

Provo. May 31, 1897.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Dear friend,—

This may be a surprise, but I am convinced it will be a happy one. Last night my conscience caused me to feel that my independence was being sacrificed. Sina you go with me, not because I am your choice, but because those thus favored have not presented themselves. Perhaps, it is selfish for me to want to much but it is impossible for me to content my-self with less.

You have gave me no encouragement and in making your preferences, I hold you blameless. They are more worthy; but it seems to me you could have been more frank with me. By no means would I have you feel obligated. My few and poor favors, have furnished as much pleasure to the giver as to the receiver, and besides your company has more than repaid all.

Sina I freely confess that I have thought too much of you, and in the act have been a usurper. It has been so easy and so natural, that you must forgive me. I speak the truth when I say you have been my unconditional choice, and the only girl I have taken the liberty to think so much of. It has all been a mistake of the heart. Such mistakes are pardonable.

Do not think this is the result of a single circumstance or any one evening. I have had a misgiving for some time, and have only awaited the circumstance to confirm or destroy my suspicion. As for your future I wish for nothing but the best. Please continue me as a friend and permit me to make an occasional call. I do not wish to incur your dislike, and assure you I entertain none. If emotion, while in your presence, was not stronger than will, would not have written this. But last night I could not shape my vocal organs to carry out my resolve and so have taken the more cowardly plan of penning my thoughts.

Fay

Spanish Fork July 12-97

Dear Fay:—

When I think of how near I came of not having the privilege of dipping his beautiful pen in ink for you Fay I feel that I cannot be too grateful. Nine days have passed and still the picture of a departing missionary every now and then is brought to my view. Fay, I never can forget how you looked as the train moved from the station that morning. Of all the different positions and occasions that I think of you in, that always comes first and is the last in my memory to leave. Such memories as these seem such sweet sadness that I love to yet dare not dwell upon them.

Fay, your ever welcome letters came, yes, both of them. Of course, pa handed the first to me with a smile. Ted was home talking with me. In his presence I read it. The combined hope and encouragement of Ted's conversation and the sweet assurance your letter gave made me feel that certainly there was more in this world to live for than I could hope to attain unless every opportunity for improvement was taken hold of. I was truly happy that night. I almost wish that you could have overheard a little talk that Nettie and I had that night, yet, of course it is best that you didn't.

Fay do you know that in Ted you find another very dear friend. He was very much disappointed at not seeing you at Salt Lake but he spent a day with our class presidents and thought he could return to Salt Lake in time to see you but was unable to. Nettie feels that ten or eight years is not too long to wait. Don't you think there is hope there?

You said your descriptions were imperfect and incomplete; however that may be in your eyes, if you knew with what pleasure I read and saw them, as I read you would not hesitate. By the way, you will not think it unkind of me if I tell you who I let read my first letter will you? I did want so much to let my pa read it. So I handed it to him and he read. He had to go off immediately after and I did not get to see him. The result was, the next morning, a kiss with the words, "How can I have you receiving such letter as this." I will tell you more what he said when I can talk with you. He, however expressed himself by saying that when one of the finest young men of our State, were thus sent to the missionary field much good was the sure result.

Fay you certainly ought to always be encouraged; for I don't believe there is anyone that has more friends at home hoping and praying for their success than you have. No one that has nobler parents anxious for their son's success.

And again I don't believe there are any parents that need have less doubt but what the fond hopes of a mother will be realized than yours. For what more is to be desired in the missionary afield or in any other undertaking in life than implicit faith and a prayerful heart combined with a willing hand.

Ah, Fay, you must not let happy memories of the past come up before you so often as to cause the least shadow of pain that you cannot fully enjoy your present blessing. I was very much impressed by an expression your pap made the other evening when I called. He said, we all to a certain extent had one fault that kept us from being always happy, that was: we do not enjoy the present completely but rather looked forward to the future in which to have our pleasure; and when that future comes we still look forward., Perhaps I took special notice of it because I could see it was one of my own great faults. One that I am trying to correct. I did enjoy the evening I spent with your folks. Cora, May, and I called and it seemed that we made a long visit instead of a call.

Tonight is the 13' and I guess my promise to spent that evening with Cora seated where you used to love to sit so well must be unavoidably broken, perhaps not. At least I hope not, for you remember you said you would think of us there.

It is the same unchangeable Cora as when you left. Cora is such a dear friend to me and be assured she is to you. I say the same of Eva. I have often admired you Fay for your choice of girl friends. (Of course I must exclude myself in this statement; you know how I mean don't you Fay?) You admire those girls that are valued for their true worth. Girls that if friends once they are friends always.

The evening of the day on which you left I went to see Cora. Stopping at the gate of the Proctor A. suddenly the band began the softest, sweetest tune that it ever played. Not a word was spoken until it was completed. Can you tell where the thoughts of those two girls reverted? One three weeks back to a similar evening; spent in your company. The other to the same evening but with the regret she was not there too. Now isn't that a selfish wish, when I had the pleasure of so many more?

On the following Sunday Frank called for me to go to Bro. Richards- lecture. Sam and Cora also called for me. We all went. The lecture I enjoyed very much; but the company after leaving Sam and Cora was not so desirable as might have been. I must say that Frank is always a gentleman when in my company alone, but he has faults that must be corrected soon, else he will continue to fall lower and lower in the estimation of myself and the rest of his classmates.

The following week it seems to me I accomplished nothing. Indulging to a marked extent in day-dreaming etc. but thanks to cousin May, I hardly dared show how I felt and soon found myself in quite a jolly mood. I remember a little versed that pa wrote in one of my autograph albums that said," Cultivate artificial cheer-fulness and natural cheerfulness will be sure to follow." I found that I must do that and the true happiness did follow; except when left to my own thoughts at which times doubt was my greatest enemy. But, Fay when your letter came that enemy seemed to flee. I determined to keep him away. And, though the door seemed wide open that he might enter when the second came; yet he cannot come.

The Saturday you left I met Ray at the square. And I was more than ever convinced that what I told you concerning my feelings toward him was true.

I should like so much to see Garn and have a talk, before he leaves. I shall write to Allie to-day as I promised. Garn was telling me that Lucian spent the 4' at Ida's and received a very cordial welcome from her papa and an urgent invitation to come again. Her mamma did not feel quite so favorably impressed.

Sometimes I feel that I should like to take a peep into the future of these six lives; and again I would not if I could. Surely happiness is in store for us all.

No Fay, it matters not where either of our lots be case, the door of memory will never be closed so that thoughts of you cannot enter. From the moment you left me they were flung wider open and thoughts of you have come flooding in so fast that it sometimes seems to me that all else has been drowned.

The Sunday after you left I received a paper from California. Pa was reading it and came across a picture under which was written "Loves young dream." He said that should have been marked, for he believed it was sent to me because that was in it.

Of course you know I didn't have and haven't now much to occupy my mind and I have been so used to school work. So when school commences I will not dwell so much in my own thoughts where I would rather be than anywhere else at present. I know that school teaching is not the best thing in the world for a girl's health. But I think with care and system in my work combined with proper physical exercise it will not be injurious to me. I think one year of teaching is all I will have. At least I can see but one year ahead so far. I haven't as yet heard how I came out in the ex-

amination. Probably I won't be allowed to teach at all. I will send Walter the photo you had taken last. Yesterday when I looked at the one you had taken first I thought I could not part with it. Leona is to be one of the maids of Honor at the Jubilee. I wish you were here to see her. No doubt you will be there in thought anyway. I saw her photo in the paper and it did not seem to correspond with the one you carried. Hows that? Chauncy called and said good-bye to me.

Well Fay, it is as I told you before you left I never could say what I want to and my letters don't half tell how I feel. When I read yours the question came –and what can I say as answer? [?Where ...] that I desire to make- Fay, even though I have given you cause to do otherwise, please trust me for doubts are dead and hope's star shines shadowless.

You have my best hopes and wishes and will be as you have been since the night you left, remembered in my prayers.

All friends that know I have heard from you send their love and best wishes for your success.

I hope you are happy as I am. I love to read your letters so please write often, and write long ones–and believe me that at present my thoughts are in the majority far over the ocean. Good-bye. Believe me and trust me. I remain as ever still true.

Sina

[pressed flowers enclosed.]

Spanish Fork, Aug. 1. 1897

Mr. Fay Holbrook,

Aukland, New Zealand;

To Dear Fay:—

I just took a peep to the glass a few moments ago and said to myself I wonder what Fay would think of me if he should see me now? I would give you a description of the image that was reflected back if I were not afraid lest you might interpret it as being slightly worse than it really was; however, that would be a hard thing to do. But never mind, I look a little more respectable now. I find it almost more than I can do to keep my hair smoothed back when hungry farmers have their three meals to eat each day and it all depends on me whether their appetites are satisfied or not. And I'm afraid, although there are but few complaints, that their appetites are not always satisfied, for I realize that I know but very little about cooking. But then even professionals have had to learn. However I will soon be relieved of my responsibility for Grandma and Grace will be home next week. Jennie left me two days ago as she had some business for the Mutual Improvement Association to attend to and that is why I have been alone. However I rather enjoy my work and find time for some reading and once in a while find time, when my dishes are half washed, to skip off up in the garden upstairs, anywhere away from everybody, and read a letter. Who do you suppose a letter in such a case is from? Yes, Fay it's a letter from Oregon, Vancouver, or Honolulu. And is that the only time I find to read those letters? No. There are a few leisure moments just after dinner and too, just as that tired sleepy feeling bids me retire, I find a something in your letters that leaves me at first sad and yet again I sleep with a bright star of hope shining forth.

You will probably think it strange that all my letters are written from Spanish Fork; but it has happened that I have been here each time that I have wanted to write to you.

It has only been three days since I received your letter written on the Ocean; but to-day I felt like I wanted to write to you. I hope you do not get all three of my letters at once. If you do you had better read one on one day and the other the next etc. for I'm afraid you will feel like taking back your suggestion for me to write voluminous letters should you have patience to read them all at once for no doubt I have mentioned many little things that will not particularly interest you. You know how it is when a person is at home. The same routine is gone through and there is nothing specially new to tell; but where a person is in your position with a life of new scenes, new experiences; and best of all for me, your own noble thoughts; I say, when you have such as that to give expression to, it is impossible for your letters to be too lengthy [sic]. So please do not think it requires the least bit of patience to read them, but rather adds a great amount of pleasure to my life. Someway or other Fay, I am learning to love to write letters. It used to be such a task for me but I really like to write now.

Brother Mark went to Provo P. O. and asked for my letters and had a good deal of the persuasion act to do before the Post Master would deliver it. He rather suspicioned Mark as being someone who had no right to my mail. But on being told that he was my brother, the difficulty ended.

No Fay, the expected pleasurable evening July 13—Full moon, on Cora's porch was not realized by myself, neither did I have the privilege of saying good-bye, Ted as I was over here— So I suppose we all enjoyed ourselves very much spending the evening there in our imagination.

So you really got sea/sick did you? Well I suppose your voyage would not have been complete had you not tasted it. However I was very much in hopes you would not suffer from it. When you said sea-sickness dramatized agreed with the reality my mind quickly, very quickly reverted back to an evening in Provo Opera House, when you and I sat and laughed at the poor sea-sick fellow in the "Tornado." Do you remember the evening? And do you remember that that night between one of the scenes I answered a question you asked me; which answer you forgot; and which so many times after you coaxed me to answer again?

Fay, I have been thinking of something lately (and when you spoke in your last of your own unworthiness and imperfections, I wondered if it had never entered your mind that I too am not a perfect being—that probably I have always shown the best side of my nature when in your presence and that there is a great deal under cover that you as yet know nothing of and that probably someday might be the cause of much said dissatisfaction. Did you ever think of this side of the story Fay? I must confess that it has always been a fault of mine to appear to be better than I really am. I sometimes think that even my pa is very much deceived. In my school work we felt this often very keenly. So many times I have dreaded lest he should find out that I was not really up to the standard that he thought I was. That is why I so dreaded to take the county and city exams. He expected me to and even said that if I didn't pass one of the best exams in both he would not own me. (The last statement of course being a little more forcible than meant.)

Luckily I happened to come out very successfully. My best papers were in Pedagogy and he had them to criticize.

This is just an illustration of how even those that are around us all the time may be deceived and think to what a great extent one so far away as you and for such a long time may be.

But laying aside all present imperfections on both sides and say that we are equal in that; Let us look three or four years ahead. When I was up to Salt Lake last week I ate supper at Eva's. During the time we happened to bring up the subject of Young men becoming steady partners of Young ladies who are older in years than themselves. And what do you think Dr. Maeser's idea of it is? In his own natural way of speaking he said, "It is all wrong. And will be sure to lead to unhappiness for women age so very much faster than men and when a man is in the very prime of life, a lady who is three or four years older is an old lady—and does not have the same ideas, ways, and wishes as her husband and they try in vain to please one another and fail." These of course are not his exact words; but I was careful to get his idea. Fay really now what do you think about it? I am convinced as to what I have always thought about it. These are some of the ideas that have been crowding into my mind of late. And even though some of the dearest, happiest moments and hours of my life have been spent with you Fay, if not with you, in thoughts of you; yet now I feel as you feel, I am willing to submit to whatever is best. Oh! What we only knew the right; then it would be an easy task to do it. What a consolation it is to know that there is one source from which, when the proper time comes, we can receive answer to whatever we desire to know. I feel at this moment that I ought to be happy, very happy, and yet I feel that even though I could give vent to my feelings in tears it would be but little relief. Perhaps it is because I am alone— I wish you were here Fay. But just think three [. . . missing pages]

[partial letter, last part, from undated, Sina. Due to binding, left margin is hidden.]

It is only 1095 days. I hope [. . .] not be all as long as this one. Most [. . .] Fay your time will seem very [. . .] you begin your missionary [. . .] and the homesick moments [. . .] appear you were a little homesick [. . .] Certainly I do not blame you though [. . .] afraid you would like to deny [. . .] on the lonely ocean [. . .] others; if not forgotten, they [. . .] as you say, put aside until the [. . .] for you to entertain us [. . .] your missionary experiences on [. . .] Just think Fay we can look forward to such a very, very bright future.

We received a letter from Aunt Phena, on [. . .] Islands yesterday. She has quite a time struggling with the Lang. But is determined to master it. I know how glad she would have been could she have met you; but I am glad you at least heard rd from [. . .].

Just think of it, Fay. Someway or other I can't get it into my imagination that Garn is really married. He called at home to see me; but to my sorrow I was not there. I don't think Garn and Nellie have been very good else they would have at least written just a word [. . .] Garn before he left from School would have called and merely said, Good-bye. But I guess they have good excuses that I know nothing of.

I spent part of the afternoon [. . .]

Love

Well Fay you see my paper is all gone so I will be forced to quit though I could and would enjoy writing more.

I must leave you as it were once again. Please write me long very long letters and never think I shall tire for in truth I remain

still true

Sina

Sydney, Aug. 2, 1897

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo, Utah

Dear Sina,—The few moments I have to my credit I will spend in writing. We arrived in Sydney Aug. 1. I was so tired of the sea, that I think I shall celebrate [sic] this date henceforth.

We stopped at Suva in the Fiji islands for about two hours. Time will not permit me to give an account of the Fijis. Sydney harbor is considered to be the finest in the world. I wish you could see it without experiencing the sea voyage.

We had some trouble in finding the elders, but finally found them just in time to accompany them to the church and make our first endeavor.

Bro. Andrew Smith Jr. is president of the Sydney mission. He has been very kind to us. Sydney including suburbs [sic] has a population of about 500000. There are many elegant houses and beautiful parks and gardens. The town is noted for the numerous sharpers it contains. We all go to New Zealand and I am glad of it. We sail from here on the 4th and will reach Auckland about the 9th; then we begin our labors. This is mid-winter but compares favorably with our springs.

Hope you attended the jubilee and had a lovely time. Sina please excuse pencil and rambling notes. These are the remains of some of the flowers one of the sisters gave me.

With love and best wishes I remain as ever

Fay

Please give my love to family and all friends.

P. O. Box 236

Auckland, N.Z.

Spanish Fork, Aug. 1. 1897

Mr. Fay Holbrook,

Aukland, New Zealand;

To Dear Fay:—

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Auckland, N. Z. Aug. 18, 1897

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo, Utah, U. S.

Dear Sina— Your lovely letter came two days after my arrival in Auckland. How can I repay you for the world of good it did me. Like the sun emerging from a cloud, did it lighten my somewhat depressed soul. Its effects were inspiring. From the moment I read it, I resolved to cultivate cheerfulness, to erase dwelling exclusively upon the past, to awake to a realization of the present, and to press onward to my utmost. My resolutions have not been entirely barren, for I have managed to keep my mind occupied.

Like you I find that it requires an effort to cease dwelling upon the past. Do you know with you as my partner, I have spent the happiest part of my life up-to-date. Memories of those days afford me at present hours of solid comfort. If we find favor in our Heavenly Father's sight, the future will bring even happier days.

You asked me if I cared because you let your father read my letter. Why most assuredly no. They are yours and I leave them entirely to your discretion, consenting freely to let those read them, who you want.

You mentioned the talk you had with Ted. Well Ted is a dear old boy and Nettie is one of the finest girls, I ever met. Her word is as good as gold and if she has promised to wait for Ted, my length of time, he may rely on it she will do it. When Ted's mission is over, I look to see a marriage, in which he and Nettie will be the happy participants. I would like to be "best man," and see you her maid, in such a union.

Well, I had just almost completed a letter to Ted when I learned it would not leave Auckland before Sept. 9th, so concluded to postpone. Was pleased to learn that Lucian spent the 4th with Ida and received such a favorable reception. Though there is a slight discrepancy in their ages, I can not help thinking Lucian and Ida would make a happy match. I sent her one of my pictures. If you see her please tell her I expect one of hers in return. Nettie promised to send me one of hers, also Eva. Will you please tell them I shall expect their pictures. Allie will send hers. The pictures I have from home are sources of much comfort. I have two pictures of you with me; the one you gave me, and the one in the "souveigneur" you gave me. I have already had occasion and took pleasure in showing both of them upon several occasions. Coming over in the boat, four of the boys got out there pictures, and of course I got yours. They were all non-plussed to know why and how it happened that you ever took up with such a fellow as me. Well Sina don't be conceited, if I tell you your picture took first prize.

You also mentioned the band in your letter, that plays so lovely Saturday evenings. Upon the occasion you referred to you were not the only one who wished you had been present. If such a thing could be allowed, the band would make me homesick, when it plays here. Sina you stated you could not express what you wanted too. Well, your letter certainly hit the mark. I wish mine could be half so effectual.

Before dwelling upon my own personal history, let me ask a few more questions about those at home. Was pleased to learn that you had called upon my folks and that you enjoyed your visit. I hope that will not be your last call. I always speak of you in the highest to them.

Garn ere this, is laboring in his mission and has left Allie to think of the past and dream of the future. He will make a splendid missionary. Garn is one of the boys aside from relatives that I love. Though our missions have called us in opposite directions, our friendship shall continue and even grow with absence and separation speaking for myself. I hope he returns the same time

I do. Did you get to see him before he left?

Sam and Annie Laura, I guess or sailing on smooth water. His turn is coming next in the missionary field. I wonder if she returns Sam esteem for her? If so they would make an ideal couple; don't you think so. Has Leter [Lester] returned to school? If so he and Eva will no doubt begin where they left off.

Thinking it all over it seems to me that last year, was a year of match-making. A history of it would be worth writing. It seems to me it would be a history of some of the finest young people in the world. I have often marvelled and wondered how I made friends with so many true and unexcelled girls; your-self leading the list.

The hasty note I wrote from Sydney you must pardon. Time would permit of nothing different. We elders were in Sydney four days, and we made the most of it. The elders, who were at Sydney, and Mr. Law (the apple man, before referred too) were very kind. We spent the four days in visiting the Parks, Gardens, and places of interest to the tourist. We went through the "Botanical Gardens," the "Art Gallery, the "Museum", one of the largest churches, the City Hall containing one of the largest organs in the world, the "Technical College," and upon one of the highest towers. Volumes may be written in describing what may be seen in these places. Will not take the time to recount them now. I am keeping a journal and will be delighted to go over it all with you from the leaves of my journal at some future time.

I attended one comic opera in the largest theatre. The play was a brilliant success, but how I missed you and longed for your presence. The saints at Sydney treated us lovely.

I know better how to appreciate our dear Utah now. It is certainly blessed above all other lands. The fruit here does not compare with it. Poverty is a legend we have heard of but know not. To see an old woman, bent down with years, alone and forsaken, lottering [sic] along the street; or bend over a miserable little fire, in an old time fire-place, sipping a little tea and eating a dry crust; grieves one, but such sights are not rare.

In their manner of living, cooking, and everthing; people over here, are many years behind us.

We left Sydney Aug. 4; the elders and friends waving their hankerchiefs, to us, so long as they could see us. We went from Sydney to Auckland steerage. We were five days on the water but got through O.K. The elders met us, took us to headquarters and made us feel at home.

Sina, I have one commendable feature, I am a first class house keeper. We are still at headquarters, cook our own meals, and do our own work. I expect to go out in the country and labor among the Maoris. We are now awaiting an answer from the Pres. Will endeavor to find out my field of labor and enclose my address in this letter. The second day after our arrival we had a wash-day, 63 pieces in all. Well if you could have seen me bent over the tub, or as the fellow says, "then and the day you got me." Nevertheless I enjoyed it.

If you could see the top of my head you would think me quite old enough. One of the boys has kindly consented to paint a rabbit that can't be told from a hare on my head. We have had a chance to speak in two meetings since leaving. There are about 24 saints in Auckland. It seems they cannot do enough for the Elders. We go out visiting them nearly every night. To night we intend calling on two Miss Mackeys who belong to the Church. They are half-cast Maoris, but the finest of girls. We are talking of having a group picture this afternoon, of we Elders in Auckland.

The last two or three nights have been ideal moon-light nights, and of course you can guess where such evenings cause my thoughts to dwell. Sina rest assured, I have never doubted you nor never shall. You have never deceived me nor gave me any cause. Do not make a mountain out of

an ant-hill. You have and merit in every particular my implicit confidence. If there is any thing that will come between us, it will be the knowledge of my own imperfections but never any fault of yours. Rest assured, dear girl, that nothing will be with-held from you. Sina, ask questions of me freely, I shall always be pleased to answer them.

In your school, I know you will be successful. You shall be remembered in my prayers. I know I shall thoroughly enjoy my mission, already it is a pleasure. If God will bless me with the proper spirit and make of me an instrument in doing good, nothing could give me more pleasure. My mission may last between three and four years, meanwhile you must enjoy life, and keep sending me such letters as your last.

Br. W. C. Castleton gave me these ferns to send to you. Good-bye. With love and best wishes, I remain As Ever

Fay.

P. S. Aug. 18, 1897.

Later, Have just heard from Pres. Richards. Will labor among the Maoris. Bro. Geo. Burnham from Col. is my partner.

Please address.

Fay Holbrook, Kamo, Whangarei, New Zealand.

Fay

Kamo. Whangarei. Wed. Aug. 25, 1897.

Miss Sina Brimhall,
Provo, Utah.

My Dear Sina,— It seems to me I am just about doing what you said, writing all the letters. This makes six I have written and I have only received one. Quality not quantity counts; to me your one was worth more than my six. Of course this is no fault of yours, doubtless there are some on the road for me, but it seems so long between mails. You must be sure and never miss a mail, and of course, I request nothing of you, I am willing to do my-self [two lines obscured due to transparent taping. . .] It takes at least two months to get an answer to a letter, so you will know what to expect.

I left Auckland on the 20th— and sailed for [page torn] District, arriving there next morning. My companion [torn] me to district headquarters. Bro Goings, a European [torn] We spent Saturday and Sunday there. In the afternoon [torn] we had a splendid meeting. Bro. And Sister Goings wi [torn] children are an ideal family. I can not praise them too highly for their goodness to myself and the rest of the Elders. It seems to me they are performing equally as great a mission in extending their hospitality to the missionaries as are the Elders themselves. They are very desirous of emigrating to Zion.

Monday morning Sister Goings provided us with a lunch and Bro. Burnham and I set out on foot for some Maori saints, about twenty five miles distant. During the winter months it rains nearly all of the time and as a result it seems there is no end to the mud. Aside from the mud, we had a very pleasant day of it and arrived OK.

Our hostess is a Maori. She was very kind to us and soon prepared us a refreshing supper. [torn] The Maoris I have met up to date, have impressed [torn] most favorable. They have many very enviable traits, [torn] kind-hearted, and sympathetic. Some of them are [torn] [taped. . .] They have beautiful eyes and [taped]. . . no doubt in my. . . [taped] are descendants from the ancient Nephites. With proper education and environments it seems to me they would become a grand and glorious people. I am more than pleased with my mission. I admire the Maori people, and if God will continue to bless me with the spirit of my mission, I shall take great joy and satisfaction in doing all in my power for them. Their method of family prayer has impressed me so strongly that I shall labor henceforth for its adoption among our own people. Have strongly recommended it in my home letter. We first sing a hym [sic], then one of the Elders or a member of the family reads a chapter from the Bible, after which we have prayer. The same process is gone through night and morning.

With my book in hand, I have been walking up and down the beach this morning studying the language. The tide was out and the sand was covered with shells. Beautiful collections are not so plentiful as I had anticipated, but I shall be diligent in my efforts to make a few. There are lots of ferns during the winter months. (Next month is spring in N. Z.) Purchased me a fern book in Sydney and shall endeavor to fill it.

Hial Hale from Spanish fork is the Pres. Of this branch of the mission. He has been here for three years and a half and has received no notification of his [taped]. . No doubt you know him. I have not met hi. . . [taped] Maori. I wish you could see us sometime sitting on the floor writing on our knees with a half a dozen half-dressed Maori children playing around us.

Sina will you please tell Eva and Cora (that is if you see them) not to grow impatient awaiting an answer from me. (Taking it for granted they have written to me). My labors will not permit of me writing them regularly, but I shall by no means forget them. Yourself, and my parents are the only regular correspondents I shall [torn] the present. May correspond regularly [torn] the boys

later.

No doubt you will be teaching [torn . . .] you receive this. You have my prayers [torn . . .] wishes in this undertaking; but Sina [torn . . .] to the extent of sacrificing your health. I [torn] feel that you will. Sina tell me how to amuse and teach the children. I know you can suggest some plan. There is no getting out of it, I must learn to sing and have concluded not to be backward in trying. Are you taking lessons on the piano. You know you are going to play and I am going to sing, when I get back.

We are going to set out on a journey to another village this afternoon. Our Maori hostess has prepared [taped. . .] to not playing lovely on the [taped. . .] as music? How it swells my soul with rapture, and still, how deficient I am in this. This little piece of poetry, or song, has impressed me so that I have concluded to insert it.

1. "Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter,
Hope after fears,
Home after wandring
Praise after tears."

2. Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery
Peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

3. Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness
Life after tomb;
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway
Leading to this."

Sina, please give my love to all friends, and in your letters tell me all about them. My thoughts and prayers are with and for you daily. With love and best wishes, as ever

Fay

[Note: The right margin of the letter is torn, cut or worn off in places, and transparent tape repair has obscured two lines on the center of each page.]

Provo City, Sept. 1– 97.
Msr. Fay Holbrook,
Auckland, New Zealand:

Dear Fay:—

No doubt before this letter reaches you, you will, according to my reckoning, have been travelling as a Minister of our Gospel without purse or scrip in a land comparatively uncivilized, and oh, so far away from us. I have often thought with what a happy spirit you said good-bye to your friends and how pleased you always seemed when talking of your mission. I cannot at present recall any complaints heard every [sic] when the unpleasant side has been shown to you. These things tell me that you certainly will derive all the blessings that it is possible for a person to obtain who gives freely his whole self as an instrument in the hands of the Lord through which His works and power are made plain to a less blessed people. Think what an amount of good you have the privilege of doing and what a deep satisfaction there will be in feeling that the world is better for your having lived in it. My pa says he never spent time more profitably and pleasantly in his life than that spent on his very short (comparatively) mission to Colorado this summer. Judging from the interesting experiences he relates from his, I think you certainly will have more than can possibly be expressed in words to tell us when three long years of similar experiences are passed. Perhaps they will be similar and perhaps very different. Please write long letters and tell me all about your successes. Two more days and it will be exactly two months since you left us. Really, Fay the time has sped very quickly. I can see nothing I have accomplished. I almost feel like I had been intellectually lazy as I have scarcely opened a book all summer. But to give myself a little credit, truly Fay, they tell me I am getting fat! I can see you smile in doubt as you read that but, as I feel so exceedingly well physically, I am inclined to feel there is some truth in the statement.

Last Monday was the beginning of another School Year of our dear Alma Mater. On Wednesday the opening exercises were held. I should have been somewhat regretful at not returning this year had I not have gone up to School and satisfied myself that nearly all our old students were still away and new ones seemed to have taken their places. I almost felt like a stranger and from the looks of some of the students they must have felt that way too. Although the attendance now is not so great as last year yet there are hopes of many coming later.

When you return Fay, you will see our New College Building in full use. Ten Thousand Dollars have already been appropriated. Five thousand to be used for equipments to be raised by the Faculty and Alumni Association. A number of new teachers have been engaged. Leah [first letter missing] Dunford has the Dept. named “Household Art.” Bro. Miller German etc. Mr. Brown of Pleasant Grove, Chemistry. Aretta Young Training School.

Well Fay, and I am a “School Marm” too. It is Saturday night and next Tuesday my work begins. I do not worry about it and I do not look forward to it as more of a task than a pleasure, for I believe I shall enjoy my work. I signed my contract to-day to teach at Springville. I will have the sweet “little children” – Charts First and Second grades. Bro. Rydalch is our Principal and of course being one of his former students he is very considerate and kind to me. I will write soon again and tell you of my days of success and days of failure. I do hope the latter will be very few. Well, so much for myself.

Cora is at School and is carrying a very heavy course. I received such a sweet letter from Eva over two weeks ago and have not answered yet. She wished to know if you received two letters from her. Did you? Delia came here the other day as she had just received a letter from Leister also his picture. The letter sounds just like Leister and his picture was quite funny. He seemed to think there was no use in his wanting to come back to Provo when the Maeser House is vacated. Delia goes next Tuesday to Idaho. Sam and myself spent the evening for the last time at Maesers a week ago to-night. Delia invited us as some of her friends from Salt Lake were there. We had a very pleasant time but I can say as Eva said in her letter when she thought of the moon-portico-hill-Fay-Leister she could just scream. As I passed Prof. Lunds tonight as I came from the depot I could not help but think of our first buggy ride and what changes a few months had brought- And Garn is married - Still I can hardly belief it. I haven't heard from Allie. Ida is teaching at home. I visited with her some during Institute. I believe she and Lucian are still all in all to each other, judging from her remarks. I hope they will always be as happy. Speaking of Ida and Lucian reminded me of their canyon trip and that reminded me that I had taken a very short one this summer. May, Vilate, Miss Reynolds, Miss Harrison, Jennie and myself were brave enough to venture up South Park with but one man in camp. Brother Wash was our protector. We had a fine time. While there your papa and mamma surprised us with a visit. They had gone up for the day with Bro. Whitney and wife. Fay you have such a sweet mamma. I spent a very pleasant afternoon with Clara and Angie last Sunday. Little Florence said DI did not look like Sina. I began to wonder if Ted's fear lest Nettie and I would change so much while you boys were away, was really beginning to show itself.

I never saw a more completely contented girl than Nettie is. She says she so often thinks of you. It seems as though I have spent nearly all my Sunday nights at Nettie's since I came home. Did I ever tell you Fay that Ted said he would write to me while away when he had plenty of leisure and I told him I should be pleased to answer. Have you heard from him yet?

Fay I am so glad you telephoned to Aunt Phena. We received a letter from her a few days ago and she said she was never more happily surprised in her life.

I almost forget what news I have told you about the boys and girls so please excuse repetitions if I tell you the same thing in two letters. It seems that either marriages or "break-ups" are quite in order. I wish you were here to read letter I received from Laura just after she and Sam agreed to disagree. Both seem to think it will be permanent. I do hope it won't. During the Jubilee Etta came to the conclusion that she cared no more for McArthur than as a mere friend and there has been no attempt at reconciliation. During Institute Etta thought no less of me when one of my classmates spent one evening with me and the next we went for a ride. He seems to take it quite hard but I really think he must not think any more of [hole punched here]. Frank and Gena seem to have thought it best not to correspond. Frank is going to teach on Provo Bench. Well Fay I had a good lecturing laid up for Walter the first time I saw him. Do you remember the resolves I made? Well I said nothing to him for I felt that 'twould only bring up unpleasant memories and as, though I spent a number of evenings in his presence during Summer School, he gave me no cause to approach the subject, I thought my feelings were best to remain unexpressed. He called the other day as he left for Idaho where he teaches next year. Maggie and Jennie are not attending school. There are nine of the 1900 class at school. Cora will probably tell you all of the class news.

Well Fay your last letter was so brief that I was almost disappointed when I received it; but no doubt you have but little time to write now that your labors have really begun and you were in a hurry when you wrote. Even though short it came a welcome guest as your letters ever shall. Fay I am happy, very happy and see no reason why I shall not be during the three years of your absence, for I sincerely believe that through prayer all doubts will be removed and neither of us will ever have cause to regret whatever steps we take.

And Fay I feel that you are surely happy. If you can find out when ships sail from her [sic] I wish you would tell me for it seems that I cannot and I don't like to have my letters get so old before they reach you.

Fay, you have my prayers and best wishes.

Lovingly.

Sina

(Address) Whangarei, N. Z. Sept. 22nd 97.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah

My Dear Sina,— This letter will not leave New Zealand before Oct. 9, but I have postponed answering, in hopes of something of interest transpiring between now and that time, as long as I can.

The last mail, I was highly favored receiving five letteres [sic]; two from you, one from Clara, one from Eva, and one from Garn. Sina, why did you tell me you could not write? Your letters are capital and you are an ideal correspondent. Truth is never flattery, so do not consider it as such, but accept it as a well merited compliment. I dare not tell you how many times I read your letters, but feel warranted in saying if my memory was up to the ordinary, they would have been committed to memory, verbatim.

Your descriptions of the Jubilee were splendid and in my imagination and your company I saw all. Sina do not allow your-self to think your letters have been too lengthy or numerous, I could have read a dozen just like them with undying interest.

You laugh and think of our gooseberry supper. Well I have often thought of that supper also, and do not know when food and environments, so combined, were ever sweeter and more heartily relished. I have often wished for the opportunity to exchange a whole days rations for another such a meal with such company to prepare and share it. Yes the food from that meal has outlasted all others, or at least the memory. Sina I dwell upon all our past experiences until in me I fear it has ceased to be a virtue.

During the time intervening between this and my last letter I have been entirely among the Maoris. It would be death for me in your eyes, to give two minute account of everthing [sic] in Maoridom. So will abstain from some of the unpleasant thing.

Some time ago night overtook myself and companion and left us the alternative of asking entertainment of an old Maori or of having the canopy of heaven for our cover. We chose the former. At first he growled out from within and told us he had no bedding nor food. We were not to be put aside by this and only continued our efforts. Soon the old man totored [sic] out and gave us quite a royal welcome. To me, with his face completely tatoed, and wearing nothing but a shirt, he appeared to belong to the ancient of days. Some food was soon resurrected and a good bed provided. We sang a hym, read a chapter, and had prayers with him, that night and the next morning. Before we left the old fellow had become quite congenial, and I imagined he even hated to see us go.

Upon another occasion we were taken into a Maori canoe but one of the women. There was scarcely an inch of the canoe above the water. We did not dare to move. You should have seen the strained and rigid expression upon the faces of myself and companion. Our more experienced Maori friend, just smiled at our distress, gave a significant elevation to her head, took a few puffs from her pipe, then seized the paddle and away wee sped. The smoke from her pipe gave us the appearance of a small steamer as we glided up the channel. How I have lamented not having a picture of me there upon this occasion.

Upon one occasion I was suddenly enveloped by a pair of arms. My amazement and alarm was short, for the good natured laugh that was instantly emitted gave me full assurance, and upon closer examination the shades of night revealed the darker outline of a Maori lass. She stole upon me at night and took me by surprise, so I feel quite excusable for permitting such.

The Maori diet consists of sweetened hot water, bread, fish, oysters, pipies, poi, irish and sweet potatoes. Of course we do not get all of this at one meal, but get some of it in all of the meals. Our district lies along the sea-shore. I have enjoyed the distinction of having gathered oysters from the rocks and of having sampled them from the shell. My taste needs considerable education in order for me to relish oysters in this raw-state. The natives gather pipies, from the beach, and prepare a grand dish similar in some respects to oysters.

There is very little fruit here, and I expect to be fruit hungry for the next—three years.

There are some fine people among the Maoris and we have some grand friends among them. Perhaps I have fallen into the Maori ways too much, and will want to practice them when home. All I would need to do would be to plant a few punkins, then go a visiting. When my punkins were ripe have my friends come and see me until they were gone. This is Maori style. What do you think of it.

One of the brethern [sic] who like myself is not known as a singer, sang a hymn; and when he had finished the tune, the words did not come out right. He kept on singing, however, until he had finished. He got out of the difficulty by making the Maoris believe it was a new tune.

The other day my bridle [sic] broke and my horse ran away with me. He made for a clump of trees. I knew it would be perilous to attempt to ride him through the trees; so said my prayers and leaped. How it happened that I so effectually uprooted a large stump and escaped all injury I am sure I'll never tell.

At present I am alone among the Maoris the brethern having gone south. Well of course time drags when you can't understand a thing that is being said and every book you pick up is written in Maori. Well I console and content my-self with the knowledge that others before me have underwent the same experience and have in the end succeeded in learning the language.

The Maoris call me "Whei," which is the same in Maori as 'Fay' in English. I have just begun to grasp a few words of the language. If I am prayerful and constant in my efforts think I shall be quick to learn the language.

My mission does not furnish many opportunities to speak, but is resplendent with opportunities for study. My greatest and only desire is to fill an honorable and successful mission, and to enjoy the spirit of the same. If I can do this I shall enjoy my stay in N. Z.

My companion brother Geo. Burnham is a thorough good fellow and a genuine Maori. He sings well and has been very successful with the language.

Garn's letter from Cincinnati was a complete surprise. I can not bring my-self to realize that Garn is a married man. I was not able to gather it from the context of his letter. Well I have it from the pen of three now so can no longer doubt.

Garn has been almost as dear to me as a brother and as such I love him. Allie holds no less a place in my estimation. Though they may have been hasty I think there is a life of happiness in store for them. My best wishes are that God will fill their cup with happiness and preserve and prosper them in the path of righteousness.

We no longer remain the six, but now we are the five. What do you think is in store for Lucian and Ida..

Sina I have kept from our own case as long as possible. My dear girl I shall express myself unreservedly in our behalf; shall give my thoughts without polish and trust in them there will be nothing painful. Sina from your last letter, you have lead me to believe our case has not your sanction. You quoted Bro. Maeser. His judgment is certainly superior to ours. Then Sina I can not convince myself that there would ever be any great differences of ideas between us. There is no disparaging difference in our ages; not when you think of Lucian and Ida, Mr. and Mrs. R. G., Clara. Candidly speaking I do think our dispositions too much alike. Then again, Sina, my mission is a long one. Ere I return the bank of Fay Holbrook promises to be insolvent. Which would mean three years before I could install you in the life you deserve and surround you with comforts. Six years and then Sina I may change. Now Sina this is what I say,— if you find another, you like better, even as well, who promises better; let him become a lover and me a brother. Meanwhile until you find such another (and make sure) favor me with your corospondence. I mean by “make sure” to not discontinue writing to me until you have found that other who will be most favored of mortals. It is selfish in me to so implore your corospondence but if you could see how I linger over it with pleasure sometimes with moistened eyes, you would not hesitate in giving me the same. Dear Sina do not imagine that in my affections another has taken your place. For none, I at present know, have or can, unless I greatly change. Sina do not think of my happiness but look well to your own. Sina I truly love you and you must always have a place in my heart. If in others you do not see the partner you want for life then there can be no harm in our corospondence and our relation remaining the same. My dear girl this is as I view it. Be as candid in expressing yourself to me. Sina it will pain me if any of this causes you sorrow,. Please smile over it. As ever. With love and best wishes. Fay

P.S. Fay please take into consideration the fact that I am trying to write vertically as I have to teach it.

Sina.

Springville, Oct. 6, 1897
Mr. Fay Holbrook,
Whangarei, New Zealand.

Dear Fay:—

Fay I started to write to you once or twice before at which times I was in such a gloomy mood that I decided to let them go where the feeling that prompted them has gone and I hope this letter will find you as happy and hopeful as I am to-night. I hardly know where to begin as it seems such a long while since I wrote to you yet had I of written others they would not have reached you earlier. I was so glad to get the time table yet I am very much dissappointed to see that the time of return mail is so long.

In the first place Fay I must thank you for the kind way in which you spoke of my letter for I was afraid you would not understand me as I meant. If my letter gave you pleasure, I am glad. But I'm afraid you'll never know how happy every one of yours have made me. The one that came from Sidney disappointed at the moment for it was so short, but anyway I said "Fay has not forgotten me or he would not have written at that station." And the flowers were so sweet. They seemed as though they were willing to tell of the far distant land from which they came.

I told you I would tell you of my successful days and days of failure in my present work, but I will take back that promise for I don't like to recall unpleasant things as I feel so encouraged to-night and want to keep up all the buoyancy of heart I am capable of for if ever I felt that I needed it it has been for the past four weeks especially.

When I left school all was ideal. I felt that to have a school of my own that I could work with and make everything happy and pleasant for the children so that school would not be a task but a pleasure would be a pleasure to me. But I find that the work I am doing is very, very, practical and the children are not perfect, and the teacher is far from being as good as she should be to be an example to them, some days she is pleasant and some gloomy. But I am determined that if there is one thing in my life that I can accomplish I am going to work hardest to try and enjoy and make pleasant whatever I attempt to do. I am just here reminded of what you said in your third. "We must taste the bitter in order to enjoy the sweet." How true it is yet what a dread we have of that bitter taste. But Fay don't you think that when the darker side of our natures are overcome and we become less human and more Divine we will see and feel less and less of the unpleasant, more and more of the glorious light from heaven [sic] which brings nothing but joy and finally taste of nothing but the sweet? If that is true, does it not lie within our power to reach out and pluck the fruit only from the tree of light and happiness?

Fay do you know that when you spoke of last year being one of the most happy in your life I hopelessly wished that it might be spent over if the fact of my being your partner had anything to do with it for it seems to me that I was very careless and even indifferent at time, which I most certainly would not have been, had I of known what I do now. But no doubt 'twas best for both that each were blinded as to the true feelings of the other. I only hope that time will not change us but that we will know each other even better after a three year's separation than ever before. As you say, I too am willing and glad to confide in my Heavenly Father in regard to this as well as all other things that are for our happiness.

No doubt Fay you will think I am a mite abstract but I hope you understand me.

You spoke of your hopes regarding Ted and Nettie. I was joking her about it and she said that she looked forward to Ted's return ly with a dread of a second separation, but that no matter if a third separation was anticipated she could think of nothing but remaining true to her promises. I think I never saw a girl so sincere as she. Of course she delights in saying that her letters are unequalled, but without exception I declare that mine with New Zealand postage give me more pleasure than she ever dreamed of. Do you suspicion that we ever talk of you? I hardly know what I would do if I did not receive letters. I wish you were here to listen to one of I received from Delia away off in Idaho. If 'twere not so far I would send it. I will copy the following— "Bless old Fay's heart. I would love to see him. Give him my very best love. I know you will." She seemed so lonely but will come home at Xmas. Perhaps I am talking in parables. Did you know that she had gone to Idaho, the "Sagebrush country as she calls it? I received a letter from the same place. He gave me a "waking up," so he said for neglecting my classmates. He too seemed to feel somewhat forsaken and asked me to take care of Miss Reynolds, his Springville girl for him. I am willing to take care of her for him. Fay does it not seem strange to think that Allie, Ida and myself are all teaching? Neither of the girls have written; but I am going to write to them soon for I would not have our friendship get cole as it seems to me to live in memory of happy times spent is almost to live them over again. I spoke to Eva of your picture and Nettie hasn't hers taken yet but you will be remembered when she does. I am glad you had success with my picture but of course you didn't forget to remind the boys that pictures usually flatter.

When you spoke of Sam and Anna Laura it seemed hardly possible that you did not know what changes had taken place since you left. I believe I explained all about them in my last. Sam seems to be quite an admirer of Ida Cheever. I believe it was Laura's fault and I'm afraid she will regret it. I don't know when I hated so badly to see a separation as I did that one. Perhaps it is because I feel so much friendship for both of them. I dreamed the other night that Laura was to banquet our class, she being the first married— to Mr. Crosby the one who interferred at the Jubilee. But of course it was only a dream. Speaking of dreaming reminds me with what a sorrowful heart I awoke Friday morning to know that a third not was on its way for me similar to others I have received. Only it seemed to me that you were in the school house and I saw you write it, all the time I knew it was for me and I was trying my best to avoid receiving it. Of course I awoke at the most intense point and I guess the note was torn up, at least I haven't seen it yet.

Well Fay it doesn't pay to judge too quickly. Mr. Lee undoubtedly had a very good heart after all if he did prize his apples so much. You certainly must have enjoyed your four days at Sidney. It seems to me that your trip will be most beneficial and I know it will be enjoyed. You mentioned the Comic opera and it reminds me that Lewis James will be here Friday and Saturday. Fay won't you come and take me? I will try and not ask so many foolish questions as I did before? Without joking Fay I do wish you were here (I am finishing my letter to-day, Sunday at home.) I am sitting by the table just where you sat the day you ask me to go to "Spartacus" at the south end and Maggie was at the North— that picture is vividly stamped on my mind. You know it was just after the Leap Year. I recall that (the Ball) as one instance where I most certainly was ungratefully unkind. But you have forgiven me haven't you Fay? Seeing that you are not here I guess I will make the best of it and go to "Cavalier of France" Friday night. You might just think of me as there undoubtedly I will be with one away off in New Zealand, especially as the curtain drops.

Well Fay I hope you will soon get climated so that your hair need not suffer so much. Jennie received a photo of Will and he hardly looked like himself with the addition of feature of a mustache. She wrote and told him to come back as he went and that will be in a short time now.

You spoke of Eva and Lester. Eva is in Salt Lake and Lester in Richfield but I have reason to believe that a lively correspondence is being carried on between those two points.

Well Fay when you left you hardly expected to spend your time among the natives of New Zealand. But form your letters I do not believe you feel at all badly about it and it seems to me that you have the proper spirit. Perhaps somethings are not as pleasant as they would have been among a more enlightened race. And perhaps from a selfish standpoint of self-advancement, in a way, you are at somewhat of a disadvantage; but when we look at is as being —God's work— you are doing, what he sent you to do and there is no reason why the greatest blessing will not be yours.

I must tell you about my last letter. I was going to the depot with Sam, Cora and Jennie and called in the office. Of course I read it before the train came in and gave the news to the folks. On the train I attempted to re-read but Miss McClellan thought me alone ana came back to sit with me. Somewhat startled by the interruption I must have dropped the ferns at least when I got home or to Sister Alleman's my boarding place they were no where to be found. They were such pretty ones and I felt real badly over it.

Sam told me that your papa felt so badly about your laboring among the Maori people and you cannot blame him for he has a father's love for his only son.

My conscience hurts me because I cannot think of anything that I could suggest for amusement that I am sure would work for the children although I have tried to think of something. I should think a collection of bright attractive picture cards and stories told about them would entertain them for a few moments. If you are around them for any length of time take chalk or anything that will make marks and draw very simple pictures on the floor (as you spoke of sitting on the floor I suppose that would be most convenient) and have children take seeds of some kind and lay on the marks. It was employ them and give them practice in using their fingers and make a pretty outline after finished. Pictures, simple, cut from old journals and books to be traced by the children might work. I will try and think of something more adapted to them and if I am successful will send in my next.

Fay I am more than pleased to know that we can entertain each other more successfully when you return. It is a very pleasing and happy thought to know that you are going to practice singing. I feel confident that you will be quite successful. If you make as good a success of your voice in singing as in laughing you will please me very much. I will try and not forget what little

I know of music and as soon as I can will take up the study again and try to see whether there really is any music in me or not.

I have a lovely boarding place. Ida Alleman's home. She is so good and generous. She even shares her beau with me. Since I have been over to Springville I have been the third party to all entertainments. Last Sunday night out to supper. Thursday night to a Social at Miss Dougalls. A week ago Friday night to the Fair Dance at Spanish Fork. I must tell you how I got all the coffee I wanted for awhile. Mr. Crandall, Ida, and I were at lunch and the waiter was so very generous as to give me the full benefit of four cups in my lap. The blue dress you used to like has consequently turned to somewhat of a brown and Mr. Crandall wanted a piece of it as a souveigner of the trip. Last Friday night to my surprize was called to the phone by Frank wanting to know if the Evergeen class might be represented by he and myself at the first Academy Ball of this year. I went and had a very pleasant time. It seemed to me that hardly any of our old friends were there. Nearly all were new. I don't know whether I told you of the "New College Building" being in progress or not. Cora and Byard represented your class on the occasion of the Dedication of grounds. I guess Cora will be better able to give you the news of school than I.

Well Fay I think I never heard words of song so beautifully full of meaning than those in the one you noted. Please learn the music to it so you can sing it. You see my paper is full and if I start another sheet I will fill it so— with love and bright hopes I say good-bye
from yours lovingly Sina.

Springville, Nov. 2- 1897.

Dear Fay:—

This is just the fifth letter started and I do hope I will be able to write at least a page or two to-night. To-night closes a day of quite hard work. Although I have not been teaching, as it is election day; yet I have been making out reports and have sit so steady that I am almost too tired to write but I am alone, have all my work prepared for to-morrow, so my thoughts turn to you and I am alone no longer. Perhaps 'tis the night so completely perfect in its beauty, so warm for a Nov. eve, so light that one can almost see to read outside, perhaps 'tis this that causes my mind to turn so wholly to thoughts of you. I wonder if you are sure of a home for the night and of kind friends to talk to and encourage you. You most surely have. For you are engaged in God's work and He most surely will take care of you. It seems to me that upon the occasion of being thrown from (or when you jumped from) your horse you were not saved through your own skill but through some power beyond that of human strength. I often wonder how people live without that Faith that gives such strength and such hope. It seems to me that all burdens are laid aside when placed on the arm of faith in that Power which comes from God through prayerful hearts. Fay I know you must have many, very many difficulties to encounter, and think what joy three years will bring when you return and find how much you have accomplished in that short time. I am living in the anticipation of the sweet joy your return will bring.

