

The programme was very nice, too. To-night at half past eight is to be the Tanking Music Club meeting to which we all are invited to go.

About the Association of last Friday and of the "Kipling Evening" last Saturday well, Both were lovely. Mrs. Ackerman's address was real good. She is great on woman suffrage and sort of masculinized in her way and all through her speech people almost had convulsions, they laughed so hard. She was so funny and sarcastic about women, being so sweet, and dear, and lovely. How I wished you had been there, Ken dear.

I sold all of my tickets, successfully. The Recital was fine.

Mr. Schlee was very good himself and then his selections from Kipling were perfect. One, the best of all was of the different colonies represented in the Empire. Australia, Canada, Africa, India and the Native born. It was

grand. Oh! Ken dear, my heart thills when I hear anything concerning the "Sunny South" and Oh! the selection on it, that evening, was just perfect.

The Canadian one was good too.

Lawson took me to the Recital

as I mentioned he was. The

family and all of us sat together in two ^{really long benches} seats ⁱⁿ lounge, Philip Evans

(Lawson's younger brother of whom I have written) who was then staying with his family having measles

and in quarantine but gone home now, Mother and Miss Bekermann in the front bench and Father, Mr. McLowen (Commissioner of Customs who wished to sit with us) Lew and myself in the second bench behind the first. In an intermission sweets were sold and which were fine. We feasted and feasted on them. They were home-made ones by different ones appointed to do it. I was asked but was too busy through the week and I was also asked to help sell but Father doesn't care for girls lowering themselves thus even if it is for the war so I refused to do so. See?

March 20th My dear one, still your letter has not come nor has my photo been completed. (Hang the photographer) He hasn't come to even see about it since he sent the proofs.

The musical on Friday night was great. The best of the club that I have attended.

We had ever so much fun. all of us after the programme during the visiting and time for the refreshments.

Saturday morning I got up late after going to bed so late and, on account, not of all, not feeling very good, and Mother persuading me to rest while I could. Then I went

for my music lesson. after lunch, before we had quite finished in fact, Lew came to get me to play tennis.

There is a Tennis club and courts just next door to us.

I could not go and play on account of not feeling well mainly and because I had a tailor working, helping to remake a dress and because I wanted to plan some of my summer dresses.

I hope you will excuse the abrupt way in which I closed my last letter. I was feeling so very miserable and lonely and homesick to see you.

To talk to you. For you to hold me in your arms and we talk over all our plans and plans. For us to dream to-gether ~~get~~ in truth and reality instead of my having to do it by myself only.

Yesterday, Sunday, the Hamiltons of our mission were given a little daughter. Ruth is to be her name. Have I ever written about the Hamiltons? Well Mrs. Hamilton was a Miss Snyder, whom we call "Pister Lu" her name being Lulu. She has been here for about four years now. Dr. Hamilton, not an M.D. but a Ph.D. has been here but two years now. They were married last April 18th a year next month. We were at their wedding.

We are all so glad they have a little girl. She called Mother her "little Mother" because she reminds her of her own mother.

Also, yesterday, or rather Saturday night, there was a little daughter given to a Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman. of the Language School here but who did not live but for three quarters of an hour. Oh! it is so sad.

We did not know them very well so we did not attend the funeral. We sent a large bunch of Peach Blossoms to each little Mother.

at school we have a large encyclopedia of Quotations so I looked up "Love". There are a number of pages of them so as far as read the nicest of them or it I saw was, "Whoever lives true life, will love true love." by E. B. Browning.

I think it very fine, don't you?
Then dear, we get the "Graphic"
from the library here. It is, as you
know, a journal from London which
treats entirely on the war. In it there
is a page of the V. L. ers. I always
look at it and never yet have I
seen one given to a man who has
lived. It is always that he received
it for giving his life. Now then
dear, I do love you but I feel
not like you do, I don't say ~~you~~
you ~~don't~~ ^{aren't} right in saying that
about if I were "called home" for
I should feel that a great part
of my ^{life} would be deprived me
if you should be taken, for I believe
that God is going to permit me
to have a husband, a happy home
some dear little ones and my hopes
are that my husband is to be
you the only true one in the world.

