN, Lethbridge Herald
F. J. BURD, Vancouver Province
C. SWAYNE, Victoria Colonist

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. F. B. LIVESAY, *General Manager and Secretary*, TORONTO

A. D. MERKEL
Atlantic Superintendent,
435 Barrington Street

HALIFAX, CANADA

March 31, 1936

Dear Molly:

Kipling made a tour of Canada, so called, Montreal to the coast in 1907. I have newspaper clippings of speeches he made at Winnipeg. He did not visit the Maritime Provinces on that occasion and I doubt if he was ever in Halifax. But Dr. J.G. MacDougall would know. Why not drop him a line. They were great friends and kept up a regular correspondence.

Delighted you are coming in for Easter.
We shall all be looking out for you.

Love to you,

As ever,

Miss Molly Beresford,
76 Pleasant Street,
Truro, N. S.



FAR HILLS INN, VAL MORIN STATION, QUE., CAN.

POST CARD

RESPONSE MADE IN CANADA

STATION - P.O.
SP16
MORNING 39



Mrs. A. D. Merkel,
50 South Park St.,
Halifax, N.S.

Am among the
Laurentians for
the first time and
loving every hour,
and wish my holiday
werent almost over.
I promise (cross my
heart!) to visit you
next time I'm in
Halifax. Love molly

WISHING YOU
EVERYTHING for YOUR
CHRISTMAS



I could bury
my nose



in a GRAMMAR.

In a DICTIONARY
might dig



But I couldn't express
what I wish for you.
For they don't make
words that
BIG!

Dear Andre

(and knowing you
know how fond

I am of grammars)

This card brought
you into my thoughts
→ (insert here)

I am sending it
to you just to tell
you I do think of
you sometimes

Perhaps that sentence
isn't properly made,
but of course I am
not so "pernickety"
(if you know the meaning
of that word, you are that)
as you are on
Sentence Structure.

What I worry about
is the thought content
- the 'feel' of the
thing, and of course

as my present thought
is of you surely
you will admit
that my sentence
structure is above
reproach !!!

I'm so mixed up
now I don't know
what I'm saying.
my suitcase is
all packed - I am

not 'all dressed up'
at present - rather
other wise - but I
have somewhere to
go, and I feel so
excited - Christmas
with brothers, folks
who have known
me all my life
and know what we
did as Kiddies
at Christmas time

I hope you will
all have a very
happy Christmas.
With loving thoughts
and kindest wishes,

Molly