“Joys are our wings”

Sorrows are our spurs.”

Although it is only four months yet it seems longer when I look back to the morning of your departure. But I know it will not seem so long after the first year. I received a letter from Eva a short time ago and she is very happy. She is so busy that time flies with her and she is anxiously, patiently waiting for a letter from “the dearest boy in the world” so she said. I wish you were here and we would have a good time reading letters. I never got to read the letter that Leister wrote you that you said I might. There will be time when you return. Won't there?

I should very much have enjoyed taking part in the ride in the Maori canoe, of course you were perfectly safe or perhaps I would not be so brave. Yes, here comes the picture of our Utah Lake ride bounding up before my eyes. A beautiful moon such as it is to-night. A dear girl friend beside me, a gallant rower, neither of us daring to believe which was his choice, but both hoping on— I wonder if I am not still hoping on?

You spoke of your picture while on your imaginary steamer. I can see it now. I wonder how correct the image is. By the way, you said you were going to have a group picture. You won't forget to send me one if you do will you? Please don't. I mean don't forget to send me one.

You might just remind that Maori lass that she has quite got the start of we girls at home and I feel quite jealous. They are opportunities lost, never return and she embraced the opportunity when it was most tempting. But I'll forgive her if she'll agree not to give you a disliking for such bursts of feeling. Fay don't you have any bread and butter? No doubt your appetite will be quite educated when you return and the poorest of cooks will be able to give satisfaction. Cora and I were saying the other day that fasting would be a very big task for you if meat was the principal dish. I am glad to hear that you have a few other things besides. And to think you must even go gooseberry hungry "is almost too bad; but reserve your liking for that fruit and we will have another such a festival when you return. Do you think you will enjoy it as well. Of course you will Fay. You won't change will you?

You spoke of all the books being in Maori. I wish I knew how to pronounce it, of course you can't tell me). Fay would you like any books to read in our Language. I would be very pleased to send you any desired if have it or do you care to be bothered with such? Do you travel all the time or do you have a place that you call home?

I have been enjoying myself very much of late. On Founders Day witnessed the parade which was a glowing success, but they nearly broke Bro. Maeser's heart with their yells. The scene of Founder's Day a year ago was recounted and we had a pleasant day. The exercises in the Tabernacle were interesting. It happened to be conference so they united and Apostle Woodruff spoke especially well. The following Sunday Cora and I called at Bro. Holbrooks and as I always do had a very very pleasant time. Apostle Woodruff and wife were there and we felt much much complimented to meet them. On Friday Night attended Literary and sat by Sam and Ida. I believe I told you of this choice in my last. Last Sunday—week ago saw Angie leave for Salt Lake. All the girls and boys went to the depot. Clara, Rena, Rhoda, Jenetta, George, Clifford, Byard, Royal, Aro and your papa. How it did rain but we had a good time any way.

Did not go home Friday Night but went to Sp. Fk and returned Sunday Night. So you see I will not be home again before I mail this so news from Provo will be few. Received a letter from Cora. She made an expression such as this "Sina, I have completely lost my heart. I look to you for sympathy, come home soon and I will tell you all." So I am in anxious suspense to know who has been so fortunate to win a soul so true and noble as Cora's. I love her more every day.

You asked me what I thought was in store for Lucian and Ida. Fay I know not and cannot even guess. I can only hope 'twill all be bliss, surely they both deserve it.

That future that lies before me is unknown and uncertain. I can look but a short way ahead and see all clear, nor would I care to look if I could. I feel that its best as it is.

I must tell you about or late theatres. Had the pleasure of witnessing Lewis James portray the characters of "Othello" and Cavalier of France. I do wish you could have ben here. Of course they did not excel "Spartacus" but along with the latter they were unexcelled. You will undoubtedly be here ere the great actor returns to the Garden City again.

Fay is it possible that you and Ted are so near to-gether and as yet have not heard from one another. It seems strange that I should hear from him first. At the same time I received yours and his in last mail. Something unusual I went to the office and asked for my letters never dreaming they were mine. Imagine my intense delight at recognizing the hand-wirting of one and the post mark Samoa of the other. From Ted's letter I suppose your work and his to be very different. He is teaching about thirty little natives and he seems in most jovial spirits. He actually seems to have fallen in love with them. "There is the little girl with large soulful eyes—what difference whether blue or black as long as they reflect a soul that seems asleep, and yet all the while you expect to see it awake and beam forth in kind of an angelic warmth. How your love goes out for her! How you wish she would meet with even more difficulties that you might aid her and see her sweet smile. Thank God that we have such faces to brighten the path way of every kindhearted teacher." Pardon me Fay for this quotation but it seemed so to express the feelings of Ted's life at Samoa and the spirit with which he is working that I thought I would insert it. He asked – "How does the future look to you—bright or gray?" Fay it is very bright yet most uncertain, but that uncertainty need not make it gray? Nor would I have it otherwise as long as I feel sure that the bright side will be painted. Can I turn the question and say How does the world look to you Fay, bright or gray? I sincerely trust it is very very bright. Fay if it lies within my power to stretch one beam of light across your pathway heaven knows I will be most happy in doing so. Ted gave the warning—Don't forget Fay, Sina." Why did he put it that way. How could I do so. I never shall.

Fay I have something to say. How shall I say it. I cannot answer your last. I will only say that if I thought either from fault of yours or my own, all corospondence must be so suddenly cut off—letters that have been a source of so much sweet hidden joy—it seems as though it has been all my own, unknown to but few, and so complete—I would seek to obey the motto—

Trust no future howe'er pleasant

Let the Dead past bury its dead

Act, act in the living present

Heart within and God o'erhead." But fay I can only trust that it will all end well. I cannot now write how I feel perhaps next mail will bring more courage.

"Feeling is deep and still; and the
word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the
anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what
the world calls illusions."

You'll pardon me Fay for not being more explicit. I cannot. Trust me to be still the same unchanged "little girl." And though perhaps ere you return apparently I will be changed yet the heart will be there still—and trusting that God always hears the prayers of those who sincerely implore his aid and never leaves them in the darkness of doubt in which they sought him, I am most happy. Our lives are not lives of chance. They are shaped by destiny and if we live each day our very best there is no fear of failure in the end.

Well Fay I should have mailed this letter sooner but here I am at home 9 o'clock Sunday Morning—fast day. You cannot see the beautiful white covering outside. It is a beautiful winter morning. Had some one of whispered to me the changes since this time last year I would have smiled most doubtfully. But they have come all for the very best and brighter days will come again. I recall the verses you wrote in your sixth. I could quote them all for my heart at this moment

echoes their sentiment. (Just did it by folding Pardon.) [referring to a small streak of ink]

Trusting, hoping, and praying that you are still enjoying your noble work and will return
the same Fay I am as ever

Yours most truly

Sina.

Martins ville 11-21-97.

My Dear Fay:— Hevan bless you my Bro for your dear letter a thousand times my heart has waded the Ocean to the forsaken shore where my Dear Fay is preaching the gospel. OH Fay how I have wondered and scanned your pictured ore and ore if perchance you had forgotten the one that was so bound to you by hevans own friendship. Now I am satisfied when I know that you reply with the same promptness that I have so often seen manifest in your every day life. So I hasten to reply only last night I recieved your letter when I was blue for yesterday we had not met a soul who was interested in the gospel could not find a place to preach, and it came home to my heart bearing the same friendly reproach that your conduct has often given me, bidding me be more constant and trusting— So— Fay still you are my Bro still asiting me though miles and miles makes space centuries between us.

My labors are in a different field than yours; but attended more or less with miseries, the hardships, which beset an Elders life. We are at present going without purse and scrip, but often oh so often we must if it were not Gods true tenderness lay out in the cold- night before last we stated about four get lodgings. The evening spent itself till almost eight and no place to stop. At one house we were invited in and treated with some respect but when they learned who we were seemed almost to regret the invitation. We talked for almost one hour and a half, then ask for a bed of course the girls were moved and as we went to leave pled with their mother to keep us. But of no avail the dye had been cast and we were likewise cast.

We drifted from house to house at one place and old soldier came to the door and with demure eyes and a grunty accent, lauded the praises of his own actions, then bade us, as law-breakers, leave his door. Loath to leave yet we lingered but our soldier friend disappeared behind the bulwaaarks of his kitchen table and left us to go or stay only we were to be unentertained.

Finally we wound up at a place where we had been befor where once the people were friendly. But now they were cool yes cold as the north pole you could not have exsperienced a more despirate change in the atmosphere of a home than this.

The other evening we were leaving a place where we had ask for lodgings when a young lady came and called us back yes, came and called us back again. But mind you we were not to say any thing which might poison the minds of the young people. But Fay in all this god comforts and blesses us. I cannot help but be thankful every day for his blessings at our conference we had a royal feast. Two of the Apostles F. M> Lyman and M. T. Cowley and all the good instructions that mature years and gods council was given us. Fay if I had only been given you for a companion to labor with I would have been happy no matter what reverse migh come, but now reverses come and you know how hard it is to satisfy ones self on such things, and feel that you al allways doeing the best at all times. I long for the time when we can strike hands again and feel the bortherly love which has always bound us.

Fay I have so much to say for you and I know that you will love to have me say it. You know that I have always liked both you and Sina. if it would not be intruding I love you both. I could not concieve of anything which I would not long for you to have. But Fay if you love her as - you say you do - never waita until it is to late. Secure here, heaven has blessed you with her. No matter what betide she will wait and comfort you. Oh the days of waiting of faniful mistrust. Fay did you know that a Darling little wife could banish all such themes?

And to have her say “Our little home” it may be sentimental, but the words have such a tenderness, and expression for me. Do you think it would be proper to wreck both yours and her happiness, for the fear that you could not support her? Don’t ever entertain such ideas. Her heart will be interested in what you wish to accomplish and don’t you think that the boat moves easier under two banks of oars, when the oarsmen are pulling for the same heaven?

I speak this way because I love you. And because I love to linger on the words, that have made me possessor of my Allie. So Fay remember allways, I have confided in you and told you of my engagement before even my parents knew it. Only think what a blessing it would be to return and Sina have enough saved to start house keeping. There is nothing happier than union when you are lovers. Lovers that sigh and wait and linger only for the kiss of those they love. Yes, Sina wrote to Allie and of course my Little Wife promised to send me the letter before even I had asked to read it. So I know Fay how she loves you. I would not wait if I were you. Write and have her come to you, because Fay dear Bro she will be such a comfort. I wish all the day long that I was so situated that I could have Allie with me Half my burden would be removed.

It seems so strange that we should have all met and loved. I think addition and multiplication will solve the problem as it has done in my case. Try and I will risk the solution.

No, as far as my slighting Sina I would not have done it for the world, because I have to much respect for the friendship which we have formed.

It came so sudden I found that it would have been impossible for me to do without Allie so I secured her now for she could be a comfort on my mission and it is a blessing to be comforted by those we love

From these meagre words flow balm, of consolation. From their mighty words comes worlds of tenderness and such lofty intrest

Now dear Fay I pray for the Lord to protect and prosper you and bring you home someday to your darling Sina

Goodby God Bless you

Garn Clark

Write me at 1128 Locust St. Cincinnati Ohio

Kamo. Whangarei. N. Z. Mon. Nov. 22nd, 97

Miss Sina Brimhall,

Provo, Utah. My Dear Sina,— You can not imagine what a disappointed boy I was when I got my mail. I looked over my mail, and then with a sad countenance said to my companion, “its over the fence and out with us.” All of this I must charge to the vertical system. For I soon found your signature attached to one of those letters that no one but Sina can write. Well I felt like saying let’s have a glass of soda on the strength of the “vertical system.”

Sina this poor letter is all I can send you for Christmas. It’s a poor present but the best I can do this time. Will it do? Do you remember last Christmas when I gave a party? How I invited you? and how you accepted my invitation?

Then how I repented my uncalled for action, and how you said, “no,” You needn’t bother;” and of course I wilted and fled. How well do I remember that night when you came. How unconcerned I attempted to appear, and still with what a jealous eye I watched your ever move and expression. Then with what pleasure though it was somewhat mortifying to you I hastened back from Jeaneta’s to again have you by my side; and you were so mad you would hardly open your mouth. Do you remember how I came a week later to take you to “Spartacus.” How well do I remember with what interest we gazed on that stage. The whole thing is present to me now just as it was. Sina, I think that was the happiest evening of my life. If there was any coolness or indifference on my part, it vanished before that night was half spent.

To think Lewis James was there again, and that you gave me an invite to come and take you, and how eagerly I accepted— but could not. This time there is only eight thousand miles between us, and I hope not the slightest discord.

Well, Sina a European friend gave me two of the grandest white roses. They were simply perfect. And then to think all of their beauty and fragrance had to be wasted on me. Oh, why can I not accept Sina’s invitation; take these grand roses and pin them in her hair, and take her dressed in her blue dress to see Lewis James. Such were a few of the extravagant fancies that passed through my mind. This place is a paradise for flowers. We have summer now and all of the flowers are in their glory. It almost seems a shame to see so many beautiful flowers, open up in all their grandeur, and send forth their fragrance, unappreciated. Alas! The leaves fall, the flower lingers awhile, and then passed away for-ever, all unnoticed. Of course their beauty lent enchantment to nature, and in some unseen way they fulfilled a mission. But then why could not the same flowers have blossomed in some flower garden or some window or have adorned some deserving soul. “Full many a flower is born to blush unseen. And waste its fragrance upon the desert air.” How true is this to life? And how many deserving souls pass by all unnoticed. Guess I had better quit engaging in this dreaming.

Well you went to the theatre and had a grand time. Just tell me all about it, please? How does it compare with Spartacus? There are more theatres coming arn’t their Sina? If I had been there to ask you how old you are. You could have added one year. Sina you can vote for yourself and after next July you can vote for me until I come home;— providing you vote for free silver.

Sina, I will not have it that you acted indifferent or that you are at fault. Our troubles were minor and arose from misunderstandings.

The step the Academy has taken is grand. It is certainly destined to become a famous school. The liberal contributions of the Knights and Ed. Loose, show them to be people deserving their wealth. My heart if not my money is with the school.

Here I have been blessing Cora all for nothing, for the other day I received a letter from her

about six weeks after it was due. Will answer if after I finish this if I have time. Eva's second letter has not reached me yet. Well bless Delia I must write to her soon. Sina you are the only girl I pretend to carry on a regular correspondence with.

Walter's class enthusiasm is O.K. I fear he has first class interest in you. Sina it is O.K. with me for you to correspond with him if you desire. He is a fine fellow and worthy your correspondence and he has my best wishes in his school teaching capacity. Of course he must "keep off the grass," and be contented with second place until I am duly informed.

What kind of a visit did Bro. Hales make you. Don't you think this land has improved him? Bro. Burnham and I had our pictures taken with a group of Maoris the other day. The plate was so small, I am afraid we will not be able to recognize the faces. (I would not send this letter on account of the blot, only that my time is extremely limited. I was purely accidental that it got on there.)

For most of the last month I have been, and, for this next month will be, alone. My companion is making an extensive visit among the Maoris in a new part of the country. I started out a month ago to make my trip through the district alone. I did not know where our friends were, and rather relied on my own ability to find entertainment. I reasoned that I could talk in such a manner, that no one would have the heart to turn me away. I reckoned without my hostess. I made three bold attempts to get entertainment for the night and was gloriously refused each time.

Things began to look a little dark. I scrapped my odd pennies together, and found that I had enough for a bed and breakfast. As a result I spent the night and had my breakfast in a boarding house. The first day had raised hob with my money purse and I could plainly see that I would need to use different tactics.

Just before making my attempts, I presented my case before the Lord in prayer. The first place I tried I was met by a good natured woman. Upon being told the Mr was not home, I started to leave. She asked me what I desired. I then told her who I was and the nature of my case. "If you can content yourself with the humble fair of our home, you are more than welcome;" was her kind answer. I gratefully accepted, and spent a most enjoyable night. Although she did not care about our religion, when I left after breakfast the following morning she made me promise to call whenever I happened to pass that way.

This taught me where a missionary should place his confidence. The next day brought me among our own people. Thus far I have had no more trouble.

Most of our people live along the . . . shore and in making my visits among them I have had some grand boatrips. I have been on the water two or three times just as the full moon rose. It was grand and I could not help wishing you were with me.

I have had the pleasure of blessing one little babe since my last. The language is occupying most of my time at present. There has been one or two minor obstacles in my road, but feel that I am doing nicely. And considering my former capacity, think the Lord has certainly blessed me in permitting me to get through with the Maori hymns as well as I do.

Ora has sent me three songs and I am agoing to have lots of fun trying to sing them if I can learn them.

I tried to ride my horse across a place when the tide was in, the other day. As a result I had my clothes on the fence to dry and was wrapped up in my blanket for a few hours. Such experiences are common to the New Zealand missionary, and we only laugh at them and consider them a joke.

Do not think anyone need feel sad because my mission is where it is. I am laboring among the remnants of a once glorious and chosen people. In many things they are truly superior. When I enjoy the full degree of the spirit I am one of the happiest of mortals; and if that spirit will continue

with me throughout, these will be the happiest three years of my life.

While I have been writing Morenga Roa (the finest looking girl in Maorydom) has come and brought me a nice boquet. Sina the flower in your letter came O.K. and I have it carefully stowed away with my keep-sake things. Your suggestions for the children are capital, but they stick like glue so I have concluded to leave them alone.

I would at least like to furnish you the boquets, from our grand roses here, for your holiday outings. They are far nicer than the ones we have at home. Well Sina my wish is for you to have a good lively time during your holiday vacation, and a rest from your school work. Save a few good waltzes for me, and a Chicago glide or two.

Do not know where I shall be this Christmas, and since I am so far away from home do not care. I shall try to think of relatives and friends as having a good time, and wish them to the think the same of me. Of course you will go home for the vacation. Please remember me to Nettie and all of my old friends. Give my love to Jennie and all of your folks. With love and best wishes I remain, as ever Your loving friend

Fay

P.S. My address will always remain the same, unless you are informed otherwise.

Kamo. Whangarei, N.Z, Mon. Nov. 22nd 97.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Holbrook.

My Dear Parents,—

Your kind and loving letters including the post-office-order were most gratefully received. Was pleased to hear that things were as well as they are; but was very sorry that mother was not well and to hear of Uncle I. N. and Aunt Lillie's sad loss. However I feel like mother about the child; that after all we must acknowledge the hand of the Lord in such cases. The Lord says whomsoever he loves he chasteneth. If this be true and we are called to go through much, it is by no means a sign that the Lord is displeased with us. Mother I most sincerely hope and trust your illness was short and that you are now enjoying the blessings of health and strength. I fear you are working too hard. You and pa certainly deserve to have, at least, a few years of ease, and I feel that you soon can.

It is surprising that the mines have not developed into what was expected before this. I still feel encouraged concerning them.

The step the Academy is taking is grand. Some day I think it will in educational lines be on a level with the best schools of the Union. The exceedingly generous contributions of Jessie Knights and Ed Loose shows them to be men who are deserving of their wealth. Such men are certainly a blessing to humanity.

In reference to the mail, do not think we can put any confidence in the English mail. The elders all say that there is nothing gained by attempting to have letters go on it.

I have been alone for the last month and expect to be for the next month. My companion has gone on a trip to visit some Maoris we have not been among much, and as I can not speak the language he did not think it would be wise for me to go this time. Latter I expect to go.

I started out about a month ago on my trip alone through the district. I did not know where our friends were, and how to gauge my rides in order to make the proper stops. The first day I trusted too much to my-self and thought I could make such a good talk that no one could find the heart to turn me away. The result was I tried three times to find entertainment for the night, and was turned away each time. Well I just had money enough to stay at a boarding house for the night and to get my breakfast. It had now grown late and so this was all there was left for me to do. So I spent the night in a boarding house.

The next day my money was gone and I was still among strangers. The first day had been a lesson for me. I travelled all day and along toward night I concluded I would put my trust in the Lord this time. So I presented my case before him in prayer. Well the first place I went in, a large good natured looking woman met me. I asked if the master of the house was in and she told me no. Saying nothing more I started away. Then she asked me what I wanted. I told her who I was and the nature of my errand. "If you can share the humble reception we are able to give you are more than welcome," was her answer. I was only too glad to accept and spent a very pleasant night. Bro. Jedediah Goff had been there a few years ago, and she had a very favorable impression concerning us, although she did not wish to join our church.

She treated me splendidly and insisted if ever I passed that way again, that I should not fail to call. Well the next day I got among our own Maori people. This taught me where a missionary should place his confidence.

There has been considerable sickness among the Maori people and it just happens to be my lot to be present when any of the people die. From the time a Maori dies until the corpse is interred it is rather disagreeable for a European to be about, owing to their peculiar ceremonies. They

desired me to take charge of a funeral where a woman had poisoned herself. They sent a Maori to inform me who could not talk European at all, and I was not sufficiently acquainted with Maori to understand him, and so I conscientiously escaped. Not knowing the rule in such thing, think the best happened. This was a clean letter but one of the Maori besmeared it with dish water. Oh yes, they wash their dishes)

Feel that my labors alone have thus far been very successful. Considering my former capacity for singing, feel that the Lord has certainly blessed me in this direction, for I have sung the Maori hymns, upon several occasions, fairly well; and feel quite encouraged. The greatest fault of the Maori people is that they are so easily turned. They are not firm. They expect miracles to be performed in their behalf and can not stand calamity. They are not so clean as they should be, but time will eradicate this error. Aside from these and a few other minor failing, they are a grand people. There are certainly some things in their natures which are superior. They are the old Israelites over and over, and surely must be a chosen seed.

When I have been in full possession of the spirit of the Lord, I have been extremely happy, and feel that if I can have this spirit throughout, my mission will certainly be the happiest part of my life, up to date.

You have nothing to regret that my mission is where it is, while on the other hand I feel if we are all united in our prayers, I think we shall all conclude this was the identical mission for me. Of course I do not see so much of the world where I am as I no doubt would have in other missions, but then all things are possible with the Lord, and if we willingly submit our selves to his Divine will, the final end is unquestionable. My ideals in life have certainly changed some. I consider our duties in life are first to God, 2nd to ourselves, and 3rd to our fellow man; and that world fame is not to be compared with the blessing of the Lord.

You asked about Bros Hardy and Aldous. Have not heard a word from Bro. Hardy since we separated at Auckland. Bro. Aldous wrote me a letter and from his letter and all reports he is doing very well. Will be more than pleased with the papers and shall endeavor to write an occasional article for the Utonian.

Resolved that I should make no complaints, but now since the worst is over think I may tell. I have been afflicted with a very irritating and bothersome itch. The other day I layed my case before a druggist and have been endeavoring to cure my-self of it ever since. I now think I have it about cured. Aside from this my health has been excellent. The "itch" may have handicapped me in the language some; however think I am doing nicely. Will write to Grandfather soon. Please give my love to all the folks and friends. This is all I can send you for Christmas. Your loving son. Fay.

(Address always the same)

Springville, Nov. 28, 1897.

Sunday Night 8 p.m.

Dear Fay:—

To-night as I was coming back from the depot the thought [. . .] jointly expressed itself within me “I am the happiest girl in the world.” And oh that I might always feel that way. Fay there is no reason why I should not always be as there, if I do just as nearly right as I am capable. And yet there are so many temptations in this world, so apt are we to live for ourselves alone, to work for our own blessings regardless of those so dear to us that sometimes when I feel that selfish motive prompting me to action I fear I am not as strong as I must be in order to come off victorious in this short life struggle. But God is my strength as he is yours as he is the life and light of all who seek him “If we seek the Lord in reality it will not be in vain: daily blessings will be scattered on our path”

Fay this last quotation is one that I have thought of so many times since I read it. It is taken from my little birthday memorandum. The little book is called “A Cup of Blessing.” Every day in the year has some such a sentiment supposed to be the blessing of the one whose birthday comes on that certain day. The above one is under date of my birth. This is what it says under July 15—

“Is not the pilgrim’s toil o’erpaid By the clear rill and palmy shade? And see we not, up earth’s dark glade, The gate of Heaven unclose? And Fay it seems to me that it’s very appropriate for your birthday blessings. I think so much of the little book. It came a token of remembrance from Will in England. I wish, I do wish you were here to-night. I feel like I could talk to you a long long while to-night. Of course I would want you to return immediately in the morning e’en though it be 10,000 miles away. For Fay I know your heart and soul is in your work nor would any of your dear ones at home wish it to be elsewhere. But it is hard to think of being perhaps four years apart.

I often wonder at my own contentment— and truly Fay I attribute it to the blessings of my Heavenly Father. Why am I not unhappy if Sunday night after Sunday night passes and no special one comes to spend the evening. If a friend chances to call it is alright. The evening passes pleasantly on and no more is particularly thought about it. Sometimes number of friends are to-gether— Ida, (not Lucian’s Ida though)— Mr. Crandall, Miss Caffrey and myself, perhaps Frank and Nettie spend a pleasant evening. All this seems to me quite necessary and just as it should be. But it seems to me that I am waiting, waiting for something better, waiting for someones return and Fay dare I say that it is for the return of your own dear self that I am waiting hopefully for. And if fate decrees that your return will be the end of all those sweet hopeful dreams, or, as I sincerely trust it will be but a new awakening of brighter, fuller hopes; whichever of these we now look forward to need not mar although the latter might brighten, our now happy positions.

Well Fay I wish I could describe in a slight degree the great dissatisfaction I endured for a day and a night last week. You know I had been looking forward for my letter from New Zealand for a week. Went the Office here late Friday Night. None came. I was sure I would get it when I went home Saturday Morning. On my way up home called at Cora’s only to be assured I had one awaiting me for Eva had received one Friday. By the way Annie had given a “Hard Time Party” the Night before and as a result Cora was still asleep when I saw her. Well to go on with my story. I went home sure, so sure my letter would be there. Well no one knew anything of it. Still there was hopes it was surely in the office. Jennie, sympathizing with me from her own experiences makes a special trip to the office for me. No letter for me.

Well I can't understand it. Could it be that mine only has been lost. Go over to Nettie's. She has received none from Ted. Frank comes while there and produces his letter with photos of Ted and Chauncy. Net goes to the office and is to ask for me. One more trip over to Net's. She has her letter. I have none. Well, maybe you know how thoroughly dissatisfied and badly I felt to go to Springville that night. I tried to hid it. I could hide it quite well from everyone except myself and I knew that I was almost a broken-hearted girl. But as you know before the crash came the letter did and to me it was worth the pain it took to pay for it and another three weeks is before me in which to wait and I am sure it will not be in vain. Fay is there any danger of letters being lost. If so, I hope it won't be mine: Nothing selfish here is there? Perhaps if everybody wishes the same there will be none lost.

Well Fay it seems as though I haven't told you anything yet. I guess you don't care to be told in every letter that I am still teaching but it seems that is the way I always start out. You spoke of Bro. Rydalch. I will surely remember you to him. He spoke in meeting to-night. Was I quite partial in preferring writing to you than going to meeting. Well you know I hear him so much and can't write very often. He is the man of Springville. The schools never before were on such a high plain. But maybe you think it doesn't scare me when I see him step in my school-room door. But he is very kind to me and though I fear him as Principal of our Schools yet I love him as a man.

Well what kind of a Thanksgiving dinner did you have? Could it surpass this— Turkey, juicy and so tasty— Now Fay don't get hungry— Cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and all those other nice dainties that help to make up a modern Thanksgiving dinner. On account of having to teach on Friday I remained in Springville and spent the day and evening very pleasantly. Mr. Crandall came down in the afternoon. He read selections from Thomas Moore to Ida and myself. In the evening we continued the same taking turns as readers— “The Loves of the Angels” is beautiful Fay. Have you ever read it. Sweet “Lalla Rookh” is a poem I dearly love. It was through reading that poem that I received my liking for Tho. Moore's poems.

Yes here comes the picture all flooding back. A Christmas morn—an early call — a short stay during which much was said unspoken - alone again. A lovely Christmas Fay at home with a sick sister. Misunderstandings, no balls. You know it was “Leap Year.” two socials. A foolish step made by a blind girl. Vain regrets on one side and rejoicing on the other. “Spartacus” — fulfillment of a previous engagement — Explanations — All goes on smoothly once again. At school again. Academy Balls, moonlight rides and Temple Hill strolls are all in order. Springtime — Games at Tennis — watching from the windows and sadly yet with hearts full of rejoicing last but not least — Missionary calls. From that moment did not the aspect of the lives of a great many feel the change. Although apparently all went on as before, yet secretly in the hearts of all whom they may have concerned was there not that coming dread — a departure, a separation and now is there not a meeting? So after all the brightest side is yet to loom up. I wonder who will be partakers of its brightest rays and who of the mere shadow?

Well Fay I guess I have been ascending and had better turn back.

To-night is Monday night. I had a bad day to-day. I remarked to Ida that I was sure I could feel the wrinkles coming on my forehead just after Teacher's Meeting. I feel quite good now though— I came home, ate my supper — Shall I tempt you again. We had— Sweet potatoes; (perhaps I had better give them in order.)

1. Bread and milk. 2 Sweet potatoes and butter. Salmon. Squash pie. Fruit and cake. There is a young man boarding here who doesn't eat anything but meat and potatoes. He won't touch butter. Undoubtedly this will be very interesting to you.

However – I have my work all ready for to-morrow and I have but to finish my letter and then to sleep–

“Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.

The death of each days dawn

Sore labor's bath

Great nature's second course

Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

If Laura were here we might go through the whole performance. Oh no. Mac Arathur is a leading character to. By the way I received a letter from the broken-hearted boy. He and Etta are no more or as he said are by mutual consent avowed strangers. I was also surprised by one from your cousin Lucian A. Ray. He said it seemed so strange that we three girls were all teaching and the three boys of the trio as Allie named us in her letter, were all on missions. I explained by saying that it seemed as though he was sailing in the same boat. Wouldn't it be jolly if Lucian could taste of missionary life especially way off among the natives of New Zealand. He said he heard very often from Garn and Allie and Allie's letter were all – “Dear Garn” and Garn's “my sweet wife.” Doesn't it seem strange. I can hardly get used to it. Allie said she was only waiting for an opportunity to get her photo taken and you should have one. Cora has had hers taken again and I must coax her for one. Fay I am sure Cora answered your letter and has been waiting for a reply. I haven't seen her since receiving your last; but will explain to her so she can write again. If I am not mistaken she had written two. Eva was to Provo a short time ago. One Saturday night she and I sought sleep in Delia's cosy bedroom in the dear old Maesar Mansion. Didn't your ears burn that night – You know Ernie's little Earl was taken so suddenly away by the dreaded disease, diphtheria. They all feel so badly. Delia can hardly get over it. I am going to Salt Lake in two weeks and will see Eva then. I was talking to Ines last Sunday. She and Angie room together and she said Angie was progressing famously. I called to see Clara Sunday night. Jennie and I were going to the depot and as a result had to run three blocks to catch the train; but I got there alright. Bro. Hales had been there that day and it seems to me he surely must have exaggerated just a little when he said your weight was only 19[?]0. Is it possible. Wouldn't it be a good time to have your picture taken. You remember the valentine you promised Cora. I am just wild to see Bro. Hales. I wonder how long before he will call. Did you know the Bro. Packard who arrived on the same ship? I have seen him but haven't had a chance to talk to him. His people hardly knew him he had grown so fleshy, the climate out there must be very agreeable and surely you will not starve. There is a girl who came from Australia on the same steamer. I met her and she was tell me about a Mr. Goff who went to Australia a single man and came home a married one. How about such cases as that? I heard the saddest thing the other day. You used to know the healthy rose cheeked Rena Conover didn't you? She married. Her husband left for a mission to Denmark, getting as far as Salt Lake, he returned to St. George, his home, saying he felt as though he could not leave her. But the cool reception she and all friends and relatives gave him turned him back. Poor boy will return to find no wife to greet him. Such occurrences are so rare. “God moves in a mysterious way His Wonders to perform He plants his footsteps in the sea

And rides upon the storm

Deep in unfathomable mines Of never failing skill

He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.”

Well Fay you must have cultivated a good deal of patience if you can read all the letters I have written at one time for it seems to me that there is no end to the length of them. I begin to write, keep on and would rather keep on still than to a close. I think I shall write to Ted so it can go off on this mail also. Nettie asked me if I would send him some motion songs to teach the little natives. I promised. Would you like some of the same. Perhaps Bro. Burnham could help you read the music. If you are not right successful, make up a tune or have them speak them. They will like the motions.

Fay I don't know whether I told you before you left that I was going to hear from Ted and he from me or not. It seems that just before he left we were very good friends and perhaps it is a slight touch of conceit that makes me believe I quite understand how he feels toward his sweetheart left at home. Dear, trusting Net. Really Fay if ever there was perfect confidence Net has it. Ted need never fear. She will be true to the end.

I see Lain nearly every week. He and Ida are still very devoted. Laura is teaching at Summit Co. She never speaks of him in her letters. So I guess, even though she may think a whole lot about him, she dare not hope now to have any reconciliation as at the time the fault it appears was wholly hers. Last Sunday, David Broadbent, Bert, Whittaker spent the afternoon with us. Inez came down and we occupied the time by writing a twenty four paged letter to Bro. Beckstrand at Ann Arbor. Of course we are waiting anxiously to see to whom the answer will be addressed. We all put in our plea for it.

Has Ted sent you one of his photos? He has a mustache and Chauncy side burns. They must look too funny for words. I wonder if you boys won't all come home on the same steamer. Think of it won't we all be happy though. Fay I have one of Bro. Evan's little granddaughters in school and I hardly ever look at her but what I think of two occurrences. A buggy ride and the night before you left. Fay I didn't realize your going then. And even the next morning. I couldn't believe you were going so far and for so long; but it seems plainer every day that you are as you say ten thousand miles away and not only land but such a vast expanse of water divides us. But the same kind Father who called you there will soon turn your ship homeward after the completion of a noble mission. There is so much more I could say; but goodness sake here is 24 pages and must stop. So good-night.

Sweet dreams to one whom I long to see:—

As long as I am happy in writing you shall hear form me— As ever still true with mutually agreed merely friends, I remain,

Lovingly yours

Sina

[note: attached to the next page are (1) A one-dollar silver certificate, "one silver dollar"; (2) a small Christmas card.]

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Dear Fay

Kua tae mai a Harira kia kite i au ka nui te hari me te koa o toku ngakan i toku kite–uga i a ia otera kahoiee iai kongi ki an.

Is this right Fay. Don't you think I am progressing nicely.

Yes Bro. Hales called yesterday I felt like embracing him but trust me I didn't. I had to look twice before I spoke he looks so different. After he had gone I wanted to call him back I had so much to ask him. Fay he said one of my letters made you feel a little “blue” Surely I didn't mean it too. I have an idea which it was, but you must of mistook what I said. The quotation from Bro. Maeser was merely a point mentioned for your own consideration and when you turned it to me I felt a little badly about it; but I need say nothing more on that at present as it is something that if it is of no importance to you why I will think no more of it now. The future is ours and perhaps 'twill be best to see only a tiny bit of it at a time. Bro. Hales left you happy, I am so glad. He didn't stay long. I am going to see him the first time I go to Sp. Fk.

Fay the shells I truly appreciate being gathered by your own self in that far far away. They are very pretty. If I write more I will not be able to send it all.

Fay the handkerchief I want you to have to remember a year ago the 20 of Dec. There was nothing I could send by mail only that. Good-by again “Toba.” Sina.

[This has no handwriting, but is printed:]

A happy Christmas

May the Future meet and greet you

With the best it hath,

And with brightest hours and flowers

Crown every day and path!

S. K. Covan, M. A.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z. Dec. 13th 1897.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo. Utah.

My Dear Sina,— On Sat., the 4th of this month, if you could have seen me, you would have found me reclining up against a tree in a little clearing, in the midst of a dense forest, fondly devouring my monthly mail. Did you ever get letters, that you sort of half hated to read; for the simple reason that the joy they afford and that you have anticipated so long, will so soon be over. This is my condition, and for joy, and joy alone, I forbear reading them as long as possible. (Of course not very long.

Sina, though I confess your letter did mystify me a little, it did not diminish my joy. It was the very abstraction of your self, and had it possessed the tangible element, I may have committed myself as did the Maori lass.

Why you should doubt me I can not tell; but censure you, I hope, I never shall. From my own lips, you have had the assurance that there is none other, I hold in the same light; and that should there be another, you should be the first to be apprised of it. For Eva and Cora, I entertain the kindest and best of feelings as a friend; but yours and theirs are coats of different colors. They think of me as nothing more than a friend. Believe me, in my realm you have held undisputed sway, from the first; and your resignation from that position, it seems to me, is the only thing that can change existing conditions. Then I should be prone, indeed, in its acceptance.

If you intimate I think not enough of you, then you do not half know me; and perhaps it is well you don't. Why Sina, if you could see some of my extravagances: what would you think? Persuing my journey along the beach, I have sat down tired and lonely, then picked up a stick and wrote upon the sand,— "Sina." Then pondering and reflecting have gazed far out into the distant ocean, and have only been awakened from my meditation by the sense of duty and the conscientiousness, that it will never do. Well of course such actions ar[sic] foreign to my missionary work, and should be suppressed, but give me time. In this there is nothing of censure only a confiding assurance which sometimes does good in its reiteration. Ngaro Kape (a half cast who is really quite winning) has been bending over the table and borrowing my pen, about every other line, to show me how good she can write.

I am still alone. Since my companion has left me I have travelled through-out our district, holding meeting and prayers with the saints whenever possible.

There is a road going to one of our settlements, which can only be travelled when the tide is out. I desired to get there and knew the tide would be in full on the only road I was familiar with. I had heard of a trail which led to some bridges, that made it possible to reach my destination. I made it a matter of prayer; then of the numerous trails selected one of the many diverging trails. I kept the right one, and successfully crossed five bridges and reached my destination without having taken any unnecessary steps.

Upon another occasion I got lost in the mountains. I kept agoing I knew not where, in fact did not feel the least uneasy; and gave vent to my feelings in song(:?) Believing that all would end well. Just before sun-set all unexpectedly I came upon a small cabin. The occupant was a bachelor working in the woods. He made me welcome and appeared please to have company for the night. The next morning he kindly put me on the right road.

One night I stopped at a place where there were about thirty non-Mormons (Maoris). They gave the prayers to me. This necessitated my singing two Maori hymns. I put my whole reliance upon the Lord, and from the way in which they complimented me, I was certainly blessed.

As I passed through the European town of Kamo, the other day, even one grinned and eyed me with curiosity. The first one I observed was a young lady, consequently I felt quite flattered. Closer inspection revealed that the expression was so universal, that my conceit was soon changed to chagrin. I concluded that the white American hat, that Sam traded to me, was the foundation of all their curious glances.

The other night I arrived at a bachelor house just as dusk. There was no one home, but I had the audacity to spend the night there. In the morning I left a note (not an I. O. U., but an I thank U.) For my hosts.

You asked me if I had any place I could call home. My companion and I have our head quarters with a European family. I held meeting and spent Sunday the 5th with them. After meeting we had a grand time singing the hums of Zion. They invited me if it were possible to spend Christmas with them. It is an ideal family. They have five children now; all about the same size. The perfect love that exists between the parents and the children, does one's heart a world of good. Each succeeding year, as should be the case, has drawn them nearer and increased their love for each other. Think I shall have the privilege of spending my first Christmas away from home with them.

Notwithstanding the fact that I have been alone this last month it has undoubtedly been the happiest month of my mission. I have felt the hand of the Lord throughout my travels and must acknowledge his goodness.

I thought I should mention none of the unfavorable things one meets with. You will pardon me for mentioning just one, which has certainly been an obstacle in the path of my progress, and now gives me considerable concern. It is the innumerable flees. I seem to be a special favorite of their, and their bites effect me as they do none of the other elders. There must be a change some way, for I do not feel that under present conditions my mission has my best efforts. Their bites swell so and are so irritating that much of my time both night and day is spent in answering their calls. As a last expedient I am going to get a bag and tie it up around my neck when I go to bed. If this does not succeed, I feel that I will be justified in laying my case fairly before the president, and perhaps he may change my field of labor. This is really the only external objection I have to contend with.

Sina if you will promise to cook the gooseberries and share them with me, I will promise to even have a keen appetite for them. As for the Maori lass turning me against such outbursts of feeling there need be no fear. The expression coming from the proper source can only fan the flame. All rights will be preserved until we meet again.

To the weaknesses and follies of the flesh there seem to be no end in my case. My nature may present a ruggedness and unevenness rarely equalled in others. There is both sun shine and rain to be met with in my disposition. IN many respects my conscience is a thorn in my side. However I always preferred the right, and have a sense of honor, and reasons to believe that I shall always be industrious.

Sina, if with all this I find favor in your sight, and you think you could share half of these defects in life with me (or rather help me to overcome them) you have the privilege [sic] of doing so. If your answer is favorable, I can only say that I will try and make life as pleasurable for you as my nature will permit, and may God do the rest.

Think I have considered both sides of your nature, and I have made it a matter of prayer. You are entirely acceptable, and I think there will be no mistake made by us. In answer to your question,— the present alone is plain to me, but my future, to a certain extent, now is in your hands. If your answer is favorable please state a time, when we can apprise our parents of our intentions, and obtain their consent. We must have their consent. You set the time and I shall write yours and mine. Happy New Year! Yours as Ever

With love and best wishes.

Fay.

P. S.

The only apology I can offer for the numerous mistakes in this letter is lack of sleep. It would be next to impossible to me to rewrite so please excuse. Lucian and George Swan both wrote me last mail. This will not leave N. Z. before the 25th. Do you know who kindly sent me one copy of "The White and Blue." Fay.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.

At Home. Dec. 31- 1897.

Dear Fay:

“Tick tock,” says the clock

Time is flying swift away”.

Only two more hours of the dear old year remain to be ticked away and those two hours to be spent in communion with one who can rightly claim almost my entire thoughts of to-day. Perhaps the fact that a certain photo has been in full view all day has had something to do with it. More than likely the bright memory of a year ago to-night has been one cause. However that may be it does not alter the fact that I have been thinking of Fay more to-day it seems to me than I ever have before for so long a time. Sometimes I can hardly understand how I feel.

It seems to me that I am waiting— That the time will not be long ere I am to have such a good time. And still at the same time I am so very happy and contented. I have almost come to the conclusion that I am getting “old maidish” and will soon be so that a very little pleasure will satisfy me. You will undoubtedly sanction my conclusions when I say that during this week of holidays I have been a participant in none of the parties. Well Fay, none of the old crowd are here and had I of gone to the parties don’t believe I should have had a good time. But through I have not danced at all still I have had a splendid social time.

You know Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were taken up in attending the State Teacher’s Association. It was a glowing success both educationally and Socially. On Tuesday evening we all banqueted in Room 4 and some danced in 5. The musical part of the program was very fine. By the way how are you progressing with your singing. It is delightful to hear of your success. Why there is no possibility of failure in that line any more than in any other way where you ask aid from the same Father for all things.

Fay I started to write you on Christmas night but failed in the attempt so I must go back and tell you what a jolly Christmas I had. Christmas Eve, Murray (you know Prof. M. King) insisted on me going to the party with he and Nettie; but I refused as I thought I should find more pleasure at home. So Jennie and I spent the evening in trimming the Xmas tree for the children. When it was all complete it looked very pretty. I wish you could have seen it. Xmas day found Jennie and I at home alone, the folks having gone to Sp. Fk. In the morning. We had vain hopes all day that we had some few friends who might call and see us. But no one came and thus passed away one more Xmas day— At twilight just as we had both concluded that Xmas days were most lonely, we were suddenly aroused by the most charming strains of music— Oh, Fay, it was perfectly grand. Perhaps it was its coming as it did; but I never in my life appreciated music so much. The occasion of such joy was the dear Old Academy quartette. They came in and sang six songs so beautifully for us. Thus aroused from our somewhat lonely state we determined to go and seek more joy. We spent the rest of the evening at Bro. Knights. Perhaps to a missionary it will seem somewhat bad or — to say that I indulged in wine and cake. My appetite for that drink, I fear were I a man, might be my ruination for I do like it. That’s something new to you isn’t it Fay?

Last night I was more than surprised when I stepped in the room and found Lester sitting here. He is the same Lester. After talking awhile, during which time such places and events as Maeser’s Portico, a moonlight night, a Sunday Night stroll, Temple Hill, chained, In Maeser’s Dining Room, the Candy Kitchen were mentioned and rementioned. Then we went calling. The first place visited was Bro Holbrooks. Your papa and mama and the girls were home and treated us royally. Little Florence was very sick but I think is getting better. Not being able to break away from the congenial crowd ten o’clock found us still here so further calls were not attempted. Eleven

o'clock to-day Lester boarded the train for Salt Lake City for the special purpose of spending the remaining holidays at Eva's home. He is going to enter the Pedagogical world. His place of business being at American Fork. He says Allie is very happy and is enjoying her school work. Yes, as you said Lucian found it quite convenient to spend his holiday vacation at Ephraim. Well Fay, if you weigh 190, Lucian is fast approaching it— 175 so they say. But Fay, actually, is it a fact that you could have gained so much in so short a time? Before I forget, you spoke of having a picture taken, why not send the proof?

Nettie is having a gay time. She looks so well and happy. She and Stella ate supper with Jennie and I to-night and she and I were accounting the proceedings of a year ago. I see it all at this moment. Fay your last letter did me the world of good. You spoke of the occasion. It seems to me as it did that night that you succeeded most admirably in being indifferent and unconcerned. From the moment I entered the room it seemed to me that I had made some mistake in coming and more than once during the evening I felt like silently saying good-night to the jolly crowd and once more finding a place where I was wanted. Had it not been for Clara and Rhoda that night I don't know but what I should have more plainly shown my feelings. Even after two refusals to dance in the fore part of the evening (it being leap year, you know) I hardly understood it, and then the climax, after the party. Well, it was a big mistake on my part and I did it all so blindly. But now it is alright and to confess I almost am glad it happened as I was taught a good lesson and then you know Fay it was such satisfaction on your part. How? Well, after all, the memory of those holidays is better than the reality of the present ones so I am quite happy in thinking of them. And I do wonder what you are doing.

Really Fay I can't write to-night. I don't know what's the matter. Sometimes I just love to write and at other times I can say nothing that I want to. I will be so glad when school closes. I don't think we will hold longer than fourteen more weeks. Fay you have more faith in my success than I have. I feel as though I am not doing what the position demands. However I have the satisfaction of a clear conscience [sic]. I do my best. Can I do more?

You spoke of your experience in travelling without purse or scrip. Although experiences of that kind are sometimes unpleasant yet I truly believe it is the true plan of missionary life. It seems so in conformity with all the rest. The One who sent you away off among the natives of New Zealand will surely care for you there. And Fay I am so glad you are so thoroughly enjoying your work. For it seems to me that for one to take a mission in the spirit that you have done merit as a just reward a pleasure in your work saying nothing of the internal lasting joy to be realized when members of God's children will come to you and remind you that through you salvation came to them.

Eight thousand miles— Not land alone, but deep, deep water divides us— still that silver line of happy thoughts is quite unbroken. Think how far the chain may stretch. "Not the slightest discord" Fay, as far as I know there is none. It seems to me that everything is quite as it should be. There is but one thing that I will tell you at some future time that I feel badly about. It is only a mistake of my own and I will tell you when I convince myself more strongly that I was wrong— And again, tick tock, says the clock," the Old year is gone— Good bye Old Year— and Good-night dear Fay— Ere two more New Years are ushered in and pass away may you be happy in the presence of those who now are waiting your return to them. I close this letter with loving wishes from the same

Sina.

Springville, Jan. 3, 1897 [1898]. 9.30 P.M.

Dear Fay:—

Letters are so incomplete. You have been gone so long now and I want to see you and talk to you. New Years Night I found myself almost lamenting my lot. I was so lonely. But I'll tell you all about it. The folks had all gone to Sp. Ft. and Jennie and myself remained at home. New Years afternoon she went to Eureka. I spent the afternoon out calling with Stella. About 7 o'clock went home for a few moments and the first thing to meet my gaze and undoubtedly the one that touched the right spot in my heart that caused it to overflow was that bright silver moon. And Fay was I right when I consoled myself by saying "and Fay is looking at the selfsame moon, perhaps at the self-same moment." And yet the fact that that same heavenly orb gave mingled pleasure and sadness to us both did not entirely dispel that forsaken feeling that had taken possession of me. I had hard work to convince myself that I ought to be happy and was trying to be otherwise. But now I can see that was almost the truth of it. I felt to-night like I should like to tell you how I felt and still at the same time be angry with myself for my weakness. Can you understand me Fay?

Well, Fay my letter in the last mail is not as long as usual; but this will complete it. I must tell you the joke I got on myself. I had just turned from the foot ball game when I received your lovely last. I read on and when I came to the blot you spoke of I was merely conscious of something obscuring the words—It being no great impediment however I went on. When I came to your apology I begin to search for the blot—Truly Fay I didn't see it before. So you see I am blind in more than one way. I thought to myself when thinking of it later—that we find just what we are looking for and those things will stand out most prominently that we are seeking for—If it be faults we will see them first. If it be beauties how pre-eminent they stand out above all the rest even to obscure all blemishes—Would that I could increase my power of seeing only the bright side.

Fay the compliments you lavish on my letter-writing I fear are too extravagant. Undoubtedly in seeking what was good in them you have been almost too blind to the defects. However I gratefully accept them as coming from one whose opinion I highly prize.

I started to write this note for the purpose of telling you something that now I have forgotten so you will have to be patient until I think of it. I started my work to-day. It was "after the Holidays". A bad day. To-morrow will be bright. Now I think of it. Fay, it's only hearsay—did not come directly to me. But would it be possible to believe the rumor. "Ida and Lucian are to be married." Lucian wrote me and merely mentioned Ida and it seemed so strange. Well had you of told me when we used to go for those grand buggy rides that anything so all important was in store for four of the company's members I would have said—"Surely not.

I would give anything see them all and Fay can you imagine I would care to see your own dear face for just a moment to-night—Do not guess but know it— I think of you every day— Can you explain it? Well, little girl we had better case, so good-night with best love. I am still true—

Sina.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z. Jan. 5th 1898.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah.

My Dear Sina,— Yesterday I travelled all day, in the rain, and thinking my coat only a burden did not carry it this time. Now I certainly believe that in N. Z. a wise man carries his coat in fine weather and when it rains he can please himself. When the post-mistress presented me with a bounteous mail, my countenance lighted, a perpetual smile crept all over me, and once more that perfect happiness took possession of me.