Now, my true one, please don't be too brave and valiant and risk your life foolishly, to win a O.B or any such thing because you are doing your duty equally as much now, a good deal more if you can only be spared to return to fill your place to fulfill the duties and tasks that are waiting for you. (I pray that this may be). So you understand me. Oh! Ken dear, I have so

many ideas and thoughts and feelings that I can't express in writing.

Several Sundays ago, ^{at afternoon service} we were handed the enclosed sheet which we sang as one of the hymns. I am enclosing it because I thought of you so very particular & while singing it.

I am also enclosing a poem which I wrote in English class several weeks ago. It is terrible. Also very sentimental. The thought was suggested

it is ^{13.} ~~just~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~you~~ ~~see~~
by a picture on the wall of a friend's
out bedroom. What do you think of it?
Do you remember that ring I
wore while in Sydney and you
inquired about? Well, you know,
my Aunt Daisy gave it to me.
I am not wearing it now because
I lost the sets out of it. Mother
is, however, going to have two
pearls set in it someday. For the
last six months I have ^{been} wearing a
little band ring, of Mother's when
she was a girl, on my left hand
little finger but have had to stop
wearing it, because it was making
such a scare on my finger which
I was fearing would take some time
to disappear. Louise is wearing
it now. She also has a ring which
Aunt Daisy gave her.

When I stopped wearing that ring it
 meant I had none to wear so Mother
 said Dad bought and I could have two
 rings she had of her mother's, her
 wedding and engagement rings.
 I am wearing them both now be-
 cause Louise is wearing those
 other two, see? The engagement
 ring is only a carved sand ring
 not a diamond ring. I
 do it, ^{wear} them on my left hand,
 more especially not on my
 wedding and engagement ring
 fingers, ^{although they do fit it,} but on my right
 hand little finger. I hope
 you don't mind my telling all
 this or that you don't mind me
 wearing these rings.

Well I must stop so as to
 get this mailed.

With ever so much love from
 you little sweetheart "Nigrah"
 Dorothy.

"May the Lord watch between
 me and thee while we are ab-
 sent one from the other."

Hangking, China,
April 29th 1917.

Ken dear,

I don't just know how to write. So much has happened, ^{and} so many days have lapsed since I wrote last, the real sense of the word, lapsed, too, for again I have neglected writing. Ken dear, I love you so much, though it doesn't sound like it now do I seem to act like it. I can't quite understand myself, now, I am afraid, ^{understand me} do you. I have just been living on, loving and longing for you to come, hoping every time I have come home, after being out, that you ^{would} be there, waiting my arrival to surprise me.

Ever since that letter you wrote of about

January 15th posted - the 25th I have & felt
 queer and unhappy. I know and
 try to appreciate the fact that you
 at always wish that I may be happy,
 dear, but ~~never~~, my true one, not un-
 til you come near, I be really
 happy. I feel like crying but can't,
 I know I love you but I have
 forgotten you so much. It was
 a lovely long letter full of plans
 and wishes and such lovely
 ideas concerning my course
 and about your family
 but still it hurt. I have been
 loving you and trying to write
 regularly and all that but
 I know that I have it succeeding
 in doing so. I feel so lost and
 queer, dear, I can't explain
 I am so tired of writing letters,
 all the time, I want you

not substituted of letter writing
and photos only. I hate to make
you unhappy but if it was not
that I fully believe that you are
coming, soon too, I should surely
die of love-sickness. I live
on your coming.

Ken dear, I'm not worthy of you,
here I have four letters now from
you and none of them answered. They
have come so regularly and they
have made me so happy all except
the feeling that that first of the four
gave me, still I have, - Oh! Ken dear
I can't apologise, ever, I have so often
and resolved to do better and then do
worse I can't explain, you will have
to come and see.

It is becoming quite hopeful
that the war is going to end some-

time, perhaps before the end of the
 year, how my life depends upon
 its ending, though.

The letter you wrote telling of
 your full plans and hopes for
 when the war ends made
 me live in the seventh heaven
 and I have ever since.

