

THE day of our son's return, after his long absence, was a happy one for us all. He arrived, without giving us notice, about nine o'clock in the morning, having walked from Fordingbridge Station to Nea House, Ringwood, where we then lived.

He had grown so tall that his clothes were far too short for him. His voice had deepened, but the fair sunburnt face was the same.

He was carrying his saddle, wrapped in a large cotton handkerchief, slung over his shoulder, and in one hand a foreign-looking cage, containing two green love-birds, as a present for me.

We had hoped that he would be some time at home, but all too soon an order came for him to join the Training Squadron, to go to the West Indies. This he did on the 11th November 1888, ten days after his return.

There are many other letters, written from ships in different parts of the world, and if time and strength allow, I shall hope to have more of them printed.

E. D. BAIRD.

*November 1911*