I proceeded to our headquarters, (which is with the Goings family) changed my clothing and spent the evening in reading. Beside your own lovely letter, I received letters from my dear parents and Clara, Garn, Cora, and Ted; also some local letters and a number of home papers. Sina if you can spare the “White and Blue” it will always be welcome. Of all papers it comes nearest my heart. Thank you very much, but at present I can not use the songs among the children; perhaps can latter. The poems you referred to I have never read. Your “Bills of Five” tickle my ears, but knowing how useless it is for me to get hungry I allow it to go no further. I sympathize with you in reference to the letter, for I know suspense is painful. (Especially when waiting for an answer).

Sina, I do wish so much that I knew just the nature of the impression my last made, then should know better how to answer this. Think however the way to write is always the way you feel; so here goes. Garn wrote me such a grand and affectionate letter. Sina don't you feel slighted over his actions, for I know he dearly loves both of us. He idealizes his “sweet wife” in his letters. With such profound love I know they will be very happy. Cora's letter was typical of the grand girl and school life. Ted's was full of the missionary spirit and future prospects. The family letter was full of love, encouragement, and advice. Pa wrote me a grand letter, so full of encouragement and advice in my missionary labors. Your own sweet letter contained my only Christmas presents. Coming from you no one knows to the extent I appreciate these tokens of love and remembrance. You at least conferred them upon one, who appreciates them, and dearly loves the giver. May I repay you in the future.

My dear Sina do not think the request in my last was made from impulse or from the advice of friends. It had its origin deep down in my heart, and was expressed only after a careful and prayerful consideration. Nor again do not think the fear of loosing you prompted it. I have perfect confidence in you, and know you would not do or say anything that would make me feel sad. For this reason I rejoice in the number of friends who have selected you for a correspondent, and in the good times you are having. My interest is such, in you, that whatever gives you joy, pleases me none the less. Consequently, with this confidence and love, I say with all my heart, “dear Sina, enjoy life.” When you think of me, let it be as one who is supremely happy in his feeble efforts to aid God's cause and who prefers being where he is until a successful mission has been completed. The few unpleasant things sometimes encountered in the missionary field and the temptations we meet, with the Lord's spirit to ever bless me, I can and do gladly bear.

You may think I am worrying or that my thoughts or on that side of the water too much. I hardly think so, for in our relation I feel a perfect assurance that your answer will be prompted by the Giver of all good, and with all my heart expect to abide by your decision. I know my folks are well and happy and am therefore happy and contented with this knowledge.

Ted rather gave the impression that our course did and would have some influence upon him. I feel sure that the Smart is completely fenced in with the Nat. Do not feel that she will wait in vain. Ted and Chauncy have additional features of which I can not boast. When that time comes

the promised valentine will be forthcoming. You and Clara have almost convinced me I must come to learn Maori. Spent my Christmas with the grand family at our headquarters. Had a very enjoyable time. Have met my companion and have been travelling some with him of late. We walked most of the time from four in a.m. until dark on New Year's day. We are very busy at present preparing for Conference. Will have to postpone the completion of this until some future. I hope Cora will not feel bad if I do not answer her letter on this mail. May not have an opportunity to do so. Think I must be slow in learning the language but do not feel in the least discouraged. Unless things come to the worse desire no change in my field of labor. I read all of your letters Xmas. Do not think time will sanction my re-reading, but never fear of them being too long. For the present my dear Sina— Good-bye.

Jan. 7th. The mail does not leave Auckland until Jan. 22nd. However, I expect to meet an elder in the morning and to be travelling for the next month in the interest of our conference; therefore, will complete this for fear of not having another opportunity.

The verse you quoted in reference to July 15th had its desired effect and seems to fit me. By the way in speaking of my age I have been taken to be all the way from fourteen to thirty years old. The only way I can explain it is, it must have been just after and just before receiving my mail.

The most laughable and still one of the most pitiful features of Maoridom, is the marrying of the young. The proposition is entirely one of business. The parties that are concerned are silent, and sometimes entirely ignorant. No courtship exists between them and it is not rare that they are unacquainted. The relatives do all of that, which is the greatest pleasure in life, for us. Upon one occasion my companion remarked, "The girl doesn't like him." "Oh, never mind," was the indifferent answer of the officiating party. Strange to say there are not so many unhappy weddings as one might expect to find.

Sina, you have had your turn in dealing justice to the fruit, and now it is mine, to at least feast my eyes as I pass. It hasn't been this bad, though, for I have had a few apples and expect more. The greater part of my appetite I am reserving, until a future day, for (shall I say our) gooseberries. You mentioned fasting. Yes, it's an easy matter for me to fast. In fact, most missionaries testify that the harder task is in preventing it. However, a good point in my favor, is that I can and have gained in weight, with bread and sweet water constituting my diet. We are happy in trying to fulfill the scriptures,— "Take no thought of what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink."

In our calling spiritual food is what we need most, and this satisfies our cravings as no other food can. To the missionary it is ever-thing, and without it he is nothing. To life it gives a grander phase, and all bodily cravings are subject to it. Sina my mission does not offer the advantages for self that other missions do, but when one contemplates the work accomplished by the sons of Mosiah he can not help rejoicing in it. Then to think you are awaiting my return, regardless of these petty endowments, fills my heart with love and gratitude.

That eventful old year, that gave us such unbounded pleasure now belongs to the cycle of the past; but think, with how much joy and how often, we can turn the scroll back and there see pictured all that made it glorious to us, upon nature's camera, the memory. The scroll is turned once and now a new picture meets our view. I can see a glorious sunrise. Two beings in distant parts of the world; each launched upon the ruffled and clouded sea of life; both rowing with a contented and determined expression; both making for the same haven. If they surmount the waves, will they not be stronger at this meeting: then Sina, tell me, will not that boat move more smoothly

over life's unfathomable deep under two banks of oars both pulling together/ Could not each encourage and impart strength to the other? My answer you have, for yours I pause; but the interval is one of happiness. Sina I do not look forward to married life as an unbroken dream of bliss, nor again as a mere duty to humanity; but as the fixing of two lives in such a position as to merit God's greatest blessings and to gain their own greatest happiness.

WE both have faults; we both must overcome them. Can we do it best alone or united? When the nature of one has been provoked and the weak side is presented, can the other wear a smile and give love and encouragement in support. Yes I say with our efforts and the blessing of our Heavenly Father such could be the case.

Sina as regards our personal appearance, let us both remember, "the best part of beauty, is that which no picture can express." In speaking of the surface beauty Shakespeare says,— "Beauty is a doubtful good, a glass, a flower, Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour; And beauty blemished once, for ever's lost, In spite of physics, painting, pain, and cost."

You may help me by sending me two or three short, funny, recitations; providing it does not decrease the length of your letter and you have the time. I leave you in the enjoyment of the spirit, happy, and hopeful. Have sent for time tables but have none yet. Will try and send in next. I give you all my love. What you can spare give to your family and my friends.

"He Pano" Fay.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.

Tue. Feb. 15th 1898.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah.

Dear Sina,— “Good news from a far country, is as cold water to a thirsty soul.” Prov. 25-25. This passage describes the effect of your letters better than I can. You would have of at least had a livelier time than you did during holidays, or it would have been no fault of Fay’s, had I have of been home. For my-self, I must say, I never enjoyed my-self more in all of my life than I have done thus far in the year of 98, though the pleasure has been entirely of a different nature. If you were really happy in refraining from the gay and merry world, why of course there must be depth of feeling and regard, I appreciate. However, in truth, I say Sina enjoy yourself whenever you can consistently.

There is only one thing in your letter which did not have the effect of sunshine upon me. That is, that there is one thing that has passed between us, which you are not satisfied with and over which you feel badly. Sina, you said you would mention it in the future. Now please tell me of it. There is not one thing in our mutual relation over which I feel sadly. Sina, if there is one thing I have done in word or action, which has brought upon you this feeling; know this I have not done it intentionally or knowingly, and with this knowledge I know you could overlook my mistake in case there has been one. Sina please do not let your-self think that there has any thing passed which can cast a gloom upon our sunshine. In my knowledge I am conscious of nothing. Now none of this is said in sadness, for I, Sina, am one of the happiest of boys. In about two more weeks I expect an answer to the all important question for us. Well, I am not worrying though that answer could make me the happiest boy in the world. I am now happy and shall try to be come what will, in the knowledge that right was done. Well when we both know, we will know more definitely what our future will be, and how to conduct ourselves, will we not? There is a saying that a person is inclined to believe what he desires. Perhaps this is the reason I feel so contented in looking forth to your answer. It seems so long since last I wrote you (now about six weeks) that I hardly know where to begin or what was told you in my last. There is a dance and a meeting going on in this room, please make allowances.

Since my last, I have baptized one and spoken three times in the Maori language. My first was made after I had been here four months and twenty days. Some have spoken sooner, but considering the studying I have done, feel to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in my behalf and consider it almost a gift. Of course there is much in the language for me to learn yet, and I suppose there will be so long as I am with the Maoris.

Since my last I have been traveling considerable of the time in the company of Bro. J. N. Lambert, who is the acknowledged linguist among the Maori elders and is but one year older than my-self. He is a congenial companion and I have had a grand time in his company.

We held a general conference in my district the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of this month, and the elders and saints have just returned to their respective fields of labor. With our beloved president there were twenty elders present, and about two hundred Maoris. Among the elders present were Bros. Francis Kirkum and G. Judd. They both wished to be kindly remembered to you. Bro. Kirkum has the language splendid and is one of the shining lights of the mission, and best of all he is humble.

There were ten meetings held during the Conference, and all of the elders spoke in spirit and in power. In answer of prayers in my behalf, I had the privilege [sic] of speaking in the conference in the Maori language.

In the one testimony meeting which was held there were thirty testimonies born, and then owing to the lateness of the hour many who desired did not have a privilege of speaking.

We held one private elder's meeting in which all bore powerful testimonies, some in tears. Think I never attended a grander meeting, or witnessed a greater outpouring of the spirit of the Lord. The whole conference was a grand success and a spiritual feast for all present. If you desire to see happy people, you should see the elders when they meet together. Conference finally ended with a concert Monday night, which was a flattering success. We played two games of ball during Conference. As luck would have it, I chanced to be on the winning side both times. Our meals were served on a long cloth spread upon the ground, and we ate with our fingers or with shells. Of course we rubbed noses with all of the Maoris.

The Pres. Gave me an invitation to attend the general conference in April. It is to be held in the southern part of the north island about five hundred miles from my district. There has been a splendid trip planned which will involve about one month's absence from my district. I am very desirous of going and from the present outlook will be there.

My health has been splendid, the fruit is ripe, and the climate good. What puzzles me, is that these Maoris can not understand their own language, when I speak it to them. By request I wrote a hurried extract for the Desert News and got it off on last mail.

I desire to write a piece for the Utonian and send it upon this mail. Have had my picture taken in groups a number of times. Four of us travelling together had one picture taken together just as we were travelling. Will try and send you one, but think you will see a change in my appearance.

Received a very nice letter from Cora, but see no possible way of answering upon this mail. When you see her please explain to her for me. Will try and have her a letter upon next mail. Have not answered Ted's for the same reason. Have heard nothing definite concerning Ida and Lucian. Are the reports true. If so it come a little sooner than I had anticipated. Perhaps there will be a letter from him on the coming mail. Give my love to your family and friends. The hour has grown late, and I must bid you good-night this time. With love and best wishes

Fay.

Springville, Mar. 6– 1897 [1898].

My Dear Fay:—

Picture to yourself a being whose happiness at this moment has reached it seems to me its utmost point. Not but what that same person expects to see happier moments; but the thoughts that such will be the case, alone fills me with such a world of gratitude that it seems to me under present conditions I can ask for nothing else.

Fay, how can I express it? What can I say to let this letter convey to you the feelings with which my whole being is filled. Ah, Fay from that never-failing source I have gained a surety beyond a doubt that our love for one another is not a passing phantom to be chased for moments, or for months or even for years and then to be lost sight of in the thick and gloomy woods; but it is that of the truest type— as enduring as life itself— as lasting as eternity. With this sweet undaunted assurance I give to a worthy elder in Israel most freely a hand that may be weak; but a heart that will be true to the end.

I have pondered long have received the picture when sleepless I have lain in the early morning hours and again ere the clock has ticked away the last moments of the same day I have seen it unfinished with a veil drawn o’er it to hide from my view that which I then waited and prayed in those silent moments to see. But those wakeful hours— those moments of intense mental exertion are at last fully and completely recompensed for. As you saw, I too see clear and bright a glorious sunrise and those two beings launched upon the sea of life will be stronger at their meeting.

United or alone?

Surely in Union there is strength. And Fay you have said all that could be said. My thoughts echo yours. I can see no clouds of course as you so wisely said they must come. “Life is checkered shade and sunshine” But let us so live that when they do come they will not dim our lives but only make them brighter when the gleam has passed away.

You said you had viewed both sides of my nature And what could be more gratifying than to know that beholding me faults and all you only love me still.

Mar. 13.

One more Sunday night is speedily passing away. A few moments to be spent is closing this letter so incomplete in the expression of what I want to say. Since I began this letter I have been made happy by the receipt of your last.

Well Fay I hardly know whether or not it will be the best thing to do to spend time in explaining what it is that has happened that called forth the expression from me that I felt badly. For now I recognize it only as an expression of relief from the feeling of “I ought not to have done it” that accompanied three or four repeated occurrences shortly after your departure. At the time in which I made the statement I meant it truly; but when I recall what you might have taken it to mean I repent the expression coming from me. It is not what you thought at all. I have been as you say “making a mountain out of an ant hill.”

It is only this— your first letter came— the next, the next, the next and the next.— Those letters directed to one were read in the presence of two. I can hardly explain the mingled feeling of shared joy and after regret that followed such a course. The interested party was no other than dear trusting Coral. I don’t know whether it was all imagination or not; but each time I felt that I was doing you, Cora, and myself an injustice so I stopped.

No, Fay there is nothing at all that has passed between us that gives me one thought of regret on the contrary I am happy in the knowledge that all was as it was. Of course there were instances occurred last winter that you and I have talked of that perhaps on my part I would rather not had happened; but they then were laid aside as little follies to be forgotten only by living above them in the future.

It does my heart good to know how thoroughly you are enjoying your missionary labors. You most certainly are being blessed in mastering the language so soon.

Give my regards to Bros. Kirkham and Judd and accept my fondest love for yourself.

My answer you have and have it as a true heart's gift. To no other would I give it so freely and with a gratitude deep indeed I accept your noble offer. Do not think I hesitated because I doubted— 'Twas not so.

Trusting this answer will make you as happy as it leaves me I remain in true devotion

Yours forever

Sina.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z. Mon. Mar. 7th 1898.
Miss Sina Brimhall. Provo, Utah

My Dear Sina,— That long, long, looked for letter, I suppose has been waiting for about seventeen days for some one to call for it. Have not been able to call for my mail, consequently have no letter to answer this time. Well, when I go to the post office to post this, I will reserve space enough in this to answer that part that vitally concerns you and I.

Sina, I hardly know how to write without having one of your own much prized letters to answer. They always give me so much to think about, that its an eassy matter to write a long answer. Especially have I looked forward with pleasure to the time when I could answer the letter that I hope now awaits me.

One author says,- “If you wish to write a love letter, start out without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said.” If this kind of beginning and ending make all letters love letters, then I feel warranted in saying this ought to be a love letter.

Since writing my last I have been alone and a foot. My companion left me about one month to go to the April con. The plan is for him to go overland on a horse to the conference, and for me to go by ship;,,,,,; for him to return by ship and me overland on the horse. It is a distance of four or five hundred miles, and will involve more than a month’s time. This conference is looked forward to with much pleasure by all of the elders and I anticipate having a grand time. (Did I tell you in my last Bros. Kirkham and Judd wished to be remembered to Miss Sina in the kindest terms)

Though I have been alone and a foot for the last month, it has been a very happy one. It seems that I have been treated just splendidly all along. The first night I received very kind entertainment at the hands of an old man and his daughter. The next day I called and delivered a parcel to a family who have until very recently been exceeding bitter, on account of the son and his family adopting our faith and removing to Utah. The husband, who still is reported as being hostile, was absent. I sat for a few moments like a pound of butter in a refrigerator, firmly believing however that the Mrs. Anand her daughter (all that were home) would show kindness unto me. Soon the dishes began to rattle, and ere long a kind voice asked me to please come in the front room and refresh myself. I stepped in and sat down to the most elaborate meal that has confronted me since arriving in my district. While I partook of her hospitality, she sat down in her rocker and kept up a very pleasant conversation. She finally told me that her husband had some very peculiar ideas, and gave me a pressing invitation to come and have a meal with them whenever I chanced to pass that way.

When I arrived among the Maoris, I spent one week with the president and family of one of our branches. They seemed pleased to keep me the whole week. I devoted the time in fasting and praying and in studying the language. Made it a practice to retire to the woods after breakfast and study as long as the bright light lasted. That week’s work was quite gratifying and proved very beneficial to me.

I have held a funeral and dedicated the graves of two babies who died and were buried together. They both belonged to families in the church.

Yesterday (fast-Sunday) I held two meetings. Enjoyed a splendid spirit and had a good turnout to both.

Thought [sic] I have made several short speeches in the language, my Maori is still very crude and needs much cultivation and expansion. When I have mastered the language it seems to me my condition will be similiar [sic] to the small chicken that emerges from the shell into the

broad and expansive world. Though I do not expect to become efficient in the language to the extent that it will not be necessary for me to seek shelter under the wing of my Heavenly Father it will be a source of much pleasure and joy when I can in reality become an active feature in the Maori world.

The Maoris in the next village from this place desired me to unite a young couple in the bonds of matrimony today. As there are others, there, who have the power to officiate, and as it has been raining very hard all day, did not think it would be wisdom for me to attempt the trip. This seems rather old business for me, doesn't it?

This month I have written letters to Cora and Ted, and most of my near relatives. Sina, I told Ted that I had offered you a family position and was awaiting your answer. Think I also told Garn. Have I done wrong? If your answer is favorable and you choose you may tell Cora. She will keep it.

Just before dark, after supper is over, I find it a recreation and rest from my study, to take a stroll up and down the beach. Of course I am carried to the time when our gate use to close behind me, and with a light heart I use to make my way to a place—well not a thousand miles from where you use to live. Then how we two or we six would call on Eva, go for a stroll on temple hill, or perhaps take a buggy ride. All of this was a year ago. What is Sina doing to night? Do those days taste sweet to her still, or is their flavor lost in the enjoyment of sweeter ones? Well I could not, nor can not but wish her many repetitions of the happy past – but who is to be the favored participant?

My minds [sic] wanders far away to Ohio to Garn. One of the sworn and tried friends of my youth. He is no doubt making his way from house to house, cheerfully and manly meeting all for the sake of truth. While at home a wife is laboring to give form and power to the minds of little ones under her. Her labors done, she no doubt lingers upon her yarn. However she thinks of the future and struggles heroically forward.

Then, am I to believe report that Lucian and Ida are to be married. These two boys have been brothers to me. Both married before my return, or is this just report. Well Lucian you and Ida are also separated. You are your father's right hand man in the mercantile business. She is also teaching the children – perhaps a preparatory step for a teacher and a loving hand at the fire-side.

How similar and still how different are our, may I say three lives! But a year ago, it was but a few minutes walk for we six to congregate in your parlor, or some other designated spot—Now some of us are separated as far as can earth and water divide us. “So far and still so near,” that we can say

“Where'er thou journeyest, or what'er they care,

My heart shall follow, and my spirit share.”

And to us who by duty are called away

“'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come.”

(Will try and read your letter before sending this)

Good night for now. With love Fay.

P. S. The rains have prevented me from getting my mail. My letter may possibly be too late for this mail. All happy and well. You may be contented; your answer will be prompted by right and will be perfectly satisfactory. Yours' lovingly, Fay

Address Kamo. Whangarei. N. Z.

Fri. Mar. 25th 1898

Miss Suna Brimhall

Provo, Utah.

Dear Sina,— Received a lovely letter from you a few days after I posted my last, to which mine should have been answer, but it was in the P. O. about three weeks before I could call and welcome it. Your last I did not receive. Sina this is the first time that among the letters from my mountain home there has not been one from you. The only letter I received upon the first mail was one from you. There were but two letters for me last time, one from my dear parents, and one from my adopted brother, Garn. Our relation being just as it is, perhaps my anticipation was greater and I missed it more than I would otherwise have done, if that were possible. Well I have endeavored to answer the question, Why did I get no letter from Sina? Thinking that perhaps the postmistress might have overlooked it, I have called so often of late, that she almost thinks me a public nuisance; but— alas— it has only been to come away dissappointed. Tomorrow morning I leave for the south and may be gone six weeks. This means a long time before my next mail.

Sina I can not think another has so suddenly taken away a portion of life's sunshine from me, and you not even tell me. No, something else. I can not make myself blame Sina, and say that she has intentionally neglected writing me. Perhaps my letter has been misplaced. Do you know before your letter was due and one night after the mail was in I dreamed that you were sick. I trust that this is not the case, and surely it is not, for the folks would have told me in their letter. I know you are excusable and will therefore wait cheerfully until next mail.

I know that so long as I am doing my duty, whatever happens will be fore the best, though I may not realize it at the time. With this perfect knowledge and assurance I am determined that nothing shall take my mind unduly from my work. I know that it is the blessing of the Lord that enables me to be so perfectly contented; for truthfully I do not worry over any thing at home.

Sina I sent you an insignificant Christmas card. A poor affair from the standpoint of value. Excuse me for mentioning it, but I have thought perhaps you never received it.

Now for the answer of the last letter I received from you. I told you beforehand that I should abide by your answer. Perhaps the reason I did not get a more definite answer is because I did not follow the instructions of the author who said, "the surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling." Now you know I was a long way off to do this. Then again I rather think we both admire the one who stands erect and fires from the shoulder. I do, don't you?

Why, waiting was a part of my early education, you know what I can do in that line. I can and will wait so long as you may deem it necessary for an answer. Now Sina I do not censure you for asking me to wait. I know you asked it from the bottom of your heart; and that when you answer, you want your answer to be sanctioned by prayer and to know that it is an ans. That came from reflexion and prayer when it is given.

In your last, you asked if your answer should be in the affirmative, did I look forward with pleasure. In that case I could look forward for nothing else. If we make all a matter of prayer, and then our course is sanctioned, how could anything but joy attend us?

A few lines of your letter were either very deep or mysterious, or me shallow. Really I could not fathom them. "If you should find in this or other letters that etc." Now my Dear Sina confide in me and do not hesitate in telling me just how you feel or in asking any question you may choose. We have a aright to understand and know each other. Why need we approach each other fearingly? If the future is for us, we must know each other, help each other, and live for each other.

A family who decend [sic] from the aristocracy invited mt to have supper with them. The mother daughter and little girl were all that were home. When we had all partaken of a very nice supper, we retired to the front room. They had me introduce the evening by playing what I remembered of the Starlight waltz. Then the Miss. Sat down to the piano and we had music. For a change she favored us with some pieces on the violin. She then showed me her painting and her mother escorted me through a brief acquaintance with the album. When the time for departure came her mother handed me the Bible and asked me to read a chapter and lead in prayers. This I cheerfully did and was told that this must not be my last call. (4 days with Europeans)

Tomorrow morning I expect to leave for Conference. Will reserve the rest of the space until I arrive at my destination. It is about 12. Good night.

Apr. 7 Our Conference has just ended. I spent three days on the ocean in coming to the Conference, and had a brief spell of sea-sickness. I had it in earnest for one night and rushed out of my bed up on deck a few times like the ship was on fire and I had not had the time to be very elaborate in the arrangment [sic] of my toilet. Next morning I felt splendid and in fact all of the rest of the way. Then how I did laugh at the other unfortunates. How sick a person does feel, and still Ho little sympathy he receives. Everyone laughs at him, while he almost wishes the ship would go down.

Our conference commenced from Apr. 3rd and concluded Wed. night Apr. 6th. There were thirty six elders present, including the eight new elders with our new Pres. Stevenson and Herein Whanga the Maori from Zion. There were between four and five hundred Maoris present. The meetings were all well addressed and the principles of the Gospel thoroughly explained. The spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us abundantly, and we have just simply had a grand time. There was an abundance of good food, well per[...].

Sina, the Maori people are a nation of orators. There is a natural grace and easiness about their gestures which Europeans can not compare with. They are also many of them fine looking. They have such beautiful eyes and hair, which added to their natural grace would render them almost irresistible to any but missionaries. Of course we are told in forcible terms that courting must in no way exist between us and the people we are laboring among. This is right for the daughters of Zion are born in the covenant and have no equals in this mission, or in the world.

Thursday The day has been given up to amusment {sic}, before our separation in the morning. It has again fell to my lot to be on the winning side in our missionary base ball games. The band has been playing and we have just partaken of an elaborate supper.

In a few minutes the dance which ends all is to begin. Poor missionaries, We can not dance; but you ought to see us dance, tear beds up, and etc., when we get in a room to ourselves. Please give my love to all of my friends, after you have taken as much as you want. Fay.

Springville, April 17— 1897 [1898]

Dear Fay:—

Well, and one more Sunday night finds not distance but time lessened. But what matters that you are called away to serve in a cause prized above all others and very ungrateful indeed would be the girl who would dare to pen the passing thought—"I wish he were here to-night." Call me ungrateful if you will. I deserve it for such a thought has had a place in my mind to-night. But I must not encourage such a thought nor would I in reality wish you nearer home for the same kind Father who called you to labor there wishes you there and will return you in His own time to those who wait for you at home. Only this— I am a little lonesome to-night and if from my letter you come to that conclusion know that for the past month—I may say two months I have not been so [back of page] for have had—a delightful time.

I believe I told you in my last of having seen Ida at the Academy Ball. By the way Fay did I tell you who cared that I was present at the party? If now it was Leo Bird. Of course I appreciated his favor and I know you will also. Let me see, that dates a good ways back. Since then I attended the Opera "Said Pasha" and Fay — I guess you'd better call me a "flirt" (The horrid word I wish I hadn't written it). But I readily accepted the invitation to attend the Opera with Lester. We sat just a seat or two above where you and I had saat enraptured with the brilliant play by Lewis James so many months before. Yes 'tis quite true my thoughts did flit from past to present— But there was pleasure in it all.

A week ago to-night returned from Salt Lake tired enough to go to bed before this time 8:30.

You know it was General Conference. We went expecting to visit schools on Friday, but they were closed so we attended the meetings. Had it not of been that I had such a cold that I had to sit there with a lemon to my mouth I would have enjoyed the beautiful sermons more than I did. I thought while sitting there how thoroughly the missionaries who are so far away would enjoy being there in the presence of President Woodruff and the other leaders of our church. How they look forward with such eagerness to their own conferences in the fields where they are laboring and I wondered if those young men who were not called appreciated the blessing they enjoyed of hearing the words directly from the lips of the Prophets of God. And you know to-day was the time of Dedication of the Tabernacle at home. A most lovely spirit was felt in the meetings I attended. I did not go this morning so did not hear the Dedicatory prayer. But the two sermons by Apostles John Henry Smith and Heber J. Grant in the Overflow meeting this afternoon gave the people food enough for many days. The Tabernacle is beautiful. You know it is all completed and belongs entirely to our People. The two oil paintings— The one on the south Christ's Birth, and the one on the north His Ascension are presents by Bro. Fairbanks and are beautiful indeed. The concert last night was a a grand success. Prof. McLellan and Weihe (is that right) were there.

While in Salt Lake we were privileged to hear the famous Welsh singers and the Tabernacle choir put forth their best efforts. I saw Angie just for a moment. She is becoming quite eminent as an actress.

/slept at Eva's one night and as you may know had a delightful time. She said she waited a long while to answer your letter because she knew you were too busy to write often to her; notwithstanding she would thoroughly enjoy more frequent correspondence. Why Fay just think it is a settled and known fact that Annie, Eva's sister is to some day marry Dr. Young. Do you know him? Eva doesn't like it at all. Lester was up at the same time and was very nice to Eva. He met his travelling companion, Mr. Davis. You know he leaves in June. He had anticipated seeing you; but he tells me later that he will be unable to. How unfortunate for I know how you surely would enjoy seeing one of your old friends from home. He expects to be gone five years.

Well Fay it's pretty hard to loose a sister too. I wouldn't care so much if I knew that she would not stay for two years; but is a something sought through prayer that comes to me at such times and buoys me up till I gain fresh courage to go on and struggle mainly with "self." Yes and "selfishness."

Well Fay it's a sort of failing with you to gain general favor and become a favorite is it not? I see you find it a very convenient condition when travelling as a stranger in far New Zealand. I think the secret of it lies in your implicit faith in a Supreme Power overruling even the temporal needs of his ministers.

Say Fay, can you imagine why I should dream of you? I might answer that part of the question; but why I should awake with the depressed feeling— "I have wounded him" I cannot tell. I trust it is merely a night phantom for in real waking thoughts I pray for your welfare, hope for your happiness and wait for your return.

I received a letter from Laura. She made the expression— "How bright your future must seem to you since you are surely happy." Yes Laura I am and ought to be. Laura merely guessed that I was for she knows nothing of my secret happiness.

And too Fay I received a very nice letter from Garn. I was so glad to get it. Yes Fay he is indeed true in friendship to you and I surely think him a worthy friend.

No, the report is not true. Ida and Lucian are not to be married. Really Fay I think it too bad. In talking to Ida confidentially I fear she loves too dearly. "I shall never be happy with another. What shall I do" escaped her lips.

I mentioned a mission to Lucian. He said "Sina, my papa says he would anyday rather see me go to War than on a mission so I stand "Twixt Love and Duty." Of course it is not an enviable position to be in yet I feel that there is a way out of al such difficulties. My Father in Heaven has been to true to his promises to me not to trust him with even the most delicate subject. The choosing of a life partner. When I have his approval I am happy and so I say that they will be if they leave it with Him and do as His spirit tells them.

I hardly think there will be any harm in repeating what I heard to-day in regard to Prof. Lund. You know he and his wife have again had trouble. He in a sort of secrecy has sailed for Germany unknowingly to anyone.

I suppose your folks have told you of Mrs. Balantynes marriage. I called at your home as I was coming from the depot Friday night. Fay, your mamma is so lovely to me. I could not but love her if I tried.

Sitting on some stone steps I told Cora all. I say all, well what I was able to formulate is the form of spoken words. Her joy was equal to the joy of any true friends on hearing of the united hopes of two of her dearest friends. She seemed so happy to hear it and I am glad. And Fay I could not withhold it from another who always has been so dear to me— Eva will kept it too should we wish it kept—And I think perhaps your suggestion quite timely and right.

Well Fay must stop right abruptly here. It is getting late. Monday tomorrow and my work unprepared— I could with pleasure continue till I filled three or four more pages for I suppose I have told you only one tenth of what I might have done about friends etc had I of started earlier and had more time.

But there are many months yet and when school closes you may expect volumes again—
Trusting you are still happy I will leave you for another month with
all my love from
Sina.

Provo City, April 23- 1897 [1898].

Mr. L. H. Holbrook:—

Whangarei, New Zealand –

My Dear Fay:—

Is it childlike of me to write only because I wanted to, knowing the letter must remain in someones way for some time before it shall reach its destination? If so then I am a child in truth to-night, for Fay I feel like I will be quite satisfied when I have closed a letter to you to-night. Not that I have any particularly striking even to tell you of for undoubtedly the question that is so stirring our Nation and bringing so much fear and dread to its people is familiar to you. War to me is horrible. Why can it not be avoided? But it was of this that I wish to tell you. There's a something that whispers to me– Be not afraid to speak your heart. You have waited, prayed, and answered God is pleased with your course and through your faithfulness He will ever be your friend. So I say with all the sincerity that my soul possesses that I am most happy in the answer I have given. Fay you have my heart and each day I feel that love knot drawn tighter, tighter. I look not forward to the day when these words must be cast aside as mere youthful fancies. But with an assurance I cannot doubt I see them only magnified and realized. Fay, you love me, I have long guessed it. Your expressions only were a little ahead of mine and perhaps not so either for did my actions before you left not lead you to believe what you now know, that that love is reciprocal? And I think every day how all has happened so perfectly. Really Fay if I had the controlling of affairs I feel like I would have them just as they are– perhaps I am too lavish in my demonstrations. Do you feel that way – But I am so happy that I cannot help but be grateful.

Fay you said I was entirely acceptable.— Well, I hope you know me quite well. I fear DI have not been frank as you have been, hence you are not so well acquainted with the little girl at home as you would like to be; but where love rules all is well and I hope to become a nobler woman so help me Fay – Point out my faults and your words I repeat– “We can help each other.”

“Each on the other must in all depend,
The kind adviser, the unfailing friend;
Through the rough world we much each other aid,
Leading and lead, obeying and obeyed;
Favour'd and favouring, eager to believe
What should be truth–unwilling to perceive
What might offend–determined to remove
What has offended, wisely to improve
What pleases yet, and guard returning love.”

There is much I might tell you of news from home; but it is now 10:45. I was up late last night and am sleepy now. Went to the ac. Party; but missed you there. Received letters from Garn, Lucian, and Ida last week; all are well and part of them share joy with us.

Lucian hardly dares hope for his future to be as it was so happily planned. Garn was in happy spirits. I thought it very kind of him to write.

Well what more can I say– two letters in two weeks is more than I expected to do. But my closing words repeat what I said before– I love you still.

Good- night I leave you happy and well. Write me a long long letter and tell me about your trip and everything–

Always your loving Sina [note: pressed fern enclosed.]

Kamo. Whangarei. New Zealand. May 1st 1898.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah.

My Dear Sina,— Three months have passed since the last letter I received from you reached N. Z. It seems so long. There must be some letters waiting for me at my headquarters, for it has been nearly two months that it has been impossible for me to get my mail.

How I wish I had a letter from you before me now: then it would be easier to write this. Here I am writing every mail, and have no knowledge that you are getting it back on me. You remember the last time, I called three or four times, before giving it up; and upon each occasion the post mistress answered “nothing.” However just because I did not happen to get a letter that time, I can not censure my Sina. It was no fault of hers, and I know it.

“Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns to her God when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.”

Think I will be under the necessity of posting this letter, before receiving my mail. Sina, if I could only have some of your letters here, to answer your questions, to mingle with your spirit which fills your letters; then I would know how to write and it would be so easy. In case this letter does not harmonize with your feelings, excuse me upon the ground that my love and confidence in you remain unchanged, unless it be with time they have become deeper seated.

Sina do you remember just about one year ago the moonlight nights and grand times we spent in each other’s company. To think how near “Commencement Exercises” are and how much we were in each other’s company from then until I bid you farewell on the morning of July 3rd, makes we wonder how Sina will spend that time this year. Will it be as happy or happier to her than last. These exercises always afforded me so much pleasure that I can no help thinking of them from time to time. How happy you must all be! Just have a doubly good time this year, part for you and part for me. In spirit I shall share all with you.

You remember in my last letter I left you just before the ball. Then I saw the buoyant hearts of the well dressed youths, among our Maoris, and how lightly they glided over the floor in answer to the music from the band; my heart was full enough to go off and have a good cry, had this afforded any consolation. When the band would strike a familiar tune, how much I would have given if I could but have had one waltz with you. However we are not allowed to dance while on our missions. I must tell you how I made an innocent mistake. There was one of the young Maori damsels, who seemed especially kind to the elders, not dancing. To appear pleasant I stepped up and asked her, why she did not dance and enjoy herself. She simply said she would be back in a few minutes, and stepped out. I thought nothing more of it. In a few minutes, in she came dressed in a beautiful cream colored gown, her lovely hair hanging loosely about her shoulders. Sina there is no mistake she looked almost irresistible. She came straight over and sat down by me. Unsuspectinly I remarked that she looked like she meant to dance. She leaned over and whispered in my ear “you and I will have the next waltz.” What could I do, I then saw all. I tried to explain. She told me she did not want to dance with the Maoris, that she had thought I wanted to dance and had for that reason put on her best. I found myself in a predicament, but finally excused myself and explained all to her satisfaction.

Some of the casts are such perfect types of beauty, think so much of the elders, and have such loving and affectionate dispositions; that we as elders must humble ourselves and pray always

in order to keep ourselves aloof from all of their approaches. It seems to me that there is more temptation in this land than in any other mission in the world. Nothing but the spirit of the Lord and prayer and fasting could prevent a person from falling in a mission like this. Never in my mountain home did I dream of the temptation that should surround me in this land, and of the strength essential to resist and come out triumphant. Those interested in my behalf must one and all unite their prayers for me.

Returning from the conference on horses we have come through the very heart of New Zealand. In the last two months have travelled about 1,700 m. We passed through the volcanic country, and had a number of baths in the hot springs. Saw the famous Tarawera volcano, which was active about 12 years ago and destroyed between two and three hundred people. Saw a number of small geysers [sic]. In two of the towns the natives cook their food in the steam from the warm springs.

The Maoris south of Auckland seem to be superior to our Maoris north. Most of them have homes and good places, fixed up like the Europeans. Think I have met on my return some of the grandest people in all the world. All the Maori charity does not efferves [sic] in words, but rather finds expression in actions, and you know actions speak louder than words. Some of the Maoris I believe are real saints.

We have been up to all kind of tricks on our return. Don't think I ever laughed so much in all my life before, getting up in the middle of the night, parading around our room, and making everybody else get up has been a few of our pranks. Of course we only get together about once a year, and must put all of this on the shelf again as soon as we get in our districts.

Before a number of us separated, the other day, we put our odd pennies together and treated ourselves. We were just doing our best to eat everthing [sic] we had, when in stepped our Maori hostess and invited us to dinner. It will not do to let the Maoris know that you have money and buy food. So the only thing for us was to accept her invitation and eat again. On each of our plates she had dished out dinner enough for a family. We played our parts well and ate like soldiers. I tell you it was an undertaking but we carried our point and she could not tell we had been eating.

Bro. R. K. Hardy, one of my companion coming out travelled most of the way with us. Of course we both left what we thought were the best girls in the world in Utah; and were both glad to learn that those girls were dearer than ever and so far as we knew true. Bros. J. N. Lambert and W. C. Castleton of S. L. C. returned missionaries may visit you. Have given them your directions. They are fine and brilliant young men.

Sina, is it true Spain and America are fighting. If I was not on a mission think I would like to shoulder a gun myself. We can thrash Spain and I know it All must be excitement [sic]. If it was not for my mission, wouldn't I like to be home while this is going on. My spirit is forever with and in America.

Well in my Maori I am improving but it seems to slow for anything. Have spoken a number of times. Am thoroughly enjoying my work and think the Lord is blessing me more abundantly than I deserve. It takes a numerous and hungry host of flees to give me any annoyance now. Whether my bed is a single blanket on the floor or the ground, or whether it is on springs makes little difference to me. The spirit of the Lord, his blessings, and good news from home is all I need.

I got a lovely letter from Eva; but it has been next to impossible thus far to answer. Should you see her please tell her she is by no means forgotten.

Sina, how are the old crowd? I have never written a word to Nettie but often think of her. Ted owes me a letter. Perhaps there is one awaiting me. Do you ever see Ida and Allie? Was the

report concerning Lucian and Ida genuine. No doubt some of you will spend Commencement together. In your festivities just remember us who are absent. Can the graduating class put a play on the stage this year. That play often comes before me. Well do I remember how you looked that night, and the consolation I found in the knowledge that it was only a play.

Sina is your school over. I know you have made a success, but how has your health been and how have you enjoyed your work. No doubt there will be a summer school again this season, and you will renew many of your old acquaintances; perhaps again meet the one I love, but who made be uneasy more than once. If you do just give Walter a hearty grip of the hand for me.

Do you remember what you told me I must do no more when we were going to Spanish Fork. Could I see you now I am afraid you would find me inclined to be disobedient. Sina in case you have asked any questions in letters that are not yet received, consider the answers favorable ones, and rest contented. Please remember me and give my love to your family and friends.

Your affectionate

Fay.

Deseret Utah

May 5. 1898

Mr. Fay Holbrook

Kamo, Newzealand.

My dear Cousin,— Your ever welcome missle came to hand and was greatly appreciated. I can not answer it in detail as I would like to but I cut out that little portion on the last page— and sent it to Ida and now I take the first opportunity of asking your permission.

I am nearly positive that something unintended must have happened or you would have received a letter from Sina. And I think you will do so on the next mail.

War. War. War. That is all Fay, that is and can be talked of in our country and many of our boys, are, going I am not of age. But have papas consent to enlist but I have written to momma who is in Provo and if I can get her consent I am going to the Phillipeans with acompany of boys from the B. Y. A. Mamma is in Provo with Will who for the last three weeks has been extremely sick with Apendicates, he has as yet escaped an opperation, and is very slowly getting better, but is not intirely out of danger. Last Monday Drs Allen and Taylor made every preparation for an operation but at the last moment his fever went down from 103 % to 90. And they think he will now I think miss it.

I sent your letter to Garn his address is 801 Richmond St. Cincinnatti.

Ora is out at Hinckley with Uncle I. N. you father went through last night from the Ibex Mikisell is working it and he told me that he had better or in sight than they ever shipped from it.

Well Fay I cannot think of any thing but War, and I realy want to go to the Phillipeanes, and may go, but you must answer this letter just as though I was going to be sure at home, for I am apt to stay home, for unless momma consents I am sure to stay home but if I go we will leave in about ten days.

So Fay will close for this time and hope to hear from you soon.

With best wish to you and a hurrah for “Old Glory”“ I am

Your affectionate Cousin

Lucian

[stems or evergreen needles attached]
Spanish Fork, May 9, 1898

Whangarei, New Zealand:—

Dear Fay:—

Fay you're the best boy in the world to write me such a dear, good, long letter in answer to none. I'm afraid you took the plan that Bro. Maeser advocates of heaping coals of fire on the offenders head. Whether you did it intentionally or not such was the effect when I read the first page of your letter. When I wrote the missing letter (Yes Fay it was written) I feared it was too late; but rather hoped so hard that it wasn't that I made myself believe it would reach you alright. I don't know whether I can tell you just why I postponed writing until so near mail time or not. Fay I really felt as though I could not write again until I could give definite answer to your sacred offer. But finally decided that something would be better than none at all; but I see it was too late. In the meantime, I had endeavored to make known to my earthly father, whose blessing I felt must sanction the step I should take, the hopes that were about to burst forth as real, unmistakable feelings of purest love. Nor did I seek in vain. Fay I am so happy. I know not what pa thought when at a late hour in the night after I had retired I arose and handed to him as he sat reading in the adjoining room the letter that I had read 'mid tears and smiles of sudden joy. I only know that owing to the sleepless night I spent, I was still resting when he left for the train next morning and I did not get to see him for three weeks, during which time I received a letter in answer to my request to know that he was pleased. Well, it was only a page; but it was one of those pages in which each word left its imprint of perfect joy and satisfaction. And Fay, you know I have no mamma that can at present share her children's joy; but who knows but what someday she will be returned to us in health and strength? But I must not dwell upon this subject now. At some future time you will know all, so much that is now untold. Though no one can in reality fill the place of a mother, till there is one who has done indeed a good part in filling up the vacancy— to her also have I made known my intentions.

So Fay you see I really did not mean to be neglectful; but am very, very, sorry to have caused you to be so repeatedly disappointed. I don't know what you will think when you receive the mail that is now on the road for you. I imagine you will get about four from me all at once. If so don't read them consecutively. I imagine it would be a little monotonous is all.

Now Fay, its my turn to scold. The idea of you mentioning the thought of someone else stepping in and taking your place and you not be informed of it. You'd be surprised to know that no one has payed any attention whatever to me since you left. All my attempts to win favor have been in vain and the funny part is that I don't care. I'm just as contented and happy as I can be. Oh, yes sometimes I get lonesome and wish I had a friend or two— then I go sit down and do what? Yes, read your letters. They tell me I have the dearest, best friend in the world and even make me believe I have lots of other lasting friends. Well, I don't think there is such need of scolding any more on that point. I believe when you get the letter that surely now awaits you you won't dare to mention such a thing again. No, I wasn't sick at all. I have been remarkably well all winter— Pa says its because I don't dissipate. Go to bed early etc. Do you believe it?

Here's another perplexing question facing me— In gratitude— well no, I hope I am not ungrateful. Fay, if I didn't mention the fact of receiving the Christmas card, I did not fail entirely to appreciate it. I thought how like yourself it was, no matter under what difficulty it might be procured still you could not see Christmas pass lest some token of friendship, of love be sent in remembrance of the day. So, if I failed before to express my gratitude know that it was because so much all came as once that I don't know whether it will ever all be repaid or not.

Well, here I am again— A thought that I don't know how to express so that it will say what I mean. You have had your turn at interpreting mystic lines—now see if I have interpreted rightly the quotation from the author who said “The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling”? I wonder if he ever won a woman's heart. If so did he take the course he advocates? Did he fling himself at her feet and in declamations of madened love swear to be her slave? Did he woo her through any such a course? If so then she was not a woman; For surely a woman with a pure noble character would want a man and not a slave. Why a small sum of money would procure the latter very easily. With this interpretation, 'twas well I noted that little word “Perhaps” that introduced the thought of you pursuing any such extravagant expressions— I call them mere expressions for sincerity of feeling would all be lost sight of in taking any such a course. With you, I would say “Aim high, stand erect, and fire from the shoulder.” Then if you fail to hit the mark, see if she someday will not look back and in her hopeless anxiety to regain what she once rejected, “stoop to conquer?” Do not be deceived and believe you did not hit the mark. Why, you may smile; but it is quite true that the dart pierced so effectively that I stopped at intervals to convince myself that I was not sleeping and would awake in the morning to know that it was all a dream. Now Fay I just imagine, you'll picture to yourself a right foolishly “love sick” girl. But I'm not. I'm just as well and happy as I can be— My appetite is splendid with the addition of a special craving for pickles.

Well, here I've written about eight pages all about myself— Your spoiling me— I'm beginning to believe the subject inexhaustible. Now for something new. I feel as though I had been almost shut off from all the boys and girls this winter. Of course I see Cora, Clara, Nettie, Annie, Rhoda, Rena, Molly, Louise, Maggie, Lena, Geoge, Clifford, Byard, Pete, Sam, Ida (Chiever) very often, but it isn't like it used to be. I haven't answered Garn's letter yet because you know I have been so very busy— My school just closed Friday May 6. It was a nice letter— Fay he does love you and I intend to answer this week some time. I also owe letters to Allie, Lucian, Ida, Laura, Ted.

I have been here at Grandmas since Sunday. The boys are working on the farm and I am “Bridget.” Fay my Grandma is just as good as gold. It is 10. A. m and she says “Now you go finish your letter before you do anything else, only she says “Sina, don't write such long letters.” I expect to go home a week from Sunday as you know the Commencement of our dear Alma Mater begin Monday. I'll write you all about it in my next. On May 27. I will accept our invitation to the Alumni Ball in the New Home. I mean the new College Building.

I don't know what I shall do this summer. Pa has been thinking of a Trip to Yellowstone; but we can hardly tell yet. You know this awful War is beginning to scare people. Isn't it terrible! So many of the Academy boys have volunteered. June Snow, Bert, Boshard and one more volunteer left Provo. The whole town cheered them as they left. How reluctantly we see our own Mormon boys go to fight for the cause of liberty, yet with the faith and prayers of those at home they need not be left to die on the battle field. Ere you return, surely war will have ceased and we will once more be enjoying the blessed reign of peace.

I guess your folks have told you of Will's illness. I hear that he is up and around now.

I am going to call on Bro. Hales while I am over here. What have you been doing to have driven your little persecutors from you?

I might give you a description of the school-house I have been working in this winter and let you compare with your imaginative one. But I don't believe I will or I'm afraid your price would fall still lower than nothing. Picture the ideal one with all the modern school-house improvements, with nothing wanting to add to the comfort and cheer of the inmates. See the result of a rule of love; happy cheerful countenances; busy fingers never resting till the last bit of work be completed— Eager brilliant intellects, anxious to answer every question, as put to them by a teacher who truly loves them and has prepared their little minds to receive the same. I ask you to picture it and know that that is what I should like to call my school. But not so. It is something not to be attained in one year, nor in two. If I teach next year I expect to do much better; but hardly expect to ever become the teacher I should like to be.

So you still get sea-sick— I wonder how it really does seem. It must be pretty bad— But I don't believe I should care to find out by experience. Jennie was not a bit sea-sick. She writes that Will says he is the happiest man in England.

Well, Fay there is only one more point to clear up and that is something I said in my last that you don't understand. I don't believe I can tell you what I meant. Just take a pencil and run through the obscure part and don't try to make anything out of it. If I remember rightly what it was I was at the time afraid you would think I hesitated or rather put off answering you because I either questioned your own or my sincerity. I didn't want you to feel that way and so I said what I did. I really can't remember just what I said; but I think this is what I meant.

Now it is nearly time to help get dinner and I think you will have plenty to read this time so I will say good-bye for another month. I trust you are as happy as the little girl who loves you.

Write me long, longer, longest letters and believe me always

Sincerely Yours

Sina

P. S.

The yellow pansy is for jealousy— The young lady who entertained you so royally while among the Europeans being the offender—?

S

Provo City, May- 25, 1898.

Mr. Fay Holbrook:—

Whangarei, New Zealand:—

Dear Fay:—

Fay, I am too happy, too grateful to let this day close without pouring out to you as best I can by writing a few of the thoughts and feelings that this day has brought to me, as I am sure it has brought to all who have participated in the exercises as they were given to-day.

“Maeser Day” will long be remembered by every student, teacher, and friend who witnessed the scenes of to-day.

This morning was not a cloudless one. All week it has been raining and the ground was very muddy. So, all of the preparations that had been made could not be carried out— Bro. Maeser was to have been driven from his home in a specially prepared vehicle decorated with those symbolic colors - white and blue— this being driven by four magnificent [sic] horses and followed by twelve riders – two abreast – six ladies and six gentleman, following this was to have been the carriages containing relatives – fellow-workers and friends— these followed by that noble band of boys and girls— the students of the Brigham Young Academy— As I said before part of this had to be left out on account of the expected storm. However what was carried out had a most glorious effect.

The students all assembled on the ground and faculty on the West steps as Bro. Maeser past into the home he still claims. Every seat in Room D was occupied and standing room was appreciated. Drs. Tanner and Talmage spoke, giving reminiscences of school life under the grand old man whose name we had met to celebrate. Bro. Reed Smoot added his testimony to theirs that if Dr. Maeser had faults they came not from the heart for he was man “Pure in heart.”

