

The Russians.
H. D. in Spectator

A quiet look they wear
 But o. Their eyes are bright
 For what they dream they dare
 And dreams are hearts' delight
 They neither tire nor chafe
 That war chance may fall
 The brave are always safe
 And not to fear is all
 Like in speech & thought
 Godlike in strength of arm
 What none before has brought
 They glory to fulfil.

Therefore their eyes are bright
 A quiet look they wear
 They dream of hearts' delight
 And what they dream they dare

Saturday and Sunday, so I go out and run to Dinkie.

Yesterday was 'Pound Day' at the Orphanage, so of course I had to be in the midst of it. The children are all looking splendid, but Miss Young is looking very much in need of a change; she has not had a holiday since that time you met her at Bradford. We often speak of you and wonder how you are getting on. You will be glad to know that there is really a hope of their having a Recreation Room built quite soon.

I really had intended writing you quite a long letter tonight, but it is 10 o'clock already, and washing day tomorrow, so I must finish off and promise to write again quite soon.

Love from Joan and Dorothy Abbott.