

This time last year, dear Dr. M. was slowly
recovering from that almost fatal illness -
We came here after it, on March 11th - till
April 4th - then in Oct., and again, from
Dec. 5th to 19th - I often wish I felt more
spiritually, as I thought solid while he
was so ill, but all the feelings of one's own
utter nothingness, uselessness, or. or. hangs
us to "Hang my helpless soul on thee -
"Leave, ah, leave me not alone
"Still support and comfort me -
That is, make me strong for duty, or help
for waiting. I am often longing to awake
in His likeness - Only, I am so far, far
away from what I should be, as I near 70,
We keep trying for another sphere, but so far
useless. What the Lord wills, must
always be right - He I read more kindly
words, "You are cheery self again," I do
sometimes but often I have been very light,
and especially I feel I was so far more than
a year before my dear one's illness - I must
truly must look up, and hope.

"Hope Now in God, for I shall yet praise
Him, who is the help of my countenance,
and my God" - Wonderful words -

Al, you did have an attack in Oct.!! From
what dear Grace said, in her most vivid
account of the complicated, and serious
troubles, I almost feared you couldn't recover.
Have you heard of dear Rev^d P. C. Williams's
death at Pachelau? Do you remember him
in Leeds? He died after a short, severe illness
Syphoid, last June, soon after he had
returned from furlough, leaving a widow,
such a dear saint, and nine boys, the eldest
16 - No doubt you were right to choose
Orange, rather than New Zealand, but
I am much afraid such a place would have
done me more harm than good! Anything
like vegetation going to such ^{an} extent and ruin seems
uncommon. "6000 inhabitants" - Quite a big
population, and pleasant for some things
to be so near it, and yet so far from it, as
2 miles - I do trust the Orchard, Devil's trees,
&c. &c. will this time next year, be in full

bearing again, like our dear resurrection
tree - blown down for 6 weeks, but not scorched
from the root, and then growing again, and
yielding us year by year, the sweetest
apples that ever fruitful Zealand produces.
I wish I could get here for picnics some
of those arched trees - to me it seems a
very disagreeable thing to do, but I suppose
the area is right -

"There, evanishing Spring atides,

"And never withering flowers -
(which yet may wear, no flowers at all!)

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily
of the valley" - (Have I quoted rightly?
Not time to look!) The dear trees, these to
be deprived of the nourishment which God
has provided for them - No, I admit like
it - "but it does, why can't it be the
ground?" is quite another thing - Many of
us, it strikes me, as I write, ring bark
ourselves by unbelief, carelessness, &c. &c. and
so get no nourishment - My dear Hubbard says
that what you write of the Cassias reminds

hem of the lovely Cambrian Hills, in view
from an N. Vicarage window, just now
covered with snow, and glittering in the sun-
shine. No doubt the sunset you described
exceeds in beauty and variety even our
sunsets - Terrible mosquitoes - What do the
dear children say to them? That lovely boy?
and dear Maisie? So both of them our
loves and kisses. I can see you are
hardly home yet -

Surely, dear friend, if the Sydney climate
is so unfavourable to your complaint, it
must be right to seek a change - Is there
no other College needing you? Undoubtedly
the work you have is of the most important.
Great indeed has been your "parsing" success
with your Students, and I do hope they are
all filled with love to Jesus, and to one's.
What you say leads me to hope that the
dear wife's deafness is lessened - "is as bright
as a sunbeam" - God be thanked for that,
and keep her so. Our much love for
you both. Never forget us at a throne of grace.
Yours ever affectionately,
Emma Mitchell.