The male chorus of the Academy under the direction of Prof. Whittaker gave a chorus. Then the lovely poetess – Annie Pike gave “Wishes for Bro. Maeser” in a way that brought tears of joy to many eyes. The humble soul of Bro. Maeser seemed as it were, to drink in every word, and overflowing with joy of gratitude almost before he knew it arose from his seat and with step as light as any youth rushed to seal the blessing with a kiss. Then a lively march by Miss Larson brought forth ten young men and women who encircled him as he sat: almost as he expressed it afterword, in a sphere above the earth. Marching to their designated places on each side of him, one presented to him an elegant boquet of roses as symbolic of the first ten years of his life. These were followed by another ten represented the second ten years of his life— the presenting of the second boquet and relating of that part of his life was repeated— The third, fourth and fifth ten years were represented in the same way. Following this came fifty pupils each with a loose boquet, encircled him and at a signal chord he was showered with flowers of every hue— Never was a scene more grand when he arose to say “I thank you my children. God bless you.” ‘Twas all he had strength to utter. The words he attempted to recall to express his gratitude were choked back with irresistible tears.

After the program was concluded at 2 P. M. the Faculty and invited friends joined him in a banquet at Fleiners Restaurant. I had the pleasure of participating in the same going as pa’s partner. There was only a repetition of the same sweet spirit. I have been alone since writing this but now Grace has come so good-night pleasant dreams. I must sleep else I will not be prepared for tomorrow’s dissipation.

On Wednesday night was the Athaletic Ball. It was so crowded as such balls always are. I remember so distinctly the last Athletic Ball when you were home and we were all so happy. This year pa took Laura and myself. I cannot say that I really enjoyed myself. On Thursday the Regular Commencement Exercises were held in the Tabernacle. In the afternoon the New College Building was dedicated.

The Dedicatory prayer by Pres. Joseph F. Smith was a beautiful one and one that surely must be fulfilled for testimonies have been born to the effect that Brigham Young Academy is to be the great school of the earth.

Bro. Reed Smoot, Sister Knight, Mrs. McCune, Pres. David John, Pres. Stephen Chipman, Bro. Jos. F. Smith and Pres. Cluff all spoke on the occasion. It was quite in order to tender thanks to those who had so liberally donated to its erection. The building was then presented by Pres. Reed Smoot to the Board and Pres. Of the Academy and was most gratefully accepted.

On Friday morning the Regular Annual Alumni meeting was held.

I must not forget Thursday evening. The most patriotic? Class that has ever been, in the Academy entertained us. It was a program consisting of music and class papers with the class poem and was concluded by a representation of the Freshman Class meeting. It was very good indeed. Pres. Cluff spoke a short time urging the class to all return and graduate and of course complimented them very highly. I believed all he said, except the statement regarding their patriotism. While I am willing to admit that they are the most patriotic when the class of '97 is no more, I do not believe at present that there could be more patriotism than the members of '97 possess.

I do think that the members of the Class of 1900 are more talented than any other class. I should love to see the entire class graduate. Cora was thinking of teaching next year but has changed her mind and is going to continue in school.

Friday afternoon was a business meeting of Alumni Association. It was not quite so long as it was last year Fay.

Friday evening was the Grand Alumni Ball in the New Hall.

Friday afternoon Louise and I were working around arranging some reception rooms for the evening. One of the '96 boys came and profered his help which was readily accepted. And he did more than that. I suppose he noted the far-away expression on my face and suspecting the cause thought to remove it by offering his company for the Evening. I thought twice and accepted his invitation. You do not care do you Fay? In spite of the rain there was an exceptionally large crowd at the party.

Mr. Rasmussen was very nice to me; but when they announced the Alumni March I did so want to see you come and ask me for it. Well, considering the circumstances I had a very nice time— Had you of been there, Garn & Allie, Ida and Lucian wouldn't we of had a glorious time? When you and Garn come back we can realize that pleasure I am sure. I might tell you of the many times my mind would leave the New Hall with all its charms and pass as naturally into another Room where a year ago you and I danced, never dreaming of our present separation. But I was not sad. Hope buoyed me up and the evening passed by quietly.

About 12 o'clock the lights flickered and went out we still continued our dance. They were again lighted and again went out. This was constantly repeated for about a half an hour and when we left the Ball Room the jolly crowd were still dancing. Some said it was romantic and I think it was for even my thoughts during that time roamed more wildly than any one near me could have guessed. This closed the Commencement week of another year. I will try and send you the White and Blue and you can get a good account of the Exercises there.

The Tuesday following this I went to Salt Lake with pa. We attended a grand ball and Banquet given in Christensen's Hall by the M. I. A. Officers.

I remained in [sic] Salt Lake until Saturday and when I returned home saw two letters from you. Fay, afraid you would have a broken heart on your hands if you should not happen to get my letter on the right ship so that I would get it when it is due.

I read the one you had written before getting your mail- first. Really Fay, you have no idea how much I appreciate the confidence you place in me.

I believe I can feel for the winning damsel who was so disappointed [sic] in her expected dance. However I think her quite paid for her trouble in being permitted to enjoy your company. I remember myself of being gracefully rejected when I asked a young man for the next dance. Upon the occasion I began to think someone enjoyed refusing much better than the one refused. I really don't see what made me act so foolishly that night- A year ago New Year's Night- But after all I look back with pleasure upon that evening.

I think however, you were very wise and quite brave to thus excuse yourself. (In case of the Maori lady)

Why Fay the thought of you yielding to any of those temptations you mention is not only improbable [sic] but utterly impossible. From the fact that I have been in your company so much. I know that purity is one of the inborn attributes of your being. You don't know how many times I have in my heart praised you for that very quality. However my prayer is always for you both in the overcoming of obstacles and in the reaching of the goal for which you are climbing.

It undoubtedly makes it very much more interesting for you in travelling as you do. I think your trip to and from Conference must of been very much enjoyed.

And so you can practice deception too. It was undoubtedly policy to do so considering your coming welfare. As long as it injured no one I suppose you will be forgiven for it- I am thinking of how you deceived your Maori hostess.

I shall be more than delighted to have a call from the two returning elders. I do hope they will come.

Yes, its quite true that we are trying to get the best of Spain. But you see, old boy your handicapped and I'm glad of it. I don't want you to go to war. I claim to be patriotic; but I guess you will think it a sort of selfish patriotism. There is not so much said about war now. But neither nation claims the victory yet.

I think you must be mastering the language famously if you are able to converse and deliver a sermon in the same. The Lord certainly is blessing you.

Eva and Delia were both here for Commencement. Eva has gone to Beaver for a few months. Her brother Rheinard and Prof. Partridge are to Preside over the Stake academy there. I think Fay you are to her one of her dearest friends. You ask- "How are the old crowd." The old crowd seems to have been so widely separated that I can hardly account for them.

Nettie is just as sweet as ever. Ted don't need to worry about her. She is thinking some of teaching next year. I have owed Ted a letter so long that he will think I have forgotten him.

I received a letter from Ida and she said to tell Fay she was going to write him a long, long letter and that she loved him as much as ever. I think she is quite liberal. Don't you? I have seen her but once since you left. Allie I have not seen, but from her letters she is happy and when I last heard expected to visit Panguitch as soon as school closed.

No, Ida and Lucian are only sweethearts yet; but Thursday morning there came to our home the sweetest little baby boy you ever saw. Consequently I am chief cook and housekeeper and am kept almost too busy to write letters to my friends. Next Monday I am going to put up fruit—Gooseberries—.

Jeddie came to bid me good-bye this morning. He leaves for the Southern States Thursday. I expect a call from Lester soon. I regret you will not see him.

Well I am stringing this letter out too long and must close soon. In closing I will say that life to me is sweeter and fuller than it has ever been before— There is only one cloud and that came be removed through prayer and faithfulness on our part. Fay I feel and have felt for sometime that your parents will not willingly and with pleasure sanction your choice. Moreover I fear it will pain them: but I do not feel as badly about it as I might allow myself to. I feel that through time they may willingly consent and it is for that time that I wait. I think I know and can feel the objection. Fay, do not be too persistent. Take their advice and I will wait for you. You know you are their only son and think what they look for in you. I would not have you wound them. Do not be too determined at present; but wait. When you return from your mission they will perhaps think differently. Now Fay remember this— you said you would write them on the next mail. They will answer you— When you answer them, no matter what they might have said, do not be determined; but rather lean to what they wish you to do. I have no fear but what it will all end just as you and I are praying that it might if we are faithful and the Lord is pleased with our desires.

Fay, whatever comes I am willing to stand by you and help you and should you leave me again when you return I think I could be just as true. Do not think my view of this opposes you. No, indeed. My sentiments echo yours. I think it is not wise to postpone marriage for any little unimportant thing. But consider well ere you sacrifice your parents wishes for me. Should this be necessary it seems to me it would be constantly painful for us both so I pray you do not be hasty in declaring your intentions. I think it would be well to write your folks next mail if you have time; if not when you can will be alright as they are expecting it.

Jennie's tour is very lovely— she has crossed the English Channel into France, from there to Italy— from Italy to Switzerland. Yesterday she wrote us at the foot of the Alps. She said to give Fay her kindest regards.

Fay do not think I am unwilling to stand alone with you for whatever you still believe is best to do when you return my heart will be with you and how truly can I say—

“Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'r thy care,
My heart shall follow, and my spirit share.”

Accept this little birthday present with the givers fondest love.

Your happy, hopeful

Sina.

P. S. By all means take your European trip. Good-bye

Sina

Kamo, Whangarei, New Zealand

Fri. June 3rd 1898

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo, Utah.

My Dear Sina,— This month I have been twice happy by the receipt of two of your lovely letters. The latter arrived on the Vancouver mail and was a happy surprise to me. It was the one you thought would be in some ones road. Please put a few more like it in my road. They are a solid comfort to me. You take all so well and appear so happy, that my heart swells with gratitude and joy. Of course our love is mutual, and of such a perfect type that it will bear fruits of realization.

You with all your heart have given all my heart desires, and most blest and happy I am to receive such a gracious gift so freely given. “Mutual exchange is no robbery,” and though I make but poor return, mine has been wholly and freely given. You have accepted it and must help to train the young tree the way you would have it grow. Sina, you seem so contented, and so happy, and such a living spring of bright hopes for our future; that I love to drink deep in the letters that have been drawn from a fountain so dear.

Now Sina we both have our failing. You can see yours, and I see mine. We could not improve if we did not have them. Well you seem to think I am a pretty good sort of fellow. Hope I can always keep you thinking so. You don’t need to imagine for one moment, that I am agoing to magnify my faults before you; for perhaps by right thinking and right acting they will disappear. I want you to have a good opinion of me and shall try to keep you always thinking so.

Now as for my knowing the “little girl at home,” I know her well enough to know I love her with all of my heart; and I also know she hasn’t got faults enough to tell me about; to make me change my mind one iota. So Sina, you may as well stop now, for you will never succeed in changing me. “Where love rules, all will be well,” I repeat your expression.

Circumstances and environments may have influenced some of my letters. The one for instance when your’s missed the boat, still I knew you were excusable. Hope none of them have given you pain. “To err is human, to forgive divine.” In case they have, I know in your generosity you can apply this motto and freely pardon me.

You have made confidentials of those who I am pleased to have share our joy. I too have made confidentials of a few.

Have written a letter to my parents upon this mail informing them of our relation, and asking their blessings upon us. They may be surprised, but I think and hope their answer will be one of kindness, love, and consideration. They had a future planned out for me beyond I fear my capacity; as loving parents are liable to over estimate their children. Father rather thought an eastern college course shall precede marriage, in his views before to me. I love and honor them and hope to proove [sic] a joy to them. We shall go to college, if our Heavenly Father will bless us, together. With Sina to live for, to council, encourage, and help me feel most certain I could accomplish more. Nature and Theology would sanction our union before; surely the weight of argument is with us; and our parents will favor us.

Would you feel diffident to call at our house; if not please do so and take the temperature; then tell me in your letter, Sina I know they respect and love you, and will always treat you kindly. You asked what I should do in case it were otherwise. An engagement [sic] makes a contract. The scriptures say man and wife shall sacrifice all else and cleave together. However we must and will have their love and help. You know how I love my mother and father; and I know they love me to dearly to do one thing to mar my happiness. You know what my happiness consists in. Let us be cheerful, while awaiting the answers of our parents.

I shall also write Bro. Brimhall upon this mail. I have always loved and honored your father and hope it has been reciprocal. Have not words and art at my command to impress or persuade; but perhaps, the whole soul with which I ask will influence him favorably. A father would do doubt feel mingled joy and pain upon the occasion of conferring his daughter to another. However he would be happy if hi daughter's happiness was insured. Then if it is in my power to increase your happiness, he may be happy in entrusting such an important mission to me; for my greatest joy shall be to make you happy.

Sina, my own dear girl, you can and thus far have made me happiest among the happy. I have not merely secured the promise of a fair companion, but have secured an assurance from my choice, among the choicest. Of course you knew I loved you long ago, and in fact it seems to me I always did love you (Perhaps before you even suspected such a thing; for Sina and love possessed me simultaneously, at first sight)

The happy day has been happier made, from having been a long cherished hope realized. Why Sina our lovely buggy rides were not occurrences of fate, which accidentally chanced. Did you ever know that Fay worked and bached cheerfully for seven months out at the mine partially with a view of having some of the good times you and I enjoyed Yes Sina, the good times that were to come, with you as my sweet companion to share them, often use to make me happy in my work. So my love may have been older and deeper than many thought.

Could you observe my early awkwardness and bashful uneasiness in your company, and not guess the cause? Could you see the troubled look and depressed demeanor when a rival was getting in my territory, and not know the reason? Did not my over sensitiveness tell you all? If not, when my lips made the revelation you saw the motive of my unnatural [sic] actions. You see those little surprises were not given with indifference. True our mutual love did not find vent, at least [sic] to an excuse, in the actions so customary among young couple. Still who can say our love was not genuine.

Say Sina, do you remember when we were going to Springville, and you said, "Fay you mussssss't do that any more." You remember with what a straight face I fabricated. Well as you never gave me a good rounding up for my involuntary actions which occurred later, have concluded that you have suspended judgment [sic] To make a true confession, I have never repented my actions; and am afraid you will have your hands full to cure me of that failing. You know it first manifested itself in connexion with you, and in case I confine it to its first object, don't you think you can tolerate its Conditions have improved.

Here I am enjoying this pleasure trip, and have told you nothing thus far of later missionary life. The century "White and Blue" containing the photos of my sister Clara, together with my class mates, and the dear old school buildings, both new and old, almost made me weep with joy. Class patriotism, as you know, runs high, and makes class friendship lasting. Cora also favored me with a very nice letter. Appears as though the teacher's calling would take some of our members from our class. Thank you for the "White and Blue."

Commencement week, the happiest of all the year. Think of it. This was such a happy week for us last year. How we went to the exercises together, hunted our missionary brother Garn, and took in the Illumni [sic] ball; is before me as though it occurred but yesterday, and in fact it doesn't seem long. What a joyful page in the lives of six. We have each had a primary year in life and Commencement week finds us still happy.

Have pictured you in the ball room, happily waltzing around the hall, and in other places of amusement enjoying yourself. These pictures are as I would have it, and so conclude you must have enjoyed the exercises. Trusting and loving as I do, I could wish for nothing but joy and happiness to befall you.

They say I am doing well in the language. My health is splendid, and my labors become more pleasurable from time to time. Have decided upon a systematic plan for studying and presenting the Gospel in the future. Hope to be able to carry it out.

Could you glance over in N. Z., you would see a picture that would provide laughter. Here I am fat enough for the market; carrying about a rather indifferent but good natured smile, supported by an understanding conspicuous for efficiency rather than delicacy; pants rolled up about six inches,— patiently probing my way thorough this lake of mud. In fact after a day of roughing it, were I to stand still on the school ground, you might mistake me for a creation from mother earth, of the school children during the happy moments of recess.

The war had excited my American blood in spite of myself. I am eagerly watching development, trusting in Americans and their ability. War is horrible, but nations seem to emerge from its throws, to a certain extent purged of their corruption. Is it not a necessary evil? If America will but heed the prophecies of the Book of Mormon, how glorious is her future. Sina it is getting late. With prayers and all my love, which you may distribute among the members of the family and friends as you see fit I remain

Your loving

Fay

P. S. June 8.

Was in hopes my home mail would come to day, but it is late. Expect it on the 11th. Have saved a small piece of the Maori wedding cake, for you and I. Will you help me eat it when I get home. As my letter to my parents is of much importance to us, have hinted that they let you read it. Think they will let you read it, when you next call. With love.

As ever.

Fay.

Kamo. Whangarei, New Zealand.

Fri. June 3rd 1898.

Mr. And Mrs. L. Holbrook.

Provo, Utah.

My Dear Parents— As there is in store for you another, I fear great surprise, from your loving but in many respects unworthy son, I can not defer it to a later portion of this letter. Sina and I are engaged. Though it may surprise, I pray do not let it pain you. Before censuring or condemning, please allow me to tell and explain all.

Being your only living son, perhaps from earliest childhood, you have indulged in fond anticipations in my behalf. You have bestowed unhesitatingly upon me all the attention and privileges of loving parents. Sad to say in many respects I have not magnified them, and my life in some instances has been a disappointment to you. However you have realized that “to err is human, to forgive Divine.” For all that I have and all that I am, I am directly indebted to my loving parents. In latter years you have given parental advice in the choosing and time for choosing a companion for life. Your advice has resulted from your love in your son’s welfare. In this one thing perhaps, I have been more self willed than in any other. My answer has always been if I am living right, and make it a matter of prayer, the attachment of my heart will not take me far astray.

You may sometimes question it in the face of all that has transpired; but with all truthfulness I sincerely love you, and perhaps appreciate more than my homely nature is capable of showing. Should this add to the already heavy burden, I have made you, to me, it would be almost unbearable. Command in all other things, and with joy and pleasure you shall be obeyed. I do confess, I have made this, a matter of prayer to my Heavenly Father, and have followed the dictates of my own conscience.

Please let me give you our history. Sina and I kept company during my last year at home. (However I had associated with and taken her out some time before.) You observed the course of events, and suggested that I was too young for serious thoughts. Here let me make a confession that may savor of the romantic to older people. From our first meeting it seemed perfectly natural for me to love her, and it was not an easy matter for me to bestow this passion upon others indifferently. I tried to act in obedience to your wish and informed her it was such an up hill task on my part, that I finally asked for a renewal of our relations. When I told her she in no way censured or spoke unkindly of you, but said you were older and certainly knew better than we.

When I left as I told you there was no further understanding than a correspondence between us. Sina would not consent to this until I had obtained your permission although it was evident to me before this that she regarded me as more than a friend.

Her letters have in no instance been frivolous or soft, but have been genuine, and have been filled with encouragement in my missionary calling.

My youth would not let me settle down as I should, and in every winning face, I saw more than perhaps I ought. Life was not real enough for me, nor my efforts capable of being systematically centered for a purpose. I made it a matter of earnest prayer, and in the end conscientiously asked her hand. After taking it to the same source, her answer finally came favorable. Taking it where we both did, in my heart, I feel nothing but joy and happiness can come from it.

I hear you say, "My boy you are but a child yet." Continue me as your son; give us both your blessings, and you will yet find me a man, that may not altogether prove a disappointment. You must love me still; you must help me still. Do not think his education ends here, for he has awakened more than ever to the reality of life. Now if ever he sees the necessity of an education, and if our Heavenly Father will bless him, sooner or later the desired end will be obtained. My opinion is there is more of a unity in life and more can be accomplished when we are settled than other wise. The power and determination to reach a desired point, may be in young men, but few there are who realize and magnify it before marriage.

To me life is a school, and each day, each week, each month, and each year should find us in advance of the last. "The knowledge we obtain in this world rises with us in the next."

My mission is a grander field than ever before, and more determined am I to magnify it. NO longer can I be indifferent and careless, for the reality of life is knocking at my door.

In conclusion, may I ask a parents blessings upon us, and that she no longer occupies the place of a mere friend, but from now on becomes one of us. She respects and loves you both. If blame or censure there must be, Then let it fall all on me; For there's been nothing but innocence in her heart, While there might have been deceit on my part.

Now I know you will always be happy in the knowledge that your son is happy, and would be unhappy were I so. This is not a childish fancy with me, for I have put it to the test of prayer and time and am truly happy in the course that has been followed.

Your last letter gave me so much joy and pleasure. Everthing [sic] appeared as bright and was looking so well. The \$25.00 order was gratefully received, but immediately disposed of leaving me still in debt. When I figured up what my mission had already come to the figures were surprisily [sic] big, and still do not feel that I have been very extravagant. The weather is so damp that this country is a tearer on clothing, and then you know some times (quite often) we must wear our clothing at night in order to keep warm.

My companion, Bro. Burnham, has for the last six weeks, had such an awful time with his teeth, that it has been a warning to me. As soon as I receive the money, think it will be wisdom for me to have two of my teeth filled. If you have sent money, not yet received it will be sufficient [sic].

Do not think I ever looked or felt better. Have decided upon a systematic plan for studying and presenting the Gospel. Of course my time thus far has and will be largely taken up with the language. It seems to me I am a little slow, but they all tell me I am doing well. My testimony and faith are increasing from day to day, and the mission is making of me a Latter Day Saint.

Had the pleasure of assisting my companion, marry a Maori couple the other day. They were both dressed very nice. The bride wore a real nice white wedding gown, which contrasted with the dark shades of her face. She looked as though she felt out of place, and acted like she did not know what to do with such a dress. The wedding cake cost \$15.00. There was an abundance of good food, and Elder Burnham and I took on our winter supply. We don't know where the next station will crop up, but we are still full.

Our excitement is unavoidably up, owing to the late war with Spain. We place implicit confidence in America and her men, at the same time we are eagerly watching developments. War is horrible; but it seems to me an occasional convulsion and struggle is necessary to development and growth. It is a kind of a grand balance by which a nations standing is shown.

If America will heed the prophetic words of the Book of Mormon and live as she ought, she will be the freest and most blest nation on earth. If she falls into corruption, she only needs read her history in the downfall of the Jaredites and Nephites.

I do not favor union with Eng. Our interests are in one body of land; England is scattered all over the globe. We are self supporting and hope to excel in peace and advancement. Continental Europe v.[u.?]s. And Eng. Appear to be preparing for a grand final. Of course the Anglo Saxon is our grand family and united by kindred ties. It would be grand if they could be bound together in peace and love. It looks to me that Zion is surely being built in the tops of the mountains.

Have you received the "White and Blue" containing the photo of the 1900 Class. I could scarcely contain my joy, at seeing the faces of my classmates, among them Clara's. Your picture and sketch are o.k. Would love to have a picture of you three girls together. You will all be young ladies when I return. I do glory in your successes. Clara I know you can and think you will graduate in 1900. I hope so. The good news concerning Angie's course and tour put a grin on my face that was visible for a week. It's a grand thing to be able to entertain. Wish Angie would send me two real funny recitations. When I return, expect I will bare the marks of the backwoods, when in company with my three young lady sisters, but then you can soon rub the rough edges off from me, and we will just take things in four or (five) strong. Well- Ora is growing so fast, that in two more years perhaps I will not know her. Well she may know that I expect to find a young lady, large and well developed, with that big heart and good natured smile she now has. She was always a favorite with Fay and I promise you she will be a favorite with more than Fay. Well Florence, will she be able to remember her brother after three years and a half absence. Think! I shall soon be old enough to vote.

It is a shame to wear good clothes in my labors. If you have any old coats and vests, pants, or old clothing of any kind that can be patched so as to look respectable; also church works that you know will be good please make a bundle, and leave at missionary office S. L. C., informing me. With love and best wishes, Your loving son

As there is so much in this letter about Sina, it may please her, to let her read it when she calls. Have written her father concerning our relation.

With love, Fay.

Kamo. Whangarei. New Zealand

Mon. June 6th 1898.

Bro. G. H. Brimhall.

Provo. Utah. U. S. A.

My Dear Teacher,— You may be surprised but I hope not pained with the contents of this. The motto reads, “business before pleasure.” Therefore as this is to me pleasurable business, I see no reason for deferring my purpose to a latter time. Will you permit me to become the future guardian of Sina’s happiness?

Bro. Brimhall, I know there must be mingled joy and pain in conferring a daughter to another, although he may have your confidence and esteem. The thoughts of loosing the company of one, who from the time she entered the home, has been a factor in promoting its happiness; the thoughts of so much sunshine going out from in under the old roof, to dwell elsewhere; is bound to cause a feeling of reluctance, bordering on sadness. And still if sanctioned by our Heavenly Father, it is not a loss of sunshine; but merely a transfer, where it may bin turn develop, blossom, and bear fruits of reflecting happiness.

Regarded from a pure standpoint, there is something infinitely grand in the marriage ceremony. The sparks , (comparable only to the living) developing and in their turn sending out others, each containing the power of reduplication, making it possible for spirits to inhabit, and giving to the generators a posterity, bespeak the workmanship of a Master hand. No doubt you agree with me, that this is soaring and that I would be more at home on “terra firma”, so I shall adhere more closely to the subject.

Having grown up under you in the school room, you have pretty well acquainted yourself with me. My school life was not conspicuous for its luminosity, and so you have had an opportunity to estimate my capabilities. My character and disposition in many regards are faulty, and it seems to me my biography would to a large extent be the history of follies. Withall I can honestly say that I have always loved and preferred the right. Good has pleased and evil has pained me, but as Paul says, in Rom. 6-19. “For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.”

I truly love Sina, with a pure and holy love. After having made it a matter of earnest prayer, I am conscientuous in making my request. If it is in my power to increase her happiness, my greatest pleasure will be in doing so.

She has assured me our love is mutual, and has promised to share life’s portion with me. Knowing her so well, she has my entire love and confidence, and is entirely acceptable. However, I have not such an idealistic opinion, that I expect to receive a faultless being, nor do I want such, for the return I give. What I expect in her is a companion who has nature to contend with, as I have; but has also a soul and disposition suited and linked to my own. Should you wish to examine into our past association, it is open before you. Think Sina or I would be pleased to answer any question you may desire to ask.

To a favorable answer, I can only say, I will do all in my power to make her happy; and try to live so as to call down the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon us, placing entire confidence in Him. In that case, will you please consider me as a son, freely counselling and advising, and when the time comes give us both your blessing.

Upon this same mail, have written my own parents and asked the same from them. Have no chosen profession for life, as yet, but am very desirous of taking a thorough school course, finishing if possible in the East. "The knowledge we obtain in this world rises in the next." Think each day, each week, each month, and each year should find us in advance of the last.

Some may think the affairs of my heart are detracting from my missionary work, but I rather think they are giving to life a reality and adding stimulus to more earnest work. Certainly there is more to live for; notwithstanding the interest is, and should be, in the love for the work itself.

Well, I took Business Correspondence in the Academy, but this is one kind of letter I didn't learn to write. Please be lenient with this, as it is my first of the kind; and then if you will but answer favorable, I promise it will be my last.

My mission is among the Maoris of Northern New Zealand. All was trying and somewhat strange for a few months. However this did not last long, and my mission has and does afford me much solid joy. The language still has me partially bound. The Maoris are a very strange people, but I seaelitish[?] beyond a doubt. Enjoy the spirit and meet with fair success.

My school experience in the Academy is proving a great blessing and benefit, especially in Theological spheres. I at least learned how to study, and have formulated a plan, for studying and presenting the Gospel truths. My heart still beats warmly for our grand institution; my patriotism palpatates with and for the class of 1900; and of course it goes without saying, I am wrapped up in the 97. I love the teachers, and the associations formed while attending our institution, and shall ever feel truly grateful for the privilege that was accorded me.

To be a minister of the Everlasting Gospel is a great responsibility, but at the same time may become a lasting blessing. My desire and prayer is, that I may humbly magnify my hih and holy calling. With love and best wishes for yourself and family, Your student

Fay

Provo, June 10, 1898.

My Dear Fay:—

I have anticipated writing you a good long letter this time.

You know ere this letter reaches you the time of our separation will have been one year. I might have inserted the word long: but I am happy to say that to me the year has not been so long as I had thought it would and yet when I look back and recall the morning you left and review the succeeding days, and weeks, it doesn't seem one day, nor one week, nor one month; but a good round old year. I fear the coming two or three years may be the long ones; but perhaps not the least profitable.

Fay do you remember one night shortly before you left that you said you feared your letters would become dry and uninteresting. I believe I objected to the thought and if you were here now to listen to my protest I believe you would be convinced that I was right. To tell the truth I don't think, my pa is alone in thinking that you have literary ability that but few are blessed with. Of course I think that very nice; but best of all to me is the surety that all you say comes from the heart.

Fay what means that interrogation point attached to my name? Was there a doubt there? Well I'll forgive you knowing just about how you felt at having three months pass without receiving your mail.

You asked me if I remembered a year ago and those dear old times we used to have. I sometimes marvel at the changes that have taken place since then. I should like to tell you all about Commencement exercises; but you see it has been some two weeks since then and I shall be likely to forget some. I will tell you what interested me most. On Sunday night Prof. Cluff addressed the Graduates. On Monday was the advancing of classes etc. IN the evening were the exercises given by the Training Class. It was a Greek play. The costumes were very good and with the exception of it being too long everybody enjoyed it.

Tuesday was commercial Day. The Graduates presented themselves in a dialogue entitled "Ten Years Hence." It was humorous and the audience was kept in a continual roar of laughter. Tuesday night the Normal Graduates entertained us with some solid talks. The "Tree Puffs" by Bro. R. Maeser was full of wit and irony. No, they did not present a play this year. You know none but the Evergreens dare do that.

Wednesday is the day that I enjoyed better than all the rest. The following is a synopsis of the proceedings as I wrote them while alone in the evening. . . . [page missing]

At Home. June 15, 1898.

My Dear Fay:—

I was happily surprised today with a call from Lester. I fear however, the impression I made was that of an extremely untidy girl. Really I looked just simply awful. But I was so glad to see Lester and to know that he would probably be able to see you. I write this hoping he can deliver it personally to you. Its only a letter and I did want him to take some little token of remembrance of home to you; but as I have been unable since he came to prepare anything [sic] I resort to this. I wrote you such a voluminous epistle last time that I fear you will tire of it. Fay you must tell me when they get too long and DI will try and say more in fewer words.

I am quite tired to-night and consequently a little dull in spirit. I will tell you why. I attended a wedding reception last night. The hour was an early one before I went to bed—about 2 o'clock a.m. and I haven't as yet made up my lost hours of sleep.

The bride Miss May Brown and the groom Mr. Frank Spencer were from appearances the happiest of the happy. I should so much have liked to of had a long talk with Lester before he leaves; but I fear when he calls in the morning he will only have time to say good-bye. I don't blame him for hurrying off to-day. From what Lester said I believe that he and Eva do not correspond regularly. She has gone to Beaver and he did not know it. He said he was glad he was going or rather pleased to know he was worthy to go; but I imagine he was a little inclined to feel like he was going to leave home for three or four and perhaps five years and that feeling surely is not a very pleasant one. And yet it is when accompanied by the thought of his Mission. Fay I just feel like sighing to-night when I think of another of our boys leaving us and yet I am proud to have friends that are called and are willing to go and it seems to me they are all gone.

I wrote to Garn the other day I told him that I was going to get jealous of him for I believed you thought more of him than you did of me? Do you know Fay that it pleases me so much to know that you and Garn are such brothers. And I trust that nothing may ever come to mar that Platonic friendship. He is worthy. You are most worthy.

I have been thinking over my last letter and wondered if I said what I meant to say and have thought that perhaps you would think I was very demonstrative in what I said. I felt so keenly what I meant to say that I spoke perhaps too emphatically. I can only re-eat again Fay. Do not, if for no other reason than for my sake, go directly against your fathers wishes. Why not tell him to wait and that you will wait until you return and then if he still feels that you should go to college free-handed (forgive the thought) that you will do so. If you will do this believe me that when you return you will not regret it. However I do not wish to urge you against what your own conscience tells you is right. But that is what I feel would be right. You have a conscience that, it seems to me distinguishes very readily the right from the wrong so if my thought on this does not find a responsive one therein cast it aside for I give it as a result of reflection. My heart would lessen the time of separation from eight years to four and still it, if left alone to say, would answer, 'one year is too long to wait.'

If you understand me you will see that I do not disagree with you. On the contrary I think your plan is the one that I would choose and will choose if it is necessary or if when you return you still wish it. But Fay, for the present wait and do not blight the hopes of those who have loved and lived for you from childhood until manhood. If you do; you do me wrong. I know how you feel about it for you have told me. Yes and you are right when you say that the parties themselves can choose their companions for life better than any one else and I think no one will refute that; but you know parents fear that their children will make a mistake in their choice and think they love when they do not. Time will prove it Fay. If you still love through four long years of separation who could refuse to give their full consent and choicest blessings to such a union? That is why I am so certain that it would be better to at present relinquish our own feelings for those interested in us.

It is happiness itself to trust you Fay. You know that I love you with love that no one before you has ever claimed. It seems to me there is more than that— There is an admiration that I fail to express.

You have many times doubted my sincerity and I do not blame you when I look back and see how I used to act; but you know I was not so sure then as now am and you've forgiven all those little mistakes. But you do not doubt me now. May you always be sure that I will stand by you. Trusting in the same kind Father to overrule circumstances for our good inasmuch as we are worthy I will leave you with a sweet good night and pleasant dreams from yours lovingly Sina.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.
Mon. June 20th 98.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah. U. S. A.

My Dear Sina,— American fire and spirit is not confined to the male population. As a proof of my statement, I have in my possession a letter, endeared to me from numerous causes, which places all argument beyond question.

You have successfully bombarded, silenced, and dismounted, my menacing forts. “Your cause is just” and I can do something for you. I hold to you the flag of truce and have ordered my secretary, to use his power in negotiating for the alliance, which my senate desires and my constituents must have, in order to secure domestic happiness and perfect tranquility.

Knowing and having felt your strength, both in peace and war, I unhesitatingly announce my self as in favor of union; bound together by the eternal ties of love and affection, for the purpose of more perfect living and securing greater happiness here, and hereafter. Our interests are mutual, and we by very nature so constituted that each in the other does and must exist. Come Sina, what is the idemnity, and if it is in my power you shall be fully recompensed.

Should anything unpleasant, on my part, arise in the future, remember it is but the groundless complaint of some rebellious member, and in no wise will it be sanctioned by my rational and better self. With this assurance please do not let it harrow or distress you, but in your generosity overlook such. (Of course we hope nothing of such a nature will ever arise, and shall endeavor to prevent it.)

Away with the motto, “true love never runs smooth,” and let us henceforth, with heart and soul, present a united front to the common foes and trying energies of this life. Shall not this be our “high aim,” and with it shall we not triumph? Yes, I answer, with all my heart.

Ah, my Sina, there as unkindness in my words. Yes much more than was ever in my heart. And so my dear girl you were almost lead to believe, Fay could and did stab blindly and indifferently, little reckoning the pangs that would result. No. Though the words of that letter bear witness against me, Fay did not, does not, and can not exist in such a heartless light.

Of course the incident called forth your independence and just indignation. Now I knew they always existed, but the reassurance will do no harm. In fact Sina, if it is possible, I love you more than ever.

Come let us put all the blame upon that “author” who duped me. Feel that the next time he and I meet, he must answer for himself, fight, or run a foot race with me. If you will insist upon having further vengeance on me, let it be in a six foot, (or even smaller ring) under a Utah sky, in a spot you may designate. When I can see you face to face, think I can take and give enough to keep the honors about equal. (Providing you will allow me to name the weapons to be used.)

The expression, words in haste spoken rebound upon the speaker, is now plain to me. Believe me, you are a part of my life and its sunshine. Now if my words grieve you or cast upon you a gloom, they deprive me of that much sunshine.

Do you remember the incident that has made gooseberries a favorite dish with me, for such they really are? If we can always have bread and butter, and gooseberries on our table we will be happy, won't we Sina? As much as the word “perhaps” has befriended me, we must give it a place among our friends. Well you have forgiven me of my unkindness before this, haven't you? “Yes. Alright then I feel at liberty to go on with my letter.

Did I tell you in my last that I am saving a small piece of cake from that Maori wedding,

for us. Sina I am so glad you told your parents of our intentions, and received a satisfying answer from them. The letter I wrote to your papa was so stiff, I did not like it at all; but as time is precious, I decided to send it knowing he had formed his opinion before.

Through some mistake, did not receive a letter from my parents upon last mail. You can scarcely imagine how a missionary misses the long looked for letters from over the ocean. I know they have not forgotten me and the fault is not theirs. You may rest assured they will love and help us.

A trip to Yellowstone for the summer would be grand. You would enjoy and appreciate it so much, and it would do you so much good. Should you go, you must take me on the trip through your lovely letters. The pleasure would be mutual.

You know my reasons and will excuse me for not taking you to the last Alumni ball. Now Sina, when you wish to please Fay, write long letters upon that "inexhaustible" subject, for it is one of inexhaustible joy to me. Your grandma will pardon me for counteracting her words. Do you know Fay has not forgotten her. He sees the picture very often, that he saw at Spanish Fork that night, when you made yourself so useful, while your loving grandma looked on with secret joy and satisfaction.

Jennie and Inis ought surely to be proud being the first ladies to go on a foreign mission from the Church of Jesus Christ. I read with much pleasure concerning their trip and safe landing, in my last Deseret Weekly. I have no doubt Will felt justified in proclaiming himself the happiest man in Eng. As he draws the line at Eng. I have no reason to question or doubt his statement.

War is terrible; but as we are in it, in a just cause, my American blood is always on hand to assist, and my lungs in readiness, to back the Stars and Stripes. Am conceited enough to believe my courage is equal to the test, should one come. Last Saturday a gentleman took occasion to speak disrespectfully of the U. S. in my presence. He soon found he had an opponent in me, and changed the subject. You have so much faith. It was gratifying to read, how you knew our boys would be provided for as long as they had the faith and prayers of the saints at home.

Have been travelling alone since my last, and have held three meetings; getting through in each instance far better than I had expected, for which I am truly grateful. If I can but retain or increase my present testimony, my mission will prove the best investment of my life. I truly know that all true greatness and true happiness comes from living in conformity with the Gospel's teachings. The key to such a life, is implicit confidence in our Heavenly Father, and humility in our every day life. I read Pres. Woodruff's address, delivered at the last April conference, through tears. My bosom burned and my whole soul testified that every word in that sermon was true. His life is a grand example of the power of the Lord to his servants. Its an ideal for the missionaries to follow. (I had better save my preaching for those that need it.)

Must tell you of an amusing incident that happened in my singing. I had given out and read the hymn for the meeting. Must have opened my mouth too wide, for at the very moment, the tune got out and fled. For two lines I pursued in vain; then concluding a fresh start would be in order, undaunted, I came back to the first, with better success following my second attempt. Of course the audience looked knowingly from one to another, but I got out of it nicely.

Our winter has now begun, which means rain, rain, rain. This is a plastic land, a capital place for the manufacture of mud pies etc. The only ingredient that is lacking is a little dry dirt to stiffen the batch.

Have you eaten a meal good enough to tell about. Picture a half a dozen of us natives in something that is meant for a house. In one end may be seen a bright fire, over which is hanging

tow kettles. Some of us may be sitting upon the ground, some upon boxes, and other leaning in the corners. The one noticeable thing about us is, our expectations seem happily centered in the near future. We take new life from environment and appear rather jovial. Meanwhile the sweet potatoes in one kettle and the fish in the other are fairly bucking. We have not long to wait. Up jups a young buckskin and proceeds to adjust a gunny sack or some other domestic, upon the ground in the center of our multifold room (yes, kitchen, dining room, parlor, and bed room, are all combined in this one.) Two pans containing the contents of the kettles are placed upon the humble table, which seems to be a signal for a general gathering. The religious rite over, things begin. The Maoris have a very versatile mind, or a wonderful development of automatic action. The alacrity with which their hands keep a steady stream agoing to their mouths, while their eyes are eagerly watching their neighbor to see that they are not outdone, would confirm this. Of course the distance between the points of greatest attraction and least resistance is shortened by dispensing with knives and forks. At first little is said, but fish after fish hastily disappears. Finally the groans of the uncomfortable as they bend over to add to their discomfort, become frequent. It's a good thing they run out of food, for it seems to be their great aim to take the last trick. Such is a meal in Maoridom, and of such meals do we often partake, being somewhat milder, perhaps, than the ordinary Maori.

A good project can never have too early a commencement, therefore will you allow me to make a suggestion. Let us begin now and make beneficial collections for our future. We must have a book for choice clippings from books, and papers. I have a few chosen sermons taken from the Deseret News now and shall continue to save them. How would it do to collect stamps? Here is a liberal contribution upon this envelope. I have a fern book and some ferns and shall add to the collection in the future. Of course they are for us and our friends. You will adjust them in our book, will you not Sina. I also have some shells and a few relics from N. Z., which I expect to add to. Would not this be a good start. Well I must stop and answer Lucian's and Garn's letters. Give my love to your family and our friend after you have retained what you desire. Sina, you are always remembered in my daily prayers. With blessings and Good-bye, I leave you for now.

As ever, lovingly

Fay.

Kamo, Whangarei, N.Z.

Aug. 18th 1898

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo, Utah. U. S. A.

My Dear Sina— My heart was made truly glad last mail upon the receipt of two letters from you. Your letters are always so stimulating in their effect, that they do me a world of good, and you need never fear of worrying me with their length. You were so kind in writing me those two letters; and I am afraid that my broken and clumsily arranged sentences of usual length will be poor return. But then you know—that I am in your debt,—and would soon be in yours than in anyone else's; for you will let me attempt to [missing part of paper] . . . the future, when circumstances are more favorable... early opportunity not kn.... I will have another to answer.

Sina, I know you wish to hear first of those things which concern you and I most. My mother was the only one of the family that wrote to me upon last mail. She thought that perhaps I had been taking the mission's time in the arrangement of my own affairs. But she did not censure me but wished us happiness and the blessings of the Lord. My father said he would have preferred that I would have waited until after my mission, but they both wished us joy and happiness. As you requested, I have told you just what they said, and hope there is nothing in their answer that will cause. . . Sina, I told mother. . . conscientiously, that . . . It had given life more a reality, and that it had stimulated me to more determined and better work as a missionary.

My dear Sina, do not be grieved upon this question. For my testimony is, that your prayers have done much in assisting me and that our relation thus far has proven a blessing to me in my labors. You know it seems to me there is so much more to live for, and strive to gain the blessings of my Heavenly Father, than there has ever been before in my life. Thus far my heart has been filled with purest joy, and my aspirations for the future have been the outgrowth of the best of motives. Without some sweet and confiding companion, who is the best portion of life itself, to divide [sic] your sorrows and double your joys, life must present a lonely and dreary forecast; not very enticing to its candidates. But with two souls united in pure love and righteous motives, its rugged path can be courageously ascended.

Your father wrote me just a splendid letter, and did not even make it necessary for me to write a second one of the same nature, as you suggested might possibly be the case. The confidence and love he has shown me are more than I deserve, but I hope by the assistance of my Heavenly Father, to so live that he may never have cause to regret the course he has taken. His kindness I appreciate, and with all my heart I thank him, and with my life I shall try to ever be true and worthy of his sacred trust. Was sorry that my letter was not addressed to your father and sister Brimhall, but [torn] really intended it for both.

The confidence you placed in me in your last, in speaking freely as you felt, called forth my love and gratitude. That is as it should be. Now my dear girl dispel the thorn mentioned and all of a similar nature. Do not let them trouble you. Of course I have thought of those things and settled my mind concerning them long ago. Your faith has often called both my admiration and been a source of much strength to me. All things are possible with our Heavenly Father. We will both place our confidence in Him, and I know he will overrule all things for our good and happiness. Don't you remember our Patriarchial blessings? (By the way I have never read yours, but you have told me some of it.) If we can be Latter Day Saints we will be equal to the problems of this life, and shall courageously bear our share of them. Now Sina you know my sentiments, and I am afraid you allow those thorns to wound you more than they do me.

Please do not have too high an ideal of me; for a happy surprise is far more to be preferred than a disappointment. You must be prepared to find faults in me and to help me overcome them, for I know you can do it if anyone can. We all have our faults and failings, but our mission is to overcome them.

You took me home in your letters, but come far from making me think there would be in store for me a disappointment. Should Sina not be there to greet me, then there might be a smothered emotion in my bosom. Do not say that a little change in the color of your cheek would effect me. What I want and expect to see is the same unchanged Sina with that welcoming smile that never forsakes her, to greet me.

Wonder if Nettie ever received my letter. She sand [?Ed] both owe me letters. Well if Nettie wants me to quit liking her she will have to go some other way about it. You remember how she came to my assistance as a sympathizing class mate when the 97's were having things to themselves. Received a very nice letter from our true friend Eva, and will answer when time will permit. Think Eva owes me a letter. Delia must think me most ungrateful, but really I think oher very often, and by no means is she forgotten.

Jennie and Inez must be doing a good work, for nearly all of my "weeklys" ,mention them. Please remember me to them when next you write. Jennie is sure having a chance to prove her love for the Gospel, in reference to missions and missionaries.

Sina, I hope to become better acquainted with all the members of your family, and feel that I have almost been ungrateful to sister Brimhall. Between that new brother and your work, you must have been kept pretty busy during this past summer; but you seem to enjoy all your work and never complain. With your new buggy and our horse, we could have a buggy ride or two between us, now; don't you think so?

Have been having a splendid time since my last. Weighed just a 189 pounds today and never felt better in all of my life. Have spoken in three European meetings of late, and enjoyed a splendid spirit upon each occasion. Had the privilege of blessing a lovely browed eyed little boy the other day. Do not speak the best of Maori as yet, but then have not become discouraged. We anticipate a lovely time in our coming district conference. Have been with Elders Andrus and Aldous of the next district north for the last few days and am now writing from their district.

They keep saying something and making me laugh, so that I can not write a good letter, will try and write you a better one next time. I have had to write this upon my knee, so you must make allowance. The longer I remain in the missionary field the better I like it; and know if I can but continue faithful, it will prove a great blessing.

The war that we have all followed with breathless interest, according to the last paper is over. America has answered for herself nobly, and don't know that we could have done better if I had been there. With the right and the Lord on our side we must win. This war has been an object lesson to the world, and makes uncle Sam's prowess one to be feared. If the war is peaceably settled without involving other nations we should be truly thankful. Did our Utah boys have an opportunity to display their met[...?] If they did our fair state has written her patriotism and worth in works.

Do you know someone was kind enough to present me with a heart, and I was so pleased as to accept. However mine is not lost in return, and certainly you would sanction my receiving it; for it is a small one carved from a piece of native gum by a brother in one of our branches. You are welcome to half of it, but as we wish no broken hearts, we will preserve it in tact and class it as company property.

We have been having rain, rain, rain; but our winter will soon be over, and we will welcome the spring and summer. You have not told me what you intend doing this winter; but I will tell you one thing to do, and that is enjoy yourself in connexion with whatever you do.

Would love to have your photo in case you have it taken, also the photos of any of my friends. Have not had one taken that I could very well send, but believe me I am the same Fay you last saw with the addition of 40 lbs.

Give my love to the family and friends. With prayers and best wishes.

Your loving Fay.

P. S. Elders Andrus and Aldous are snoring. Good night my own true love.

Provo City, Aug 24, 1898.

Mr. Fay Holbrook:—

Whangarei, New Zealand:—

My Own Dear Fay:—

Can anyone deny me the satisfaction of inserting that little word that makes me feel so rich? If so, what tie greater than I possess, could be thus? Fay, from your own lips I have been told that I only claim that right and in true confession— Long ago “I knew that heart was filled with love’s sweet wine, Pressed wholly for my drinking.” Yes, I knew it but save my own self, no one else knew that. I possessed that knowledge. Dear heart, did even you know it?

Well to me that knowledge was very sweet and so oft I would lie awake and wonder if I had been wholly deceived. (Forgive that word, I mean mistaken) or if someday would come when my hopes would be realized.

When I used to think of this other emotions were awakened. In turn for so rich a gift, what have I worth bestowing. ‘It was then and is now a girls fondest truest heart, with all the love that in its weakness, it could and can bestow. But for so long you had not learned this (or had you? No, I did not tell you, nor did any friend, however dear steal that knowledge from me. No to you, my lips must first reveal the sweet confession. Many times I have told you that I loved you and may heaven grant that you may never tire of the repetition. It has become genuine pleasure to repeat those words so I indulge so frequently. I say so frequently, yet when I think of how long it has been since I spent a few moments in such pleasure I do not censure myself. In the thought that I deprive you of a joy by thus neglecting to write, I feel that I have been twice unfortunate. The promised answer to the beautiful epistle now before me has never yet been written. The slight note I sent on last mail was not to be called an answer. I did want so badly to write you a long letter; but my face pained me so that even my brain was cross. I once heard Ida say that her face was so ugly that it pained her. Well my case was a similiar one for with one side all swollen up and red you can imagine the picture. But I am all O. K. now. I mean as far as Neuralgia or tooth ache are concerned although the dentist is not through with me.

Accepting your own expression of my success in shattering your alleged fortifications I feel my strength in the victory over a stronger force. So in humility I take from your hands the flag of peace and in union it shall wave unceasingly o’er the heads of the two beings between whom the alliance has been made. Thanking your secretary for his prompt obedience in obtaining the desires of your senate and needs of your constituents I will this part of the message with a surety that the natural results, you mentioned, will verily follow and proceed to further destroy fears and foster hopes for our happy future. You see I immediately attempt to use the power you have so graciously bestowed. Now, that the war is o’er, some skill must be exercised in order to maintain peace. But in our case I see no reason for any disturbance now and when the welcomed day shall arrive in which the sacred vows will be fulfilled, what evil then dare attack us. Should any ever attempt we will both calmly exclaim— “Get ye behind me Satan” and all will be well.

The idemnity has been pre-paid so I can ask no more but a continuance of freely spoken thoughts even though they be of censure for remember Fay I can endure much rebuke from one I love but indifference is unpardonable or intolerable.

I have so often wondered if it were really possible to life a life of love minus the trials that apparently all share to a certain extent. One of your statements encouraged the thought. So why not have in full view our “high aim” and struggle aimfully to reach the goal? We will try.

The wound is all healed now and in your repentance you make me feel my guilt in censuring your frankness. Had I loved you less the words might have fallen lightly and I knew they were not uttered heartlessly. No matter how often I may be chastized I will know it to come from a heart that loves me too well to inwardly disapprove and not let me know his thoughts.

“Revenge is sweet,” but do not fear. In using the weapons designated by the object of my vengeance I fear the amateur must flee leaving the victory unfought.

I believe I started a page or two back to leave this subject; but I see it is hard to do.

