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April 6<sup>th</sup> /77.  
 5540

I could have  
 looked into our house during the last  
 few days, you would have found that we  
 had been tolerably busy. I never had  
 such a round before, and I hope I shall  
 not soon have it again. A fortnight ago  
 today Mrs Nichell came with her child,  
 the day after Major and Mrs Vaites had  
 left us, and I was then in the midst  
 of putting out and distributing the clothes  
 for Mrs Farrell's children. After that came  
 the arrangements for the Easter decorations,  
 and I must say Mrs Nichell showed a  
 fine talent for not helping anyone. She  
 knew that I was very tired and soon out  
 of it she never lifted a finger to help me  
 either with the clothes or anything else. On  
 Easter Sunday I staid in bed all day,  
 and that did me a world of good. On  
 Tuesday morning at 6, Mr Nichell arrived,  
 in the afternoon we had a badminton  
 party of 18, as a sort of little Easter festivity  
 and as I was entertaining on the lawn  
 the ladies who did not want to play, and  
 left them eight other people called and  
 of course joined us, Sir Robert and Lady  
 Stuart, Major & Mrs Landonson Orange,  
 Mrs Ashton and Mr and Mrs Wetherby,  
 so that we ministered a company of nearly  
 thirty. At 6 the next morning Mr  
 Strachan the chaplain to the res. Nisqually

bishop, Dr Caldwell, came to us, and we had  
to put up a bed for him in Whitt's study,  
the Nichells occupying the spare room.  
Dr Caldwell went to Lady Streats. On  
Thursday, Dr Caldwell, Mr Eth, and Mr  
Molam came to breakfast, with  
our son visitors he mustered a company  
of eight, they stayed till about one. The  
Nichells were to leave by the night train  
and we saw Mr Strehan, so that I imagined  
we should have a quiet day today, but no  
such good luck was in store for us, for at  
breakfast time there came a telegram  
to say that Mr Isaacson and Mr Bray,  
clergymen from Calcutta, would come  
in the evening to stay. So as soon as  
the Nichells turned out of their room,  
the bearer turned into A to make it  
ready for Mr Bray, and Mr Isaacson  
is occupying the study. I have scarcely  
seen either of them yet, for I am staying  
in my own room today. I find that  
a very good plan, for it becomes very  
maritime to be continually talking  
to people of whom I know nothing. I  
told the Kansaama what to bring for  
meals, and then the guests just do as  
they like. I tell John I think we had  
better have a large board put over the  
gate, with "Clerical & Family Hotel, all  
accommodation gratis" printed in  
good legible letters upon it.

I should gladly, however, have kept Mr  
Strehan with us much longer. He is  
far away the most able man amongst  
the clergymen I have met here. He was sent  
out here as missionary, then went home,  
studied medicine for 3 years at Edinburgh  
and took his M.D. degree there, and came  
out again, still as a missionary. He was  
at the university when Dr Deplerson  
took his degree there some seven or eight  
years ago. He is now chaplain to Dr Caldwell.  
There is something about his face which  
reminds me of Mr Waterfield, only he is better  
looking. He is a broad churchman and a  
simple Christian. Dr Caldwell is a re-  
markably able scholarly man, over 60 years  
quite patriarchal. He is considered a  
great authority on all Hindu history. It  
was very interesting to hear him talk about  
Benares, and the literature of the country,  
but of course there was very little time for  
anything. We are still having wonderfully  
cool weather for the time of year. We only  
want jackets in the middle of the day.  
At Mussorie they are having it bitterly  
cold and comfortable. They say a collection  
of spots on the sun is causing this weird  
weather all over India.

Yesterday we found a swarm of bees in the  
garden. The gardener says that in a few days  
we shall get a quantity of honey. I am much  
afraid of being found out and getting  
stung. Honey is a delightful addition to the  
family circle, everybody admires his pretty

little running ways. He follows me about  
all over, and sleeps in our room at night.  
17 octob. Your letter and Mel's have just  
come. I have also one from Philippe enclosing  
the portrait of herself and Carrie, and letters  
from Carrie and Mrs. Bueh, so that I have a  
great deal to interest me just now. I am  
very glad not to notice much alteration in  
Philippe and Carrie for I should like to find  
them when I come home, just as I left them  
2½ years ago. Philippe's resemblance to her  
mother comes out very much in a picture.  
Carrie tells me that she copied most of my  
notes of Mr. Dawson's prayers and sent them  
to Aunt Susan, to give to Mrs. Dawson. I  
wrote to Mrs. Dawson a week or two back to  
say that both Carrie and Mary Catherine had  
many notes of prayers which I had taken down  
and sent to them, and that if they could be  
of any use to her, she was quite welcome to use  
them. I suppose she would not like to do  
so without permission. I shall try to write  
to Mrs. Bueh and Carrie by this mail, and to  
Philippe too. I am having a nice quiet time  
here by myself whilst the two gentlemen are  
chatting in the study, John having gone out. He  
bought another beautiful sandal wood box the  
other day. The man asked 25 rupees for it (£2.10)  
but when I said I would give 12/ (£1.4) he quite  
contentedly took it. When the happy time comes  
that we can settle in England, I should like to  
have a good collection of Indian ornaments  
and if you only have enough to save yourself from  
being cheated, you can get things at a very moderate  
price. I want one or two more nice Benares shawls.  
Mr. Robinson has promised to buy for me one or  
two of the famous Broomfield chuddars or shawls.  
They are so soft and warm, though very plain looking.