Oh! I can't believe that I have
 such a dear, true one to
 love me and hope for my
 good. Mother is as anxious
 for the war to end as I am.

Also for your coming, I guess.
 I am ever so glad that you
 have been able to join the
 Stretcher Bearers. Of course I know
 nothing about it but I realize that
 you would choose for the best.
 Your speaking of me means you
 are care?

Now then dear about the ing.
 Yes, I don't see any reason why we
 shouldn't be properly engaged when

you come. I think that your plans are
 very well made (of course D.D.) except,
 do you think it would save you
 anything, time and expence, by
 coming to Nerling via Siberia,
 stopping here for a visit and
 then returning to Sydney via
 Hong Kong etc? I really don't
 know but perhaps you have
 not thought of that. Perhaps
 he, whenever you get your pay
 and way paid, might pay
 it all for you. Don't think
 I am complaining and do not
 approve of your other plan. Not
 at all, I just suggest this as
 proposition, see dear?

Your wondering about the
 jewelery shops here is quite ex-
 cusable. Yes, they have good

are in jewelry but not the sort we
 want in this case. The diamonds
 are solitaires or doublets.
 Your visit seems too much
 like a wonderful, beautiful dream
 to be really planning on.

I am posting my photo
 right away. I have it already
 wrapped. I hope you will
 like it better than the ones
 you have now. Mother says,
 "Tell Ken that it doesn't
 do you half justice but
 it is better than a mere
 snap-shot or any he has."

We are getting up our
 "Purple and Gold" again for this
 year, and shall send you one.
 There will be some photos in
 it.

I have told you about my being
 Kathleen Mollard's brides-maid?
 Well she is giving me my

dress etc. She bought the brie de
 shine in Shanghai. A beautiful
 salmon pink. It ^{is} made by
 a Shanghai tailor, who is very
 good, and is back finished.
 It is just perfect, as perfect as
 dresses can be. I wish you
 could see it, and me in it.
 I ^{am} not proud of myself but
 do like to look nice.
 If there are groups taken
 of the wedding I shall send
 you some. Mother says I
 may have a good photo taken
 next winter in Shanghai.
 I expect I shall wear that
 dress. See? How I wish that
 you were going to be here, then I
 would be supremely happy. Have you
 heard of people announcing their
 engagements at peoples weddings?

Well I think it would be just grand
 to announce mine this.

It's my sure, that if you were here
 you would announce ours at Kathleen's
 wedding reception.

On the twenty fourth of this
 month, last Tuesday evening

we gave our play of the year.

You know that "Stillcrest" gives

one a year. We were so
 glad to get it over after having

postponed it three times. It

consisted of two groups of tableaux,

that is tableaux after famous
 pictures of Chinese and American
 history. The Chinese ones came

first and then the others. In

the Chinese ones I was Mencius'
 mother sitting at the loom.

and in the others a guest at Pres.
 George Washington's wife's reception,
 a tableau. Of the photos came

out good I shall send you some.

Then there was an "Interlude" of
 four acts. First a Chinese mis-
 sion girls school of which I
 was the Chinese teacher, where
 globe trotters were ~~visiting~~ ^{seeing} ~~a~~ ^{Chinese}
 boys school of the old type with the
 same visitors. Third was a 'Men's' college
 where the globe trotter boy meets one
 of the Chinese school boys whom
 he met when ~~visiting~~ the school.
 And the fourth ^{home of the} globe trotter
 where there were a crowd of girls
 among whom was the Chinese
 girls, whom she had met in the
 mission girls school of several
 years before. I was also one
 of these girls of the crowd. I was
 all rather foolish, very much so and
 of a ~~nothingness~~ ^{nothingness} to last years play
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream" you know

which I couldn't be in you remember.

Louise is likely going to Shanghai to take part in the Shanghai American School Orchestra which is to play on the eighteenth at a Roman Wedding it is giving.

If she goes she will go on Tuesday coming back for the wedding, Kathleen's, of course on the fifteenth after which she will go back, on the sixteenth. See? It will all be a great experience for her.