Yes, we will eat the piece of wedding cake and I think it will be but one of many pieces to be eaten together on your return.

Let me beg a few of your precious moments in which to relate a pretty romance of recent occurrence. We will both someday be interested in the parties concerned so you will pardon the reference.

Two fine girls left their beloved homes as missionaries to a foreign nation. On landing on English shore they meet sweetheart and brother. The meeting, as you may guess was rarely sweet. A few days past and they attend their first Conference. While there they meet a young Elder who at once becomes attached to the girl who came to meet her brother. In a few days a trip on the continent is planned and four joyous missionaries cross the channel into France. Their trip throughout is glorious. Love knots are gradually tightened, and on surmounting one of the snow capped mountains of the Alps Bro. Bailey, such is our hero's name first old Inez of his love. The other couple having accidentally strayed from those above them— chose a very romantic spot and for the first time since their meeting he has the privilege of expressed his never-failing devotion to his loveliest of all sweethearts.

Not to leave our first two quite yet we will follow them to the hotel and the next evening to Brussels where the promise is made.

And so while resting their minds from missionary labor they lay awake and plan their future— The double wedding to take place a few months after their return. Their simple costumes and all. After marriage a short wedding tour and then their quiet homes in the places their husbands may choose. Won't you agree with me that it is all quite novel. I trust their joyful hopes will be realized. I dread the loss of my dearest sister; but she has promised that I might come and live with her if I choose until you want to take me away.

I love my home and I love my parents. My father is always so tender and good and when I see him look care-worn and weary I long to do something to help him. If I can only live so that he will always be proud of me I feel that that is all I can do. I do not know what was said in his letter to you; but be assured in his eyes you are a worthy companion for his little girl. It is certainly gratifying to me to have him think so much of you. And Flora from the first time she saw you picked you out from among four others. Do you remember the night of the Eclipse. It was the evening of Pres. Smoot's Funeral. Lester, Lucian, Garn, and Pete with yourself were all here. In passing our opinions on the boys and you were her choice, Can you guess who mine was?

Well I wonder if you would like to hear just a little about someone else besides myself! Where shall I begin? On Saturday next we are going to the Canyon— Nettie, Louise, Grace, Olive Young and myself form a company with my pa as “teamster.” Don't you think we have quite a “swell” teamster? We anticipate a swell time too. Our Institute is to be held in Am. Fk. Canyon so there will be a fine crowd. Would that you and Ted were to join us. Well, nevermind there will be many trips for us when you come home. I have been quite fortunate in have two trips before this one.

Since I last wrote we have have some trouble in our home. While in the mountains my brother Wells had his arm seriously broken. Being fourteen miles from Castella the trip had to be made in one hour and twenty minutes. It was extremely painful. Drs. Allen and Taylor have labored with it until now it is comparatively well. About two weeks later Mark— another sweet brother met a similiar fate. His break was not so serious however; but quite bad enough. Both are so much better now and it seems so long since it was done that I can hardly believe you have not heard of it. Surely we should be grateful when we have health and strength to do our work.

Saturday morning— Aug.— 26— We are just about to start for the canyon.

I have made two calls at the Holbrook home since receiving your last. And in truth I rather like to go there. The girls are just as sweet as they can be. Fay they are lovely girls. I don't blame you for thinking so much of them. And your mamma I know I shall always love as I do now. I do not know how she feels towards me only from what you have told me only I know that she is good to me even though it costs her no little pain to think of Fay while he is so very far away and I know she feels badly whenever I go to see her for those tears coming from a mother's heart tell me so. I would give so much to have a talk with you Fay for I am not quite convinced that I am a welcome guest to your papa. I would have you say nothing; but I can't help but feel that way.

I have merely answered one half of your letter but will finish in another when I come home.

Trusting you are very very happy— I will leave you for now.

Good-bye— my own Fay— from lovingly

Your Sina—

1 Buena Vista Aug 31- 1898-
Mr. Fay Holbrook

Whangarei, New Zealand:-

My Dear Fay,—

Seated on a moss-covered log beside a cool sparkling creek whose water falls continuously over mossy rocks forming numerous water-falls beneath the far-stretching branches that shade both sides of the creek, I turn my thoughts to one I love.

If I could describe to you the grandeur of Buena Vista with the beauty of this secluded spot as it seems to me you would truly appreciate this note coming from a place nature has blessed so abundantly. But I cannot do it to my satisfaction, so I must enjoy it all alone. And yet, when thinking of someone who is so near to me I do not feel so entirely alone. I wonder if now I cannot claim your attention in spirit if not in real presence! Were you here beside me I would tell you in sincerity what I can only incompletely write.

It was this spot I chose to read your last letter in and I read it here. Let me tell you how I felt when I was through reading. In spite of my inspiring surroundings I was sad. But perhaps not so in the true sense of the word. As I sat intently gazing into the singing stream, a nameless longing took full possession of me. It seemed to me I wanted something that I was denied. And it was quite true. Had kind Providence permitted me at that moment to of communed with you I felt that my soul would of been too happy to ever murmur again. But 'twas not so! I left my chosen nook with a heart full of love for you, but trembling with fear that you had begun to doubt that someday our cherished hopes would be realized. Then I began to think. What did Fay say that should leave such an impression? It was now twilight and I could not distinguish the words enough to re-read that night.

That feeling did not leave me. I could stand it no longer and resolved to delve deep in every word and seek the cause.

I have done so and these are the only words I can accuse. "Whether it will fall to my lot to repay your many acts of kindness, I know not." Fay you did not mean that someday you would withdraw your love from me? No, my heart would never believe it! Let me express my inward testimony to you:— If you truly love me, and that, long ago has become endeared knowledge to me, there is no one who will have the power to destroy our future plan. Why? We have both knelt before our Heavenly Father in special supplication for His sanction. He has given answer in our behalf and thus has favored us so much. There is no possibility of such a thing as Him forsaking us if we are doing right.

There may be obstacles. There may be tears. But believe me, in due time those tears will be turned to smiles at the thought of our union. And not until then can I consent to become your wife. Fay I will be true to you, but I must first have the full love and consent of your parents.

You have told me previously that there are no particular objections; but still you know how they feel. I do not want to hurt you; but I cannot write unless I can tell alla that I feel. If I have wounded at the same moment, I ask your pardon.

Now, to tell you something of our recently inhabited little village of Buena Vista. The population consists of pedagogues. Homes of tents and wagons. The mountains on all sides surround us like towering castles. To the top of one of these I was determined to climb. So 6:30 A[P written over]. M saw Miss Young and myself shouting from the summit. We were climbing just one hour and a half.

I must not forget to tell you about our trip to the cave. Nettie and I were determined not to

leave camp before visiting it. While sitting in Institute wondering how we could get there a very nice young fellow proffered his aid. So about one o'clock that day Nettie, Mr. Combs and myself in company with four others we taken by team to the foot of the mountain where the cave was. Don't you think we're pretty good climbers to ascend a mountain nearly 1000 ft high, the ascent being almost perpendicular? Of course we never could have reached the top had we not of had good help. On entering the cave we found ourselves in utter darkness. Candles being lighted we were guided through numerous caverns where the formations of stalagmites and stalactites were perfectly beautiful. We had been specializing Geology in Convention and the trip was very beneficial (By the way, speaking of geology, reminds me of one day a long while ago when I sat down by Mr. Holbrook in a Geology class—how he tried to help me see the point—how I gave up in despair and withdrew from the class—Do you recall the incident?) As a result of my trip I have one or two specimens for our collection. I hope to have the priveledge of visiting many more such places and procuring more specimens. Someday I am going to Eureka and visit the Humbug” and Grand Central.”?

Well I am hardly able to tell what a delightful time I had during the whole trip. The Indian War Dance around the big campfire, the sham courts— all combined with those perfectly grand moon-light nights in those mountains could only of been added to with joy by the presence of yourself and dear old Ted. Nettie and I while enjoying all this every night would wish that you were there. But when you both come home there will be many such times I am sure. Wont there?

The next week is Examination. I expect to take one only. If I fail of course I will not teach. I have accepted the Springville position again. I have a much easier school however. Am going to board at Bp. Packards. There will be three of us there. I think I shall enjoy my work. Bro. Rydalch goes east very soon. Bro. Warner is to be our Principal. So much for school— Eva is home again to remain all winter. Lucian expects to go to the U. of U. next year. I received a letter from Ida. She was so melancholy. My heart goes out in full sympathy to both of them. They seem to feel as though they must love in vain. I trust they will be hopeful and await for happy results. They say Sam is progressing famously. Our B. Y. A. is once more in session. There was never so many in attendance before at the evening.

So you think I am fleshier than usual. I must correct the mistake. However when the photo was taken I never felt better in health. I always look more full in the face in a picture. I am good and tanned now from my trip and feel splendid. Our Yellowstone trip was a failure. We are going someday though. Perhaps you will be home to go then.

Say Fay I don't know about voting. I think I'll have to begin studying up on politics for you know it wouldn't be a very wise step to have a vote cast by proxy and then vote for the wrong man. I never did like Politics; but if you don't want to loose your first vote I'll try?

Sunday - Sept. 4—

It is fast day. Baby was named to-day. Pa, while studying the life of Paul learned to love and admire him so much that we decided to have a name sake for him. Little Paul is our darling's name.

Well, when I read your description of our trip in Maoridom, in spite of the thought that it must be exceedingly trying in many respects, had it not been for the noisy stream at my feet I fear I would have excited the curiosity of our whole camp with my laughter. I enjoyed the trip splendid. Shouldn't care to be alone. But in your willingness to be my guide I shall be delighted

to go again. It certainly calls forth a great deal of self sacrifice on your part; but you are rewarded daily are you not? So will any faithful Elder be.

It don't make any difference to me how much refinement you leave in New Zealand. I expect the poor natives will become better from robbing you of it. Moreover, you mustn't try to discourage me that way for I hardly think it possible to make me believe that I mission even among savages, could as you say permanently destroy a loving affectionate nature. I'll think of you as the most devoted of lovers—now and always.

I have written both letters because I wanted to. Trusting you are still in good health and hopeful spirits I will close for three more weeks. When you receive this think of me once more in the school-room and give me doubly your faith and prayers for I must do good work.

From a true heart

Sina.

Kamo. Whangarei. N. Z.
Wed. Aug 31st 1898.

Miss Sina Brimhall
Provo. Utah. U. S. A.

My Own dear Sina,— To day is the happiest day of all the month for us missionaries, for we have all just received our home mail.

Before opening your letter, I knew from the weight, that something was wrong. Now my dear girl, you do not need to feel sad on my account for not being able to write more, for I know how you must have felt, and how hard it must have been for you to sit down to write. Of course I love your long letters, and always end wishing them longer; and love your short ones, because they are your's and it is no fault of your's that they are longer.

This is my second one this month and only have a few momments in which to answer before the mail closes; but when I read of the suffering you have been having with your teeth, I feel that I could not neglect writing you a few lines upon this return mail.

Sina I truly sympathize with you, and do wish I could be by your side. I long for that time to come when I can divide or share your sorrows and double your joys. (That is when my mission is honorably completed.) To think you have suffered for six weeks with your teeth, and then perhaps may be under the necessity of undergoing the same operation over makes me wish I could do it for you. However I know you are courageous and hope and pray that you are again well and enjoying good health. Now Sina I know what it is to have one of those burly drills a banging away in one's mouth, for I had a tooth filled the other day. I thank you for writing and telling me and not withholding from me, and appreciate this short letter knowing the difficulty under which it was written, and shall patiently wait for the next. If I get out of this land without a set of false teeth and without presenting a picture similiar to that of Enoch Arden upon his return, will feel fortunate. Many thanks for the "White & Blue"

Received letters from my family, Uncle Elmer, Garn, Nettie, and Mark. All contained splendid news.

We have arranged to baptise some people in the near future. Am enjoying my labors, and have thus far been blessed with splendid health. My mission gives me more joy from day to day.

This is winter and you would not believe that there is so much mud. They say that, in a little village a few miles from here, the inhabitants laid some planks along the walk, owing to the mud. A man was going over the planks, and saw a hat in the mud. He stooped to pick it up, when a voice spoke up from the mud, "What are you taking my hat off for. (Maybe this story is not true.)

Well, my dear Sina take good care of your health, and remember that you always have Fay's love and prayers for your happiness. Enjoy yourself, call and see my folks whenever you can, and do not imagine your letters are ever to long. Give my love to family and friends. Hoping you are well and happy, with my hearts true love, I remain

Your loving
Fay

Springville, Oct. 23, 1898
Mr. L. H. Holbrook
Whangarei. New Zealand:—
My Dear Fay:—

I was just on the verge of writing you a long letter Sunday last because I felt a little, just a little unhappy. If I told you why would you smile and say my fears had no foundation but the workings of a worried imagination? Or would you agree with me that I really had reasons that could not help but trouble me? I did not feel despondent though nor even discouraged, only felt a new determination to live a better more careful life. Thoughtful reflection and a seeking for a spirit that always gives comfort told me I must be careful, considerate, hopeful, and prayerful. Careful lest I magnify my troubles. Considerate because parents sometimes see farther into the future than one less experienced and because a parents anxiety for the welfare of an only son is intensely great. Hopeful because I love you Fay, and prayerful that my Heavenly Father would help me to make myself a woman who in His own due time will be acknowledged as worthy of the love I hold so dear. I know not why I should be favored beyond what others have been, but still I have always pictured our futurity one of "unalloyed love." I know no different now but cannot help but feel that someones happiness is being sacrificed.

Last Saturday I spent the afternoon with your mamma and Clara. We talked of everything and I believe something was said about you. Can you guess how much and what I thought while there?

Well I stayed for lunch. Your papa came home too. Enjoyed myself as I could not help but do— Only this— I do wish I knew that your parents were pleased with our course. Fay do you not think that someday they will feel differently? Tell me truly do you!

Surely our love needs no such test— Someone has said
"Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
Till crushed by Pain's resistless power,
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever.
The first are turbidest and meanest,
The last are sweetest and serenest."

The writer may be right. I may have been living in a delirium of happiness. Now I must admit my feelings unchanged as they are to the will of those whose love I ne'er can recompense. Am I doing wrong in writing this way. If so, in the same moment that I offend I beg forgiveness.

This granted I would make a few requests, then turn to other thoughts that we can enjoy together.

Please, Fay, if you love me and wish me to be happy avoid the mention of my name in your home letters. Above all, I would ask that you say nothing to them of how I at present feel. Someday soon, I will feel differently for I have never yet had cause to doubt the answer to a prayer that has come from the heart.

It may not be wise to take this course. If you feel differently I am willing to resign my judgment to yours. But somehow I fear they are worrying lest our correspondence is not adding to but detracting from the work you are now engaged in. I am sure I am made doubly happy and strong with the thought of my coming mail and remembrance of past welcome letters. So you may be too; but love is often blind and if, as you say we live the present and trust in the Lord for our future certainly we should live the present happy and contented; but I cannot bear to do so if it is in my power to remove conditions that make others unhappy. I only hope and trust that the day will come when our ship borne by sails of purest love can push out into the deepest sea under a clear sky aided by those whose lives have been for us the continual sacrifice.

I had a lovely lovely talk with Clara. She does not dislike me I am sure. Clara would love and help us even if it broke her heart to do so. I learned from her only a repetition of what you had told me. They would much rather we had waited. Well, I don't know that I withheld anything from her. I felt like I was telling my story to someone who appreciated it and would give us aid. I do truly admire her good judgment, beautiful spirit, and sweet affection. I expect to have many such talks and someday I may put my arms around her and say, "Clara I was a foolish little girl to be so afraid you would not all love me."

Fay, dear, dear Fay, you love me and I am happy after all. When you come home we can talk of all these things. It will not be long. Then when you do come home and are still sure you love me no one will say that we have not been tried and proven true.

Well, from present information my sister will soon be with us again. Her health would not permit her remaining in England longer. It's such a gladdening thought to know we will see her in about a month; but I do hope she will soon be enjoying her health again. Of course had she her choice she would remain until her full time; but by suggestion from the Pres. Of the mission I expect she is now released. How long she will remain home with us I do not know. It may be a year or less. You see the dreamlike plans— A double wedding and all that should Inez had laid awake at nights and pictured may be slightly marred as Inez will remain until she is released. I think I told you of her engagement and all.

Since I wrote you last as many things have happened that I hardly know what would be best to tell you. Ere this the death of our Beloved Pres. Woodruff has been made know to you. The funeral services and all pertaining to occasion of laying to rest the remains of such a glorious man were lovely— beautiful. I don't know when I spent a day more thoughtfully. By the way, I have quite an interesting story to tell you, but it is Sunday night, quite late and Monday is always a hard day in school, so I will defer it till a later date. Believe me my thoughts are with you to-night.

Trusting in our future with undying faith I am as ever
Your little
Sweetheart—

Monday Night— Oct. 24— Beautiful Moonlight

Another twenty four hours have gone. A gain for a few moments I forget my work and turn to more pleasing perhaps selfish thoughts.

To-day was a pleasant one in school and I have many such; but sometimes I sit down after the children have all gone home, bury my face in my hands and have a good old cry, almost despising myself for attempting to teach those puzzling little souls. Of course necessity drives me to cheerfulness. I first earnestly pray to God for strength then boldly go forth to battle with another

day. Sometimes troubles drive us to humility.

On the whole I am enjoying my work much better than last year and hope to make it easier all the time.

As I believe I have told you before our Old Principal has gone to be a student himself for awhile. He kindly proffered his aid one day that on his return he would act as lawyer in my first divorce case. I smiled and thanked him for his generosity. W. M. Warner is now our Principal. I think you know him as I believe he attended school when you did. You may picture to yourself three old maids just as cosy as can be and having lots of fun housekeeping. Really we do enjoy it. But Fay I'm beginning to believe that I don't know very much about our Gospel Doctrines, or in other words I fear I am not able to give reasons for the belief that is in me. You see every once and awhile our Presbyterian friend assails us and I am only convinced that she is better qualified as a Pres. Than I am as a Mormon to explain her Church Principles. I am determined to read the Bible more or I'm afraid I will be duped. Of course, she or no other Presbyterian could drowned my testimony with all the proofs reason can hold forth; but you see she can quote scripture and I cannot.

My brother Wells has had a most serious time with his arm but we are in hopes he will be able to use it soon. You see it was a very serious break.

Little Paul (that's my babies name) is growing so sweet, sweeter, sweetest. Just think of it! Uncle George & Aunt Phena leave Hawaii on 9th of Nov. for home— Won't it seem like it used to when we are all gathered together again! We certainly appreciate one another after years of separation even more than before.

Now for the story I was going to tell you. I will cut it short as I will not have room to tell all the details.

The day we went to Salt Lake to Pres. Woodruff's funeral Bro. B. Cluff accosted me thus: 'Miss Sina I have something to tell you; but I should prefer that your father didn't hear at present.' This was the proposition that was very nicely laid before me,— I have a brother that is looking for a suitable companion for life. I am very much interested in his welfare and have been thinking some on the subject, in fact have selected for him the person who possesses those desirable qualities that would make him a suitable one. Have you any ties of affection that would bar you from permitting him to call on you with those intentions"? My first impression was that he was jesting. So I smiled not in the least confused, but somewhat to my chagrin on direct questioning he told me he meant exactly what he said.

What could I say/ What did I say? Are two different questions. Guess?

And now I leave you again for I must spend the remaining hour (tho' the moon, sky and atmosphere all tempt me) in preparation for to-morrow. So good-night— May the Lord protect, bless, and comfort my lover in a foreign land—

Sincerely Your affectionate—

Sina

Sunday- Oct. 29, 4 P.M.

I read your letter over. You know Fay your letter was written to give me pleasure. Do you think you could have chosen a more interesting subject for discussion than the "I" you thought your letter contained so numerously? Don't be afraid I will tire of that "I" so soon. Of course I don't blame you for getting out of Patience, for no doubt your patience was all exhausted after such a vain search; but I didn't see you so very angry. I don't think I should have been in the least alarmed to have confronted you at the moment when your passion had risen to its highest point. I rather wish I had been there to have helped you look for the horse. I don't think you were half so angry as you thought you were. However it does one good to analyze his own feelings sometimes.

I am happy to know how you are enjoying your work— Its only another testimony to me that our Heavenly Father has one church only and certainly to me the Church Of Jesus Christ of today is the Church of Jesus Christ as it existed in ancient times.

No, I do not like the pomp and title that you speak of as existing among the people you are working with. Have just been reading "Quo Vadis," a picture of Rome just before her fall. \Therein lay the secret of her decay. I cannot conceive of a man who could be so mean, low and with such a lack of human sympathy, as old "Nero." How can a penalty ever recompense for his sin! The book is true to history and almost too terrifying to read.

I have not seen your photo yet. It has been described to me however. Wish you would send me the proof.

Tell you about our Dear Alma Mater! I wish I knew more about it. I only know that it is growing, growing. No doubt Clara can tell you more about present life there than any one else. Speaking of the B. Y. A. takes me back to so many happy thoughts. Someway there are six person-ages that stand out conspicuous as prominent, among the endearing friendships of those days. I hear from all occassionally. When Lucian called before going to U. of U. he seemed doubtful as to the end; but sure as to his sincere regard for Ida. He made one or two remarks about Annie that rather make me think the old love there was not all dead yet. Lucian spoke of completing his course in the U. of U. then going East.

Nettie, you know is teaching in American Fork. Louise in Lehi. Had the pleasure of visiting Louise in Lehi. You know when friends are engaged in the same work there is so much sympathy to be gained from seeing one another in that work, Missionaries no doubt realize that fact very well.

Will will no doubt be home soon. I trust Louise has been true to him; but I fear that Lyman was once the choice. He is on his way to Germany now however. George G. you know is teaching. In fact we have quite a number of our old friends in the profession. Cora I suppose has written you from Wanship. The dear girl, It seems to me she was snatched so suddenly away.

Sam and Ida are home again. He expects to teach somewhere in the country now. Their experience in Canada was not what they expected. Sam seemed just the same— Of course he must be happier than he ever was before.

Well, I have left my letter several times since commencing it and now I find it is nearly time to go to meeting so I must bring it to a final close.

This paper I am almost ashamed to send, but I neglected getting more of the right kind.

No, I do not charge you with coldness— those words leave a last impression— Yes and all will be well for we both have the same hopes and trust in the same God— If it be his will why should we fear for our future.

I certainly bid you good-night with a cheerful countenance and hopeful dreams. for our future.

With fondest affection

I am your

Sina.

P. S. Jennie asked to be kindly remembered.

Springville, Nov. 21, 1898

Mr. Fay Holbrook

Whangarei, New Zealand

My Dear Fay,—

Another Christmas letter! Would that I could say something that would add to your Christmas joys more sweetness, more genuine pleasure than you have ever known before. The recollection of your appreciation of the love and confidence I hold to you bids me speak as my heart directs. Thanks to a wise Providence we are not doomed to always hold in check the reins of our deeper emotions lest they speed us on to destruction. I feel that we have not acted rashly but have been reflective and prayerful and from the very fact that I am happier every day in planning a future by your side continually assures me that some Omnipotent Father is overruling circumstances for our good and would we not be ungrateful to reject his gifts thus turning our eyes from beholding a scene of joy and satisfaction of which we are to become active participants through our own faithfulness. When we think of how much of life's happiness depends on the individual we see the necessity of self-effort. A certain phrase used by my pa in one of his letters to me often comes up before me—Through your own faithfulness, you will always be lovers, wedded as well as before."

I do not think that love is often mistaken in her choice and as you say what would all else in life be when that precious comforter is gone? Now that I have tasted of the sweetness of infinite love in its purest state I feel that to have it snatched from me would be like robbing one of life itself. Thus I feel as I side [sit] down to once again welcome you before my days mission is complete.

Tis true we have both felt our unworthiness for all these beautiful blessings, but let us not think too much of that, but remember that for all our follies there is an immediate recompense—the sting of conscience is the keenest pain after all. If we be true to our desires the Lord will always prosper us. Do you not believe that naturally noble desires is our aim? Perhaps it may appear that I am seeking justification for weaknesses. To one less acquainted, it may appear so. I merely am echoing your sentiment that it is better to go ahead and mend the past with the future than to have our future hopes continually harrassed by past mistakes.

When these bodies, to a certain extent prone to evil, throw off this mortal robe and are clothed in an immortal one we will no doubt look back and marvel at our weaknesses; but so it has been ordained and being content to view ourselves as no better than other mortals we have only to watch and pray—hope and work as thus we are continually progressing. That our souls may never be darkened by Satan's cunning; but left pure and unstained that the soft whisperings of the Spirit that gives eternal joy may dwell therein [sic] forever is the wish with which I bid you a fond good-night with pleasant dreams.

As ever devotedly—Sina.

Wed. Nov. 23– 1898–

Thanksgiving Eve

At House.

A little question just settled. Not a mathematical one however. It has been a question of duty or pleasure. I have been debating with myself whether to prepare my dry old Botany lesson or to indulge in spending what time I have in writing to you. You see the weight of the argument was on your side consequently I must trust to future diligence for the other side of the question.

Ah! Well, there is no great life problem to be solved in that lesson and I do want to tell you how I feel and what I think to-night. I cannot tell you how happy I am at times. If I could only always be so even when met by glaring difficulties. You would simply be surprised at the ebb and flow of joy and discouragement that for some time I have been living in. Can you guess that right in the school room I spend some of my most puzzled moments—Here is a class before me. Perhaps I have given special attention as to the mode of presenting the subject perhaps I depend on past methods.

With all the energy I possess I dive into the subject while all eyes are turned in the one direction—when hardly commenced I see one or two listlessly turning their heads in some other direction very soon another, then another until finally I come to the conclusion that that exercise was a complete failure. Can you imagine for one moment that I could be very contented while such work as that is going on? Then again the very next attempt will be a glowing success. But sure as the failure comes just so sure I feel it and the same is true of the converse.

Now do you see why I say I am often discouraged. Do you blame me for attempting to throw it all aside and so often let my mind revert to more pleasant thoughts— then is when I always think of you—what you are doing— I think of our past and do not forget our future.

It is somewhat surprising to see how quickly our minds can be directed from one strain of thought into another.

Well, perhaps this will be enough for I see I am beginning to take myself right back into that little school-room and I may dream of a “bad” day in school— The Co. Supt’s visit and all those things so good-bye to those thoughts. A Congregation of mothers are assembled in the other room. Pa is reading to them from “Froebel”— think I shall step in for a few minutes.

With best which for a joyous Thanksgiving I am still

Your Sina.

Friday Night– Nov. 25–1898—

Sitting by the fire; the room is a little chilly— I have drawn my rocker very near the stove— I can feel the hot blaze near my face— The clock says quarter to eleven and seems to speak— “Time to go to bed, little girl”— But old Mr. Clock, just be patient. I have a few more pages to write to a dear one to-night for to-morrow it must begin its journey westward else it will not reach that Island where it is to be welcomed in time to carry Xmas love.

Another Thanksgiving has gone. I spent the day very pleasantly. On Wed. night I came home— Rode from Springville with your Aunt Jennie. It was quite cold; but I enjoyed it anyway. On Thursday morning— pa—Wash, Wells, the twins and myself went to Grandmas to get our dinner. Spent the day quietly but nevertheless pleasantly. In the evening a great big silver moon shone out and with cans of hot water at our feet and wrapped up in blankets and quilts we made our way homeward reaching Provo at 10:30.

To-day I have been helping about the house to make it a little more cheery to welcome a loved sister whom we are expecting any day now. She and Will in company with a large number of other missionaries left England's shores on 7 of this month.

Jennie said something in her letter about a pretty white dress and very sweetly said— "Sister can you guess what it's for?" Perhaps you too can guess.

I will tell you all about it when she comes home and we have talked it over. I don't know why the tears started to my eyes when I read her letter; I certainly love my sister; and hate to part with her; but too I know that Will has loved her long. I must be reconciled agin.

Fay, I have not called for sometime at your house, am not going to stay away very much longer however. Your mamma is so anxious that you take the European trip. Fay, don't refuse it. I am sure you will never regret it. Your mamma said something about your papa and the girls meeting you there— You see it would not be such a great while longer until you reached home and the trip in company with loved ones would be truly enviable. I'm afraid someone will be disappointed if you do not go. However you know best what you wish; do not let my persuasions influence you against them. However I feel that with parents, sister, sweetheart and all expressing their views in unison you may be influenced by it. I should consider it a grand opportunity as one you are worthy of.

I am very pleased to have met your fellow workers in the missionary field.

I wonder if it would not be a good plan to give Bro. Hans Peterson a few of Miss Hansen's ideas regarding— Bachelors—

It appears that she has such a young? man. In their attempt at dissolving partners she just reminds him that it would be a good plan for him to go and find some pliable little girl make her his wife and settle down in life. He would be much better off. To which he replies— Miss. H. why don't you take the same suggestions yourself or are you afraid of your own medicine?"

She spends a good deal of time in formulating the reply. The results are as follows— "When a young man becomes thirty years of age he begins to be very dependent, careless in personal appearance, cultivates a very irritable disposition, and on the whole is much worse off than if he were married. On the contrary take an Old Maid at the same age— She grows continually independent, becomes more careful about her appearance, and aims to cultivate a pleasing, attractive manner and on the whole is much better off than she otherwise would be— Consequently she chose to live a single life.

However, my opinion is that they will be married in the Spring.

I rather like Mr. Coleman if he is from a ranch in southern Utah what kind of a missionary does he make? I am glad you are good to Elder Thompson. He certainly deserves much credit for being so brave as to leave his "two twins" so far from him.

Is Elder Burnham released before you?

You must be more careful next time in your descriptions. The member of the company in whom I was most interested received least attention. However I see him more plainly than all the rest and am quite content to know he is "just the same in these days, as in them days."

I do not know— Yes, now I remember what Lester means. He promised to call the morning he left and forgot to do so. I knew he was very busy and did not blame him in the least. Remember me kindly to him. I have the letter yet that I wrote to send by him to you.

Now I must not write any more. Both hands are to [?]

When this reaches you we will be celebrating another anniversary of the birth of our Savior. With all the Xmas joys a noble spirit is worthy of and best wishes for a happy new year I must

leave you, still loving— Truly Your Sina.

I think I have not told you of my meeting Allie and what a good time we had to-gether.

I wish I could tell you how perfectly happy she is. It really did me the world of good to talk to her. You know she expects to go to Garn in the Spring— perhaps as a missionary I understand. There was awhile when I first heard of their marriage that I was a little dissatisfied and wondered if they really did what was best. I did not know then what I know now. I am very very glad it is all as it is. Allie wished to be kindly remembered to you. We talked and talked and came back at the end of our conversation to the point of commencement that we were truly blessed with such brilliant futures as companions to such noble young men.

I hope to see her again Tuesday. I never tire of talking to her. From what I understand, Lucian does not even write to Ida. I truly sympathize with her for I know she would give all for Lucian. Our trio must be complete. Look here! You said the future held an uncertain store. It may be. Don't you think that that uncertainty will be full of joy for us all?

[letterhead: New Zealand Mission. CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.
C/o J. H. DALTON, BOX 286., AUCKLAND

N. Z. Nov. 23, 1898.

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— One long month has passed since last I had this pleasure, and now only a short time is allotted me. When I say long do not imagine this has been an unhappy month, for upon the contrary it has been one of the happiest in my mission. Long, only in the sense that this is such a rare pleasure.

My home mail has not yet arrived. This must be posted before receiving it. However, as I drift my heart swells with joy, for tomorrow is our mail day, and I anticipate a good, long, letter from my true love; and another from my dear family.

Sena, my dear, do you know my last mail was a slight disappointment; not that your letter was not lovely, but because it was so much shorter than usual. Perhaps, I have learned to expect so much – I fear you have spoiled me. your worth and constancy, I never doubt; but still, surrounded by the gaiety of youth during a long separation none but the truest hearts could resist and remain faithful. No, you are not the lover to forget, and so I shall remain happy in wishing you all present joy, and in looking forward to the happiest of unions.

Lucian has not written me for some time, in fact– not since, as you say, he and Ida were “trying to forget one another.” Lester also sprang a surprise on me when he told me Miss Emma Jenson had been receiving his attention for the last year. Of course you know all about this.

Since commencing this I have spent a very pleasant evening with some European friend. ‘Among the young ladies present was a school teacher. These school teachers are all right– It will no doubt be hard for you to believe I sang(?) Two songs, but such was the attempt. My choice was to remain at home and finish the letter, but the other elders just insisted upon me going. Now we have just had a lovely time but I must carve a slice off from the night to write my letter. So in case it is shorter than usual or more clumsily arranged, please forgive me and know that my heart is unchanged. Was intending to write to Nettie upon this mail also. Will you please make explanation, and ask her to have patience for me. Also owe Ted, Willie, and Mark letters.

We have had a visit from the Pres. Of the mission, during the past month. Elder Judd has also been with us and wished to be kindly remembered to you. We were all present at the district conference in the district north of this. I mean all of the elders in this end of the island. Tomorrow we catch our horses and start– for conference headquarters, this district.– We expect– elder Kirkham, from the south and home mail upon the morning steamer. I am remaining with European working elders, to act as guide to the party.

We had a truly grand time at our last conference and, I feel sure we shall at the coming one. Really I would love to have you present upon some of these occasions. (Then I forgot, you would be in the midst of such fine young men, I am afraid I should be jealous.)

There is as fine a class of young men in the missionary field, I dare say, as can be found in the world. They are buoyant, full of life; not sanctimonious, but still discreet. One has just been released to turn home, Elder M> B. Andrus. Asked him to call upon you.

Have sent a few ferns home for Christmas that I gathered, by him. They are not the best, but please accept – as coming from me with my best. I sent a few for my family, and a few for Delia and Eva.

Sina I have gathered some nice ones, that is as good as could be gotten here, and am keeping them in my trunk for us. It appears that Bro. Lambert still has good luck in getting meetings. I long to speak to the same audience you favored him with and I feel that I can at least speak from the heart. When writing to me, I hope you will not be sparing with the paper.

Does it seem possible that I have been away now a year and a half. It does seem a long time since my soul has enjoyed the company of its bosom companion and still when I contemplate what I have accomplished it seems short indeed. Nearly half gone, and really not a great deal accomplished in the missionary line. If I can only keep pace with the time, it will roll around fast enough, and will bring you.

Elder Burnham and I are still travelling separately. Feel that I have been greatly blessed in learning the language and now begin to feel free in speaking in Maori. This gives missionary life a new phase. My health continues excellent,-- and I am having an excellent time. We have a number of fine European friends, who usually invite us to spend evenings with them when we come in from Maoridom. My part in an impromptu program, in a social gathering the other evening, was a stump speech. I was successful in exciting considerable laughter; suppose that was the main thing.

Speaking of my European trip, Pres. Stevenson and I have talked over taking the trip together. But it seems rather selfish for me to be taking such a trip while you remain at home. I hope we will be able to take our trip together.

Sina I do admire your courage and course in reference to speaking to my parents. I think you will be more satisfied and contented. Must cease.

Please give my love to your family and my friends. With best love and prayers.

Fay

[45. Sina to Fay, about 26 Dec. 1898 [partial letter, dated from context]

. . . to love her pupils just as soon, does she place her name on the Old Maids list.

Well, of course, I love the children. It would be very unnatural to work with them and not learn to love them, still I expect to love others better.

As you have no doubt learned my sister is home again; but Fay only another month and Will takes her to another home all prepared and waiting. I feel well about it for she is most assuredly very very happy—I will write you all about it when I have more time. You cannot dream how much I long for you when I view the love and tender affection with which they think of one another. I . . . it all; but it seems so dreamlike, perhaps even far away. Yet I am so happy in it. I cannot explain exactly how I feel Maybe I am sleepy and had better go to bed and dream over my piece of cake. And perhaps in the morning DI will awake with fond hopes such as those I beheld tonight realized.

So, dear Fay—Good-night. Though time may alter faces yet still guided by pure love we will become dearer to each other as the days roll on until no power lest it be God himself can change our devotion.

I must stop—my hopes seem bright, my love grows deeper, you need not fear the gaieties of youth for I love you better than them all.

Very affectionately

Your Sina.

Kamo Whangarei. N. Z.

New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1898.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina— As this is an occasion when sweet hearts love to see the old year pass out and the New one come in in each others company, I know no better way of expressing my appreciation of this event than in writing. Dear Sina, how thoroughly I could enjoy a few hours in your company to night. — Yes I have been thinking all day that I would really love that privellege [sic]. I hardly think I would be the bashful and awkward lover of former days, but think I could take pure joy in unfolding my love to you. As this blessed privellege is for the present denied me I have contented myself by looking long and reflectively at your photo.

I trust that the second New year from the present, will be the commencement of a long series of such events, which will find us enveloped in the purest love in the enjoyment of one anothers society. Yes you have made my life fuller and sweeter, and in your love my happiness continues to grow and increase. How pleasing to know that our love is reciprocal, and that in giving it to one another, we increase instead of decrease the store. I have often asked myself, 'why does Sina love me'? And the most satisfactory answer is that it was intended to be so for a wise purpose. We believe alike, that our present happy relation is but the natural outgrowth of a previous association. Let us be faithful in our lives to our trust and our Lord, and each succeeding day will increase our happiness.

Speaking of your photo, some European friends wished to see my photos from home. Last night I called upon them with this view. Of course the young lady that was receiving my attention was asked for. As they well understood there was such a young lady, I unhesitatingly produced the photo. Now, if you could have heard unseen, you would blame neither of us for being conceited. My conceit coming from the fact, that I am favored with the love of the original, and yours from the fact that you are the living representative of the photo. Such remarks as "not the soul to forget," "true to her promises is she not?" "Well, if she isn't I should accept womans vows hereafter with much allowance," etc., were passed. It is now after 12. Tomorrow is fast day and I have ten miles to talk to hold services. I am all by my lonesome in Kamo, awaiting the arrival of a visiting elder. Sina with my true love and prayers for the ensuing year, I bid your good night.

Yours affectionately

Fay.

Kamo Tue. Jan 11th, 1899.

This letter was commenced last year, but it must be finished in 99. It will be almost two weeks before this leaves, but this will be my only opportunity to write. Have also written Nettie, Ted, Willie and Mark upon this mail, and now think I am up in my corospondence. Always prefer leaving my letters until a day or two before the boat leaves, so that they may contain the latest. Elder Magelby, a splendid Maori linguist, who is now on his second mission, is making a trip through our district, and I am appointed to be his escort. We have our work cut out for the next two weeks, and will be travelling every day. After that I am expecting to travel for our Northern annual conference to be held in one of the districts about one hundred and twenty five miles south of hear, on the 10th, 11th, 12th of February.

My companion, elder Burnham, has been notified that he may look for his release at that time. You asked if he would be released before me. I have told him if he wished to see some one that Fay thinks considerable of to call upon Miss Sina Brimhall. He says he intends to, but then of course you must not mistake him for me.

The occasion of an elder leaving usually signifies a good time. I remember before leaving my mountain home the people met together to enjoy themselves upon a number of occasions. Whoever I told I was going, seemed pleased and spoke with more kindness than were they accustomed too, and some even gave me of their means to help me out of the country. We usually celebrate and have good times when an elder leaves us here in New Zealand. I have had the pleasure of being one among a number of pleasure makers upon two such occasions. Well if there is such apparent happiness sin separations, one would naturally infer that the happiness would be much greater in meetings.

I expect a new laboring companion, but have not found out who he will be yet. Speaking of socials, I think we enjoy the most social freedom of any people in the world. The people of the world do not and in fact could not with safety associate with such freedom as we do. These are blessings we enjoy, which are the outgrowth of our religion and the purity of its teachings. We are united as one large family and enjoy the society of each other as brothers and sisters. "By their fruits, ye shall know them." Had not this condition of affairs in Zion out to be a testimony unto the world, that the Lord is with us and blessing us.

Was pleased to learn that Garn and Allie were so happy, and that you have the opportunity of seeing the Mrs. occasionally and of having a good talk with her. Please remember Fay to her, and tell her, he will always be pleased to receive her's and Garn's photo, either taken singly or together. It would be a grand trip for Allie to join her missionary in the spring, and then I suppose Garn's mission is approaching the home mark. My mission is approaching the half way limit,—and I suppose the last half will be by far the happiest and most profitable. Speaking of the European trip, Pres. Stevenson and I have talked it over, and we may take it together; but Sina I would so much like to plan a trip with you even if it was a much more humble one. Have you ever pictured what you would like our future to be, I mean in reference to an occupation for life. Sina what would you like me to prepare myself for? Would like very much to have your views. Of course, it is in the future and I have not thought a great deal upon it yet.— Planning a home, and where, we will live, etc., is something we can take pleasure in at some later date.

I thank you very much for the book, and think it is one of the most appropriate and nicest presents that could have possibly been sent me. The few ferns I sent you is rather a humble present and I would loved to have sent you something more. My parents sent me a P. O. money order, and my sisters their photo, when with the Dusenberry and Richards girls. Like myself they have not changed much in the last year and a half; but say I was pleased to receive a photo from home. Do you not think you could favor me with one? Expect to have mine taken in the near future.

Well of course I have an idea what that white dress signifies and regard it as something that must transpire sooner or latter. It will indeed be happy for you when the missionaries return. Please give my love to Jennie and Will and tell them when the expected happens, they have Fay's prayers and best wishes for their happiness. Also give my love to all of the members of your family, elder Garf and wife, and our friends. Lucian has not written me for some time. Wishing you a happy and prosperous year, with my love and prayers.

Your loving
Fay.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.

Jan. 7th 1899.

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Dear Sina,— This is one of the most pleasant features of missionary life to write and receive our home mail, but for some unknown reason last mail brought no letter from you. T'was the old story of worrying the post-mistress a great deal; but alas all in vain. Nothing remains but for me to be contented and patiently await the arrival of the next mail.

Your letters have always in the past been such assured facts, that the elders at once detected my misfortune, and they have since been attempting to have considerable fun at my expense. However it will take more than one such occasion to shake my confidence, and so I good-naturedly tell them to enjoy themselves and it will always come out in the wash. To tell the truth I have asked myself a number of times the reason I can not make myself attach the mistake to you and the mail was three days late leaving San Francisco. So I am for the present non plussed. Hope all of my letters have arrived O.K. and so far as I know has been no mistake of mine, if they have not reached their intended destination.

Clara wrote and told me she saw you at Bro. Jex's wedding. She said you were happy and looking the best. Of course she also mentioned the paper man. He seems to prize your trade, and I hope you give him an order for some foreign paper. Now my dear girl do not take offence at these few lines, nor imagine that I am throwing stones at Bro. Lambert, for this is all in fun, and I have not so much as the elements of doubt, in reference to your faithfulness. I received Bro. Lambert's photo, but that letter you referred to which he was writing has not yet arrived. I am really pleased you have made the acquaintance of my fellow missionary, for we here in New Zealand are proud of Bro. Lambert as one of our missionaries. Well I spent a very happy Xmas and hope you did also.

Say, these missionaries are not single in the world long after their return, are they? Bro. Hale sent my companion and I a piece of his wedding cake, and told us Bro. Markham was making preparations. Say this letter will wear out your patience, for with no questions to answer, and a room full of noisy elders it is impossible to write a good letter.

Lucian has not written me for the longest time, and Cora must also have forgotten me. It has also been a long time since Eva has written me. I would love to hear from them all when ever they have time, but really I could not promise to be prompt in my answers. I feel justified and take pleasure, however, in writing at least two letters a month, one to Sina and one to my family.

Two of the elders just asked me to tell my girl that she is all right. They say they thought they left the two finest girls in Utah, and they didn't hold out one year.

Changing the subject we occasionally have some very peculiar dishes set before us. We have a thistle greens, a preparation worthy of mention. In fact elder Haun says that he picked the thistles out of his hands for two weeks, after we were confronted by such a dish. But say with all due regard to the truth they are just all right.

Have had a fine trip through my district with elder J. E. Magleby. He is now upon his second mission and one of the finest linguists that has ever been in Maoridom. It was a privilege to take the trip with him and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

The other evening I stopped with two old couples. They were all four Church of Christ people, and we just had it late and early upon the Gospel. They treated me with consideration and respect and I thoroughly enjoyed the friendly discussion, and feel that truth and the weight of evidence was on my side.

Have also had a very pleasant trip with Pres. Stevenson and Elder Whanga. The Pres. And I talked over our European trip and if all turns out O.K. think we shall take the trip. We have planned out the course, and what will be necessary in taking the same. But some way it does seem so selfish for me to be off on such a grand trip while my dear Sina is patiently remaining at home. We can talk this over in the future. While the Pres. And I were out on the trip, we had the pleasure of visiting one very large gathering of Maoris, which had assembled for the purpose of uniting four couples. The last ten miles of our ride was upon a small sailing yacht, and was prolific in those experiences which usually accompany a sailing expedition; and which are typical of the experiences encountered upon the sea of life by those who launch their youthful bark upon its waters. There is the fair wind in which we move happily along; there is the wind in which we merely move; then there is the calm in which we are at the mercy of the scorching rays of the sun, and instead of progressing and in fact in spite of us we are carried slowly back by the out-going tide; and now we are encountered by a head wind in which we slowly advance and tack and exert ourselves that we may progress; and at best we are again favored by a fair wind which carries us merrily to our destination. A half a mile up the green hill from where we landed standing upon a prominence may be seen the assembly house, where about two hundred natives have already gathered. As soon as we are seen the band breaks forth in a glorious march, and we slowly march up the hill side, meanwhile the assembled people arrange themselves in a long line, and wave with perfect time, branches, wreathes, etc., as a sign of welcome to us. The scene was inspiring and grand and words would not do it justice.

Feb. 15th 1899.

Since commencing this I have been to one of our annual conferences, and say we did have the grandest time. You can hardly imagine what a grand time we do have upon these occasions. We have had a visit from the Pres. Of the Samoan mission and two of the elders. They brought pictures and fine reports concerning Ted and Chancy, but those bears; Oh, my! Well in our Conference elders G. F. Burnham, David Lindsay, and Hans Peterson were released. The former was my companion. They are all fine men and I asked them to call upon you. Have left two of my photos for Elder Burnham to take to you. He will leave them at our house I think.

The much desired letter has finally reached me and now I feel sorry for scolding. It came upon the Vancouver mail, and was received at conference. The picture accompanied it, and I could not help showing it to all of the elders, and believe me in this they think I am most blest among the blest. My dear girl the photo did ma world of good and if there is any change it is merely more of the woman and less of the girl. All I can say is, Sina, Fay loves you still, and lives in our future.

Thank you for that lovely little book, the "New Year" present. How appropriate and what a choice present. How can I repay you for all your kindnesses.

Well Sina I have appointed and sustained as Pres. Of the Whangarei district, I am determined to do my best and make our district one to be proud of. Unite your faith and prayers with mine in this my new calling. Elder R. K. Brown is my companion. He is a young man just out from Zion, and I feel sure he is going to make a fine missionary. Well we leave at 12 to night upon a small steamer for one of the islands in my district and expect to arrive in the morning. Give my love to the family and friends. With my love and prayers

This has been in great haste.

Your loving Fay.

Provo City, Jan. 20- 1899. [preceded by a pressed flower]

My Own Dear Fay,—

I am in just the mood to write you a good long letter— Tonight I am half sad, half rejoicing and still happy. I'm afraid I am too sleepy to know exactly what I am writing but still I want to tell you all about the "Wedding." Perhaps it would be wiser to postpone a description of it until I have had a few more hours sleep. But just enough to let you know what a success the Receptions were. You see there were two—one at home, the other at the Opera House. I believe all friends were permitted to come and such a choice crowd as were present! Well, Fay a thousand times I longed for you, but there is so much comfort in hoping to see you in perhaps another year and some over. If you could only have seen them and their perfect happiness it would have done your heart good. It makes me feel so grateful — and now when most of the excitement is over Jennie says the only way to be happy is to get married. Of course I cannot help but feel like crying when I reflect that never again will we be home to-gether; but still she will be right here and no doubt I will spend a good deal of my time at her home. I know of no one that I could feel prouder over as a brother than Will. I have so much good to say about him and I feel so confident about his love for Jennie that I cannot help but be thankful for it all. It has all been so beautiful and it is a prayer to my Father in Heaven that His Blessings may be constantly poured upon them through a long life for they are worthy. If I could only tell you all I want to I believe I could occupy a few hours to-night if I can hardly keep my eyes open.

I had hoped from the first to witness the ceremony, but when just within the entrance I was informed that I could go no farther. It was like having the gates closed just as the last step was to be taken which would have brought you safely in. Well of course I was a little dissappointed and it only made me wish for the day when I could enter that Holy Temple with you as my guide and participate in the glorious ordinances that are to be ours. I feel so happy in the thought; and I feel that hope and joy that I know is no phantom.

Fay, your last letter was such a comfort to me. I feel so much better about conditions. And as time passes on I feel that all our parents will be made happier by our course. I do love your mamma Fay and I am trying to control myself enough to recognize your papa when I meet him on the street without trembling. Those words of advice from your mamma have done me a world of good and I feel so much more satisfied.

Fay I shall have to say good-night for my dissipation has done its work well. I will send this for fear it would not go if I wait till Sunday when I hope to write you again. So good-bye—
Happy dreams—

With my best love,

Your loving Sina.

Springville, Jan 22- 1899.

Elder Fay Holbrook:—

Whangarei, New Zealand

My Dear Fay:—

What would the young man in your mission field say if he knew that I wrote two letters within four days (I refer to the gentleman who was so devoted to his work that he had no time for such nonsense). Well, there is only one way for me out of the difficulty. I must write a certain amount, whether it be in one or two letters. If I do not I am not satisfied consequently my thoughts are continually on other interests besides my immediate work. Here I am to-night just as busy as I can be and leisurely and pleurably writing a letter to you. When I have completed it then I can in a greater measure devote my mind to more immediate work.

I have thought so much about your last letter and have come to quite a peaceful decision in my mind. So it is alright. Do not worry if at times I refer to not feeling exactly happy. For no doubt, I may be somewhere, hear something said, or see some actions that will bring back the feeling that I am the cause of some ones displeasure and have no right to be so contented over it all.

If I feel that at times, there is no one to blame and it may do me good and I will get over it and be better perhaps from having had the experience.

As I view it all now I am happy in the same light and hope as you. If we are both faithful our trials will only make us better.

No, Fay you need no pardon for mentioning my name in your letters. It was no mistake. Only this, I feel that at present it would be best.

