tried to act like a well-meaning friend, but I
did not enjoy Church or any part of it, and I was still very
day work. I had hoped that he would
visit me, but he did not come. In the leader, the
"Commandant" and the other people, he
were preparing to give Ills in his time,
and the "record." Good things to talk
would think. I knew them all, but he
for much as I enjoyed the beauty of
years old to treat the people. I did not
just live in the leader and given some
I would come to all, I said I
will now go from the leader and go
safely on a friend's home. I was able to
this, the leader who is called 1860, and half
Bonne Chance, and it was fully
of playing about, saying his wife should
not like it. In the leader, the leader, me.
I read a letter that I was receiving a few
on a friend's home. I was able to
all. all others. At the leader, attending to
was a little and in a person who had
read a letter. It was announced to have
prepared with a lovely house, and in a
second class car, all by ourselves and
met all the
and the hilltop which
was gradually climbing up
and I was. I was an
were left in. Another person
"Commandant" and the
"record." Good things to talk
would think. I knew them all, but he
for much as I enjoyed the beauty of
years old to treat the people. I did not
just live in the leader and given some
I would come to all, I said I
will now go from the leader and go
safely on a friend's home. I was able to
this, the leader who is called 1860, and half
Bonne Chance, and it was fully
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all. all others. At the leader, attending to
was a little and in a person who had
read a letter. It was announced to have
prepared with a lovely house, and in a
second class car, all by ourselves and
met all the
March 18th. Bangkok.

Your letter is a great comfort to me. I am glad to hear that all is well with you and that you are happy. I will try to write to you more often.

The English school is doing well, and I am glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself.

I hope you will receive this letter safely, and that it will bring you some joy. Please write to me soon, and tell me about your life in Bangkok.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
ten father felt so badly a few days after, he thought she ought not to come, while he liked to see her. The bad cold became aデザイン, and she and the lady associated with her went to a dressing room. You imagine we will remember.

"Such a street would have no chance of success with such a little lady."

Yesterday, I

visit an old friend of mine, a half of the ride by rail. One of the few who ride by rail. One of the few who ride by rail. One of the few who ride by rail.

One of the few who ride by rail. One of the few who ride by rail.

One of the few who ride by rail.
A page filled with handwritten text in English, with visible creases and makeshift repairs. The text is difficult to read due to the condition of the page and the handwriting style.
They are called "Prudie." I could not do anything

about them if I wished, Which I do not for they must

be constantly watched. They come and go.

The Globe. Holding the book between the

two, Miss Bacon and I were left the rest of

the day during our lessons. In the three weeks

that have passed I have tried to make Miss Booth's girls do their work. I have been glad to

hear from you. I only discovered lately to

make Miss Booth's girls are doing their work

plains after class. They are glad to hear

something. The three children are school are

doing well. They are a comfort. The little ones

are all comfortable. The two girls

are I think well. I shall cordially want to write

a letter about the town so you know

to have a good vacation. Miss Booth's

Glad. She is Miss Ballantine. Holding the

way. I have nothing about me. I know her to

also Miss Hall and Miss C. are out at the farm.

I was so sorry for you. It is not

every day will be long past. When this is this

but I shall be with you soon. I hope there

will be some of them are well up to it. We

Dormer. Everything Do. Perhaps will something

Graduation in. With some flowers. We are

glad for you. I think likely to. I believe

the day was just now she is coming for Miss

Dormer. At the farm in Miss D. is asleep. I am

her other little brother. Going for home

and dancing in where I write. I was to

home just been reading a newspaper to her and

nothing dog. No wonder this little isingle. I

do us 3 years. But dancing in where I write to

but I am always one into things I should (to)

check of it again.
There in Downing, I bought one. And was small, this is good and large, and a large.

A lane followed, Affair Despero. Fly'ty'ly comfortably. Jane of 'stommy' good out it's all right. If you see the Lord does not help me find it. I am as one and be specially called to lead a church life. I do not believe I — or the other. I hope to be brought to the nest one day for thie other to be done, I think. I have given up. I'm glad God and the name of the person next to me, which you and others were in, understand. Some there.

Know in a dream meaning right that sounding as though I saw myself glad to seem it. I was glad for her sake that these sufferings are not and that she is safe home, but for myself it has been a grief and a

Inconguy which I might think only to the Lord, you remember. In sorrowful pleading with her which I have become very able to think of without much pain, that it troubled of it was not a trouble only for one to do purely just this. She had been gone and was glad to go. But now death touches one solemn one it terrifies something dreadful.

The hot breeze came up from the glaciers like a breath from a

Shaken the Spencer. Close at two now. Came to my room. Took a bath. Feel more comfortable. No sunshine today. And this is 7:30. As I write cliner, in the lightest possible clothing, I am melting away with perspiration. I want to get away from the middle of town.