I am planning a "shower" for Kathleen for next Saturday afternoon, tea time. You fear you don't know what it is, well it is an American custom for the close friends after the Bride's Maid, to give a girl a shower shortly before her wedding. Sometimes it

may be a "special" one, as a
 "kitchen shower" consisting
 of various kitchen articles.
 Others may be "liver" ones on
 most any kind. This is
 however to be a miscellan-
 eous one, just anything
 for her or her home.

My invitations are out already
 to about twenty people, all
 ladies of course. I hope it
 will be a success.

Oh! Ken my own dear
 loved one, I haven't written
 yet about our Easter. Well
 we had a very enjoyable one.

None of our guests could
 come, three girls, but a
 good many of the Barbican
 American, the S. A. S. kids

were up. We had a merry crew.

The ^{most} crowningly enjoyable
time of the holiday was our
picnic, lunches and wine,
we got up, to the caves,
several miles down river.

It was a great success.

There were twenty ^{eight} in the
crowd of young folk
my size or thereabouts
and some grown ups.

we started at eleven on
Saturday morning the 7th
of April and returned by
noon light about nine
o'clock. Every-one seemed
to have a glorious time.

We went down the Yantze
by sail boat and were
tugged back by a tug.

1951.005, I had a good time and
 was happy except that you
 weren't there. I miss you
 dreadfully and wish you
 could always be along wherever
 I go. Oh! Ken I want you
so bad, you can't imagine.

There were several other parties some
 in the evenings and one other
 picnic, to the Ming Tombs. Ken dear
 I have forgotten just how much I
 have written about Nanjing and
 hereabouts or of Kuling but you
 are coming soon and will see it
 all for yourself. See? How I long
 for that day to come when I
 can show you about myself. Won't
 it be glorious?

You are always asking whether I
 got your letter of November 5th, yes, I

think you mean the one of Nov. 13th
 in which you inserted a slip on
 which you told of writing to your
 mother about me, so that the one
 you mean? Oh! no, excuse me
 to have them mixed now I have
 looked, not the one of the slip
 enclosed but that of Nov. 13th a
 long continued ^{one} ending on the
 25th in memory of that memorable
 day of two years before. Don't
 I remember though.

Yes dear I am no good for
 answering letters nor am I for
 writing them. I just love to read
 and re-read your living-letters
 which they are. They just make
 me feel as though you were here
 talking to me. I wish I could
 do a millionth the same with
 you in my letters.

Later. Days and days have passed since I wrote the above. I can't be forgiven. I have posted your photo though.

How I love you, you dear true lover mine. I am not worthy of you, now I shan't ever be. Oh! Why doesn't this dreadful war ever end, so that you can come and put an end to all my misery. I love you to death but you are so vague in my mind, I ~~love~~ forget you so.

Do you celebrate the first ^{in May} Sunday, so "Mother's Day" in Australia or is it an American custom?

Well we do so here and every one wears a rose a red one for a living mother and a white one for a mother in heaven. I have passed

The beauty had one I wore but it
 isn't very beautiful now. The
 colour is all changed and it is
 dead but I am going to ~~to~~
 enclose it because I pressed
 it to send to you if I could.
 You just imagine it a beautiful
 scarlet rose having bloomed
 for me in my garden, now
 coming from my bosom ^{where}
 I wore it to you with as much
 love from my heart as its colour
 will carry.

Now then, my very own dear
 one, each ripple on the ocean
 kissed by sunshine carries a
 fond kiss of love to you and
 each swell of the ocean deep
 as a swell of my bosom carries
 a loving hug to you from
 your little wife to be,
 Dorothy.

Wankin, Blina..

May 25th 1917.

My True, Strong Hubby-to-be, Ken,

I started

my last letter on April 26th I think and wrote for several days finishing along about the 7th of May, or so. Then Mother was better and said she would write surely, for me to leave off posting my ^{letter} and she would enclose some thing so I did and left it with her to post when she finished.

