

Allahabad. July 4<sup>th</sup> / 77.

Sunday. 5555

My dear Mamma

The mail is in to-

day, and as I cannot hear again from you before I have to post this, I will begin a letter, though I shall not need to send it until next Saturday. With yours and Mary Catherine's came letters from Miss Jarnant and Miss Slack. I am very glad to find that the latter has at last got out of Colerhill St. Her new address is 26. Winchester St. Warwick Square. S. W. She seems to be very comfortably settled, and to have taken a new lease of life and interest with the new move. John had three English letters too, so we have had quite a pleasant Sunday afternoon reading them all. Mrs. Thon and the children left on Friday. I hope next week Mrs. Hall will come for a day or two, and later in the month. Mr. Ferris, the chaplain of Benares, will pay us a visit. After that I suppose we may shut up for the hot weather. Our weather is now as unusually cold as yours is unusually hot. We still have fires most of the day, and the rains continue, which is an almost unexampled occurrence at this time of the year. As far as our personal feelings are concerned, we like it very much, but I am afraid if it goes on much longer it will be very disastrous for the crops, and there will be almost a famine in the North West. The continued cold brings a blight upon the grain. At dinner last night, a very intelligent man said that this upsetting of the seasons was due to the transit of spots across the sun. The great evaporation produced here last year by the unusual heat, has he says, caused the superabundance of rain in England, and

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English literature as well as most of us.  
 There is also a Parsi gentleman in the station  
 now, whom I should very much like to know.  
 Mrs Robinson is getting me some Celtic  
 bangles of silver gilt. I want to begin betimes  
 to make a collection of things to bring home.  
 She is going home in March with her little boy.  
 I think they live near Birmingham. Mr  
 Robinson is at the head of the railway traffic  
 department, and so they are not exactly con-  
 sidered "in society" as the phrase goes here, but  
 she is a thoroughly bright, kind, intelligent woman  
 and I think must feel rather bitter sometimes  
 against the caste rules here. If you see her when  
 she comes home she will tell you all about us.  
 He stayed with us at Berse, when I was poorly.  
 She would be very glad, I daresay, to come over  
 and spend a day with you sometime. She  
 is coming on Tuesday, to spend the day with  
 us. It is she who knew Coventry Patmore's wife  
 and Mrs Masson. I shall miss her very much.  
 For she is a truly kind hearted woman, though  
 lacking that indefinable sort of something  
 which is so noticeable in most of the ladies  
 here. Our penny bank goes on very well,  
 there are eighteen members now, more than  
 half of the sewing class. It is a means of educa-  
 tion even to make them keep their cards clean  
 and present them regularly; they bring them  
 carefully tied up in the corners of their chuddahs  
 or long muslin head shawls. If they could  
 only understand English we might do them  
 so much more good. But some of them are  
 almost entirely native and scarcely ever hear  
 English except from ourselves. With love from  
 John to you and Mrs. I am always with affectionate regards  
 to you.