I told you something about the Wedding in my letter before this. I am not sure this one will reach you on this mail. I have been rather unfortunate about my time card of late. In our rearranging of furniture at home my box containing it was misplaced but I can always tell just about the right time. I will send a piece of the cake when I go home. They expect to be in their own home by next Sunday. You will see by the newspaper clippings some of the ones present at the Reception but not nearly all are mentioned. I was so sorry your papa's and mamma's names were not mentioned. I hope they enjoyed themselves. Clara and Les came to the party. Say Fay you better be on the lookout or some Bird is going to fly away with your sister. I haven't talked with Clara since the conversation I had so long ago.

Brother Coleman ought to be congratulated for his expert ability as a rider. All those incidents help to paint the funny side of the picture and are quite amusing. I want to laugh at my imaginary view, the real would perhaps be too much.

Bro. Lambert once told me that he believed his mission among the Maoris had prepared him to meet any imergency of life: but he would prefer that some of it be in the past than in the future. It is as I was saying to someone (Eva) last Sunday. Some of our European missionaries do not know what hardships are consequently their mission has not been more beneficial than those among the less enlightened nations and sometimes much less [as] much growth for self has been the result. I read one evening that the cause of all disease was "Selfishness," its antidote was "Love for Others." There is no joy that comes from labor performed with a selfish motive.

When we think of it we can see by every letter how the Lord is blessing you. Every baptism is a soul saved. How happy you must be when you officiate in such ordinances! My lady friend, Miss Hansen has been ill for sometime consequently has not been with us. It has seemed so good to be without her. I don't like to be near any but our own people. I would make a missionary I imagine!

I have not seen Brother Andrus yet; but he will come.

I received a letter from Lester last Thursday. He seems to have thought of naught else but his mission. He asked me to send [. . .] eological notes given by Bro. McKensie. If I have them on the subject desired shall be pleased to send them; but am afraid I havent. It was all about the Seven Days Adventists. He seemed to be very much bothered. I felt lonely for him. He said he was alone; but seemed to be glad of it. Eva said he heard from him. I can't understand it! I wonder if he thinks more of Miss Jensen or does Eva hold first place. Nettie is teaching. I expect I have long ago past pardon in Ted's estimation for I haven't answered his letter of so long ago. Eva said she had started a letter to you; but I don't think it will go on this mail.

Well Fay of course everybody told me it would be my turn next when congratulating Jennie. Of course I only smiled and had my own thoughts on the subject.

Allie is ill at home so I have not seen her since Xmas. I hear no more of Lucian only occasionally that he has a girl in Salt Lake. Ida has been Mr. Beal's best girl for sometime.

It is only a comparatively short time now until my school is out and I won't care.

I am always happy when you are happy so continue full heartedly in your noble work is the wish of your own

Sina.

Springville, Feb. 19– 1899.

Mr. L. H. Holbrook:—

Whangarei, New Zealand

My Dear Fay:—

My pen seems to write so coarse but I shall not wait to get a finer one for to-night is the time for me to write my letter. About five minutes ago I closed the door to the room adjoining the one in which I am sitting, for in there Miss Hansen, of whom you have heard me speak before, is entertaining her intended. He has been trying to tease her by telling me how much he thought of me and even asked me to sit down and talk to him for an hour and a half some night next week. Of course I said I would be pleased to do so! I told him as I closed the door that I was going to write a letter and he gave me some instructions how to do so which information I seem to ignore. Well he's a man of the world well read and witty. His partly bald head speaks somewhat of his age although he claims to have been bald since he was nineteen. I would judge him to be about thirty five. She is just twenty-seven. I am ashamed of my words every time I speak of her in a slighting way; but I must confess that she is not the most agreeable girl I ever met. I am very glad Mr. Laborious regards her with such affection. But Fay she is not sure that he really loves her for she has told em so although they stand to each other the same as you and I. It all only adds gratitude to my heart that I have been so blessed with implicit confidence.

But I see no reason why I should take their story for an introduction to my letter; but so I have done and now you would like to hear what I have been spending my time in doing since I last talked to you. As far as the work is concerned, it is all told in the words –“Teaching School.”

For sometime now I have begun each Monday morning with some new scheme in mind as a plan for disciplining the children. Last week I succeeded in having a comparatively orderly school all obtained by force– yes by scolding scolding until beginning with next Monday morning I propose to abandon that practice and do a little more coaxing or perhaps a little more studying of the motives and causes of the disorder then try to remove the obstacles with a little more kindness. I find its perfect misery to myself and certainly to the little children governed to be domineered (pardon the word) over by anyone or to be in the position of commander. I don't know whether you will understand all this what I am trying to explain or not and it might be a little clearer to you to say that my conscience has been reminding me that I was unreasonably “cross” last week and I propose to use a little more common sense and tact in the future.

Now I feel quite relieved– A new resolve made and I trust will be successfully carried out. Have told you all about it and you will help me for our prayers are for each other.

I'm a funny girl I am quite happy if I can see my way out of a difficulty though the plan has never materialized but only just thought out.

Well Fay, I think I shall stop writing vertically. On opening your letter I see that I'm a perfect scribbler. I begin to write and so many thoughts come to my mind to tell you that I forget my penmanship. I speak of your letter, yes to be sure you are the author of it but it is mine. And I cannot tell you how thankful I was to get it. You know I was afraid you would not get the letter to which this was an answer. And of course everything added to my fear. I did not go home last Saturday, positively sure that my brothers or someone at home would forward my letter to me. Repeatedly I called at the office— No mail for me. Thursday afternoon went home. Inquired of everybody as to the whereabouts of my letter. No one had seen it. Very soon pa came in and with precision 'he knew my letter had come for he had seen it and noted it was from you'. So the search began. Finally Wells produced the precious package he had lain it carefully away expecting me to call for it. How eagerly I tore open the envelope! Wer'e all selfish are we not/ What if I shouldn't have received my letter! Would I have been less loved? Oh no, still I would have been dissatisfied and consequently a little unhappy.

I remember once a long while ago when I had not seen Fay to talk to him for quite a while. I believe he had been kept at home on account of measles for sometime. Well one Sunday Afternoon about 4 P.M. I was sitting on the back porch on the step— I believe I was reading— For some reason or other I raised my eyes from my book just in time to see him turn the corner where Garn lived and begin walking in the direction that had he of continued following would have brought him where I was sure he was coming. Not appearing to be watching him, I was just about to get up and go to meet him accidentally? When he directed his steps toward the door of the house on the corner. Yes, I was disappointed. Then I resumed my reading. Maybe he had gone in to speak to Garn and then would come to see me or perhaps Garn would come too. Now I have it all fixed and continue my reading. Once in awhile I glance up to see if they are coming. Someone calls me in the house. I expect a knock every minute. I remember how I felt that night when no one came and when about 10'o'clock that night after I had gone to bed my big brother informed me that the one I had been expecting that night was enjoying himself better without me for he had chosen the company of my dearest friend. Of course part of our crowd were present too; but I was not there and I guess I was jealous that was all there was to it. If it had been anyone but Eva I might have been so; but she loved me too much to let you care for her when she knew I wanted it all. However I survived the disappointment and you told me all about it, so did Eva; but still now you know I remember so well how I did want you to come and see me. Lots of times I feel that way now; but then you know I don't get disappointed unless I wake from dreamland to find Fay in New Zealand and myself about as far from him as I could possibly be. Then I have to smile and wonder who I must have been thinking of just as I dropped off to sleep the night before. I don't know what I will dream about o-night if I don't go to bed pretty soon for its nearly Sunday morning; but let me say just a little more then I will finish it to-morrow.

To-night finds me very happy. There are so many little trials that might make us unhappy if we choose to let them; but every day I try to 'count my blessings.' There is no one in the world whose life is too insignificant for that person not to live each day his very best and in the end be crowned with joy and satisfaction the fruits of their labors. Even the most unfortunate might well take this view of life and we who are so abundantly blessed how much we have to live for!

You spoke of our social freedom. You know I have often thought of that. How with what freedom we associate with one another and with what safety! But still it is not so marvelous for there is no one with a prayerful heart, one who does not forget to bow his knee each night and morning to seek protection and a blessing from an all powerfull God that will be left alone when

in danger. The problem is all explained when we reflect that God's covenant people through their own faithfulness are to go on and on to endless improvement until they know no sin.

And there is one of whom I have often thought— 'nothing is sweeter than his love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or in earth for me.' He has sacrificed many feelings to bear the Gospel to those who have been less fortunate than we. And as sure as our Father has promised blessings that he never dreamed of are in store for him. So Fay I would only say 'Continue your mission with the same spirit of humility that has accompanied you on your past journey, my heart sincerely breathes a continuous prayer for your welfare as you labor there and for your welcome return to us when God shall call you back.

I shall be pleased to have a visit from Elder Burnham. Speaking of him reminds me of Bro. Lambert's visit. Last Wednesday night he called for a few moments and we had a nice little chat. I rather like to talk to him or perhaps a little more correct enjoy hearing him talk. You know I never was much of a talker. Do you remember how I used to make you do it all? He wished to be remembered to you. He was telling me all about how his release came and many interesting incidents occurring on his mission. On Thurs. night Francis Bird, he and I went to meeting. On Friday Olive and I went to Payson to visit schools. On Sat. Institute was held there. We came back Sat. afternoon so I haven't been home since Thur. Afternoon. When I went home I found everybody making preparations for "Academy Fund Day". A grand ball was to be held in the evening to which I should love to have gone; but had to return to Springville. They have taken Pres. Smoot's Birthday 17 of Feb. as a special day in which to receive funds or donations to help the Academy grow. I suppose Clara or some of the girls present can tell you more about it than I could.

It might be a good plan for me to attend the Lambert Dancing school if I am to be your instructor when you return for really my attendance at the parties this winter has been very slight. But of course we can both learn to dance again when you return.

Yes I remember very distinctly the morning you left and have often tried to picture your return. It always seems in the evening however. I trust that before that time comes I will be a better girl and every prayer that is being offered up will be heard by our Father and that one desire especially may be granted; but as you once said we cannot see the future all at a glance nor can we read the hopes and desires of those who have an interest in us. Faithfulness to each other can do much to convince them that it is all as it should be. I was so sorry to learn that your mamma has not been in the best of health. Two weeks ago Clara came to bring my ferns. Fay they are perfectly lovely. I don't believe you knew how beautiful they looked when you were arranging them. Delia and Eva appreciated the ones you sent them and they asked me to come and see them. Eva said she had written to you and no doubt has told you all about their intentions. I received a letter from Lester. It came the night of Jennies party and while I was dressing her hair she read it to me. He had asked a number of questions on the Seven Days Adventists and in the excitement that part of the letter was misplaced so I haven't as yet answered him. Have some references I took in meeting the other night and will send them when I write. Also received a letter from Walter also his picture on a postal card. He looks very natural with his additional feature— a mustache.

I think if you were home to-night we would quite enjoy the evening spent with Jennie and Will in their new home. I extended your congratulations to them and in turn they send their love.

Two of my little school girls are here laughing at me for I just told them who I was writing to and they can't get over it. One of them is trying to read over my shoulder— she is a pretty good reader so I think I won't finish it until they go.

The children have gone and I see I must soon finish my letter or you will not be able to wade through it.

I am really and truly glad that you still think of your European trip. I trust you will not let anxiety to get home influence you to abandon the thought. I can appreciate your feelings about it and love you more for your devotion than I will just now express. But if you father desires you to take the trip you know what I would have you do. Its an opportunity that is afforded to but few and we will have our trip too.

Fay, you dear boy, who but you would have thought to ask my opinion upon the subject of a life occupation. Yes you have asked and what have I to give in turn for an answer? Do you remember one night as we sat on our porch we talked on that subject not directly as to our own interests though. Well do you know at several different times I have indulged myself in thoughts on that subject; but never have thought to select any line of work for you to become proficient in. I have always seen you as your father's co-worker. It is a question that I may help you to enlarge upon when someone with more ability to choose than I, shall have made the choice. Do not think my interests seem far away; but what you desire and seem inclined too there will my interests and efforts turn.

Just think what a great field we have to survey and I certainly feel gratified at our bright hopes for our future. Trusting in the guidance of our Father in Heaven through all I must say good-bye my own dear Fay—

As ever devotedly

Your Sina.

Alameda Pacific Ocean

March 6th 99

[note:] Address Mancos, Montizuma Co., Colo, USA

[note] Rec. Apr. 24th 1899; Ans. May 10th 1899.

Elder L. H. Holbrook

Kamo.

Dear Brother

While we are gliding and bumping along over the water nearing the American shore and more time than any thing else, I thought to write you a few lines, as no doubt you will be glad to hear from us on arriving at the dear old land of America.

It is shaky and I am afraid you will hardly be able to make it out unless you get an interpreter to help you out, how-ever ID will do the best I can, as no doubt it will be all hustle and bustle when we get to land and not get a chance to write right away.

I was sorry for not getting to see you once more before I left New Zealand for good, but since I could not do so perhaps we can communicate with each other from time to time if there is any thing of importance; I feel that I did not do my full duty the very latter end of my stay in New Zealand and I tell you Brother between you and I and this paper that I was almost a broken hearted man the last three weeks of my stay in that country, it was not because of such fond attachments to New Zealand or any of its people that made me so, nor that I was not as anxious as any one to get home, but it was because of circumstances that I feel that I could not help but still feel condemned for, my home going was not a happy one It was not my lot to feel as other Elders feel at the thought of going home, but to the contrary it was just the reverse with me. If I could of stoped in NZ (how-ever much I should have disliked to do so) until I could have come away free from obligations and that I had done my full duty, then I could have come home happy, Oh, so happy, and for this reason I did not have the heart to fix up and do as I would like to have done. Now dear brother do not think me the worst fellow in the world and the biggest grumbler, for I want to do all I possabely can to help out in the great work, and any thing I can do, or any questions I can answer in any way either with the books or the work in general in the district I will only be to glad to do so and give any information I can.

“Kati te mihi.”

Bro Judd and I worked on the books and he thinks he can now give you a start on a square footing, the statistical crookedness the Prest no doubt will streighten up.

I am sorry that those old lingering cases that so much needs attention in the district were not fixed up long ago, but I believe you know enough about them to get them fixed up.

If Honi says any thing to you about the money for the horse, try and pacify him as best you can I intend to fix it up as soon as possable. Also a few shilling of the Whangaruru branch, “whare Kara-kia” money I will send to you. If the Prest gets my money order he will fix up my account with you, and what I am oweing the district.

I asked the brethren in Auckland to please give you Honi’s sTestiment that I left there, if he has not got it yet, you can tell him about it, as he goes down occasionally he can get it some time. Don’t forget to call on Mr. Perkins at Glout near “makarau” take him a Book of Mormon and get the books he has.

Well, this all I can think of in this line.

We left Auckland on time, viz, the 12th [18] have come along without any accident to our ship and we will get in Frisco day after tomorrow a little a head of time.

I was not very sea sick, but the breathern were quite bad, poor brother Peterson had three attacks of cramps in the stomach and I can tell you he passed through some terrable sufferings twice the docter was oblinded to make morphine injections before he could get anay releaf, the docter said it was "chloramarbus," he has now been living on soup and butter crakers with a few soft boiled eggs for two weeks, he is quite poor in health. Bro Lindsay is a poor sailor, he has been unwell most of the way, I have had fairly good health, and now I feel like I could knock two men like Corbett down at once, and eat, "great scott" how I do eat.

We met two of the breathern in "Samoa" who showd us around, visited one large native village they gave us dinner which consisted of "taro" and cooked bannas. At Honolulu Bro Peterson was not able to go around much with us Bro L and I took in the town, visited mission quarters met the Prest, one Elder and a sister.

We took on thirty two of uncle Sam's blue blue coats here who were returning home, they are a lively set compared with our easy going, docile colonists, there is more real life in one of our boys from America than in twenty of the ordinary New Zealander.

Well we begin to realize that we are going home since we are getting so near the American shore, but say, we do get beastly steerage treatment on this boat, it would be unbearable if we had a chance to get out and walk, but you know we cant do that, so we are oblinded to take it with the best grace possable.

I have many pleasant recollections of my labors in that land, of the many dear friends I left behind, and of my association with you in preaching the Gospel among that people and of teaching the saints their duties; while we are with the people where we can see their weaknesses and how hard we think it is to see the slow progress we are making, we think it pretty hard, but when we get away, and look back our feelings relent and we feel better towards them, at least it is the case with me.

Well Fay how are our dear old friends in Kamo, the Jinkins family, Mrs Monroe and daughters has Katie come back, how is the school Miss, please remember me to them all. Good Bro and Sister Going and their dear children give my love to them, Kindly remember me to the Maori people; I will enclose two scribbled bits to "Honi Ma," and "Henare ma Waikare" which please deliver any time you go up that way. Bros. Peterson and Lindsay join me in sending much love to all, How is your new companion, don't forget I always have a deep intrest in your self and the work you are preforming, especially remember me to Bro Thompson and Coalman.

Na to Hoa Na Hari Panahama

Springville, March 14, 1899.

Mr. Fay Holbrook:—

Whangarei, New Zealand

My Own Dear Fay:—

The most tender chord uniting two human souls is touched to pain by the slightest jar. Confidence is the secret of it all. Let that be once shaken and what joy in life remains for us? If Fay had mistrusted me he would have told me so in his letter; but he did not. On the contrary he assured me that no doubt had entered his mind. Then I am left to myself to answer the question I would wish to put to him. Why did I close his letter with the thought— 'A faint vision of a doubt as to my sincerity has crept in—' Fay, forgive me but I could not be honest and tell you such was not the case. No, I am sure you trust me and already my heart is full of joy in knowing you believe me. Nothing could crush my fondest hopes so successfully as for Fay to believe he had just cause to think me slightly false. I refer only to my promise Fay. There is and may be, even more than I am even myself aware of, much that is not exactly genuine about me; but my ideals are not all lost sight of and every day with its joys and sorrows either draws me nearer or farther from them. As I go on from day to day did it ever occur to you that you are ever present in my thoughts? My desires are for him whom I love. I often feel that I am doing very little to prepare myself for such a beautiful future; but still we are both striving to use the strength the Lord has blessed us with under the guidance of His Holy Spirit. If I did not feel so sure he was our Guide I might hesitate often where I boldly go forth.

It most certainly is an honor to be called as President of your District and the Lord loves you. He is surely pleased with you and will continue to bless you. Each night and morning you are remember before Him by your little sweetheart.

To-day has been Parents Day in School and extra exertion has left me a little weary. I am not exactly satisfied with the children's behavior; but the Parents were so considerate and talked so lovely to me that I felt quite grateful after all. I never have enjoyed my work better than of late. We have just six more weeks after this one, that means just one more letter while I am in Springville.

Fay will you please thank the elders for their compliment. I wonder if their girls are exceptions to the rule. I believe I would rather be inclined to think so.

Bro. Markham was married the same day as Jennie and Will. Les doesn't seem to be contemplating matrimony as the rest of his companions.

S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S: S:

You said your room was full of noisy elders. Well mine is full of noisy children so guess where I am. Have been frightened by three more visitors to-day. I don't scold so much when they are here so I suppose they are quite a convenience.

I hardly imagine Cora has forgotten you. We were at Institute in Spanish Fork last Saturday and we spent the day together. She has no doubt told you all about her return home etc in her last letter which she said she wrote. Eva and Delia were delighted with their ferns as they no doubt have told you ere this. I'm glad you like my picture for they tell me I am just like it. Many thanks for the two I shall look for soon. Jennie and I called to see your mamma a week ago Friday. I am so glad she is feeling so much better. Lucian's mamma was there also his little brother Paul. Paul said he knew something. On being asked what it was replied- "Lucians' girl is Id Peterson and Will's, Jennie Daves." I don't know who the latter is But we all had to smile. You know Allie is expecting to go to Garn this spring and I have been anxiously awaiting to hear from her all about her plans.

This afternoon in Spring. This morning it was snowing; but I expect we will have delightful weather Days and Nights equally enticing. I wonder if the memory of two years ago will ever fade? It seems as though the time has passed quickly and as you say the coming ones will not drag on.

I am so glad to know what you expect to enjoy at the Completion of your mission. How long a time do you anticipate in making the tour? There is no question as to the educational value of such a grand tip and I add my hopes to yours that you can well take the trip. Louise told me two weeks ago that Will had received his release; but was hoping to remain in France to study the Language for some time. I received a letter from Walter some time ago with his picture on a postal card. I could hardly tell the difference with or without his mustache.

One thing about our boys who have gone to the islands. When they come home the subject of "What to Eat" will need little consideration on the part of the cooks. I hope you did not meet the same difficulty as elder Haun while enjoying the thistle greens. Tell him he better use his fork next time.

I do not envy you your trips on the water; but rather wish I could accompany you upon some of your pleasant outings while in New Zealand. The scene of greeting you told me of was beautiful. I'm afraid some of the people out there will think too much of you to permit you to return when your mission is finished. But the calling and releasing is not in their hands is it? Pa's health has been very poor of late; and whenever I look at his careworn countenance I can hardly keep back a certain sad feeling that comes over me. I fear he has worked too hard in his day. If he would only take a rest it would do him so much good.

I never did like to read the newspapers so I don't keep up very well with the news; but no doubt you receive the papers from home. I do consider it a waste of time and money the way our Legislature has be conducting itself. No senatorial election for Utah as yet does not show very well.

The news of the death of Dr. Young and his brother will be old to you. Do you remember what a sweet girl the Dr. left in Utah? Annie has grown more beautiful every day; but was very ill when the news reached her. Eva tells me she is not mourning so sadly as some people would have her do. IN fact Eva says she doesn't believe if Annie's own true feelings were searched deeply, that she really loved him. They were engaged however and since his death there has been public announcement of the same.

9:30 P. M.

I have just spent two hours in Y. L. M. I. A. and have just all the time I want in which to finish my letter. The way I feel I am apt to continue till a late hour. But don't get frightened. Just received a letter from sweet Ida. Let me tell you just what she says. Your letter made me think of so many things that are entirely different now. For me, all is a thing of the past, simply to be remembered. I am afraid you think I am a little foolish for talking this way, but 'from the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh! Whenever I think of those dear dead days, they almost torture me," etc. The whole tone of her letter is a little sad yet full of wit. From it I imagine she and Lucian are not so happy as you and I. Do you think they are? Lucian does not write to me any more so he seems to treat us all alike. She said Ray was to leave for the Southern States as soon as his school is out. I am glad of that. Some going— some returning. I love to think of the returning. Fay you are still very happy,. I really do feel bad for having disappointed you about my letter. Try to forget it and I think I will know how to be better after this. I never want to give you pain but am always happier when I can please you. When you come home we will know each other better and will be better able to appreciate each other. I love to think of you and what is to be.

With my fondest love I leave you for a little while. May the Lord prosper you in your new work with the light of His Holy Spirit ever as a guide.

Very Affectionately
Your Sina.

Kamo Whangarei, N. Z.

Apr. 3rd 1899.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina— Though my letter is as usual headed Kamo, elder Aldous and I are now writing from Auckland the present metropolis of New Zealand. The name of this elder is no doubt familiar to you as he and I left our good homes together for this land. We are now on our way to the April Conference in the south and tomorrow in company with elder Judd and others we embark on the steamer Elingamite for the place of conference, among the Maoris.

Auckland has a population of about 60,000. We are located in the mission headquarters. You may imagine this to be some extensive office in a position of importance. To the contrary it is all summed up in one room, located in the top story of one of the large business blocks in the principal part of the city, however. Below me the street railways, (drawn by horses) the cabs, and drays, are incessantly rattling along the busy street.

The harbor and wharf are but a few hundred yards down the street— Those who have seen a sea-port city, will agree with me, that the beautiful harbors, bays, bathing resorts, and continuous line of ships of every description and size from the formidable men of war and large ocean steam to the small cutters and even the row boats, are features of rare interest- to those who come from the interior.

“Blue Jackets” from the men-of-war, vessels, and sailors from the various commercial vessels, with their different uniforms, are promenading up and down the walks. Here and there may be seen a captain or an officer in his pompous and some times brilliantly colored costumes, proudly moving about in a manner that must command attention. There is also a military band and a number of soldiers who are billed for Samoa owing to the disturbance there, out on parade this evening.

It would be unfair to omit the mention of the “Salvation Army,” who are out in full force with their band. Everyone of them at present wears a significant smile, indicative of pride. Their venerable General Booth, who is the founder and father of their organization, is now paying them a visit. Most all Auckland turned out to hear the General, Sunday last, in the opera house. This privilege was accorded me, and I must confess I enjoyed listening, to the venerable man’s sermon, which was quite different to the ordinary “Salvation Army,” discourse. Among certain classes of believers they are doing good.

This takes me back to the fore part of the day. Elder Aldous and I accepted the invitation of some of the European saints of this city, and in company with them and other elders we spent the forenoon at one of the beach pleasure resorts. However in the afternoon we begged to be excused and retired to head-quarters to write our home mail. It was enjoyable to witness the throngs of children bathing in the briny waters of the ocean.

This is a very imperfect description, for without the companionship of my dear Sina, to share all, it has afforded imperfect joy.

Yes, I have wished and longed for your company these few days which have been spent in Auckland, more if possible than when we lot has been cast where there is less to see. Yes, Sina, I attended a play in the Auckland Opera house the other evening, and though the play was good, do you know I did not half enjoy myself. How could I? When I saw the happy couples come in one by one and take their places, my mind reverted back to some of the occasions you will remember; and even the reliving of the pleasure and happiness of those events far eclipses the present single condition.

This state of single blessedness, often referred to, must appear selfish and destitute of pure happiness, at least to some; you and I for instance. Have just been down to the wharf to meet a steamer.

For an hour, I stood on the walk in the main entrance to this building, this evening, closely watching the passing throngs. As a rule Auckland people are well dressed, and move up and down the street like they had an object in living. However there are all classes from the titled and the gentry to the poor and the destitute. It is interesting to look at Europeans, after coming from Maoridom, but in points of real beauty think the latter often excel; in fact they tell me that one of our accepted Atlases claims that the Maoris are the most handsome people in the world. Their dark skin does not seem so bad, when acquainted with them.

Elder Brown, my new companion, will not go to the conference. He has only been out a short time and thought he could do better by remaining in our Dis. And studying the language. I did not like to have him alone with as short an acquaint. In Maoridom, but as it is not only a pleasure but a duty for me to be present, I have done so trusting and feeling that all will be well with him. He is an earnest missionary, is making splendid progress in the native language, and feel sure we will get along fine together. We have done considerable travelling since my last, and in all had a thoroughly enjoyable time. During this time we have also had the pleasure of blessing two more fine babies. They tell me, I am becoming quite a Maori in the language. Still there is much for me to learn in this direction.

Do you think this outbreak in Samoa will have any effect upon our elders in that vicinity. Nettie must feel considerable anxiety about her Samoan.

Sina, your last letter was a gem. Don't think I ever took more pleasure and joy in reading a letter than in that. It was long, but still concise, for I could not spare any of the words it contains.

Did not know my dear mother had been sick. Upon that occasion she wrote me a much shorter letter than usual, and rashly, I answered in a rather mean manner. However, I was sorry at the time and knew it was no avoidable fault of her's, for she has always more than fulfilled her part.

Was much pleased to learn that Jennie and Will were settled, and now as you say the excitement is over they are so happy and contented. Well we will not envy them of their happiness, for the same awaits us and we have it all to live for and experience. I some times indulge myself in revelry of the happiest kind, such as planing our future home and its surrounding, of course subjecting all to Sina's approval. The time is nearing when you and I can plan these things together, and our love will not be forced to find expression in pen and ink. This will reach you about Commencement time. Was just telling Bro. Aldous of the "97 Play." Will reserve space for a latter opportunity perhaps after Conference. Give my love to all. With my love and prayers

Devotedly

Fay.

Received a nice, but rather short letter from our true friend, Eva.

Apr. 15th

Have just returned from conference. We had a grand time, and I had the privilege of speaking in the conference. Will labor in the same district as usual. I shall take pure joy in telling you all of the particulars of a conference in Maoridom, when we again have the pleasure of enjoying one another's company.

The steamer we travelled in was not above criticism, and we do not travel first class. However, I am becoming a good sailor, and with my unsympathetic nature I laughed heartily at my less fortunate brethern who spent considerable of their time at the sides of the ship. Elders Whanga, Kirkham, Asper, White, and Peterson were honorably released. "There'll come a time," Sina. I am ashamed of this and did not know it was so blotted and scratched, but really have no time to rewrite, Please excuse. Give my love to all. Happily and hopefully awaiting our bright future,
Your's lovingly

Fay.

Have not rec. home mail.

Springville, April 8- 1899

Elder L. H. Holbrook

Whangarei, New Zealand

My Dear Fay:—

All the work I had planned for to-night is laid aside for there is an urgent longing to spend a few moments in writing to Fay. Thus I reason – If I find more pleasure in devoting the evening to him and I injure no one by indulging why not sit down and write?

I'm not going to begin by complaining; but I just feel as though I would give a good deal if my letter were here for you know it was due to-day and when brother Wells brought my mail this afternoon and the most welcome of my letters was not there I would like to of had a good cry. But I didn't cry, for I am quite sure it will reach me sometime next week. It may be some accident has happened to it. When I awoke this morning I almost knew I wouldn't get my letter to-day. Fay, do you believe in dreams? Well, last night I was troubled all through my dreams about a letter you had written me and someone else received it and read it. The next thing I knew you were at home. You and I were at our house sitting by the fire. You had come across the letter and were reading it to me. I do not remember the contents only I was feeling bad. No doubt the sadness came from the fact that someone else had taken a privilege that was rightly mine. Night before last I dreamed you were home and were so like the Fay who left us nearly two years ago that I could hardly be convinced that you had been gone at all. In my dream that night I thought you were displeased with me and was I happy?

I can't imagine why my nights should be so full of anxious thoughts. Perhaps it is to counteract the perfect contentment and trust of the daytime. It seems so long since I heard for [sic] Fay; but it has been no longer than usual.

A week ago I was a little ill, and had to be out of school two days. On Thus. Evening I went home to tell the folks I was better and what do you think I found waiting for me? Two pictures of the dearest boy in the world. Fay you don't look a bit older and I am sure you are not so wonderfully fleshy, but still there is a little change. Perhaps I never saw you with your hair combed that way. On the whole I am quite sure I like the pictures and dearly love the original. When you come home I'll tell you what some other people said about them.

I wonder what your little tiny sister will have to say to her big brother when she sees him. I haven't seen her yet but Clara says she is the sweetest babe she knows anything about. I am so glad your mamma feels so well. How much of life's true enjoyment can be marred by ill-health!

Clara was over last Tuesday and ate supper with us. I don't know of anyone who could appreciate and be more grateful than Clara, to take a trip to Europe. She told me she expected to go this Spring. I do hope she can remain and come home with Fay. It always makes me feel good when I see fortune favor those who are worthy.

I will be very busy now for three weeks as our schools close at that time then what a good time I will have writing big long letters. This spring weather is grand. There is no moon to-night till very late so I'll not wish for one of those dear old rides that we used to have. You will be an expert rower when you return so we'll have another boat-ride such as we had a long time ago. I expect the memory of those dear old times will I've with us forever.

I should like to have been at conference but was unable to go. How you Elders would enjoy being present! When you speak of the beautiful spirit manifested in your foreign conferences I wonder if the saints, many of them living out in the world, are not really truer to their religion than many of us here at home. How glorious our lives could be if we were only strong enough to do what we know to be right regardless of public opinion! I often wish I was as good as I should like to be.

Now I think I will wait to finish my letter until I receive the one you have written to me so with oceans of love and fondest wishes for another month's success I leave you, as ever Your loving Sina.

Monday, April 10- 1899

My Own Dear Fay:—

Last Sunday afternoon I went home and eagerly received my letter. It isn't a very long letter but I musn't [sic] expect always to get long ones; but I am sure the length did not detract from the value of the contents. I sometimes wonder why I have been so much blessed. You or I have no occasion to be ever gloomy and if we are prayerful and true to our good desires we can always be sure of willing help from our good Father in Heaven. Each day I realize the necessity of throwing aside so much worldliness and seeking to prepare ourselves in this life for a more glorious future one. And think we are more happy here with that aim in view.

I am glad you did not remain at home in order to write me a longer letter for it is quite necessary to mingle with friends (new ones) in order to keep them. No doubt the european family you visit so often are old friends in worth. How pleasing to know you have the faculty of gaining good friends easily. It seems to me it removes many difficulties that some missionaries have to endure. It would hardly seem natural for you to want for friends would it not?

Jeannie and Will have not returned from Conference yet. Lewis James spent Conference week in S. L. City. Will be in Provo on Wednesday next. Let us go. I am sure we would be quite as happy as we were some two years ago.

Elder Burnham has not called as yet. I shall be pleased to see him. How fortunate my lover has been to have such good health. Are you right sure you have been perfectly honest on that subject? It is too bad about Elder Brown's illness. I trust the environments will not cause him to suffer much. I am sure his companion will be a true friend.

The months are passing quickly by. You will soon have been gone two years. Now you can begin to realize more than before what good you are doing and how much progress you have made. I know the Lord will continue to bless you and the results of your efforts. Think what a beautiful blessing you received the night before your departure. I often live that night over and over again.

I believe I did not tell you that Patriarch Evans was married a short time ago and is now living in Payson.

What a coincidence! I often am with you in my dreams but the first expression of that effect recently was given in the beginning of my letter before receiving yours in which you mentioned the same. And true enough Fay the interval of separation will appear short to us when we are once again at home together.

Thus far I have told you nothing of any of our friends. I begin to think I don't know very much about many of them. I saw Sam Sunday. He was on his road to Clear Creek where he teaches. You know the place in far beyond Thistle. He had left his wife at Provo and it looked quite a lonesome ride for him all alone. Nettie and I have not forgotten how to enjoy a good talk together. I see Cora seldom now; but school will soon be over and we will have a good lazy time. Eva and Delia leave for Arizona soon. I think it will be a splendid trip and then they will come back next year; but I love them so I hate to see them go. The Maeser House was always such a welcome place for the Old Crowd.

No doubt Clara informs you on news from our Alma Mater. Another Commencement will soon be here. All are hoping for the usual good time. I do not expect to have so good a time as we used to; but shall be present and enjoy it all for both of us.

Those beautiful prophetic words with which you closed your letter give me a joy that comes to remain forever. I am so very happy with it all. It is as I have always wished for.

With a heartful of prayer and love I close for the present. Very Sincerely Yours— Sina

Provo, April 15 1899

Mr. Fay Holbrook

My Dear boy,

Your of Mach 15. Was one day late and we came very nearly missing writing you at al for this mail as Clara and I had both got the idea that the mail did not leave until the 22, and I had Clara look a few minutes ago and find that it leaves the 19, so we hasten to write you. Now prepare yourself for a surprise in the shape of a new baby sister she was born March 22, and realy is one of the cutest girls that we ever had. Of course we would have liked a boy, but still we feel perfectly satisfied and thankful to our Heavenly Father, for we feel that she will be one of the greatest blessings that we ever had. She looks very much like Florance and is real cross but that is nothing new for our babies. Your Papa is just as pleased as a boy with a new whistle but he is so busy that we see very little of him. We have not named her yet will call her Mary or Ruth for I want her to have a good name for believe she will be a lovely woman Now Fay I have written you evy month since you left, and that is saying a good deal for I was sick for two or three months before she was born but managed to sit up long enough to write you evy time but once when I dictated it to Ora. Graand ma and pa and uncle I N. And Frank and his wife were up. They all send love to you. Frank is bishop of Deseret now. And they say that he makes a fine one. You Pa, is going to have the house moved one the east side of the lot and we may build here next year I hardly think that we will this year for the Snake Vally property takes so much mony, but he may sell that out and if he does he will build soon. Mrs. Richards says tell Fay that they are not moving because they want to but becaus she have to so that the docter can look after his business better. They send love to you. We do all remember you and pray for you. I let I N read your letter and he did enjoy it but he said that was a very scaley write you had on the Porting vessel. You must never run any risks thaat you can avoid. You Pa give our little red sow to Johny Peters she had a calf and sliped some way on the barn flower and hert one hip and Johny dectered her for a little while and she did not get well so of cours you Pa. Gave her to him and they were bodly in need of her for they have a large family and are hard run. They have a new baby girl the babes seem to be all girls here this year meaning peace, and the nurse tells me that they were all boys last year or nearly so. It is confrence here and we have compnay so I cannot write all that I would like to then I am not very strong yet- but- am doing remarkable well I got your pictures on my birith day and could not have had any thing that pleasedme more we all call them good. Yur Pa will have to see about the paperes. I will try and have him see about it at once. They aught to send you the Erie for they say they send it free to all missionaries. Fay I must close for I am tired. We will have a new buggy for our baby tonight and if all is well we will loaf around and enjoy ourselves most of this summer I mean baby and I. Good bye for now and may our Heavenly Father bless and help you always is the sincere desire of your loving mother

P S I don't dare to read this for fear I will be disgusted with it and not send it

Provo April 15th 1899.

Dear Brother Fay:—

You just missed going with out mail this month, because mama and I both thought the mail did not leave until April 22nd but I just looked it up and was surprised to find that it leaves the 19th.

Yes Elmer is married. He has been married five or six months. I have not seen him since he returned from his mission. I was in the City when he came home and stopped at Provo.

Well Fay I wish you could see our baby, she isn't very pretty but she's pretty sweet all the same. I had a letter from Sister Wright. He said he had just received a letter from you. Jeddie Stokes did not answer my letter but I do not blame him for I was over three months answering his. I am so glad you are enjoying your work, and that you will do well in your position as president I have no doubt.

Rhoda and Jennetta leave Monday or Tuesday, and then I'll be the last of "we six" in Provo.

The Academy and the University are going to have a literary contest to take place in the Salt Lake Theatre, some time in May. The program will consist of two debaters and an oral story teller from each side. The Subject of the debate is "Shall we retain the Phillipines." We have the affirmative. Ted Rowe and Leo are our debaters and I think Annie will be the story teller. Claude Lewis and Joseph Cannon are the University debaters and Steve Richards the oral story teller.

There is some talk of me going to London the last of May or the first of June. Don't you think it would be a fine trip. Angie has not seen the baby but we expect her down this month.

Last Wednesday night I saw James, Kidder, and Ward in a School for Scandal. The play was fine, but I enjoyed Ward's Shakespearan lecture which he delivered in the college hall Wed. afternoon, better than the play. You remember Ward in "In the Lions Mouth," don't you? Spring is here at last, hyacinths, violets, daisies, pansies etc. are blooming. I like your pictures. They came on mamas birthday and I can tell you they were welcomed. School is the same as ever. There is no news to tell you so will not bother you with meaningless talk.

God bless and help you in your work is ever the wish of your loving sister,
Clara Holbrook.

Provo City, May 9th 1899.
Elder Fay Holbrok
Kamo, Whangarei, New Zealand
My Dear Fay:—

If I were an Annie Pike I might with much ease shape my feelings into meaning words that you might understand how much of them are yours; but I am only a common everyday school girl and must write as such a one is accustomed to.

I don't know what I'm going to do. It has seemed to me this past month that four long weeks was more than I could wait to hear form you, however I waited and Thank you, dear Fay for your lovely letter. My appreciation for them I fear is increasing.

I will have to give this delightful month May the censure for creating such favorable conditions for me to dream away my time.

You see my hard work is over and I feel a freedom from care that I have not felt since August last year. A week ago my schoolroom cares were banished and now for a jolly good time.

Fay, if you only could have been with us to join in the shouts and cheers for our Beloved Alma Mater's late victory!

The cutting from the Enquirer will give a synopsis of it all and perhaps some one has sent you the better account found in the Tribune or Herald which I neglected procuring.

Patriotism ran high on May 4-/99. About three hundred students besides many from the favored city boarded the O. S. L. determined on victory. The cars were decked in white and blue in correspondence to the extravagant badges of the happy crowd inside. I cannot tell you all about it for it would take too long, but we spent a splendid day.

Among the acquaintances and friends I met on the grounds and elsewhere was Mark Cannon. I should have enjoyed a talk with him but the games were the main attraction then. I met Lucian and Will. Of course the Red and White was antagonistic to the White and Blue.

Talk about loyalty. No one could have told me that one of my classmates would be seen carrying to U. of U. badge on such a day as that. But what I see myself I am not deceived in. There was McArthur met us at the Salt Lake depot and guilty of such an offense. My persuasions were in vain. Well that's not the first time he has deceived me so I can only feel sorry for him.

How much you would have enjoyed it all and I wished for you then— You see Fay I wish for some things I never get— But of course in such a wish as the above we recognize a desire expressed regardless of conditions we would not change if we had the power.

The day for us was forgotten when the evening exercises were over. I am thoroughly convinced that our boys had help from an Unseen Power for of themselves they could not have so thoroughly duped their opponents. As for Annie you know her talent. The moment she entered the stage she won each heart. It seems to me a life of fame is just beginning to open itself before her.

The rally on Friday night gave opportunity for all to give vent to their feelings. The representatives of our school who did so well were wheeled by their fellow students in trimmed carriages— while following came two blocks of torch lights borne by the delighted students. How I did wish you were with me! So often those words have been repeated. May we live such true lives that those longings may not be lessened but doubly increased as we know each other better.

Good-night and happy dreams— from your loving Sina.

May 10-1899.

I am at home with the children. It is just 9 P. M. I have quite enjoyed my vocation so far. Have been up to School and have decided to go every day and take Normal Drawing. It is interesting and easy work. I hardly know how I shall spend the Summer. Hope to have some mountain trips however.

Allie told me in her last letter that Garn expected to stay longer than two years. She seemed to feel a little "blue" but we can excuse her for that. As for Ida and Lucian I hardly believe they correspond. Of course Lucian is having a good time for there are many sweet girls in Salt Lake and somehow I think Lucian has come to the conclusion that Ida is not the girl for him. Of course my opinion does not make the statement true. I saw Bro. Lambert and his young lady. They were given a seat in the contest on recommendation of their White and Blue badges.

Eva and Delia leave for Arizona as soon as school is out and Clara is going to Europe. How I shall miss them! Louise is here and Nettie will soon be here. Cora is here also Maggie, Lena, May, Jennie are at home and I think we shall quite enjoy ourselves anyway.

I had the pleasure of taking supper with Angie and Clara while in Salt Lake.

Of late my letters have not reached me until Sunday afternoon; but I am sure they will come. And then is it true that you are no longer tortured with sea-sickness? How much you will enjoy your ride homeward. Many thanks for the pleasant little trip to Auckland city. I quite enjoyed the scenes you pictured. In many respects it reminded me of the first letter I ever received from you. I can tell you when you come home how that very first one effected me. And now to think how much happier we are to-day than we even were then makes me pause and for a moment steal a glance into the hidden future. As I feel to-day, I hope to always feel and earnestly pray that the one vital necessity to a happy home may be forever retained— that of unselfish love first to Heavenly Father and next to each other. All else is sure to follow.

Fay you must forgive me if I forget to mention each time those who send their love to you. It seems that it has become a habit for me to forget it. I think about now is a good time for me to begin to be a little generous along that line— Don't you think so?

One more letter and then the next marks the date in which you left us two years ago. May our Heavenly Father continue His Blessings and may we accept them gratefully and the time we are separated will prove to be a blessing to both of us. I must bid you good night for another month. You have all reasons for being contented and I trust such is true.

With my best love I am as ever Your Sina.
[enclosure: news clipping: "Academy Victory. Provo Students Win the Mind Contest. U. of U. Win the Muscular. Warm Praises given the Brigham Young Academy on its Cultured Achievements. .
..]

“THE RIO GRANDE”
WILL BE PRESENTED BY THE
B. Y. A. DRAMATIC SOCIETY,
TUESDAY EVENING MAY 23
IN THE
PROVO
OPERA HOUSE.

...

Kamo. Whangarei, N. Z.

June 7th 1899.

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— Again I enjoy myself in pen communication with you. These are truly some of the happiest moments in my missionary life, and to day I have been writing, writing, writing, in order to finish my correspondence for the month, and get through in order to have time to leisurely write to you. Yes with good conscience I can sit down and find time to write one good long letter each mail to the dear girl who so faithfully and truly more than repays my humble efforts in this line.

Again to-night it was a choice of visiting with some of our best friends, or of writing to my Sina. The Pres. was with us, and I told him I preferred remaining home and writing; and of course through the exchange of a wise look or two he could guess who my correspondent was, and readily consented. The result is the Pres. and Co. are away visiting our kind friends, who have in some of my previous letters received mention, and I am happily writing to you.

At the other end of the table another new elder who with me preferred remaining home, is happily writing to his young wife who but a few months ago, and a month or two after marriage, he left in Zion for the sake of the Gospel. He is very happy, and just remarked, 'Bro. It's the only way to be happy in the true sense of the word.' His answer but confirmed my views. However, it does make me happy, to hear such expressions from young couples, and it always makes me long for that happy day when you and I can enter into more perfect joy; praying always of course that we will be worthy, and that the Lord will be pleased to bless and unite us. My dear Sina, I often think of this most holy ordinance, try to consider its sacredness, its importance, its blessings, and the necessary qualifications to properly live it; and after reflecting upon its pleasantness and seriousness, I am prepared, yes, and welcome the day when Providence will bless me with the privilege of leading my soul's companion, the sweet-heart of my boyhood days, and the devoted love of my youthful years,— to the sacred altar of matrimony. Yes, Sina, believe me, with unbroken faith I hopefully and joyfully await, when you as my fair companion, shall enter one of our Holy temples to receive this life's greatest blessing.

We maintain we love now, and do, so far as our souls with the experiences they have had are capable, but my dear girl when we meet the more stern realities of life, side by side, making sacrifices joyfully for each other's happiness, our power of loving will become more perfected. How, even this Divine emotion, is capable of infinite development.

Well Sina these are some of my deeper feelings, that I very rarely express, but the time is coming when we can with propriety talk these things over. I feel certain these blessings are in store for us, that we shall properly love and be suited one for another, that we shall be happy, that our loved ones will rejoice, and above all that the Lord will sanction and bless our course. The contemplation of these things gives me purest joy, because I know the loyalty and courage of the true heart who is the fair partner in these blessings; yes, Sina, I know that you will unflinchingly and courageously take my hand, and with me walk fearlessly but wisely out into the 'uncertain' world in search of these blessings which have been promised to the faithful.

The night Bro. Evans gave my patriarchal blessing often reoccurs to me; and with it always the vision of my chosen scribe, who willingly penned those glorious blessings. This and many other evenings often occur to me, but this is one of the most impressive, and it was just as I desired it.

Say, your invitation for that play; well I accepted it most heartily, but you know. Never mind Sina, Fay's love for such hasn't vanished, and we are agoing to have many happy returns of such enjoyment some day; and for every invitation I'll not be ten thousand miles away.

Speaking of photos reminds me, the other day the Pres. And a number of new elders were present at a family of European saints where I keep my trunk. Knowing the company were always pleased to see photos from Utah, I proudly produced my little collection. When we came to yours, the Pres. Cast a contemplative smile over to me, and said, 'How did you do it Bro. Holbrook?' "The same question have I often asked myself," was the answer. The Pres. Agrees with me that I am one of the most fortunate among the fortunate, and brushing me up mildly he always reminds me of the Miss on the other side.

Now for missionary news. My companion and I have been very busy during the past month. He is making famous progress in the 'reo maori,' having already spoken in the same. On the 27th 28th of May we had a very nice district-conference in our Dis. Our president, and three visiting elders were present. The people of the village labored most faithfully and made the conference temporally a grand success. All assembled in a large hall, our meals were served on long tables European plan right at the hall. The visiting saints, from other settlements, bring their bedding with them, Making their beds in the hall; they sit upon them during the meetings, and when meetings are over they all lay down for the night with their clothing on. Of course we elders usually have a place to our-selves. The beds sometimes suggest sleeping in meetings to some of the members. To overcome this we appoint a deacon, who with a long stick in his hand, and an eager eye on the audience, marches around like a soldier on patrol. You should see the secret satisfaction upon his face when he finds some one sleeping. He creeps slyly upon them like a cat upon her prey and then with a big grin upon his face, he gently probes the unfortunate dozer. This is one of the duties of our deacons and most enjoy it.

Our conference was really a spiritual and temporal feast. Two baptisms were performed and two children blessed. The next annual conference for the New Zealand mission will be held at the same place this Dis. This places considerable responsibility upon us, but with the blessings of the Lord, I thing [sic] we will have a very successful and good conference.

My mail has just arrived. Have looked over it hastily, and as you well know it has made me more than happy. Hurrah, for our grand institution. Have a glass of mild soda with me in strength of the glorious victory.

My dear sister going to England and expects to remain as a missionary. Well Sina, I don't know what to think, but it must be for the best, . It will be a grand trip for her, and I hope our Heavenly Father will protect and bless her.

They also say they are making great changes in the old home. Don't suppose I'll know things. This made me half happy, and half regretful. Little Ruth with her lung-power reminds this family of her missionary bro, but she is OK. Was pleased your school was over and you were feeling happy. Give my love to family and friends. With love and prayers for your happiness

Lovingly yours

Fay.

Kamo. Whangarei. N. Z.

June 30th 1899.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo. Utah. U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,—Our home mail does not leave for a few days, but a missionary must take advantage of the opportunity, come when it will. Your last lovely letter had the usual good effect of making me extremely happy, and encouraging me to more determined effort. When I get your letters and read them over, life seems so full and happy and their always seems so much for me to live for, so much real and true happiness in store for us; that they have now become a portion of my living.

Sina, of course you know the position you occupy in my life. I respect and even admire many, but you, and you alone, occupy a position in my affections that can not be comprehended by the words 'respect' or 'admire.' You know better than my words can convey, the nature and importance of the part you play in my life. As time passes on and day by day roll away life becomes more real to me, and our happy future gives me more pure joy. I feel more and more prepared for it, and can see that the Lord is blessing us greatly and surely working all things for our advantage.

Now, you know that I have always been rather an awkward lover, perhaps especially so in the use of words. My pen has failed to weave pretty stories or paint fascinating pictures, such as would allure and win. We have now become more than lovers, and that word is but a diminutive expression, applicable more to our past less perfect but still very happy condition, than to our present fuller and happier relation. What gives me as much joy as any other one thing, is the knowledge that present happiness and favor has not been obtained by the fascination of affectation, but by simply being Fay, so far as he knows himself.

My dear girl, you do not know how much I have admired you for refusing to be impressed with any thing that savors of superficiality or unnaturalness, but for preferring reality. Those who thus choose are less liable to unhappy surprises. I feel you have chosen me thus, and promise you that I have chosen Sina in just this manner. I feel that I have made my choice knowingly, and have no idea of finding my Sina much different than my ideal. Of course I acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all our relations, and am grateful and truly happy over the fair and inviting future.

