

Kenia, C., Mon. Feb. 1st

Beloved Father:

This is really my Tuesday's letter, but I can't spare time to write it tomorrow early enough to send it down at noon, so I write it now, with the intention of getting it off at that same time. I have more to tell than usual to tell, however; and maybe I cannot fill but one page. I don't feel like "padding" today.

I wonder if it would be a possibility for me to write to you without some such prelude. And, if I were to do it, I wonder if you would not faint with amazement at seeing it, — or rather at not seeing it. Next time I will try, — provided I remember.

I went to Sunday School only yesterday. I ought not to have gone there, for I know it would make my foot worse, but, ought to or ought not to, go I did. And I guess that I counteracted the evil by giving my feet a good soaking in alum water afterwards. As the snow melts, my feet are gradually getting better, — but very slowly, for one of them was pretty well used up. They have been worse this year than ever before.

The evening meetings at Trinity are to be continued this week. I hear (through May Miller) that there is a great deal of interest taken, and that some have been converted.

The Round Table has been mailed to you: we have been so busy that so far we have missed sending Harper: I am sorry. I think the R.T. is a remarkably poor number in every way: it is mainly owing to that booklet. Yalley's articles don't seem to me to be up to her standard: and as for mine, it is simply unutterable! Of Don's I say nothing.

The snow is almost gone, and the weather is beautiful. Don't. I hope it will be cloudy tomorrow - ground-hog day!

I will have to stop writing for lack of material. If more locals come in we will issue a supplement tomorrow.

With a great deal of love,
Your daughter,

Lucie.