

21 Gillespie St.
Sherbrooke, Que.,
December 29, 1925.

Dear Michel:

I left my ties. It was perhaps a good thing that the weather was cold. I might have left my hat and coat and my gloves. And I left a book on your book shelf. I was in a hurry when I left and I guess a bit excited at the prospects of a job. Will you please forward the ties and the book to me at this address?

I am getting along alright here, and it should work into a permanent position. Our hours are long, but that's garage life. I remember when I was idle that I promised to accept whatever presented itself, and to work from then. It's going to be tough going for a while, but eventually, I expect, it should be a worth while job.

Thanks very much, Michel, for your hand-out. Most of my letters should be come direct from now on, and save you the inconvenience of forwarding them. I would like to take a run up there once in a while, but for a while, I must stay close to home. Best regards and thanks, Sidile

Morinville,
Alta,
Dec 30th 1925.

Dear Mrs. de Saoye,

Your kind greetings reached us in due time and we truly appreciate the note of sincerity. In spirit I wished you all things good. And so I add your name, to a very small list, as one who does not think that the goodwill of this holy season hangs on anything so slender or artificial as gift-giving.

You can never really know how much we acknowledge your remembrance of us each year at Christmas.

Just now, this is a very sad time of the year for me; Perhaps you have heard. A year ago to-day I lost my little boy aged two. The cross has been very great and I feel very disconsolate, but I thank God I have my little girl Maureen age 1½ years now. Angus was the little boy's name. He was a bonny sweet child - too good to stay here, I guess.

These hard knocks do get us down, don't they? And I was always one to feel things so very keenly.

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I hope life is treating you fairly and squarely and, if you are the personality you were, I am sure you are putting the best of you into all your undertakings. Time here is too short and the end too uncertain for me to play at "blind man's buff." And I hope you find success around every corner and joy in all your work.

But this end is only obtained through one thing and that is right-living and trying to please God not just ourselves. Be faithful to your prayers

morning and evening - be they ever so short - and above all things don't forget your duty to God through your faith. This is not intended for a sermon, Michel, but a mother's advice.

Hope the Infant Child will shower upon you his choicest blessings and that the coming year may bring you untold happiness and an abundance of good health.

My husband joins me in sending you good wishes and true.

We would welcome a word to hear of your doings sometime, anytime.

Your sincere Friend,
W. J. Ferguson.

