Hobart. 16 Oct. 1892
Sunday 10th.

Dear Boy,

This ought not to reach you, and if it does you do not deserve that you should be written to. At the latest you ought to be on your way out in a fortnight or three weeks from now. I suppose I did not write last week because it seemed useless. However, you are not be calculated on, and it is possible that if you go to Italy you may be delayed so long as to arrive there. The little Mother is beginning to count the weeks to your coming. She does seem to be pinning to see you once more. The last week she has only been fairly well. It has been most diarrheal weather. Not an honest downpour, no real showery rain, but leaden skies and occasional drizzle.
Insisted on meeting for a while. Cold, raw, & depressing. Stayed out at Drummer House for nearly a fortnight, and it did me a great deal of good. Indeed, I slept better than I have done for months. All this worry about Cutman's willies made it absolutely necessary for me to get clean away of the evening. The police caught him at Albany, and he has been in jail there for nearly a fortnight, but we are not going on with it.

Consideration for his poverty & his people is one reason, but the worry & exasperation of a prosecution would have killed me. I could stand, but it would be worse to do our business here. These things always do. We may get out of the madness, without much loss. At one time it looked very serious.

This afternoon I have been holding
forth at the Sunday School.
Charlie. Races had a sort of hymn
service. Some of hymn-singing days,
entertainments of Bora, and I gave
them nearly half an hour on the
Hymns adapted to children.
It was rather difficult to give
'Children's Hymns', but the
result was fairly successful except
that I had to stop half way.
I became the story of Samuel &
Jonathan adapted. This fetched
the very little ones who listened
all the time with wide eyes.
But story telling is not my forte.
like the Washington I can't
tell a story. I was amused
in the Bible Class with the family
there.
As you know I have given
up the Bible Class for a reason.
probably for more than that.
It would perhaps be more
correct to say that
my class gave me up. One the
only regular attendant Lord &
see as an excursion on the SS.
Regatta in the Firth Coast trade.
It came to the occasional appeal
of one or two on a Sunday.
Morning, I thought, as the boy's
day, that I would give it best.
Things are in a very bad
state all through the Colonies.
There are thousands of men out
of work in Victoria & Adelaide.
Indeed there colonies are much
worse than we are. Speculations
of Labour troubles are the Cause,
and I fear the last is only beginning.
The truth is that the failure of the
English trade affects us very
much, and I fear that failing
cannot be halted. If the
trouble was only local we should
soon get over it, but as it seems
to be world-wide, I fear we shall
have a bad time for this. At
times I fear that the whole
business is going to break down
that too are other one of a by
social revolutions. I trust [am]
strong, and that the change which
must come will come gradually,
Have been thinking a lot about our getting together to supper. They read me an amusing letter from Edith, written from the little cottage near the village where she is staying. She writes very good letters.

Edith & I have been getting up a supervised trip to Chicago, working out all the details, etc. The people who are to go are all most as much on earnest as if it was a real trip, & Edith is reading books on the "philosophy of travel". She seems to have a difficult time collecting a complete company. Fancy you would have even more difficulty if you had to do it! You would be very selective. It was very amusing to hear them discuss it.

Farewell, beloved. Hope to see you in another few minutes before breakfast. Love even more than usual to all the little flowers, kittens, etc.