A quiet look they wear
But whose eyes are bright
For what the dreams they have
And dreams are hearts' delight.

They mother tender clasp
Matune changes, as seem.
The dreams are always tape.
All must be seen.

Cheerless on special thoughts,
Dull like the, arid, wind.
The time hope has brought
The glory.

There are three eyes are bright.
A quiet look they wear.
The dreams of hearts' delight.
Saturday and Sunday, so I go out and run is needed.

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 Yong is looking very much in need of a change; she has not had a holiday since that time you met her at Brasters. 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.