Consequently the delay and the late posting and then after all with no enclosure, as you see, for Mother then turned not so well again and rejected the writing. However she is now heaps better again almost herself and am sure she shall write soon. She wants

me to explain that there is no ill will or
any thing out her ill health. You see,
perhaps I haven't written, she has
been over doing with the household
cares and the bookkeeping and sewing
class teaching and along about the first
of April just before Easter she had a
complete nervous break down. Resulting
in nervous prostrations which broke
up the house and home and
consequently set fall many more
cares on me at home. She has
been better some and then worse
again ever since but now she
shows that she shall likely pick
right up again. I am helping
more with the home cares and
she's having the assistant teachers
finish up the courses commenced.
See? Of course it made every thing
so unsettled and all, making us
out of talk of turning up the
furlough but now it seems quite
possible for us to resume our
original plans. I have written some-
what of them have I not?

All has been going on fairly
well in spite of all our troubles which

away off there in the way.

are so slight on the whole, beside yours.
The "flower" I mentioned that I was
planning, ^{for Kathleen} was in the end a huge
success though I do say so. Of course
most of the responsibility was on me
but Mrs. Meigs of whom I have spoken
& think, helped too as a joint hostess
and Mother was our guest in a
way, see? Kathleen received some
twenty very nice gifts which are
proving useful in her new home.
I am so pleased. Of course this
entertainment was over by the time
I finish my last letter but I just
reflected on writing of it.

The wedding too and my being
Bride's maid all resulted in great
successes for which I am greatly
pleased and thankful. Oh! but how
happy the Bride and Groom are

received in early June
The night of the wedding we had a flash-light
snap-shot taken which I haven't seen
yet, but if is any good I shall surely
send you one. These wedding trip or
"money-hoon" as Erica writes was
taken on the river steamer to and
then back from Harlow. The same
sort of steamers on which we travel to
Kuling.

By the way, I received on Friday
noon a long letter from Erica.
I was terribly glad to do so. She
is such a dear. She spoke of you
in several ways referring to this
and then that and then admitting
that of course you had written about
these things, perhaps. She is a dear.
She also mentioned Jack Bardsley
and that you and I were the only
ones who knew about where her
affections were nesting. Ha! Ha.
She is starting young too, eh?
She also sent a photo of her and
mother and sister for which I am
pleased too. She told of Daisy's being
married which was the first we have
heard. Sent it great. I wonder why,
but we haven't heard from Amesbury

for ago. I hope they aren't angry and that
we haven't² offended them in any way.
I have written two or three times to
them since they wrote to us. What about
George and Vera's engagement and
when are they planning to get married?
Do you know? I wonder if sometime you
are writing you might mention the
fact about the lack of letters from Ames-
bury. I do so love them all here. I
hate to think of losing their friend-
ship. Especially as Vera may be a
sister-in-law of mine some day! Oh! How
but how I love you. How I want you to come.
Just think of all the good times we'll have
and all the things we'll do and talk about
and plan to get together just we two. Just think
of the places we'll go sight seeing, meadow-
ing you every thing of interest in this dear old
city, things I've showed to so many
people but, to think of my ever showing
them all to you. Won't it take pains

though - to do it nicely and want I love
to though. Oh! Ken I just day-dream
all-the time about it all. Oh! I just
give for the day when we shall see
each other again. But, Oh! for the day
when I shall ~~be~~ yours and you, mine,
"for better or for worse!!"

Now ^{for} the way I think of next year
and your coming. You see we shall be
in the Shanghai American School.
(S. A. S.) from the middle of Sept.
to about the twentieth of Dec., return-
ing - then for the Christmas holidays
of about a fortnight, see? Now you
might come before we returned or you
might come after. Then again you might
come while we are in Shanghai
after or long before our holidays.
If this should happen I'm sure
I should come back to stay and
miss school while you are here.

You see I could study my lessons
so I wouldn't miss my work
while you were studying too. See?

You ask for what I would do
when we did meet, well I expect
to love and kiss you but not

on the station or any public
place with a ^{as I have been some do.} large audience. Our
meeting in the way I hope it
to be will be too sacred. In any
case I may not meet you but some one
else, perhaps father, if it is in Han-
King and but wait it come to welcome
you in. Oh! but won't it be glorious. I
hope it may all come about soon.

After writing my last letter but before
I had posted it I received your letter of
March 18th and 19th posted the twenty
third. You are so faithful about writing.
How advanced I am I'm not.