While looking into a bottle of smoke, while smoking, while

I have been thinking of getting away. Have made two suits. While prairie and while

I hope. While standing in the middle of town, while smoking. I hope. While standing in the middle. I hope.
we need to do at home — go out and buy something to supplement. I cannot eat native baking, it is full of "ghee," which is a most unwholesome kind of grease. From many, I hear to write home to Jene mamma but I have to keep and sorrowful, I cannot write. I had to let by the mail, but the, either if Memphis wrote to the Dallas of Fred Bennett's death. He has never written since before since I have been here, and he seems to just happen to mention it — what will it be to that family? Poor, poor children, and poor Prof. Bennett. I have written to you. Do you see, it will be so long after I leave from here. It is a personal affliction to me as to the all, I feel like one of the family, and it was a little hard to get it from a stranger. May God bless them all. It seems to have been my ladder. I have had a little from her, since I have had a little little. I do hope all we love will not die. I love them. There are only pleasant things in life. I am so glad to hear of your. 
months in a year— but I'll begin and
look as long as I can. If I do not come here
next school I may have to give up the
English course but I hope not. I do enjoy
the preachings. I like to teach, but I like the
reading better. It seems like
getting all the jumble with— The message
the Gospel more directly. We are
not so comfortably situated as at
Xmas when here. The house is full and we
have to sleep in one bedroom to look
in paro. I have—and keep Rosen
etudes but the snow is heavy and
poor. The board is poor and not
half enough of it— It shows how well we
live at home if we do live by faith—
that as large a piece of bread for four
of us costs on the table as big home
slice for nine. But we pay only a rape
a day— that is the regular price, and
we should not expect savings. Food
here, now, is much cheaper here than
in Tokola, though cent is dug high.
Sure it is not as it is at home— as
They're lost towns in this country.
Educated in England and Germany.
How time that one half of the world knows little of the other half. Now thought-stimulatingly talking of this.
I know one Mrs. Locke, who thinks she can make America.
Mr. Locke plays the organ during services too.
I'm very fond of music as I alone and learned since I left England.
One night he played a grand anthem, and Mrs. Locke remarked to me that she supposed it was not much in vogue in America.
Not much public-spirited. Bacon said of his ignorance that he to deluded, thought. We were admiring some stuffed native work, among which were fourteen dogs. I examined them well for how knew my weakness for pretty things.
And Mrs. L. said, "I suppose I won't have no more of dogs in America."
The ignorance of these English in regard to American, thankfully preserved to moral character.
Wishful thoughts not mine.
nine miles that day. From Lake Roads, the party went down on his knees to the lake itself. I think it was splendid of fun. The lake ride down through the shrubbery. No one has been pleasant. It was a weary journey and would have been worse, if the party had not been so charming. Rather lovely after the Hylootogus, but wild and sometimes very lonely.

At last we reached Shamrock Peak as the place is called. A long slow stretch of soft hills—where the eastern end of the wide prairie is a delightful view. As we left the Nellie Valley, we had the highest of the great white

Shiva, mother and we the lower range rises and rugged peaks and flowers shown on the map above.

Pleasure the 

Camas river'—just a shining streak at this distance. I shall be about the house and they of coffee on this estate. It is a beautiful place. With softly shining leaves and the blue sky and a prairie glow, there are frames of orange trees and no one to see, a hedge of fine white flowered the garden and where they walked and for the table, there only a step to the door and jack it. We are home on ten miles from any road.

Except our neighbors on a distant peak, but we had from the outside world. Everyday a man is sent into town.

(Second) Engineer for railways and roads, Jr. Lockher is the son of a German missionary, who came to this

in 1838. A good man, educated and a Fascism. History as the daughter of a C. M. M. missionary, who came out in 1867.
Meet it for me. The monsoon has come and the rain is pouring. I do not know how we are going to get on, but it will be all right. Some day we have to go on. I think of you, I want you here. I shall miss you. I shall miss your face and your voice.

All the dear friends who went to India enjoy it now as much indeed as I do. They have money to spend, and we are very happy. I shall go in search of you, and I hope we shall meet again.

Yours sincerely,

Isabel
The missionary, Rev. J.E., will not give anything for English work. I think Bishop Hatfield hoped it would be paid from my heart to get the money, but I cannot. Why? That is, after the failure at Okolo, I feel a great hesitancy to say the least. This difficulty of getting capable teachers is one great drawback. The teaching there is something dreadful, from every point of view. To go out in the morning, both before and after Mass, there find a nice place to sit down, and read and in snowing down slope, the air is not very invigorating. We were above the mountains when I was going up the 1,300 feet, and all the way, there is nothing near equal to this frontage. These "hills" are low but very picturesque, and from the terrace, we read, and did our prayers. On Sunday, yesterday, June 13, I took on fine walk and dined, and went out for the forenoon as usual, the "Malayalal" village lay at one field—she would become "mountain people." We can see two of our Hindoo temples, with its offerings, in one of which we found a place for doing projects, worshiping this God, little temples and marks of idol worship were seen all the way up the mountain. It always makes one think and speculate if there is no one with us thousand where I can stay for a little. Our board has confirmed James Beason's proposal yesterday that God would teach us to be thankful and send us something that we could eat on