By dear daughter,

I have been waiting and waiting for a letter this week but no letter comes. The cows have had severe attacks of diarrhea, but last night a very large one came. I thought today now I will get a nice spot of seed to sow, to watch the little ones as he instructed in the mail, at least every minute I see him look up and say, "here, look's your little" but every time he asked me I thought well I don't want his money and may be another mail will come that has mine in it. As the morning tide came back from Brother West, saying "no mail to day" but I was by to be patient, I think perhaps Doc. Stewards was bring one one and he is due here tomorrow. The time for ground losses has come. One day this week has a day of severe rain, and the weather was very cold and icy, and I crouched down around our little fire place, trying to keep warm.
having to answer ourselves. The Chaplain has been reading Gethsemani and very soon one will come up with one of his characteristic guffaws. I am a little out of the moment of our old newspaper and try to attract some new ideas that I have overlooked in reading a week ago. This climate was annonc

ting another extreme, and then I will try to write a letter through I was in fact it is difficult to catch any idea in this camp prison. This isolation. But although there is so little human as how, yet time seems to be passing rapidly. The idea of March
on upon us - one third of the first spring month is past, the spring
birds are singing and the buds and flowers are struggling into open
ture, while all things join signs that winter is about over. Their
cold cheer, on the exception, rather, for we have had some
very bright sunny spring weather, and so much hope that the
long cold winter at home is one cold hour at home also.

My love one can get our little correspondence together and get the warm sun that smiles of spring. How many lay
seems one separation from each other? But the future is bright
now with better hopes. Let us hope and pray that the end of these
things may soon be.

The Chaplain is helping us move and I must be on this boat as it is. If I get a letter tomorrow I will write a piece immediately. A longer and better
letter. My love to Mary and Zora and lots to my
own dear darlings. From you loving and true, Millen