I am now in the library (Han-king)
which is within the University fence
the period for I have no ink here
and my pen is not filled, am here
alone fortunately, so am taking this
opportunity for finishing this letter

unless some one comes in, which is
only too likely. It is over a week
since writing - the above and the
cause of such a delay in finishing
right up was that last Sunday week
after writing part of my letter I
put it aside, some one or other
coming in and interrupting. Yes, I
remember I did not go to afternoon
noon church, so stayed home
resting. It was so hot and at
the others return from church I
put the writing aside. Miss Acker-
man was then staying with us
for the third time. Then I was
delayed longer than I had expected
I would for I had my second
dose of the typhoid inoculation, ^{prevention of course.}
which was just a week after the first.
The first, usually the least painful,
I had in my left arm because
of the breaks etc. ^{rather the worst}
of the doses, the second, I could
have in my right arm, consequently

I was unable to write for several days
and then only ^{in school} a little, until to-day,
Tuesday the 5th. You see I was
receiving and preparing for final
examinations of this year, ^{at last week and yesterday} I am
just finished and down from the
school house for my algebra exam.
It was a three hour exam and I
finished in one hour and three
quarters. Lucky me, consequently
Mr. Price had time to look over
it and correct it before my coming
down to prepare for my exam on
the war, ^{for Thursday} which we are studying in
place of English our course for this
year being ^{about of studying I'm doing now. etc.} completed, I just guess
what I got? You couldn't believe
it of me. I couldn't even, for as a
rule I'm stupid but doubly so in
an exam. Well I got $99\frac{1}{2}\%$.
Missing only by omitting the plus or
minus sign in $x^2 = 9$, $x = \pm 3$. See!

I'm terribly proud of myself. Haven't
I right to be - though?

So tomorrow morning I'm to
have my final exam in Plane
Geometry, pity me!! I'd get zero.
Oh! but I hate the stuff. I just despise
it. I'm not trying to say bad things about
myself. I'm just telling the truth.

On Empire Day - the Britons' Overseas
League procured a film, pictures, of
course, "The Battle of ^{the} Somme" which
we went to, it was good but
gastly in places. I suppose you
know what all it was like. It had
mostly His Majesty inspecting troops
etc and etc. There was marching
to the battle and preparations,
firing of cannon near so we could
see properly and then the effect.
The exploding of a mine. Oh!
Reaps of such things. We saw some
wounded and stretchers bearing, but
I thought of you then. Also we saw
assacs and - then Canadians cheering
the King. As a result of the pictures
I dreamt a long dream of you.

It was a ~~cruddle~~ of queer things and every-thing disappointing and all but got very satisfaying on the whole for a dream. Of course only a dream and so have almost forgotten it all. I can remember you were quite your self except you weren't as tall as I. Oh! I was disappointed at that. By the way how tall do you measure. I am about 5ft 4 or 5 ^{sometimes in height} my heels differing, my having my shoes on.

Still ~~letter~~ from Mother for you but hope so by next letter. It's quite a time since I heard from you last, about a month, I hope and pray you are safe and well.

My unceasing prayer is that you may be, but if you should get hurt or injured in any way that it should be all for His will.

that it be not serious but that
from any thing you might be
greatly blessed and benefited, if
it be possible, and that it
might just better fit you for
the tasks before you and the
race you are to run. And that
at the end you might not
get the D. S. (what is that!)
but the "Well Done"

Oh! Ken dear how I love
you. I'm not worthy of you,
your faithfulness you love and
your goodness. Would that I
were. May it please God that
I may grow to be.

Some how I feel especially
love - sick for you. I hope nothing
has happened to you lately.

Now with the best of a Sweet-
Heart's love and a true Sweetheart's

Kiss you affectionate
God bless and Keep you lovingly.

My own "Blessed Ken" but they
 were as at it in 22 & Cambridge Rd. for
 my own it's now in Kuling, China. 3
 blocks to keep it ^{at} ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 June 24th 1917.

