

Friday May 22 1914

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My own dearest

I simply love having your letters just as they are. I am sorry when you have been worried with too much to do, but I think every one who does work such as you do must get a bit worried and depressed sometimes. I mean the sort you do, not the common sort of teaching that Mr. Pilsbury or Mr. Porter would do.

I seem more as if I have been away three weeks than only just over one.

As for reading there is very little time I have so far always roused either all the morning or all the afternoon and the other half of the day seems very soon to get filled up ~~either~~ with writing to you and going out for a walk somewhere. I have not quite finished the recambles yet. In the evening Uncle Haver is reading Phroso aloud.

Yesterday afternoon I fished Father + Uncle Lawrence on Skibbon, it was not much of a success there was a horrid high wind, they caught very few fish. Your sonnet "Often a single of light, escapes

The grey low pall
kept running through my mind, for it was happening all the time. The clouds were low and rather dark and suddenly the sun would

gleam out a flood the lake and ^{valley} till the
few thick trees & the rugged hilly shaped were
indeed very splendid. And how it lit up the
wings of the great white gulls and caught the
glare on the backs of the swallows.

We are now just going to take lunch down to
the other end of Gaster where Father & Alison
are fishing & Margaree is rowing.

Mildred & I have already walked about half a
mile beyond the station with Uncle Danvers &
Captain Margain who have gone down the river
to fish. We went with them to bring back their
~~waders~~ shoes for them so that they need not
walk down in their waders.

It had been raining lightly all day so far, but
the wind had dropped which is the chief
thing.

At present dear I am glad that you don't fish I
expect some day I shall only wish you did something
with a little danger in it.

I am afraid I must stop this letter now although
I should like to go on.

Thank you for the photograph it looks a jolly place

Good by my dear till tomorrow

All my love I send you

Ruth.