I have chosen my fair companion for life as a man once remarked "I choose my wife, as she did her wedding gown; for qualities that would wear well;" knowing this also, 'that the happiest and truest pair, often find occasion to forgive and forbear.' You and I can and have accomplished such feats, which always terminate in intensifying the love for one another. Sufficient, perhaps, on this subject, for the present. We are now in the house of some Europeans. They have two daughters both good musicians, and we had some nice music last evening. My companion is uneasy to go; we must resume our travels, and for the present must close, as ever, with love and prayers.

Fay

Again the pleasurable task of finishing my letter presents itself. Much has transpired in our missionary field during the past month, and Elder Brown and I have had some experiences, which would perhaps prove interesting to you.

To begin with we have undertaken a trip among outsiders and strangers in a new field (to us) and in the dead of winter. Believe it has been the custom to reserve such trips for summer weather. However, expecting to be released a few months earlier for the European trip, feel it a duty to try and make it through extra exertion.

Thus far we have been greatly blessed of the Lord, and have had the privilege of remaining with and explaining the Gospel to a number of Europeans, and also hold a number of meetings among the Maoris. It may be well to explain. The Maoris live in small villages here and there often some distance apart. Europeans have scattered farms and ranches most everywhere, so that it is often convenient and sometimes necessary to remain with them. We do most of our travelling upon horses, some times forsaking them and going a foot. Some months do considerable travelling. Last month, I rode over five hundred miles.

Well it is unnecessary for us to wear uniforms or marks of distinction, every one knows us. Often we have our feelings wounded by some surprisingly disrespectful question or remark. However we summon our strength, and return a soft answer for as the Proverb truly says, 'a gentle answer often turneth away wrath.' Unhesitatingly I may say the elders always (most) leave a much better impression than they find. As a rule where we are known we are liked, and the better we are known the more we are liked.

Last week we stopped with a very respectful European family. The village school teacher was boarding at the place. After asking a few rather curious questions as to our identity and labor, she turned to the gentleman of the house (Church of Eng. Lay-reader) and said we will have to convert these young men. We respectfully extended them the invitation. However they they concluded not to undertake it, but gave us a good opportunity to explain the Gospel. The result was received respectful and good treatment. I did once allow myself to be converted by a Miss. School teacher, and have since determined to remain true to my first conversion,, and never be converted by another. Of course you will not, and my conscience does not censure me for becoming a willing convert in that instance.

Upon another occasion we dismounted, and called at a house for the purpose of obtaining entertainment. The good lady said they were looking for their minister, and it would be impossible to accommodate us, but kindly invited us inside. We had not been long explaining the principles of the Gospel, when Mr. Minister made his appearance, and we were politely introduced to Rev. Frost. Not wishing to be aggressive we engaged in a preliminary conversation. However he seemed to fear that grievous wolves, which would not be sparingly of the flock were about to enter his little fold, and he commenced. The gauntlet having been cast at our feet, we advanced to the attack, and willingly crossed weapons with him in a respectable and peaceable comparison of doctrines. We were soon ushered to an elaborate supper, and continued unbroken our discussion, until necessarily terminated by the minister services. I am sure he met many a puzzling surprises and felt much relieved at the termination. He was a gentleman, and the family enjoyed and took a deep interest in all. Feel certain they were deeply impressed with consistency, soundness, and genuineness of "Mormonism." They directed us to their relatives where we were kindly entertained

I have met a number of sectarians and do not feel for a moment, that they can successfully oppose our Gospel. Of course the secret is not in our superior learning, which we have not, but in having the spirit of the Lord and the truth for our supports.

Have been blessed in respect to the language, and would about as soon attempt preaching in Maori as English. The Lord is sustaining and blessing our labors. Have had the privilege of officiating in eight baptisms since my last. We take turns in officiating.

Thus far have not known a sick day in N. Z. Of course we have our trials. Some day will tell you them. However Bro. Brown and I get along fine together, and usually manage to see something laughable or happy in our hardest trials. Just think my home mail must lay in Kamo for about a month before I get it. When I am cold in the thot, 'well Sina is warm.' So if summer is too hot, find consolation in the thot, 'we in N. Z. are cool.' Give my love to Bro. And Sis. B. and all of the family and friends. (Of course I give it all to u, or may give to those u choose.) Prayers and love
Your Fay.

Spanish Fork, July 7, 1899.

Elder Fay Holbrook

Kamo, Whangarei, New Zealand

My Own Dear Fay,—

It is so very warm to-day. I have just awakened from an afternoon nap and feel somewhat refreshed so I think I am in a good condition to have a nice little chat with my far away lover. What a flood of thoughts past—present and future rush on to me. Neither of us weary of dwelling on the past for it was pleasant to both of us and would you think that tow years of the time that you are to be gone are now in the past and someway I begin to feel that the remaining time will be quickly gone. I hardly know yet how I shall spend the coming year. I told you in my last that I thought I should teach; but the thought is somewhat held in suspense at present. Of course thinking one way I should rather not; but whichever I do I trust will be best for do you know Fay I place even these little temporal affairs in prayer before my Father in Heaven and he has helped me eery time I have been worthy. I relate one circumstances recently occuring which has added to my many testimonies.- Ever since school closed I had given scarcely a thought to the question of examination when all of a sudden the day approached when I was to pass. Well, the one study that I knew so little about was the only one I was required to pass in that was Nature Study. I knew that I knew nothing and it was this consciousness that humbled me I suppose. In case I wanted to teach I knew I had to try and pass and to fail would have been awful. Well, I knew that if my Heavenly Father wanted to help me, and of course he wanted to if I had done all that was wisdom for me to do during my time at school, he would. So I asked him to help me and as I think back now he did the work for me and I rejoiced and many times thanked him for his mercy. I was not so much rejoicing at the certificate I received through his kindness but it was the renewed testimony that has been such a comfort and I feel deeper than ever that providing we do all in our power to live good lives, he will give us every blessing we desire and have been promised and Fay what a future of untold happiness is in store for us. My most earnest prayer is that through all our lives we may day by day build up on that testimony until there is no possibility of it being taken from us; for with it comes everything.

There are not many people to whom there is a satisfaction in expressing these thoughts; but Fay can understand and appreciate them.

I have lying before me a letter, a most beautiful letter the contents of which have given me many moments of purest joy. Dear Fay you speak of feeling in each word you have written there and I can only say “may our Heavenly Father grant the picture as you have painted it.”

I should like to say something right here; but I’m afraid Fay will scold me so I guess I won’t. Shall I? Well, alright I’ll venture— I wish I were the most beautiful, most accomplished, most noble girl in the whole world. I feel like I could make you more happy then. If I can’t be what I’d like to be, I’ll try to be good and know whom I shall always love and so I’m happy anyway.

I feel as though I had so much to say that I shall have to write you another letter later on; but must hasten on with this for it must be finished to-day as to-morrow is Saturday and there is much work to do. On Sunday I want to go see your mamma, Angie and all before they leave for their California trip and the boat sails on the 12th.

My last letter contained commencement news. Since then I have been at home most of the time spending my time in housework—a little sewing, very little reading, quite a bit of visiting, a good many twilight evenings in buggy riding behind the pacers. In fact I have been quite enjoying the summer. Will and Jennie are so good to me that I would hardly know how to do without them. It would do your heart good Fay to see how happy they are. You see they are not at their own home now and Will is away a great deal but they appreciate their blessings as they come. As soon as Mrs. Knight returns they will go to their own home and they want me to live with them the next winter. We shall see.

Spent a pleasant day at Salt Air a week ago. Had quite a jolly fourth. I received your letter on the third the second anniversary of the day of your departure. I also received one from Elder Smart. I was so pleased with the spirit of his letter. I must write to him and tell him that a certain dream he had of seeing Nettie looking so sweet and lovely was no fancy for I never saw her more so than now.

I almost envied Louise last Saturday night for her missionary was seen hastily pursuing his way toward temple hill. I haven't seen Louise yet and am anxious to see Will. He saw Clara before he left. I wrote to her yesterday. Of course you will hear from her often.

I have spent a number of pleasant times at your home of late. One evening I called, I told you all about at the time. The night of the Fourth I stayed all night with Angie. Your papa took us to get cream— We went in Mrs. Cerels (How do you spell it?) For a short time listened to Angie recite and Miss Moore play. Angie is doing splendid and is such a grateful girl. I have so much enjoyed being with her of late for it seems that she has been away so much.

I received letters from Delia and Eva since they arrived at Arizona. The heat is hard for Delia to stand and I'm afraid Eva was a little lonely; but you know her nature would compel her to be jolly.

Myrl is married. She and Wilford are living in American Fork. They were married by President Partridge.

I suppose Cora will write to you on this mail. I saw her when we went through to Salt Air. She seemed to be enjoying herself at summer School.

They say Arvilla is making a grand success at her music in Ann Arbor. Do you ever hear from any of our six. I haven't heard for so long a time; but I owe Garn a letter. How good it will seem to all be together once more.

I imagine Prpesident Stevenson is my friend. He is when he's good to Fay. When I go to meet you I'll see him won't I.

I am always glad to know how much you are enjoying your work and all about your missionary life. It is not so much the grandeur and beauty of the Meeting house that our Heavenly Father loves as it is the sincerity of the souls who come to learn his ways.

Two Sundays ago took a notion to read over a number of my letters from you and I believe I should have read each one and thoroughly enjoyed it had I not of been disturbed. There seems to be a newness even to the very first one that does not wear away. I love them every one. To note the appearance of some of them you would think they had been on many a journey, the corners ruffled, envelopes split on several sides and in several places and not nearly so white as when I first received them from the P. O. I must plead my cause by candidly asserting that they have been muchly used. I love to read them and often feel that I never could do without them.

Fay, do you know sometimes I sit down, and in reflecting on our association present and past I feel that I would not change one moment of it. Even the little differences are dear to me, though I would

not ask for their repetition now.

When I recall the night of your party I wonder how I could ever be so innocent of the fact that you had taken Janette. It's really the funniest circumstance I ever heard of and I half like to half dislike to recall it.

Won't it seem good Fay when we can again talk all these circumstances over being so near to each other and trusting each other. We can enjoy those memories.

Now I see we will not talk so much of them but more of our future. Fay you are too good to me, but I feel that I can accept it all from one whom I am proud to say I love too dearly to not know that I have a right to that devotion.

You see I claim the monopoly of your love. I do it because I love to. You once said you were the usurper. Tis not so. It is I. Of course not every person dare say that to me.

Well however that may be I am proud, happy, and contented to be the monopolizer, of such a pure love as Fays.

As you say we know naught of tried love as yet. But in gratitude to our Father we look forward to it not with fear but with wisely directed desire.

I must close now for I must help grandma get supper. You see I am with her while the boys are haying.

So be happy and contented for I am as ever your faithful Sina

Note: in one letter is inserted a playbill: "The Rio Grande" will be presented by the B. Y. A. dramatic society, Tuesday evening, May 23 in the Provo Opera House. . . .

8500 Above Sea Level
Strawberry Valley, Utah
July 19, 1899

My Own Dear Fay:—

This letter is but one expression of the many impulses I have had to write to you since we camped in this most beautiful mountain spot. It is now about 6:30 P. M. To-night when that big almost round full moon peers through the twittering leaves of the pleasant little grove we are in I know just how I will feel and how I shall long for you. Then I know that I must be brave and see the future as we live in hopes of its realization. Do you know Fay, I think someday in the future we must have a trip to this very place together. Would you like it?

I am alone as I write seated on the ground with a heavy blanket under me. A few young trees form a protection from the large swing where Wells is swinging the girls. Arretta is cooking bread, Alice peeling potatoes, Jennie reading the bible, Prof. Wolfe dissecting a certain species of the canary; Bro. Knight, Will, Mark and pa are off in the mountains prospecting. So you see we are all quite well occupied. I'm afraid I am enjoying myself most of all.

To-morrow we move farther down the canyon and the next day on to Vernal. There we remain about two weeks and then home. We are having a delightful time. It is such a jolly crowd, thirteen of us in all.

Last year I wrote you from Buena Vista. How well do I remember the letter I received from you while there! I am sure I am happier now than I even then was. Perhaps I am wiser and more able to appreciate my blessings. To-day Jennie and I completed a little book "Added Upon" written by a member of our church. It beautifully told the story of two young souls who had loved each other in a former life, who were true to their first estate and permitted to enter upon their second, to meet each other on this earth in the same relationship as above and to again return to their home in heaven having kept their second estate. They were lovers in heaven, on earth they were husband and wife, and to their father they and their children went as a family, the union of which was to be eternal.

I have often thought how beautiful such a plan as that would be and I think we have spoken of it together. To-day I could not help but be impressed by the story for it so coincided with a cherished view of mine. You and I are partakers of that happy plan. Dear Fay, if we can only faithfully keep our second estate, think of our life eternal! To be sure this life is a heaven if we make it, and we can make it so by preparing for one that awaits us in the far far future. I know not how far my strength with [will] reach; but I feel so confident of you, dear Fay, you are so much stronger than I; so you see you have a heavy load to bear; but I have faith and I pray each day for that priceless gift for when I have it I feel its power and know that the Lord is all-powerful and will not fail when we seek him in faith. I want you to love me always and I know that there must be virtues to love. In you I have long ago found everything to love and I only long for that day when I can in person speak it to you. How often these same thoughts have been expressed before; but I rather find pleasure in the repetition.

How strange that I should write such a short letter. It is the first of its length is it not? Well, I do not feel inclined to speak of anyone or anything but that which most interests us just now. Yes, I agree that the thought is selfish and quite improper for the interests of our friends and loves ones are parts of ours; but you understand me—I can think of no news now.

There is one utmost desire occupying the deepest place in my heart—to be so worthy of the love of my dear Fay that he will come to love me more as he knows me, that our loved ones will fully and full-heartedly smile at our union. Of my love for him and of his worthiness I take no thought for it has become a portion of me.

Again— I am happy in hoping for the realization of our promised blessings in loving Fay and in waiting for our meeting.

Think of me as I am your plain, untalented but devoted

Sina.

P. S. These are petals from our mountain roses.

Fay, who is the young elder standing at the back of the group. He had his hat pulled down over his eyes to almost disguise him? Thank you for the picture, ferns and that beautiful letter. This writing is horrid. Good-bye

Sina.

Too bad! What shall I do. I am writing on my knee so you will excuse it I am sure.

Sina.

[some dried flowers or leaves enclosed]

Vernal, Uintah Co. Utah

Elder Fay Holbrook

Kamo, Whangarei, New Zealand:—

My Own Dear Fay:—

About five minutes ago I was made happy by having placed in my hand one of those dear lovely letters. I had hoped to of had time to write you a very long one this time but I haven't. It's not been work this time. Neither has it been true that I would not rather have remained at home any evening this week to have written this letter; but when you have been formally invited to dinner, supper or to spend the evening, and you feel that there is time enough after, of course you choose what would be wisest if not most pleasurable. You see it takes two days for a letter to reach here from home so my mail was two days later than usual.

Three weeks ago to-day we started on our trip. The first week we spent in Strawberry Valley. And I assure you it was a delightful week. The next we spent on the road over the deserts. The last two days was a little hard, but not without pleasure. We arrived here on the Twenty Fourth. We have had such a good time that I cannot even recall what I have done each day. In order for you to know how enjoyable this trips is and has been you will have to come and meet and visit with some of the lovely people of Vernal. There is one feature of my visit that I hardly expected when I came. Sunday last Miss Reynolds and I alone proceeded to the 4th Ward meeting to address the saints on the subject of "Church Schools." We had no difficulty in occupying one hour. I believe I spoke eight minutes. IN the evening was Stake Conference of M. I. A. – a testimony meeting. There was a beautiful spirit. I could not withhold my testimony as there was the second time in one day. On Tuesday we were asked to speak to the Young Ladies of the Stake. On Wednesday the Young Ladies of Mill Ward. You can appreciate my feelings for I never said I was a preacher and was placed in those positions and I felt what I didn't know. But my heavenly Father gave me strength to do my best.

We expect to start homeward next Monday morning and arrive there in time to attend the County Institute at Castilla. Then in a few weeks school begins. How the time is flying!

The volunteers are nearly home. Great preparati9ons are being made for the receptions. I hope to be home by that time. Really Fay I do not feel as well to-night as I ought to and my letter may lack life. I spent such a pleasant night at Bishop Coltons last night. When I arose this morning I felt quite ill and am not very strong to-night so you will pardon all that I fail to say that I should like to.

Your beautiful letter is so full of certain devotion. I appreciate it most full heartedly. And shall not even venture to reprove you for your praises. While I was in the mountains I wrote you expecting to post it at the Fort. I also wrote one to Pres. Osterman. On arriving at the Fort it was necessary to have a darkey carry the mail to the office. I withheld the former but trusted the latter. So I send it in company with this one.

It seems to me that in my nature there is one power that has been developed to a greater extent than any other since your absence. I speak of the power of feeling gratitude. Every day something comes in my life to make me grateful. In your letter you expressed a thought that has often come into my mind. Our association thus far, both in correspondence and face to face companionship has been as it should be—ourselves as we were and are. Our future as seen from the present is to be more real, not less ideal, and I am sure more truly happy. Do you ever tell stories? I did tell one just the other day and it took a whole day to convince myself that I was justified in [in] so doing. It was entirely premeditated and done in order to spare a little discord between two happy loved ones. There are so many of these little unpleasantries to master. My thoughts are often the most uncontrollable difficulties I have to conquer. I refer to thoughts that sometimes crowd upon me that are full of fears lest I will fail to be brave all through life—surely “Soliloquy is the Searchlight of the Soul.”

I find that it is wise to think; but not too much of ourselves. My faith is the one indispensable blessing at such times.

How glad I am to hear of your continued blessings and successes. With it all your humility stands out prominent. Were it not so it would not be Fay. Oh! I want to be all he would wish me to be.

Now I must leave you. It is nearly eleven. Losing my beauty? Sleep. Really I want to write more. Perhaps in the morning if I have time before the mail goes. No, I will not have time for it must be taken two miles to town before 8:30. So I promise only this so good-bye for another month. With fondest love from

Your loving Sina.

The petals of the rose have dropped in our moving about but the scent of the roses remains there still.

Sina.

[postmarked Vernal, Utah, Aug. 15, 8 AM, 1899.]

Provo City, Aug. 31- 1899.

Elder Fay Holbrook

Whangarei, New Zealand

My Own Dear Fay:— Last Sunday I received a very lovely letter from afar off. Yes, it had come many miles, but time nor distance did not rob it of its freshness. I could see the author seated beside his companion by the little table. I could feel none of the coldness he spoke of. The day was not an uncomfortably warm one but quite pleasant. However I wished I might share the warmth with you. Our summer has been a moderate one. I have not felt the heat a great deal. In fact a few days and nights of this month were really cool.

The day I received your letter I had been posing as being ill all day. About 7 P. M. I rode down to P. O. to get my letter. Sat down on the steps to read it, just where you and I had often talked together.

Pas came out while I was reading. He asked me how I was feeling. I said, "Much better." He suggested that I would be quite well tomorrow.

Well I am feeling splendid to-night and I do wish my dear pa was well. Fay, his health is quite poor. He works too hard. If he could and only would take a years rest he would be so much better. I trust the Lord will bless him with his health for he is too good to suffer. When I see his careworn tired face it makes me feel so bad. You have been blessed while on your mission in this respect and I am so glad.

When I wrote my last letter I was at Vernal. Had only a short time to write it in. I'm afraid it wasn't a very good letter at least thinking of it in comparison to the one I last received. We had a delightful time coming home. How very beautiful the valley was. One solid bed of green grass and flowers. One appreciates it more after having had a two days travel over a desert country. We reached home on Sunday at noon. The next day we were on our way to Castilla, where we spent a week. Our Summer Institute was held there. I spent the 15th of July very pleasantly. Only one regret. I had no opportunity of writing you a birthday letter.

Nettie and I walked a distance up the R. R. track. It was beautiful moonlight. We talked of you and Ted and our future. You think we enjoyed it real well and you are not mistaken. The week after I came from Castilla I was at Jennies with the little girls while she was in Salt Lake. She spent a week in the Temple. This brings me almost up to date and finds me quite ready for work.

I was surprised to learn that your mamma had returned from her trip so soon. Angie came to see me the night after they came home. I went home with her and Fay I felt very happy. Your mamma was so kind and I wondered if I deserved it. When she remembered me with a beautiful souvenir spoon I knew not what to say. That token of remembrance means so much to me. They all seemed to have had a fine trip as they, no doubt, have told you.

Now I begin to prepare for school. Yes, Fay I am going to teach. I have a few resolutions to begin my years work. Resolutions are best unspoken till carried out don't you think? Bro. L. E. Eggertson is our Principal. I feel we shall have a pleasant, profitable year. When three weeks of school are spent I shall hear from you again and I know now how I shall appreciate your letter. Fay, will it not seem good when we can speak to each other in real words. If I could talk to you tonight I should feel more satisfied; but a year is not so long as two and two are gone. Oh! Fay I want to be worthy of your love. I want to be all I ought to be in the realization of that joyous future we look for soon. If we can be faithful and true to each other and to ourselves and never turn far from the teachings of our Savior there are no difficulties, but what, with sufficient faith in our Heavenly Father, we can surmount. Fay, I have never been really tried. Of course I have often thought I had; but as I view my life it has been very smooth. With your love the weightier part will be made light.

Fay, I am glad you said what you did regarding Bro. Burnham. It may be that Bro. Kirkham did not mean the remark he passed to be taken as I took it; but somehow it confirmed the impression I had before. I don't know why. I said nothing before because I had no reason; but my own impression. Well, I am sorry and quite ashamed to think I should express or repeat an expression such as I did regarding one your missionaries. I should like to meet Bro. Burnham. Pa met him upon one occasion.

I was looking at my ferns the other day. They seem more beautiful each time. They made me think of Clara as she brought them to me. She's a pretty brave girl. From Sister Gates' report English society praised our girls. I want to hear from Clara. Am awaiting an answer.

Fay if you only knew how often I have been thankful, yes truly grateful for the love of one who prizes above all else spirit-soul. I have had comparatively little experience but have often come to the conclusion that physical beauty was the attraction by which men were first impressed. I am far from censuring them for it. I would have we girls all as perfect as Venice; But I would not sacrifice a pure character for any charm. Well I suppose I wish I were beautiful and often envious; but if I can have my way about it I'll forget myself as much as possible in this respect.

I know how you feel, Fay regarding our meeting. Now Fay, I have told you how I should love to meet you in Paris and perhaps expressed my feelings intensely regarding it. If I could do it I feel that I would not be quite so far behind you. I feel that you would be more contented, to know I could share it with you and I leave you to judge of the pleasure such a trip with you would give me. Pa insists that I must take good care of my health so I can go. In fact it is quite a settled fact that I am to go. I feel that I shall. But, should circumstances be such that I cannot go I shall not be unhappy. I have made up my mind to be happy in either case. You see to meet you in Paris with Clara would be the realization of a new hope. To look for you and meet you at home would be the realization of an old hope. I would choose the former as in the end it will give us both greater happiness.

As I feel Fay your papa has quite enough children in foreign lands. I think you understand how I should feel about taking such a trip at his expense. Now Fay, I can't tell you exactly how I feel about this. You'll have to guess or judge from what you know of my disposition.

Do not fear, I think I shall not be permitted to go as a missionary. I think when another year as passed we will not be far from each other. We will united our faith that circumstances may be such that what is best for us may be done.

Two weeks ago I spent the evening with Mr. Crandal. He was very candid in expressing his opinion as to my power to love when he said- "Sina you have never loved." Before I thought

an expression of open denial escaped my lips— He understood perfectly well that I cared for only one and he was not then present. With all the evidence he could bring forth I am not so surprised at his conclusion.

There is only one who is and ever shall be certain that I have ever loved. Fay we are happy in each others devotion. Let us constantly be faithful and our choicest hopes are ours. Good-night— Pleasant dreams from your own Sina.

My ink is poor and I am quite ashamed of my letter. Hope I shall be able to do better next time.

Rose from Strawberry. [pressed flower]

Kamo Whangarei, N. Z.

Sept. 30. 1899.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah. U. S. A.

To My Own Dear Sina,— This makes the second in succession with the above address, without having one to answer. Our home mail will not be here for a few days, and since rely hope before sealing this to receive the missing letter and another messenger of true love. Surely this is evidence of my confidence in you for I do not hesitate for a moment to write this, and I would know that some unavoidable circumstance had prevented my receiving a letter last month, if I knew you were well and happy. Of course it would take much more than this, or the failure of one mail to bring its usual token, to change my confidence in you. But whenever that well known hand write is not to be seen among my home letter, it immediately occurs to me, ‘possibly Sina is not well’; and so for the next month I can not entirely banish worry and anxiety from my mind. Then of course I try to find comfort in the thoughts, “surely she is well and happy or some one would have told me. What is the use of repining, all will be brighter when next mail comes again. This has been my condition during the past month. Have commenced this letter come time before mail-day for fear of not having an opportunity later.

Have written to Garn and Cora upon this mail. Had an idea our true friend and Bro. Would be released from his mission in about Oct. Received a fine letter from him last mail and he did not seem to expect so early a release. Was surprised in learning that Allie had been so ill, but was happy that she was recovering fast. The separation has tried them, and I know from the spirit of Garn’s letter that they are truly happy, and have never for one moment regretted the step taken. Garn still cherishes the hopes that we four may go East to school together. I am sure you and I nourish the same hopes. Wouldn’t it be grand, and who knows but what we shall.

Never hear from Lucian any more, and often wonder if Ida is married yet. Myrl married; and so the renowned contest of the two gallant knights who met upon the Academy campus is ended. They’re all getting married but us, but never mind our turn is coming, and I hope the day is not far distant.

Sina I got you a present of Kauri gum already to send and then for two or three reasons changed my mind. However I still have the collection of gum for you, only instead of sending it by a returning elder, will keep it for us. Of course it will not be “mine” and “yours” then, but it will be “ours.”

Expect to go to Auckland in a few days and may see a party of returning elders; if so would like to send some little token of remembrance home with them. Elders G. S. Coleman, and Gideon Andrus, are to leave on the 2nd of Oct. You have a photo of Bro Coleman and I taken together.

Will inclose a few odd stamps for our stamp collection. So there will be a letter in the P. O. for Sina with five or six stamps and I wish I were there to deliver it.

Later

Will not go to Auckland as contemplated, and will not be able to send you any-thing. But do not think me less a lover, Sina; for at some, not very distant day, I expect to proudly make you half owner in all that I possess. Of course that will not make you a Vanderbilt, a Gould, or an Astor, but it will make you the representative of my better-half. Of course we as a firm will likely represent a rather humble stock of worldly possessions in the commencement, but with unity, our true devotion, the patronage of friends, and the blessings of our Heavenly Father, I feel sure we shall be able to establish ourselves in the land. Don't you think so? I use to imagine I would be a good rustler, but it has been so long since I have done any financial rustling, that I am not so sure of my own strength but perhaps better acquainted with the path to true success. Don't you think a better way to estimate a person's wealth, would be upon his capacity to better humanity and upon the amount of the Holy Ghost, he enjoys; rather than upon the number of dollars and cents he has to his credit. Speaking in the language of Psychology, that Bro. Brimhall used in our class, I think that the love of money as an end instead of a means to something better is a vice. You may think I am preparing to tell you, I have nothing to begin life with, except lots of love for Sina. Should such be the case I am sure it would make no particular difference with her, and even with Sina and such a humble beginning I would consider myself above price and the richest young man I am acquainted with. With enough of this world's goods to live comfortably, and accomplish our desires in righteousness, you and I can live contented and happy. Can't we? We have been blessed as a family, and in consideration of my blessing this much, I have implicit confidence we shall enjoy.

Auckland Oct. 2nd 99.

Elder Coleman came up and gave us a farewell call before returning home, and I have come down as far as Auckland to see him off, and attend to a few missionary affairs. We were about eight hours upon a rough ocean, and of course I took my turn among the rest at the side of the boat. However, I am becoming a first rate sailor and only remained there long enough to feel relieved and enjoy the rest of the ride. It will only be a few hours before the boat sails, and two more elders will leave for Zion, and my letter must be ready to sail with them.

[At this point, instead of pen and ink, the rest is written in indelible pencil.]

Sina, both of your lovely letters, came alright, and of course it will be a surprise when you receive my last letter and find that the one written at Vernal, come on this mail. They were two of the sweetest letters I have ever read, and still there was a shade of sadness about them, which only endeared them and their author to me the more. Sina were you sad when you wrote them? No I know you were not, but you were merely contemplating upon our real future, and viewing the numerous phase of life seriously. Now Sina, I could easily interpret your feelings from your letters. Please banish those righteous fears, and trust to our Heavenly Father.

You must know, I have many times thought of those things, yes, when we first started going together I took them into consideration, and think I realized what I was doing, when early in our association I resolved that no such fears should come between my dear Sina and my-self. You may be assured that you shall always have Fay's true love. We both know, that marriages for any other than the purest and best motives, too often result in sad disappointments and indellible heart pangs to both parties. Sina I think our motives are the purest, and those years have long since vanished, and now I have implicit confidence that our Heavenly Father will bless us and permit us to become parents in Israel in his own due time. From the many blessings we have enjoyed from the first, I feel certain that our course is sanctioned by a Divine Father, and if you should be delicate and not very strong, it will only give me more opportunity to show and prove my love. Sina, I think you have just those qualities which make you the identical young-lady, who should become my fair companion, and which will always command my sincere love and devotion. I have spoken plainly because in our position we have a right too speak thus, and perfectly understand one another, and because I thought you wondered whether Fay had ever seriously considered things of such importance; and that you may know that he has and that he is perfectly contented and happy with his future prospects. Well, my dear Sina, do not hesitate in expressing yourself freely to me, and allowing me to share all of those things, which may cause you any degree of worry or anxiety. There was a sweet tenderness, seasoned with sadness or better perhaps seriousness, in your last letters, that called forth my love for the womanly heart that had dictated them. Trust you are enjoying health and the blessings of the Lord in teaching.

Well, Sina, please do not expect too much from me, for in some regards I feel myself almost a barbarian; but then you may civilize me to your liking, and rid me of those undesirable qualities. Bro. Brown and I am getting along fine. It almost makes me homesick to see the elders going home, and still I could not think of going till my work is finished. Please excuse pencil. Bro. Judd wishes to be rem. Love to all. With prayers and best love Fay.

Provo City, Oct. 1- 1899.
Elder Fay Holbrook
Whangarei, New Zealand

My Own Dear Fay:—

A week later than usual I received this beautiful letter from Fay. The folks at home did not send it to me when it came Monday so I had to wait till Friday. I was sure I would get it and so I did. When I read the first line I knew my letter written from Vernal was too late. I cannot ask you to overlook a negligence on my part for any friend might ask such a favor and it be readily granted. But how much it must mean to you to know that there was no real necessity for the delay of a letter from one whom you felt sure was too true to be so thoughtless. Now Fay do not think I wilfully put off writing that letter knowing that it would not go. But I need not caution you thus. You are sure of the fact however, that I might have written it sooner knowing it takes so long for letters to leave the valley. I do wish I had posted the short letter I wrote, at the Fort. But I feared to trust the little native you offered to put it in the office with the one to you. I let him post one to Jim Osterman and had yours ready; but I took it on to Vernal. Well, why did you not scold me? I believe you have succeeded marvelously well in silently rebuking me. Why Fay your kindness hurts me. Do you know when I read that you had not received my letter the first impulse was to frown then to see someone else to blame, then I began to think back to which was missing and I recall that no one was to blame but myself then I said to myself— “You profess to be devoted and this is a sample of your devotion.” Then I could have felt tears coming to my eyes; but I checked them. Well I am sorry Fay and I wish you were here just long enough for me to tell you so. You’re a dear good boy to take the disappointment so well. I think I’ll be the debtor ere you return. So do not fear to state your wishes.

Well, Fay, you have succeeded well in finding the end of the thread and your thoughts expressed seems perfectly clear to me and though you had had my letter I don’t believe you would have written a better one than this one.

Fay what has been troubling you? You request one thing I cannot grant my dear fay. I expect a very great deal of you and why should I not? “To whom much is given, much is expected.” It is only the week from whom we expect little. Why Fay that thought of yours is only a passing one. Your whole letter is full of such humility and speaks so much of your faithfulness to the Gospel and of your mission in proclaiming its glorious truths! You have no reason within my power of perception for feeling the least doubt but what our Heavenly Father will see you complete your mission with honors and return home to those who wait for you so longingly. Of course you are tried. Would you be a true minister of the Gospel if you were not?

Your trials are not ended yet Fay. Wait till you get home and you may have one that will not be very easily conquered. The girls say I am quite congenial as long as everybody’s will meets mine. Speaking seriously Fay, I want to tell you again that my most earnest prayer each day is for you. Not a night passes but finds me in communication with Our Father in our behalf and I have such an assurance that there is so much of the blessings of life in store for us. Let us live for them!

Just to-day we had such a spiritual feast. It is fast day and I attended meeting in the Academy. How glad I will be when we can enjoy some of those lovely meetings together.

Here is a question for you Fay? You spoke of my being my own ideal and not possessing the power to win favor in your eyes— Now don't you think that if it was a fact that I was just a little better than I am and just a little more winning in manner that whoever I became associated with would have not all to say in the matter of a choice. Do you not think that I would have the power to choose as well as they? In such a case can you not guess what sort of a person I would choose? Yes, now to be honest you know who that one would be for you are very well acquainted with him and so am I.

How beautifully told that story so full of truth when you spoke of springtime and youth drawing the parallel twixt summer, fall, and winter and the life of the individual. Fay your words had much poetry and more truth in them. The thought took me back to recall the words of one of your early letters when you asked if double hands hold of the same oar could not more easily sail o'er the sea of life and in the end have accomplished more good than had each gone alone. How many times of late my mind has stolen a peep into the future and saw that day approach and be realized when we shall meet each other not to be soon separated again. As far as my own strength is shown I often feel very weak especially when contemplating entering upon the more serious, yet more blessed, duties of life. But with Our Father as a fulfiller of blessings to the faithful and with you as my hear's companion I do not feel like shrinking but rather feel like hastening on in that path of eternal happiness.

To-day I have felt so good and have enjoyed such a blessed Sabbath and now as evening draws night I wish for you; but you cannot come just yet. I must leave you now. Here are some girls to call on us.

I trust you will be feeling better when this letter, not complete, reaches you. Be happy and contented for I feel so sure of your welfare and happiness. Good-bye dear Fay— I shall try and write another soon to make up for lost letters.

Mush clove from many friends and all of Sina's.

Your true Sina.

These pansies are from Jennie's garden.

Springville, Oct. 24/99.

Elder Fay Holbrook:—

Kkamo, Whangarei, New Zealand

My Own Dear Fay,—

I remember one month ago to-night how I looked for my letter and still how quite contented I felt feeling that the folks had kept it at home for me and I was not mistaken. But this night there is a little thought something ike this— ‘I have no more right to expect a whole three years to pass without one dissappointment regarding the arrival of my letters than I have to expect any other pleasure I do not merit. Of course I have more of an assurance that my letter is at home than I have that I shall not receive one this time; but you see it is Tuesday night and I usually receive my mail Friday, Saturday, or Sunday or sure Monday. I gave definite instructions that it was to be forwarded to me as soon as it arrived, so you see in spite of the fact that I deserve to be disappointed just once yet I rather shrink from it.

A week last night I began a letter to you. This was the incident. It was the night of the Founder's Day Ball. Mr. Crandal (Myron) had kindly asked me to go. He said he expected a number of partners and would like me to go if I cared to. Of course it was against my principles to go out on a school night; but I decided to go anyway. It was nine o'clock before Myron called and I fully made up my mind to not go as it would be so late before we got there so I decided to spend the remaining part of the evening in a more really enjoyable way after all. Then I sat down to write to Fay, completed one page and half when here came Mr. C.... I proposed remaining at home; but I suppose stronger argument prevailed and I went to the party. Had a very nice time considering circumstances. I danced twice; but our dance was not even enjoyed by proxy. Spent the remaining time in talking to friends. The ride home was pleasant there being six and a jolly crowd. As a rule I don't enjoy quarrels; but I said I enjoyed the ride home and Myron and I quarreled all the way. The crowd was not aware of the incident that I took for a cause. Perhaps Myron was not. Was it a very discourteous act to gently put in place an arm that was quite out of place? If so, the fault was all mine. If not Myron was to blame. Well, dear Fay, what we said was only in fun and we are the very beset of friends if we do not agree on all points. I think the one experience in my life taught me quite a lesson. Once since then have I given way to that little folly and I have never told you of it. I think of nothing I would rather keep from you than tell you. I have put this off quite long enough. You see Fay, you will know me someday. I am not quite as free from such follies as I should be. It was one night just before Delia and Eva left; when after the party at Maesers—Eva, Myron, Leo and myself sat on the sofa in Maeser's dining room. Delia and Prof. Wolfe were near us. Well, how it happened Eva and I were not able to explain after we went to bed that night. We only knew and then felt that we had been a little indiscreet in our actions. I confided to Eva how I felt about it and our feelings were similiar only this & I had given to someone I could nothing for only as a friend a privelege that belongs to only one and he forbear to take it when circumstances were even more enticing than they were on the night of which I speak. How much of pure love I have felt for him for this very manifestation of love for me. Fay I do not think always it is necessary for young people to be indulging in these little familiarities and never is it right for a girl, who has been so much blessed as I with the love and devotion of a heart such as I find in Fay, to be seen with her hands held in anothers clasp though only for a short time. Of course, now Fay here I have made a confession that if the boys, Leo and Myron, should read would smile in derision assuring me it was all for pastime. How glad I am to know that; but I cannot help but regret that it happened. Evas circumstances were not like mine and now I do not wonder so much at her actions for Myron has, so he says, taken the trip of his life. Just returned from Arizona where he spent a few days with Eva. When I hear from Eva I can better tell you how she feels toward him.

Well why I should dwell as at length on this one subject is perhaps because I have put it off for so long. I have often thought of it and felt that I could once again have courage to confess to a weakness I have in my life seldom given way to. You remember, but not better than I those summer days just before you left and how one night when we sat alone this very subject was discussed, and I saw myself as you had not seen me, only as represented by one of my friends; I would not care to live again those moments of torture in your presence. I have written a number of letters to Walter since then; but I cannot help but feel that he was unkind in giving you information that it was my privelege to give. But you took it so sweetly. I am inclined to believe you are quite a bit better than I in more than one respect.

What changes have come since then! And all full of so much hope for us. When, Oh, when can I ever expect to be able to do enough good on this earth to in part pay for the blessings of Our

Heavenly Father. To know that over two years are past and each month has brought our hearts so near together and that we are so happy in waiting for each other gives me a satisfaction that I cannot express. If we can only surmount the little trials that confront us each day and thus be better prepared to overcome greater ones should they come, we will be better prepared to enjoy the glorious future we so eagerly anticipate. I have often felt that trials were not necessary in the life of anyone who was living as near as their knowledge of right was capable of leading them, but I am learning better and consider that very often our trials are true blessings.

This must close my letter for to-night shall finish it tomorrow. Good-night and happy dreams is the wish of Your own Sina.

Oct. 25/Wednesday–

Another day has gone. A day of real genuine practicality. I hope to improve to-morrow. There is a continued story issued in the News entitled “In His Steps” or “What would Jesus Do.” I have been very much interested in it and upon several occasions have asked myself that question. But what a reformation it would make in one’s life to be able to answer that question and act according to the answer. I find we are so prone to act from a selfish motive; but keeping in mind the question ‘What would Jesus do,’ we might often succeed where we many times fail when acting as circumstances would suggest. This is a little bit of my thoughts for the past few weeks when I have wondered how to meet certain difficulties. If we could so live that the spirit of the Lord would be a constant companion to us that question might always be answered and how much sorrow we could escape and help others to escape!

How different life will seem to you Fay when you get home. There is necessarily so much of our Temporal lives to be cared for and for three years you have lived a purely spiritual one; but what a blessing it has proven to you. There is no knowledge nor any blessings given to us that is equal to a true Testimony of our Gospel and what a privilege to have the opportunity of giving that testimony to hundreds and thousands of people and being as it were the Savior of many souls. But I need not draw your attention to these blessings. You realize them more than I. And no doubt life as a whole in New Zealand or any other place far from friends or home is not all sunshine; but the latter exceeds the shadows does it not? Someway I cannot help but think of your last letter wherein you spoke of feeling unusually tired. I have been praying for you Fay and shall continue to do so. You need have no fear. Why you have too much support at home. You have been promised such glorious blessings and in every letter to me you have acknowledged that the Lord has abundantly blessed you with His Spirit. I trust you are again feeling encouraged and happy. The time to me does not drag and I have no doubt but what you will feel like remaining to continue your work if it was required. Of course my heart might rebel at the thought of an absence longer than we anticipate for I do not feel that our separation is to be of very much greater length than we have looked for.

Why Fay I have hardly begun my letter. There is a volume yet untold. I received a beautiful letter from Clara. I hear later that she has not been well. Of course if England's climate effects her as it did Jennie she will be released. I think she is a dear brave girl and how often I want to see her and have a good talk.

Then we are really to hope for our meeting in Paris? Why Fay am I dreaming. Yes, no doubt; but I still feel that someday it will be a real dream. I have said little about it of late; but we can hope together Fay. Of course I will not be broken hearted if I cannot go that far to meet you but I should love to shorten your absence that much and the trip! Well its grand already as you say "what will the realization be?" Will is always teasing me. He always tries to picture our meeting and does not fail to paint the ridiculous side. I tell him he will have to take my word for it for I fear he will not behold it.

Just as I expected I am almost trembling with joy that is to be, so I say "come back you wandering mind and know that the hour is getting late— your to-morrows duties are still before you, rest is quite essential." But just a moment longer. Something I have omitted that Fay will be delighted to hear. I accidentally happened to be at the depot three weeks ago when Garn and Allie passed through. Only a moment's time and they were gone. I believe this statement is true yet it was so sudden and gone so soon that I often doubt its reality. Garn looked a little paler than usual; but I never saw him happier. Allie said all she needed to complete her joy was to hear of you and I as happy as they.

Last Sunday I had a good long talk with Ida. Fay she is promised to Mr. Beale and she says her love for Lucian is of the past. How strange it is but I suppose it is for the best.

There is no use writing more Fay will never forgive me for this multiplication of words. I hope my dear one is very happy. I want him to always be and I hope in my weak way to help to make him so.

Be assured all is well with us. Let us try to live to be worthy of our blessings. Again Good-night. My prayers are with you always.

As Ever I remain Your Loving Sina

Kamo. Whangarei, N. Z.
Sat. Oct. 28th 1899.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah. U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— You must know how near I came missing this mail, and in fact how little a time I have this morning in which to write this letter; and then should it be dry, awkward and uninteresting, you well know how to be charitable with me, and will also know from the effort that I have made that Fay's love remains unchanged, though his letter may not be so good as usual.

I left here a week ago last Thursday, with the intention of visiting a branch of our native saints, and of returning to Kamo in ample time to attend to all of my home correspondence. For this reason I did not take any stationary with me. I visited the branch as I had intended, but while there I learned of some more things in another branch further on that really needed attending to. I studied as to whether I would be justified in returning and writing my mail or whether I should go on. Of course it only took a little while for me to convince myself, that missionary duties should have a first consideration, and to know that my loved ones at home would excuse me for missing one mail in such a case. However, never having missed a mail to my knowledge, I could not bear the idea of doing so this time. So after carefully figuring it out I could see by cutting a little slice off from my sleep night and morning, traveling early and late, it would be possible for me to write my home-mail, and not neglect my missionary labors. Consequently after a long ride yesterday I arrived here with a good conscience and in time to write my home-mail. Here comes a little inconsistency in my excuse. When I arrived, Bro. Thompson told me that a family of our best European friends were looking for us for the evening, and that they had told him they were looking for me. After thinking I remembered, while here in Kamo before, and expecting to return in plenty of time, I had promised to call upon them. I consented to go and resolved to get up at the first glimpse of day and write my mail. We went and simply had a lovely time. The family consisted of the mother (a widower), one son, two daughters and a school marm. The young (?) Ladies are getting a little old, with the exception of the last mentioned, but are congenial and full of fun, and mother, son, and all always unite, in making us at home and thoroughly enjoy the evening we spend at their home. And of course you know there is no company for me like that of a school teacher. Our evenings usual consist in some music, a few recitations, and a good sociable time, and now and then we get to put a few words in reference to our Gospel. While the family may not join right away, it is a known fact that they are very favorable that they not only defend our reputation before others, but put in a good word for us whenever an opportunity offers. It makes us friends, and in this way does much good by preparing the way for the Gospel. For a truth, I know that people are surprised with the beauty of our doctrine, and always think more kindly of us, when they hear the truths of the Gospel from us. They are so plain when once explained, that it seems to me believers in the Bible, must of necessity recognize their truth and consistency. It is my firm belief that a careful and honest investigation is all that is required to confirm the truth and convince the honest in heart, which gives me so much confidence in the final success and victory of our glorious Gospel.

Well Sina, to return to my narrative, I have arose as resolved, and am spilling ink in such a manner, that I fear it will weary your patience and task your skill to decipher this letter. My excuses are have but a little time remaining and my hand is cold and stiff.

Say, I do wish you could have some of these lovely flowers, for to-morrow which were given me last evening. You know it will hardly do for me to wear flowers in my present position, besides they would look rather inconsistent upon this big Maori; but would be so nice for you.

New Zealand flowers are simply beautiful, and with all my patriotism, I must admit much superior to our own. While we may occasionally accept flowers, you must not think we ever allow ourselves to become anything more than friends. While we meet lots of fine people we do not, nor should not, allow any other interest than that of pure friendship and the progress of the Gos. to exist. Many of my friends and many of their deeds of kindness shall never be forgotten, but I could not for one moment think of any of them in the same light that I do my dear Sina, and unless Fay, most seriously alters and forgets himself there will never be a change in his love or sentiments in this regard. Another thing that I still firmly believe and am ready to maintain, is that our own fair daughters born and reared in Zion under the Divine influence of the Gospel or unequalled, go where we will; and that better companions in life for our young men, are not to be had. So you see though I have now been away from home for a long time, I am still loyal.

I have received my home mail, but had to read it over hastily, and will reread when opportunity. The same true and devoted Sina, was manifest in ever line of your lovely letter, but although I could not wish to deprive those girls of such choice company, I did heartily wish they had not come, until your letter had grown twice its present length. However, for the first offense we can pardon them, but Sina let us hope they will not come in so soon again.

It seems to me I write longer letters than you. I hope you enjoy reading long letters. The pansies are lovely. They are so appropriate, causing fond thoughts and recalling happy memories for the giver, the growers, and the Class of 1900. Sina, do you think we shall be able to raise such lovely flowers in our flower garden. Well I hope we shall soon know what our flower garden can grow. Perhaps you will not be unwilling to be manager of this part of our business, and I am content that you should be, always profering my assistance when it shall be desired.

After all Nettie and Lucian have not forgotten me for I received nice letters from them this mail, and shall answer when I can. Strange I should have thought of the dear girl so many times of late. It must be because you and her are such fast friends and have been associated so much. I always think of Nettie and Ted as two of our dearest friends. Lucian seems to be quite a business man and says he has no steady girl now. Are George Goff and Maggie to be married. It seems so strange, they, and some of the missionaries who are now going on missions seem so young. Then, I suppose two years and four months has made more difference than I can imagine.

Since my last, I have been down to Auckland and seen elder Coleman away for home. When the big vessel wheeled about, and steamed proudly out in the big expanse of blue water, triumphantly conveying elders Coleman and Andrus, after the completion of successful missions, to their far distant homes, I was lost to the world in revelry [revery] and contemplation, and only after a determined effort, did I succeed in rallying and bringing myself back to my present duty. A number of elders, who left home after me, I see have returned. However I am in no haste. I am blessed and successful to the end in honoring my high calling. My European trip seems an assured fact, on my part. Elder Brown and I have done lots of walking through mud and almost incessant rain a large portion of the time, and perhaps have had a few experiences which might with propriety be hardships, but we have been blessed, happy, and enjoyed the best of health through it all. We are getting along fine. Please give my love to your family, Jennie and Will, and our friends. With prayers and best love.

Yours lovingly,
Fay.

Springville, Oct. 28 - 99—
Elder L. H. Holbrook;—
Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.
My Own Dear Fay:—

After posting my voluminous letter in plenty of time to be sure of its sailing with the first boat, I received your dear lovely one and I hope this will go on the same mail. When I look forward and see that I will not get very many more letters directed from New Zealand in your own hand write I can hardly realize that it is possible. Although I do surely love these letters I am quite willing for their discontinuance when the time come that their author can take their lace. Fay we have gained much joy from our correspondence. I often marvel at it And when I look back and recall the evening that I think we both quite remember when the expression was made that we had better not correspond. I often want to tell you how I prayed that night that whatever was for our good might be done. And when I view our hopes as seen from the present I can only say "Father I thank Thee." Of course Fay you remember how the subject was suggested and what you told me of the views of your parents. Well, here over two years have gone and you and I have chosen and I believe in previous letters I have expressed my often intense pleasure at certain incidents that have occurred to cause me to feel that all was not displeasure for them when contemplating our future. And then Fay I am not faithless, I firmly believe that when the proper time comes these fears will be no longer such; but that all will be well. I wonder now if I have been prudent in speaking as I have? But I have told Fay nothing new. He will not be surprised and I sincerely trust not in the least hurt from my repeating how I have felt before. Of course there is plenty of time and when you return all this anxiety on my part may be banished but— Oh! My dear Fay I want your parents to love me and to feel that it is for the best. I can wait till you come Fay; but you know when the question as to how long our separation must be after our first meeting, is being considered, the first question that comes to me is that about which I have spoken at length. I wish now I could read what I have written and view it as Fay will for I do not want him to feel that I am worrying or that I am downhearted when reflecting upon that subject. I might be in I did not stop to consider that we have been prayerful and that thus far Father has been exceedingly merciful and that we still trust to His promises.

Fay, when I began my letter I did not have in mind to renew this subject; but it seems that my thoughts have led me to it. All the while I have been writing your last letter has been lying open before me. I am mindful of the joy it brought me. Fay your record as a correspondent is perfect.

I am feeling splendid in health and happy in spirit. Why Fay, the College scheme is sort of ideal. How I should loved to have talked to Garn and Allie; but the time is comparatively near when we shall all meet. Lucian and Ida are of the past I think. Lucian is corresponding with a very bight young lady in Lehi. I meet her often as she is a teacher. She told me last time when we were at Heber City that Lucian sent his regards and wished her to inform me that he had written to a friend of mine. No doubt my friend my truest of friends has received the letter O. K. I hope and wish real hard to see the Elders just returned from N. Z. I wonder if they will call? Received the stamps O. K. The idea of a stamp collection is a capital one.

