

1875

Monday

I wonder if you have been having the same weather as has been here, warm almost-sultry air, with clouds & occasional showers. Last night - after our early tea we sat out on the gallery till half past 8 - without even needing shawls. Which is very unusual for May.

The days here seem so much longer than at home, they linger & linger like a dear friend loath to depart. I did not go to church - but stayed quietly in my own room & read, first my Bible & then the "book of nature". [Every thing is so beautiful, so much sky with its changeful moods, the wind whispering in the two large pine trees at the gate

the bees humming, & the
birds singing in ^{the} sort of
ecstasy. & the cattle wan-
dering over the field in
search of extra long patches
of new grass. It is just
exquisite, I begin to feel a
sort of oblivion stealing over
me & a forgetfulness of the
busy hurrying world I have
left behind me. It is like
a delicious, restful dream.

Toptie & I had a "mars
meeting" last night, & a
very pleasant one it was
we were talking of the angel
of the covenant - wh. is still
uppermost in my mind.

Very often my thoughts
wandered to you my dear-
dearest, & I wondered if
you much missed your
Sunday evening talk.

but here I have leisure
to begin to realize what a

happy girl I am, & how
sure very glad I am to
know that you love me
dear, & to feel sure that I
love you — And most
wonderful of all is God's
great love & care — All other
love is only a shadow of
that, but when we know
that it is so, it makes the
very shadow of such love
infinitely more precious —
& helps one to understand
as by a figure, something
more of the mystery of Him
who is love —

I think I shall go home
tomorrow, if the weather
is fine. I feel quite rested
now, & cannot afford to
lose more than necessary
of the last days at home.
But I won't talk of that as
I shall be dismal in three
minutes. I think of all the
little things I might have done

to make them happier, I
begin to see that one will never
regret - any sacrifice or any
pains to please, it is only the
sacrifices one does not make
the pains one does not take
that haunt one ⁱⁿ after days.

Just as I turned this
~~page~~ a thunder storm has
begun, rain in sheets hitting
the trees & cattle, the loud
thunder directly over our
heads - Mrs. Khome has just
been in to know if I am
alarmed. "No" I say "it is
not fearful to me" - I
do not - have sent this
paper the first mail since
I came goes out - this morning
about 10 o'clock.

I believe I am half
asleep, I begin to wish break-
fast was ready, this letter is
by no means an artistic pro-
duction - it is only sense & non-
sense as it came into my head
& there is scarcely any ink in

the bottle, which necessitates
such frequent stoppages
that my ideas are inter-
rupted. Still such a
dis-connected scrawl,
will probably only remind
you more forcibly of
your ever loving
Aunt -

This sudden conclusion
was brought on by the
joyful sound of the
breakfast-bell -