

HOME AGAIN FOREVER.

Now, how are you—and what has this Christmas and New Year's time brought to you of joy and sorrow mingled? It did indeed seem a strange and mysterious happening, that out of a whole train-load of people Mrs. Booth-Tucker should be the only one killed. To me the tragedy of death does not seem to compare in sadness with the tragedy of discord among brethren—and yet how often one finds it, even among the saintliest of souls, and those who would otherwise be the very salt of the earth.

How is this winter showing its face in the vicinity of Kingston? King Frost has been giving us a magnificent display of his wonder-working power. The self-registering thermometer stood at forty-seven below zero one night. For several days and nights we lived entirely below zero. The snow is more than ten feet deep in the woods. Yet it is so deliciously clear and bright and still, that the air feels quite natural compared to the bitter, piercing winds that blew so incessantly from the white-caps of Lake Michigan last winter. Dear Mrs. M. warned me that I should find Chicago cold—and so I did.

I am now starting for a long walk through the falling snow of the woods. The track is very narrow under the laden trees, but how I wish you were going with me! The only sign that the trilliums will ever bloom again is the feeble twitter of the chick-a-dees now and then. I must say good-bye. I must leave the future to the future's care at present. Always affectionately yours.

For a time we hoped the two diseases might fight each other and the result be at least partial recovery, as the cough seemed at a standstill.

In May, 1904, she decided to take a course of treatment at Dr. Hart's Hospital, close beside us. Her sufferings at this time from rheumatism were most severe; she thought she must die. It was at this time she scribbled down in a note-book the thoughts which afterwards she elaborated in two articles for the *War Cry*, "Pansies and Gethsemane," and "The Mist in My Face." These are given at this date, when she wrote them. They were pub-