My own Blessed Ken,
 Ever so much has
 happened, as you can see from the
 reading, since I wrote last. Your lovely
 welcome and longed for letter at least
 came last Sunday, just a week now.
 You blessed boy of mine, how can
 I believe it, that you have been spared
it, as it were! To think that our
 Loving Father has been so near you
 and so directly. How tenderly and
 wonderfully he has answered my
 prayers as well as all those offered
 for my brave, hero, lover. It seem-
 ed strange that I came to realize a
 little what our love was, and
 was coming to be and mean about
 the middle of the month of April.

I felt that I wasn't writing enough,
 yet I couldn't seem to do so any
 more, I was so busy with our play
 etc. I came to feel I should
 pray, pray, pray, more, yet I just
 couldn't seem to do so more than
 I was, what was the matter. I
loved you so much, but
 I couldn't see you and have
 you near me. I was too much
 in love with you to express
 my self. I was just love-sick
 for you, my own ones
 you dear, you are so
 faithful and so coherent about
 writing. You are the one who
 needs it, the most so much
 and yet I am the opposite to
 what I should be about it.
 Oh! Ten dear I love you so
 I can't express myself
 properly
 Your letter of the 24th April
 last Sunday and I've been
 trying to write all week

as but as you ^{at} have it succeeded
 until now. Now how I wish
 I could write a decent letter,
 even a half-way readable one.
 I can't write so perfectly.
 Well, to begin with ^{we left}
 talking with Father behind
 last Monday morning at half
 past seven o'clock on the
 steamer, bound for my birth-
 place this lovely summery,
 picturesque Kuling. How I do love
 this place. I hope some day you
 may see it, with me included.
 We arrived in Kinking at
 half past two on Tuesday after-
 noon, the following day. We had a
 jolly big crowd on the steamer
 trip. As a result of the new
 motor road and motor cars

have been able to come on across
 the plains in the cars and
 on the up the hill to the chairs
 (the latter, as usual) to be some
 afternoon arriving there at
 about half past eight that
 night. The motor cars shortened
 the trip by half, it seemed because
 of being so quick and did away
 with the long tiresome trip
 across the plains in the
 egg chairs, a half way stop
 at the foot hills, where we
 used to change chair cables
 but now where the motors
 are put at an end and we
 sit in chairs to the top of the
 mountains, we always enjoy
 every step of the whole journey
 from the garden to the
 but one of the reasons
 enjoyed it more especially was

I.

that I carried a fifteen month
baby boy, "Mickey" is his name,
up from "Lane Hwa Tung"
the half stop in my chair.
Mrs. Hutchinson
They were on our steamer
and we crew them quite well
in Yanking. Mrs. Hutchinson,
the mother, was not well and
since Mickey liked me and seemed
to enjoy going with me they
allowed me to carry him,
it was grand fun. There is
nothing I could enjoy better.
Well, arriving at such a late hour
on Tuesday we were thankful
for having good friends as the Hunts,
English people of our mission,
living near by who had invited
us they have for years to be their
guests until our place was
sent about 2000 ft.
has been in the same way

settled. You see our house is
 small and rudely furnished but
 whatever we have as furnishings
 is packed away in boxes for
 the nine or ten months we
 are in tanking away, while
 the place is unoccupied.
 Of course this all necessitated
 a bit of work in settling and
 all. This year it was especially
 tedious as all our ^{two rooms} bed-rooms
 furniture and some of our
 living ^{furniture} room, was being varnish-
 ed through the winter months
 as well as the two bedrooms
 being re-painted and all.
 This meant that all other
 furniture was packed up
 to be changed living room
~~which~~ had to be packed
 out and replaced in all the
 rooms. This all takes time
 but we were finished and

III.

III

comfy by the end of the second day. Still I have been busy with one thing and another until today.

It is a glorious summer day in the mountains, cool but not too cool, so inviting for a nice lovers stroll. How I wish you were here, still I have to be contented, don't I.

Oh! that my prayer for you to soon come may be quickly answered! You blessed one how I do love you. I hope and pray that you may soon be well and strong. It is dread-

ful of me but I had wished since the war didn't seem to end that you needn't go back now that you were wounded but that you could come by China home soon.