

letters, both this month, dated April 16, one from my dear father and the other from my Sister Therese. When I reflect on the risks the vessels run of being taken by the enemy, I cannot but think myself very fortunate in hearing from you so often. I am a little surprised that you did not receive our letters by the express, for we wrote several, pleasing ourselves with the thought that they would reach you at that time. No doubt you received them by the first vessel this spring.

Next I must tell my dear mother that I am still a widow, until November. My dear Meredith left Woolwich to go to camp June 23rd. He is at Warley, in Essex, a place directly facing the front windows of my house. It is not very far from here, only half a day's journey, but the unpleasant thing is being separated. Then I remember that I am the wife of a warrior and that thought makes me as gay as a lark and keeps me from worrying over all the little troubles of life everyone must have.

Before leaving, my dear husband passed through a most dangerous illness which lasted a week. I was very anxious all the time but dared not appear so before him. Thank God he is now completely restored and I am happy. Our dear children are also in perfect health. David is not yet strong enough to walk although he is sixteen months old, but that is not surprising as he has been brought up on cow's milk, a great disadvantage to an infant. He has several teeth, and though it should not come from me, still I may say he is a pretty child. Anne grows more amusing every day. Everyone who sees her says that she resembles me. I am no judge of that. It seems to me that I told you that I had a miniature of my dear husband. I keep it in a chest with my best clothes and every time I open that chest she runs begging me to let her kiss her dear father's picture, and after caressing it, she gives it back to me to lock away. I can talk about them to my dearly beloved mother with confidence. Is it not natural for us to be proud of such little acts of our children? My heart tells me it is, for I feel a happiness in following the thoughts of that dear girl.