

ST. JOHN'S VICARAGE,
BIRKENHEAD.

Sunday May 28 1916

Dearest I am again waiting on this paper which means I have not got my box back, still I am really getting on quite well without it. I don't think it will at all matter sterilizing baby's milk in a sauce pan instead of Pasteurising it in the proper way. I take it off just before it boils.

I have had a lovely long letter from you this morning. A very thrilling one. I am glad you have at last got all my old letters, you must have had quite a lot to read.

I'm afraid what you say about not giving away your time of arrival at Havae from Southampton does not enlighten me in the least. I shall have to wait till you come home to know.

Dearest I wonder if you know at all how I feel when I get your letters telling of your work. Primarily I don't feel anxious but enormously thrilled that you should be doing such work and so well, as I know you are doing it. It makes me wish at moments terribly that I could be with you doing it to. But the thing is that you should be doing it.

I have more I want to say about the same sort of thing but I find it hard to express.

I was thinking about say the attitude of my mind toward you, it dawned this morning. I think my thoughts came from a conversation yesterday evening. Mr Brook Guinn was here to dinner. He is running this branch of the National Mission of repentance and hope with your Father. He asked me if I knew where you are and he said some facet of his always put a postscript to his letters, the initial letters of which spelt the name of the place he was at ~~at~~ and he said did I think it ^{multiplied} because of the letter fell into enemy hands they would not know the code. I said I thought it did matter because you sign your name on the envelope.

which is really hurting you want
to promise that there is no
information in that letter
that is not allowed, and then
it is supposed not to be
unsaid, and very seldom is.
How this had to do with
you in my mind is that
I find it matters so much to
me that you should always
take the highest line of
morality. And then I realized
how few soon I would find
myself doing wrong than
find you doing wrong.
That is because I love you so
much is it it. Your success
and honour matter so much
to me.

I feel about the safety of your
life we can neither of us do
any thing, At least I can't, you
can take, you can take all

sends her love. Dearest dear one very much love I send you
and many kisses also. Ruth.

ST. JOHN'S VICARAGE,
BIRKENHEAD.

reasonable and sensible
precautions that don't
interfere with your work.
For you the sudden end of
that we know, may come, and
for me — who knows but
at any rate the end of all that
is next in life. But dear
I do think that the
chances are very much
in favour of you coming
safely back, and meantime
I want you to have the
very best of it all, by
which I mean live the
life fully taking the
 dangers with the rest.
And this I think I want

ST. JOHN'S VICARAGE,
BIRKENHEAD.

because I really love you, and
not only selfishly
I am waiting this part of the
letter so badly because I am
rocking the pram with
one hand and writing with
the other and you would
not believe till you say
how hard that is, one
keeps getting the two
movements mixed up. I am
rocking because your Mother
is resting out here and I
do not want baby to disturb
her. I think she has gone
to sleep now so I am
stopping.
It's awful the way tragedies

never come alone, fate will
rain blow after blow. I lost the
loss of my box yesterday
with the utmost equanimity.
You know how well I have
the ^{loss} of boxes by experience.
After I had put baby to
bed and was preparing
her evening bottle I had an
accident. I was rather hurried
because it was almost dinner
time. I had on my gown
of coiffe de Chine. I somehow
let the bottle slip as I
was putting the teet on
and it smashed and spilled
all over my dress and the
floor. I got the maid
to soak my dress, but she
said it is very stained, I
shall have to get it

cleaned when I got home.
I hope it will come out.

So I only had one bottle
left, all the rest are in
my box you see. I have
found another now. I did
say a lusty damn when that
bottle broke. I hope the
delicately untrained ears of the
St. John's Vicarage establishment
did not hear it. Your Mother
was away at the opening the
new church at her home.

When you are writing, do you
always know how you are
going to end your sentences
when you begin them. I
don't; and then I wish I
had begun them a different
way. I think I must end now
or I shan't have time to write any
other letters and I ought to. Your Mother