Fay, my feelings are akin to yours regarding the question of earthly goods. Of course by the proper use of money happiness may be increased; but give me the heart I have often called my own and we shall work together for in Unity there is strength. In spite of the seriousness of this thought I find a smile of "What can I do," passing over my face. Yes I can do something Spend what is earned. Well, there's one comfort for you Fay. I'm not a millionaire's daughter and have had some valuable experience in spending money earned by myself, and thus have realized its value.

This does sound rather practical doesn't it Fay? But I suppose there is a good deal of the "matter-of-fact element about me."

One question I heartily answer. Yes, Fay we can live contented and happy and prosper if we but remain true to the testimonies we are blessed with and seek day by day to improve in every possible way.

And so you took your visit to Auckland as expected first. Mrs. Judd met me to-day and rather chastised you and some of the other elders for being the cause of her husband shortening his letter to her.

Fay you do not know how I appreciate the knowledge that you appreciate my confidence.

I have never doubted for a moment but what in joy and sorrow you would always be near me; but I see you guessed the secret thought I had prompted my writing as I did.

The future of two young lives seems so beautiful when viewed from a standpoint of purity. Fay, I never in my life ever dreamed that I could speak so confidently to a young man; but it seems to me that from a standpoint of purity I see no fault in you. I am not robust and yet not weak and have been blessed with good health for which each day I am thankful. If we can only be faithful all our blessings are for us. If we are wise in using the strength the Lord has given us we will not be found wanting in this regard. As I grow older I am more careful in this regard.

One of the very saddest partings has come to Elder Reed of Samoa. His wife and child left him at Samoa as her health was very poor. The ocean trip was hard. She lived to die surrounded by her parents and four sisters a day after her return. What a glorious blessing knowledge of a future home is as a comfort when caused to undergo such grief!

Well Fay, whatever will you think of two such big letters. I did not expect to write so much to-night but I have been quite enjoying myself.

Be happy and always know I am well and hoping to meet you at not a very far distant time.
As ever your Loving Sina.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.

Nov. 15th 1899.

Miss Sina Brimhall,

Provo, Utah. U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— Perhaps you may be surprised at the early date of my letter. Just one week from to day our home-mail is due. Tomorrow, if all is well, elder J. E., Magleby and myself will leave tomorrow upon a long trip, returning to Kamo about Xmas. From the nature of our trip hardly think we shall be able to have our mail forwarded. There is so much joy and comfort in receiving our home-mail, and in learning that all are well and happy at home, that we look forward to such occasions with much pleasure. However I shall content myself in the performance of my duty and rest with the assurance that you are all happy and well. My home-mail, in this case, will be such a nice and acceptable Xmas present.

By the way if my letter was dated just a day later it would have been written on your birthday would it not. Or does it come on the 16th of Dec. While my impression is it comes tomorrow, I must confess I am not quite certain. Really this is unfortunate after so much persuasion and such an effort on my part to get the confession from your own lips. Say Sina, I did use to enjoy so much coaxing you to tell me your age and now after all I am not quite certain. However you are satisfied now, and perhaps it will not require so much coaxing again to get you to dispel my uncertainty. You may think me careless to forget so soon, but don't think me indifferent in my love for Sina. The fact of the matter is that I expected you would be so near me throughout the remainder of my life that you inform me at any time upon this subject. Not simply for the sake of knowing how many years you have blessed; but that I may be able to remember my dear Sina upon all of her birthdays from now on with some token of true love and devotion. Though she was by no means forgotten nor her image absent upon this occasion I did not have this privilege.

Did I say that I always expected you to be near my side. Sina, how many times have I told you, that from the first time I met you, a sweet dream of my future burst upon my young life. Though you kept company with others, perhaps you will recall how much joy I use to take in accompanying those others upon their happy errands. Of course my friendship to them was true; but how I use to think they were fortune favored, and would even wonder way down in my heart if it wasn't just possible that Sina cared a little for me. This arose from the fact that you were always so pleasant and agreeable to me. I soon discovered that this was your way of treating everyone; but to make an honest confession, something made me believe that there was something more than a passing interest in those smiles you used to give me. At least, in those early days I wanted to believe that there was some love there, to such an extent, that I found no difficulty in convincing myself of what you since assured me to be fact. Well after the return from the mine, I had an opportunity to show my love and prove my love, and did not hesitate to possess myself of the golden opportunity. You remember my bashfulness, my awkwardness, how uneasy I appeared in your company, and still how unsatisfied when out of it. Well they were days of mingled pleasure and pain, that is we did not understand each other so well then as we did later and consequently our joys and love were not so complete and unmixed as they were later when we learned better to confide each other. How soon the little mists, which occasionally did appear on our bright horizon would melt away when we became bold enough to tell our fears to one another. When we learned to do this, it required no more to show or prove that our love was genuine. Sina some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent in your company and what is more gratifying is that we have but experienced the dawn or gray light of the bright day which is bursting upon our lives.

Well it does begin to seem a long time, that we have been separated, almost three Xma's. But Sina be patient, this long separation is for our mutual benefit, and will make the meeting sweeter and life fuller. Perhaps, surrounded as you are with so many allurements for amusements and pleasure, with the gay and love-making youths of our dear homes; this separation is more trying to you than to me. Occupied continually as I am with my labors and with my loved one so far over the sea I do not participate only in a very moderate degree in youthful enjoyments. Of course I some times do see gay and happy youths enjoying themselves, but my present life will not permit me to dwell upon these things, for without you such things would be so incomplete and imperfect. I relegate such thoughts to the past and hope to again enjoy them when we are permitted to meet.

I have many friends among the Europeans and Maoris of my district, that Sina it almost makes me feel sad at times for when I do get among the young people, I almost fear that I have forgotten how to entertain and be good company, if ever I possessed that happy quality. But Sina you will be patient and teach me again, wont you?

We must content ourselves in our present vocation for one more Xmas, but I think next Xmas will find us not a thousand miles apart. Sina wouldn't Xmas or New Year of 1900 be a good time for us to begin a new chapter. What do you think, that we can arrange later.

By the way, I have sent you a little book, "What is Worth While," and a card; a humble Christmas present, but with it Fay's best love. The Pres't read the book through one Sunday. We thought it very nice and I hold him it was just what I was looking for. Will also send the same little work to my missionary sister for a Xmas present, and an illustrated paper, which will convey a good conception of N. Z. to my folks. Just have a call upon the folks and see what you think of N. Z. I am also indebted to the Pres't. For the little Xmas card containing the views of the Big Barrier island from our Distct. The gentleman on the oyster covered rocks, is no other than our much loved Pres't. The cemetery in the back is where a large number of the bodies which were recovered from

the Waiarapa wreck were interred. I have been on this island and visited this cemetery. Our trip around this island in the morning sunlight was simply grand.

My letter almost finished, and I have simply confined myself to our personal hopes. Elder Brown and I have been getting along fine during the past month. He is becoming quite a Maori with the language. I am writing this letter from Auckland The Pres't is on my right. (The fire bell is ringing but I suppose I may as well write away) To night is the first time this year I have had strawberries. They are very expensive, but we concluded to be good to our selves, and so had a supper of bread and butter and strawberries notwithstanding the price. Elder Judd makes Auckland his headquarters. He is looking fine and wishes to be kindly remembered.

We have talked over and pretty well planned our European trip. However we have heard nothing definite from headquarters, and shall not allow preparation to in any way interfere with our missionary duties. But when the releases do come I think we shall be fully prepared in due time to take the trip. I hope you are still figuring on the Paris Exhibition. Sina you are worthy of such a trip and It would be so ideal to meet you there. Should anything intervene to prevent your taking it, I must content myself to see it for both of us and give you half of it later. Hope this will not be necessary.

How is our dear school this winter and all of our old friends. Received two nice letters upon last mail, one from Lucian and one from Nettie. Will Allie receive a Xmas present in the shape of a returned missionary this time This letter has been written in haste. Please be charitable. Please give my love to the family and friends, and accept my true love with Xmas greetings. As ever

Your loving Fay.

[letterhead: BENJAMIN CLUFF, JR., PRESIDENT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY
AND
CHURCH NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL
Provo City, Utah,]

I had planned to-day to write my letter, but it seems I could not get at it. When I did I found no paper but this. Please excuse me— Sina.

Dec. 24- 1899.

Elder Fay Holbrook

Kamo, Whangarei, New Zealand:—

My Own Dear Fay—

Another Christmas Eve is here. It is almost eleven o'clock. Santa Claus has just completed his work at our house. Now I am going to spend a few moments with one whom I should very much like to see for a little while to-night. But I must not be inconsistent in my wishes. As I view my present blessings I cannot help but be grateful. Yes, many times grateful for them all. I do hope to live to ever merit all my Heavenly Father has in store for me. As I sit here my mind is taken back to the Xmas when you were here. A most interesting little picture of those holidays might be related with pleasure— knowing as we do present conditions. But I shall for to-night let you recall it with me silently. For, away back to an earlier Christmas in my life my mind dwells on another picture. It was the day before Christmas— I was just seven then I think. For many weeks my dear mamma had been very, very ill. No one had an assurance of her recovery. But many had hope, many had faith. It seemed that day by day she grew weaker. It was the day before Christmas when we little children were called to her bedside to say good-bye to our mamma. Oh! Fay, you do not know what prayers were offered up in her behalf! My dear good pa prayed such an earnest prayer and it seemed to be so full of earnest pleading that she might live. And Fay, just as she told them, it was so— “If I live I shall never be myself.” Well, she did live, and is still living; living but I pray, not suffering. Surely she does not suffer. She was too noble a woman.

A life long lesson was taught upon that day. Never since I have been able to understand that lesson have I omitted in a prayer “Thy Will, not mine be done.” Whether spoken or not that I try to make a portion of every desire. It is often hard for we want some blessings so intensely. You perhaps have often wondered why I have never spoken of my mamma before. Fay, I very, very seldom do. I am sad when I think this way. My heart has often been drawn out when I have seen pa thinking, I have been almost sure, of her. How happy I am to know that he has had the companionship of a noble woman who has filled the vacancy so well. I am not able to appreciate her goodness to me. If I can only live a life to do honor to my parents how much joy and satisfaction there will be!

This is one of the saddest pictures of my life and one that I try not to recall; but it seems that Christmas always brings with it this memory. If you could see me you would be surprised at the composure with which I have related to you this part of my life; but I do not mourn. Our Heavenly Father does know best and will in the end accomplish his great work and we can be his instruments if we are willing to subject our will to that Allpowerful One.

Sad memories really make us feel sad. Do you not find it so Fay?

I wish you to always think of me as happy. And again I believe I can say— I am happy.

I expect I shall be happier the Xmas following this one for perhaps you will be nearer home. You think you will Fay?

Yes, I still cling to my hope— I shall meet you in Europe. Of course it's a secret. Now Fay, you really want me to come! How grand it will be! I always feel like saying— Do not be too anxious. So I shall be prepared for Yes or No. Yet I am coming.

Your last letter was such a comfort. You will be surprised at my last it was such a funny letter.

Now Fay guess— Do you think I am over twenty-five? Are you sure my birthday does not come nearer May or June? I'll tell you sometime.

When you get home you won't need to ask me. Just take a good look and count the wrinkles and there will be no doubt as to my age.

Do you know Fay, when I get sleepy, I get most awfully sleepy and I feel it coming on and what would you say at such a letter! Well, I must hurry. The very idea of hurrying. Why, here is just one sentence that I might spend a good many moments in answering. So will be forced to postpone. "The Xmas or New Year of 1900"— You know what I mean.

Of course, we must be patient.

I never would have believed it; but I believe I am more impatient in thinking of a prolonged separation than most people. I don't know what is getting the matter with me. Don't tell anyone. You seem to be so thoroughly enjoying your mission. How glad we are to know it. I pray for you and feel as sure the Lord will bless and protect you and bring you home to us when you are released. I must have this go in the morning. I will write later and it may reach you too; but this sails Wednesday. Good-night dear Fay.

Thank you for my pretty book and card. They are lovely—
A merry Xmas from home and Sina.

Provo City, Jan. 12, 1900.

Elder Fay Holbrook

Kamo, Whangarei, New Zealand—

My Own Dear Fay—

This week has been one of leisure for me. You see school has been closed and I have had a change of work. Each evening I have thought I would begin my letter to you; but this dear little Paul of ours is a regular night-hawk and it is impossible to write when he is pulling the paper and reaching for the ink. He is so sweet and cute thought\ that I love to play with him. Since commencing this letter I have been to two Conference meetings and last evening had the priveledge of spending the evening with Apostle Woodruff. He stayed at Jennie's last night and it did seem so good to have him with us. One could not help but know that he lives under the influence of Our Heavenly Father for we could feel that spirit. To-day I attended Sister Ellen Young's funeral. You do not know her I guess. She is Oliver and Aretta's sister. She has been a life sufferer and all were reconciled to her deliverance. When we see such patient suffering and how uncomplainingly she bore it we are apt to want to turn an inward glance at our own selves and wonder if we could bear so heavy a burden, so well.

Why Fay, I just feel that I have so many blessings that I don't know how to be grateful enough. Where much is given much is expected.

Ellen knew no selfish joys. Surely a reward awaits her in heaven. Her picture is so fresh in my mind that it makes me reflect on the circumstances of her life and then I compare them with the joys and comforts that I have had and that she knew not of.

I have before me a letter that has made another bright spot in my life. Ellen never felt the sweet joy that is contained in a letter like this one. Yet she was better than I. But we do not see why the Lord works as he does. It may be that she knows, now, why she was placed here to suffer as she did.

When I started my letter I had not received the one I speak of. When pa handed me two letters from a foreign land I smiled all over. Lester wrote me and I must answer right away for he seems to be in such a far off part of the globe.

Fay we have been blessed. Why, when I hear the charge made by even an Apostle that most girls prove faithless to their missionaries after a few months separation, I wonder because it has been so easy for me. Why, I have never even been tempted in any degree and it seems to me I have had not even the least inclination to wish for any love or affection but from Fay.

I guess you wondered what in the world was the matter with me to write that I was jealous. It seems now, that it was quite a long while ago. I know I had no occasion for it; but I guess I was called upon to know what such jealousy means. I remember that I felt most awfully mean. I would not invite another such a feeling, you may be sure. Your explanation just told me exactly how I knew it was and I am really ashamed to think I would allow myself to feel as I did. Of course I am glad to have the girls like you just so you love me.

Another thing, perhaps that you wondered at, was, why I spoke so at length on little incidents I sort o' regretted. During the summer I rode to Salem with Myron. The conversation turned to the subject and I told Myron that I thought little familiarities that young people as a rule indulged in were entirely unnecessary and more quite unwise. He took the affirmative and even went so far as to say that I needed practice. I told him such might be true; "but that there was plenty of time and that I was very particular as to who should be the instructor. I suppose he argued as I did just to see what I would say but it was quite a prolonged talk. But here I see I am filling up my letter with what I might wait to explain fully when I shall see you.

Fay, it is really true that we are not to be very long separated now. The night before I received my letter I stayed at your home. Your mamma told me she had a long letter from Fay and that he was released on 1st of March. Can you know how glad it made me.

I must tell you about my New Years. The old year out and the New Year in I saw at your home. It was this way. I went to meeting with pa in the First Ward. After it was out your mamma asked if we would like to walk up to Bro. Knights as they were going. We went. Angie was already there. We spent a very pleasant evening till about 11:30. Angie expected to leave for Salt Lake and so I went to visit while she was here. As the bells rang out the old year and in the new, Angie, Ora, and I stood at the kitchen table eating candy Ora had made. There is no doubt that what more that one of that household thought of an absent son, brother and lover as the old year died away. As I knelt to thank My Father for his blessings to me I felt happy. There was one especial blessing that I shall mention to you. You know Fay I have been a little time about calling at your home. Well you understand how I have felt. Do you know that night it seemed to me that that reserve was fast vanishing. Whether there was any more reason for my feeling so contented on this point or not I could not distinguish it; but I felt good about it and felt that there would in time be complete harmony as I have always hoped for and that you have so often said, was sure.

When I awoke on the morning of the New Year as I left your home to go to Jennie's I exclaimed in my heart—"Father I thank Thee." The morning was so bright—the sun shone on the white ground till stars glistened wherever you looked. The air was biting cold; but my heart was so light. When I reached Jennie's I said "Jennie I feel so happy this morning." She said to me—"I hope it is but the beginning of a year of such mornings for you."

We spent the day at Jennies. In the evening I took the 6:20 for Springville.

After four days work our schools closed. There was just one case of small pox in the town; but the people were frightened so we have been out since, this is the second week. I do not know how much longer I may take a school here in Provo for the remainder of the year till Spring and then Fay I expect, hope, and am determined to go to Europe. That's big talk for a little girl, isn't it? You think you will be in England about June and you say I will not be too much a nuisance to you to visit the Paris Exposition with you. Well, pa says I need not give up the idea.

Now listen Fay—

It may be necessary to borrow some money and I shall want to help all I can repaying what it will be necessary to borrow.

I think my position will be kept for me and until Xmas of 1900 or perhaps till Spring of 1901. I will say can close my career in the school room.

I see you frown. You think I'll be pretty old. Sure enough but you will be young. I'll try and not get "old maidish." Of course I cannot tell you exactly how circumstances will be yet; but I thought I would just mention, that you might tell me what you think, the plan I thought to adopt in case the obstacle of money should stare me in the face and discourage me from continuing to

think of our meeting as we have hoped to meet.

I don't want to be unwise and want to go too hard; but unless I am forced to give up I shall meet you in the Spring. Pa has encouraged me from the first and always tell me that he will see that I get the money all right; but I want to do all I can for he has lots of boys to be sent on missions some day and a good sized family to care for and there are so many places for his means to be consumed.

Whenever I dream of you, I always meet you at home. Just the other night I dreamed you came home. I did not know you were here in the house. I came walking in with the towel in my hand— had been washing dishes. When I looked and saw you, you smiled. It seemed that other people were in the room and were watching to see how I would take it. I was just as surprised then as I would be if you would walk in now. Being near the bed-room I just stepped in till I could [corner torn] my breath. Then came out— walked over to where you were sitting and gave you kiss of welcome. Then it seemed as though we sat down and all talked together and I must have awakened for that is all I remember. Dreams are so funny. There is always something incomplete about them.

Thank you Fay for the picture. It was not necessary to give the name of No. 2. Don't you suppose I would know your picture? If Olive could have blotted out her face from the photo I sent you of we three, she would of been glad. In justice to her will say it is a very poor representation of the sweet girl she is.

I am proud of the Christmas {missing word} card from you. I [missing] had most of it and find [missing] many valuable thoughts that are not beyond our power of putting into our lives to make them better.

I had a fairly good time during the holidays. Spent three days in Salt Lake at the U. S. T. A. Dr. Jordan of Leland and Stanford University is an educator that I consider a rare privilege to listen to.

In spite of the small pox our dear old School is in full running order. There will be about six of the Century Class graduate— Cora, Annie, Lizzie, M. Leo Bird, Malcolm Little and Eugene Berry.

Louise is married. She keeps her own council very well. I knew nothing of their marriage until I called just the day after [missing word] see her and saw the w . . . [missing] cake and all appearances . . . wedding. I must of appeared most awfully "green" when I walked in knowing nothing of the important event. She had no reception; but she and Will seemed to be very happy. They will live in Eureka for awhile.

Bert Whitaker is married also. Your mamma said this would be our last letter to New Zealand. Those letters from New Zealand are so dear to me. Fay we have truly been blessed in our correspondence. It seems to me there is not one of your letters I could part with. Why Fay, there is no one who ought to feel better or wish for happier prospects than you and I . . . right. We must not con. . . fear lest everything will . . . uld wish it. I feel that . . . es will be fulfilled in . . . easure as far as the Lord wants us to have them. Our faith has done much for us and I feel that there is great joy in store for us.

My prayers will be for you while you make your tour as you have planned it. I am sure the Lord will protect you and keep all danger from you and that it will be a trip of great profit and pleasure. I have never met Pres. Stevenson; but tell him I feel like I know him and want to be remembered.

Here I am almost to the close and have not said all I wanted to. My last was so short and you will be disappointed when you get it; but it seemed as though I could not write more that night. I am so happy now. Good-night Pleasant dreams. Your

Am. Fork, Utah, U.S. A.

Jan. 17, 1900.

Mr. L. H. Holbrook,

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.

Dear Friend Fay,

Your letter did me a world of good; how like the Fay of former days it seemed. If you are changed in looks, as I doubt very much especially after having been to a tailor and a barber, your heart will be the same. I will have to tell you what Ted said after a long conversation with you, for it is about that wonderful piece of mechanism of yours. "Fay has a big heart, Nettie," and I agreed with my lover. I wonder what adjective he could use now since your missionary experiences. Suppose you lavish untold affection upon the dark people under your immediate care. Ted's pupils have woven a web around his heart so tightly that I fear nothing but a strong magnet will draw him home.

"We have passed the meredion." Yes it is true but I have not dared let myself look forward to the home coming of our missionaries. DI say ours; for Sina and I allways speak of you and Ted so. Speaking of your little sweetheart reminds me forcibly that I have not seen her for a long time, It seems an age. However since you write so assuredly of the time when your labors on the islands will be completed I have had more hope that Ted will be released earlier than he expects. Next Christmas is the earliest that he expects to be with me. So I would not be surprised if you both returned home about the same time.

Teaching is a delightful vocation. It occupies the mind so completely that one doesn't have time to waste in repining. I find it so, and it is a pleasure to associate with the sweet little children. They have so much love to lavish upon one that it has a tendency to draw the best and kindest feelings from a person.

Miss Driggs and I are keeping house this year. We have the cosiest little place in town and it is lots of fun to keep our little play house clean and tidy. And I am learning to cook, too. Do you remember the dinner I served long ago?

Sunday, Jan. 21.

I had thought to finish this letter Wednesday, but Mr. Elsmore called and on leaving he noticed a sign on the fence directly in front of our rooms. It read as follows: Washing Taken in Here on Saturdays.

Inquire at the front door. Of course we could not leave that there until morning so we took a hatchet and tore it from the fence, and then not wishing such a large fancy sign to be wasted we carried it over where the other lady teachers are boarding and nailed it on their fence. The crowd who brought it for us are curious to know how it was changed but not wanting anyone to know that they had a hand in making it are lying low. Those who passed and read the sign thought this should have been added to it.

Frank Turner: Agent!

The girls enjoyed the joke but I wonder what they would think if they knew we had a finger in the pie. The trustees are considering the question: Shall we raise the teacher's salary?

It is almost time for me to mail this letter and I have not said half what I wanted to, but if you pay your assessment early I will have a change to write you again.

Your European trip will be a glorious one. May you enjoy it, have health and happiness and the dear little girl with you,

From your true friend,

Nettie Neff.

Kamo, Whangarei, N. Z.

Jan 20, 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— Would that I could just transmit my thoughts instantaneously from my mind to this paper, so limited is my time and I am so desirous of saying so much to you. However circumstances are such, and I have always written you such long letters, that I am sure you will accept this short missle this time, and know though the letter be unusually short Fay's love remains unchanged. Sina it has always been such a pleasure to write you long letters. I know and appreciate the confidence you have in me, and my fondest hope is that your confidence may never have cause to regret its course. You will not misunderstand this miserably short letter, will you Sina?

Our mail was very late coming this time. We just received it yesterday, and I looked for it last Wednesday. Perhaps the quarantine regulations caused the delay. Thank you very much for that lovely Christmas present Sina, I have saved all of the silk handkerchief, thus far, but when I go on my trip, should use them. There shall never be any occasion to return them and I am certain you give them to be used.

The other day We called upon a family of our native saints, thinking it would be the last time I would see them. The parents were away. A little while later the mother was brought home upon a litter dangerously ill. She had despaired of living, but was delighted to see us. We encouraged and brightened her up some. Next to her husband she wished the elders to be near her bedside. When we should have left she almost plead for us to remain another day, and we consented. When it became necessary to go, I went in to tell her 'good-bye' for the last time, and gave her my hand. She held it for about ten minutes, and wept, then said 'Go and do your duty, The Lord's will be done, He will govern all for the best.' There she lay upon a comfortless bed, unknown and unlamented by the unsympathetic world, a pure and noble soul, calm and resigned to the will of a Heavenly Father. She was a bright woman about thirty five. She carried with her an atmosphere of sunshine, and took special delight in dispelling every semblance of home-sickness or despondency from the elders. Such was her kindness to me. I have taken the responsibility to consult a physician and purchase some medicine. We are also determined to return with a bottle of Consecrated oil and this medicine,— a distance of about 30 miles. This is my excuse for such a short letter. Sina I am going back this evening. The Maoris have no kind hand to nurse their sick.

Sina you can not answer this letter. (Mail will not reach us at any point I know should you write.) We have Mar. 5th for our trip. Will write you particulars and where to address me next time. Think our next mail will be sent to Eng. Give my love to all. With prayers and best love, Your Fay.

[letterhead: New Zealand Agents. . . . Huddart, Parker & Co. Line . . . Cable Address, "Rempote," Wellington.
Codes, ABC, As, and Scott's]

S. S. "Westralia" March 9 [1900]

Mr. L. Holbrook.

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

To My Dear Family,— The dream of my youth has began to materialize. As you will perceive from the heading, I am commencing my letter on board a steamer. We are sailing from Auckland to Sydney. On the night of the 5th we left the former place and if all is well, we will reach Sydney this evening. Sydney harbor is said to be the grandest natural harbor in the world, and we are so anxious to see it by daylight, that we would almost enjoy to get off and push if that would help us along.

The Prest. has never been to Sydney. Our company of elders called [. . . corner torn off] spent four days there in our way a[. . .]. We went from Sydney to Auckland [on] this identical boat; However, we [. . .] before and this time we are [. . .] Our through tickets from Au[. . .] came to #[pound sign]42 a piece. This is [. . .] "Oruba," which entitles us to a First Class [. . .] on this steamer to Sydney. Say it doesn't [. . .] like the same old ship it's a new and [dif]ferent life, and not to be dreaded. We have had some rough weather, and all on board have not enjoyed this passage so much as your boy. Thus far he has proven himself to be a first rate sailor and has enjoyed every meal that has been served. Though my hand write be some what shaky, you must not infer that is the way I feel; its only the motion of the boat and I am O.K. However the Prest. has not been so fortunate, and is hardly so good sailor; but he is on deck to day looking somewhat braver and is taking his meals, so that he is on the sure road to recovery. Going back to [. . .] last and giving you a brief synopsis of [. . .]ings unto the present.

We worked hard and were very [. . .] about our Conference. When the Prest. [. . .] to Conference quarters, he brought [. . .] mail. I was very thankful for [. . .] news and that you were all well. . . . [page missing]

[letterhead: New Zealand Agents. . . . Huddart, Parker & Co's. Line ... Wellington....]

S. S. Westralia. Mar. 9, 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina, I wish some one would just catch hold of this boat and steady it long enough for me to write a few words you will be able to decipher. Well others have been wishing the same thing all along the voyage, but the boat keeps rocking in the bosom of the deep with perfect indifference, and so I must write and trust to your superior scholarship to decipher what is written.

Sydney Mar. 14. My Dear Sina,— some one interferred with my writing and I was forced to postpone it. Now I am here in Sydney and only have about 15 min. to write, what I had hoped to be a nice long letter. Our boat leaves at 12, it is now almost 11 and we must get our trunks and all down to the wharf. I was not a bit sea sick, and have had a grand time here in Sydney.

We are now ful fledged tourists. I have a nice wheel and am now fully prepared for the trip. My Dear girl, I must write a letter and post it at some other port for this can not be called a letter.

Sina, I am full of joy to think of meeting you and Clara in England. It would be grand and such a blessing. Do, I wish you to come, why, Sina, I pray for it, if you can. Since I have seen some of the Europeans, the young boys and their sweet-hearts, it seems to make separation harder than when busily engaged in missionary labors. Will not be able to get our mail in Palestine. Please write everthing to Eng. It seems so long without mail but then the thots of you the last of May or the first of June in Eng. Will recompense [torn. . .] . Sina, please do not feel poorly [. . .] short letter. My heart has not, nor does not know any other love. My things have gone to the wharf, and I am risking getting left, must close. Please see my folks about the trip, you and Clara can have such a fine time, till we meet you and then we four, well, I have spoken about it in this mail to them. Remember me to all, please. With prayer and best love

Your own

Fay.

[letter head] ***Orient Line***
The Pacific Steam Navigation Co's
(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1840.)
Royal Mail Steamer

Melbourne, Victoria

Stamps are for our stamp collection

Australia.

Mar. 20th 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— Having been denied the pleasure of receiving my usual monthly mail, I spent last Sunday rereading a number of my old letters from you. You must know Sina, that I have every one of those treasured messengers with me, and of course you will not chide me for reading them again, and again. They grow dearer to me every time I read them, and you know they must fill the place of the accustomed mail, while on this long trip.

Sina, I can not tell you how much I appreciate and love your letters. They are so full of your self, I could not wish to change a word in them. I started Sunday with one of your first and read here and there one down to your last. There is that same pure stream of love visible in the first, which had steadily intensified with each succeeding letter, and which though separated almost as far as possible on this earth, has constantly drawn us nearer to each other, so that our lives have become so interwoven and so lost in each other, that they must unite in the near future and forever flow on as one stream.

My dear Sina, my last letter, was so short and so abrupt, but my time so limited, I know you will be charitable with me. That same day we left Sydney for Hobart, Tasmania, on this boat. We were only two days, but part of the time we had rough weather, and to brake the monotony and have another experience to write about, it made a soft spot in my heart for the fishes. However do not imagine I suffered— was sick just long enough to make me a little more sympathetic, with the numerous unfortunate passengers, and thoroughly enjoy the remainder of the voyage.

Hobart is a pretty little sea-coast city of about thirty five thousand inhabitants. Like most island cities it is very hilly and uneven, which however brings more of it to view and make the scene even prettier as one sails into the harbor. Notwithstanding the unevenness, we got on our bikes, and had a fine ride, seeing most of Hobart. “Fern tree bower,” lunch in a suburban garden, and such scenes would require more time to tell than I have now, but how I shall delight in telling you, and more delightful to think of enjoying some like trips with you in Eng. Europe. My dear Sina, you may be assured you are thought of constantly in my trip, and how I do keep wishing that Sina could see all these things. There is never a pretty view or a joy but what I sigh and wish for Sina to see and enjoy it.

Melbourne is a large city, approximating with suburbs near a half a million. It is a very pretty city and bicycling is delightful. There are so many things of interest here to tell you about, and especially the aquarium. Well I must go to see more of it, before our boat leaves. We have no fear of the plague. Our health is fine and we are having a grand time. Sina, I shall surely look forward to meeting you in Eng. You must come. The trip will never be complete without you. As for your teaching school and our finance, trust to me to manage that after we get home. Really, I would a little sooner, you would not teach after this year. Love to all. With prayers and love, as ever your Fay.

[letter head] ***Orient Line***
The Pacific Steam Navigation Co's
(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1840.)
Royal Mail Steamer "Oruba."

The Red Sea.

"Good Fri." Apr. 13th 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall,
Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— As you will observe we are in the Red Sea a place famed for its intense heat. For the first time since leaving Australia, we are having a little rough weather, so that it has become necessary to close our port holes. It is not really rough weather, but has managed to compel us to close the port holes, and consequently the heat is something intense. As I sit here writing I am perspiring very freely. You know it is contrary to my nature to perspire, so I may be forced to discontinue and take refuge on deck.

For some time I have been studying whether to address you at home or in Eng. Thinking it may catch you, before leaving home have finally decided on the former address. Sina, you see how much I am in need of a letter from you. You don't know how long it seems since your last and still no one is to blame for it has been impossible to receive those letters I have been so accustomed to receive every month. They have so grown upon me, that I has become second-nature to look for them, and when circumstances deprive me of them, a portion of life's sunshine is taken away. There is a consolation in knowing, that sun continues to shine for me and what is still more pleasing, in the near future I fully expect to enjoy its direct rays, under the most favorable of circumstances.

To night there is a beautiful full moon over-head. You know how many thoughts and hopes that inspires, and how many experiences of the happy past, it causes me to live over, but so imperfectly, for memory and imagination do not give me the real and tangible in the picture. Of course there is a Sina always with me, though never visible to others, and she is my ideal; yet, this Sina I shall gladly exchange for the real one which you personate.

Could some news but reach me, so I would know how you are, and when to direct mail to Eng., it would be so much appreciated; and still some thing says, 'content your self with an assurance that she is well and happy, and will reach Eng. In plenty of time to meet and enjoy the Continental trip with you. This is the happy view your wandering lover is taking, and fully expects that time and Sina will confirm his hopes. Such a happy meeting would recompense this interval in which no news reaches me, and even our long separation. Still though these hopes and thoughts buoy me up with happiness, should circumstances declare against your happy plans, I shall make the most of it, and know the same true heart awaits me at home, and that the disappointment was mutual. However, things have come about in such a manner— you and Clara, Bro. Stevenson & I— that I am forced to believe things are being operated for us, and our meeting.

The last we heard, there was much alarm over Smallpox. We are hoping it has passed harmlessly over. Your school year is near completion, and may I venture a hope that you will assist me instead of teaching any more in the future. You may teach me, and I shall try and occupy your time. Sina, another spring and Commencement, for students the happiest time of the year. Never mind my ship has passed the antipodes and is homeward bound.

Apr. 14 Did not have time to finish my letter last night, and so shall enjoy myself in writing

this morning. The little spell of rough weather continues, but I have found a much cooler place to write. The last time you heard from me, was a postal from Melbourne. Since then we have seen and experienced much which would prove interesting. Melbourne is a large fine city, but much like some in America you will see. The two most interesting places visited were the Aquarium, and "Art Gallery." The latter was grand, and can not be described by my pen. The former was constructed to represent a large Calcarious cavern, with numerous stalactites and stalagmites. The walls and partitions of the different apartments were filled with water, with large plates of glass in front. In this water was a great variety of fish, representing nearly every shape and color conceivable. There were also a number of Penguins and other peculiar sea birds, a number of seals, and two large crocodiles. It was interesting to watch the seals while they were being fed. You would be surprised at the rapidity of their motions and their cleverness. The huge, homely crocodiles were laying asleep with their horrid mouths half open. The deception was perfect, and it is not surprising, the innocent flies are cruelly deceived. It took some time to convince myself they were not dead and only sleeping.

Leaving Melbourne the next place we called at was Adelaide. Unfortunately our stay here was short. We were met by one of the elders, and escorted to the Botanical Gardens. Here a number of saints were awaiting us with a bounteous picnic. Sina, the Gardens were exceptionally fine, and some of the flower plots were simply beautiful. How you would have enjoyed them and how I did wish you were there. With this warm and humid climate it seems that any design wished can be grown with ease. Such an infinite variety of ferns and flowers, growing like they had specially selected their own spot on earth. We merely had time to make the acquaintance of our kind friends, partake of their bounties, and push back to the boat. Adelaide is a very pretty city of about forty thousand inhabitants, and more closely resembles our own than any we have seen.

The last pace in Australia we saw, was Albany. We arrived here in the night, and the boat only stopping for a little while we did not go ashore. From the time we left N. Z. until we left Australia we had mostly rough weather, but from that time until yesterday, the ocean has been almost like a sea of glass, and the sailing so smooth we have scarcely realized we were on a steamer. We have an active committee, and during good weather have had sports, games, concerts, etc. What might have been a long and tedious voyage has been very pleasant, in fact we have thoroughly enjoyed it. We have a band on board, which favors us with some good music, and lends a romantic phase to the trip. Those who feel so inclined often amuse themselves in dance. I had the pleasure of reciting in one concert, and were it not that compliments are fashionable, would be sure it gave satisfaction. However we have some good talent on board, and our concerts are really fine.

We have about 500 passengers on. Of these 340 are Steerage, 120 in our class, and the remainder are in the first Saloon. We have an exceptionally fine company in our class. As usual think you will find the best in the middle class. With us are a number of distinguished people, and most of our passengers have had a wide experience in travelling. We have become acquainted and in a sense attached to all of the passengers in our Class. What is pleasing they know who we are, and every one is our friend, and say they will be sorry to lose us. We have made some specially good friends, and shall be pleased to meet them later in Eng. I must tell you about a little prank of mine. The other night there was a Character ball on board. I had no intention of participating other than a spectator. However a company of our best lady friends just insisted on dressing myself and another young man, as "Two Little Girls in Blue. To please them we consented. The take off was so good, that another one of our lady friends, who is a very good artist, sketched and painted us, and kindly presented me with a copy so you may see how I looked in my first Character Ball.

Sina, I went on and danced for the first time since leaving home. I had hoped and fully intended to take my first dance, after so long, with you. I remained brazen in all of the ordinary dances, but finally relented in this. Considering circumstances feel sure you will forgive me. Another little incident. I was showing some of my things to our friends, and among others handed them the "97" Souveignor card, simply remarking "it contained the photos of some of my very best friends." A lady placing her finger on your photo the very first thing, said, "is not this your very best friend." Taken so completely by surprise my blush was all that was necessary. They then wished to see your photo. Your photo secured for you the friendship of every one of them, but they cast at me a puzzled glance, as much as to say, "how did you do it."

The most interesting place of all we have visited is Colombo Ceyloon. It was like another world to me, so different was ever thing. It is one of those Oriental Indian cities. The native men are very scantily dressed, the women are favored with more clothing. They are small, dark and very inferior to the maoris. Tea, spices, rice, cocoa nuts, pineapples, and bananas, with other tropical fruits are raised and the small Indian Ox is the beast of burden. The ricksha, a very popular conveyance, is a small cart drawn by a native. The natives can live on about two pennies or 4c a day and will work for 10 or 15c. They are professional beggars. Pull you into their shops and ask exhorbitant prices for their goods, but finally let you have them at your own price. I picked up a few things—among them some stamps for our collection. The natives sleep on the porches, walls, walks, and streets, simply laying down and resting their heads on their crossed arms. Sina I have so much to tell you of this interesting place, but it would require a volume if written.

While passing through the Sts of Babel Mandeb we could see Asia and Africa at the same time. The Eng. Hold the island of Perim in the Sts., which with Suez and Gibraltar give them control of the Mediterranean and Red Sea. The french intended taking Perim. While at a ball in Aden their intentions were overheard by a British officer. He and his men left the ball, boarded their ship and put out immediately. When the French arrived they were chagrined to find the British flag floating over the Is. This is how Britain obtained Perim, important only as a commanding naval station.

We are approaching historic regions. Here is where Pharoah and his hosts were swallowed up. Tomorrow we get off, as bicycle tourists at Ismalia, and will visit Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Italy, spending about two weeks at each place. We shall not rush over these places, and may not reach Eng. Till the first of July. However would advise you to go first opportunity to Eng. You and Clara would be very happy together. In Con. Trip we will visit France, Switzerland, Ger. And the netherlands. Wish you and Clara could enjoy all the trip with us, but this is hardly possible. May write you in care of her after this. Should letters reach Eng. Before you, she may forward them. Presidents Stevenson and Barker are the best of companions and we get along fine. Bro. Stevenson and I have a cabin together and are often taken for bros. so much are we together. Love and best wishes to Bro. And Sis. Brimhall, Jennie and Will and all the family happiness and best love, as ever, Your's devotedly Fay

[letter head] ***Orient Line***
The Pacific Steam Navigation Co's
(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1840.)
Royal Mail Steamer Oruba.

Bro. Stevenson and I are often taken for Bros. We get along fine and he and Bro. Barker wish to be kindly remembered.

“The Red Sea.”

“Good Fri.’ Apr. 13th 1900

Mr. L. Holbrook

Provo, Utah. U. S. A.

My Dear Parents and Sisters,—

The last time you heard from me was from Mebourne, and the last time I heard from home was a long, long time ago, almost a month before leaving N. Z. Think of it! It may be more than two months yet before any tidings from home will reach us. The last we did receive, there was considerable excitement over the Small Pox. However, we are not worrying and content ourselves with an assurance that you are all well and happy at home. Perhaps the Plague excitement, which is in this part of the world, is causing you some uneasiness. Though our boat has been subjected to a few medical examinations, it has not interfered with our travels, and I am sure you need not worry about us being detained on this account.

The cold dreary months of winter have now terminated, and no doubt you are all buoyant to again see the return of spring, which refreshes and cheers all nature. Another year of our dear school will soon be over, and this is the year in which Clara and I would have graduated, had we attended until the present. So many of us have been away from home of late, it will seem strange when we once more gather home. Angie will soon return, then my time is coming; and not long after Clara will follow.

Angie and Ora must both becoming quite proficient in their pursuits by this time, and to think they are both young ladies now, and Florence a school girl and able to write letters to her brother. These few years have made so many changes, there will be many surprises for me upon my return. I am so anxious to learn how that baby of our is managing to walk and talk. She will have accomplished both of these feats before my return. It will also be a pleasure to learn how our new home is liked, and what always pleases me, is a few words about the garden and domestics. You know with what interest all news pertaining to our finance is received. I eagerly look for all mining news in the papers, but unfortunately get but little satisfaction from this source. They contain little or nothing in this regard.

Since our expenses have become so very heavy, my interest in our financial relations has been increased. With me taking a tour of the world, Clara in England on a mission, and Angie in the City at the University, besides all the immediate expenses at home, it must require a gold mine to keep us going and a good one at that. Well our expenses will not always prove so heavy, and we three children which now call for such an outlay of money, hope strongly, in the near future, to become a source of revenue to the family.

My trip is certainly expensive and is proving rather more so than I had anticipated. Of course it becomes necessary to “tip” our stewards occasionally, and otherwise lay out a few shilling, I had not thought of. Well I shall not be a spendthrift or even extravagant, but think you will concur with me, it would be unwise to pinch and stint myself in such an undertaking as this.

I shall endeavor to get all out of the trip I can in reason, and after coming so far, shall not hesitate to see those things which will prove interesting and instructive to the tourist. We will be later reaching Eng. Than we first thought, because we do not intend crowding ourselves, and from present arrangements will take a little more time.

Now for a few words concerning my travels up to date. Of course our stay was necessarily short in all of the Australian cities. The boat stopped for a little more than a day at Hobart, about the same time at Melbourne, only a few hours at Adelaide, and arriving in the night at Albany we did not even go ashore, but this is only a small city. Think I told you briefly in my card what a fine city Melbourne is. The streets are broad and the plan much like American cities. What proved the most interesting in this city to me was the "Aquarium" and the "Art Gallery."

The former represented in its construction a calcareous cave, with numerous stalactites pending from the roof, and also a number of stalacmites which had been deposited on the floor. The walls and partitions were filled with water, with large plates of glass for the front. In the water was a great variety of live fish. You would be surprised and astonished with the variety in form and color the fish present. It was interesting to watch the seals while they were being fed. There were two crocodiles, a number of Penguins and other sea-birds.

Some of the paintings in the Art Gallery were simply grand. A picture is so much more expressive than the pen, that you would not wish me to attempt any description of them.

We did not stay long in Adelaide, but all agreed it was a very pretty city of about forty thousand inhabitants. It resembles very much some of our own cities. We were met at the wharf by some elders, and immediately escorted to the Botanical gardens, where a party of saints with a gorgeous picnic were awaiting us. The gardens were exceptionally fine, and it does seem with this tropical humid climate, anything or design that is desirable can be grown. We just had time to make the acquaintance of our kind friends, do justice to their picnic and rush back to the boat. In one section of the Gardens was a company of Volunteers for the "Boer War."

Since leaving Australia with the exception of the heat, the voyage has been delightful, and the sea so calm one forgets he is on the ocean.

There are about five hundred passengers on board, and about 340 of these are in Steerage, about 120 in our Class, and the remainder in the First Saloon. We have a specially fine company in our Class, and among them a number of talented and distinguished people. We have a band and spend our time in Sports, dances, Concerts, etc., this is when we wish recreation. What may have been a long and monotonous sea voyage has been very pleasant. I recited in one concert and was very highly complimented, but compliments are fashionable. Our meals are good and Bro. Stevenson and I have one of the best cabins in 2nd Class. Have completed an extensive history on Greece during the voyage.

People know who we are and every one is our friend and some are especially good ones. We had a very successful Character Ball the other evening. To gratify a company of lady friends myself and another young man permitted them to dress us as "Two Little Girls in Blue." It was so good that an artist, and one of our best lady friends sketched and painted us and furnished me with a copy. It was my first dance since leaving home.

We managed to see a large number of boats, and a few islands on our journey, but the most interesting place of all was Columbo, on the island of Ceylon. After a long ocean voyage, we arrived in this Principal city, Thurs., Apr. 4th at 8 P. M. The natives come out in a host of small boats to take us ashore. They were all kept a certain distance from our ship, but at a given signal there was a general splash and rush of boats for first place at the gangway. This city and its people were entirely different from anything I have before seen. The natives simply swarm around a tourist and wish to do every conceivable thing they can think of, especially if there is a six pence in sight. You must just shake them off. They accost you everywhere with their "rickshas" which is a small cart drawn by a native, and will take you for a ride at a remarkably fast pace. I can not give you details now. The natives as a race are small and dark, and much inferior to the Maoris. Colombo is near the equator, and owing to the intense heat the natives wear very little clothing, and in many cases simply a girdle. They are professional beggars. As salesmen they are not to be beaten. You will see them sleeping in the streets and on the walks, in any covering, and resting their heads on their crossed arms. The natives can live on one or two pennies a day, and command about 8 pence per day in salaries. They grow tea, spices, rice, cocoanuts, bananas, and pineapples, besides other tropical fruits. The beast of burden is the small but strong Indian ox. Give me an evening and I will tell you all about the "Sunhalese" natives and Colombo.

We are now in the Red Sea, where Pharoah and his hosts were swallowed up. Day after tomorrow Sun 15th we land at Ismalia on our way to Cairo. We figure to spend two weeks in Egypt, two weeks in Palestine, two weeks in Greece, and two or three in Italy. Our trunks go and we simply take our bikes and a change of underware with us. In passing the Sts of Babel Mandey we could see two Continents Asia and Africa Eng. Owns the island of Perim which fits like a cork in a bottle so the mouth of the Sts. And with Suez and Gibraltar gives Eng. Complete command of the Red Sea and Mediterranean. The French intended taking this island, but at a ball in Aden, an Eng. officer overheard their plans. He slipped out of the ball and immediately ordered his vessel to the island. When the French arrived they were chagrined to find the Eng. flag floating. This is how Eng. obtained the important island. Well to think of meeting Clara and I hope Sina so soon seems grand. I trust she will be able to take the trip. Our friends on the ship, say they will be sorry to lose us. Hope you have been able to send me money to Eng. Please give my love to all the family and friends. With prayers and love. Fay.

[postcard of Suez Canal]

Sun. Apr. 15.

My Dear Sina—

This is just about the position we are in tonight while waiting for some steamers to pass. We have been in the Canal all day and will reach Port Said early in the morning. Such sights as we have seen today, are seldom seen. We will get off at Pt. Said instead of Ismalia. We are happy and are having a fine time. Love and prayers for yourself and all. Fay.

Port Said.

Sun. Apr. . .

Mr. L. Holbrook.

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

To My Dear Parents and Sisters,—

For a long time you must have expected a letter from me. When one is touring he sees so much of interest, but unless he has an abundance of time [and] money he has little time for anything but sight seeing. Have you ever said,- 'when Fay has such opportunities [and] advantages in travelling, he should at least show his [gratitude] by writing more often. If these are not your words, [they] often occur to me as being appropriate in my case; [but] the fact of the matter is this, I think always of [you], but have scarcely had time to write my journal. However you have been kept informed as to my health and whereabouts through souveinir postal cards.

Yesterday, my card was written from the renowned city of Alexandria. To day I am writing from Pt. Said, which is located at the entrance to the Suez Canal. We have been here alday and are now leaving for Jaffa, Palestine, where we will land in the morning. We are in the midst of historic realms. A few thousand years ago this was the seat of civilization, and the active centre of the world. To day civilization in its forward march has gone Westward; but the shadow of a former greatness here remains, and the intelligence and power of those races is obscured and lost in the mixed population found here. [Or]ientals now inhabiting these parts are a servile and very inferior people to those illustrious inhabitants who in past centuries surrounded Palestine, Persia, Greece, Asia Minor, and Alexandria with a halo of glory which has wielded a powerful influence over all succeeding ages. Still we must not to much depreciate the present occupants for [they are] in many respects a most remarkable people.

To day these places which are made interesting by their glorious past, are frequented by tourists, students, and pleasure seekers from every land and clime. Most [come] with a conceited opinion of present attainments, and [make] an insignificant estimate of the ancients; but after [seeing] the relics which have apparently been preserved by [rever]ential care, they are filled with , and leave with an air of profound reverence and even veneration for those who have accomplished so much. It is true civilization is ever assuming and excelling in a different phase but one recognizes and realizes more fully that there is a Master hand controlling our earth, and successfully guiding it through the various evolutions necessary to the fulfillment of its destiny. Such are the feeling of your son in leaving Egypt, the land of the Israelitish captivity, and the present repository of relics indicative of past greatness. Perhaps some of my experiences in that land may prove interesting.

We disembarked from the steamer, "Oruba" at Port Said Mon. Apr. 16th. We did not remain at this city long taking the train 3-30 P.M. for Cairo. Part of the route was back along the famous Suez Canal, which we had passed through on the previous day. Here the sand[s] of the desert bounded us on all sides. During the latter half it was evident from the rank vegetation that [we] were approaching the fertile valley of the Nile. Our ca[...] were crude and every time the train stopped and commenced we were almost jerked from our seats. The passengers brought lunch on with them, and threw the remnants indiscriminately upon the car floor. It does seem strange to be among a people, when you can not understand a word they are saying. We arrived at Cairo at 10-30 P.M.

At the depot we were surrounded by porter[. . .] cab-men, who clamored for our patronage. These people [are] professionals. They all know that we were new arrivals and shake them off we

could not. They can understand English until you tell them “no;” then they don’t understand you. In connection with the guides and beggars these fellows have been so persistent that we have been compelled to set them down as pests. We finally succeeded in securing accommodations at the Eden Palace for the night.

We arose Tuesday morning, curious and anxious to see the sights of this Oriental Capital. After securing rooms at a more moderate rate, we set out on our wheels to see the first relic of interest to the tourist and one of the Seven Wonders of the world, the pyramids of Gizeh. The pyramids are about ten miles West of Cairo, just on the border of the Libyan desert. On the road which has been elevated above the flood line of the Nile, and which is shaded by trees on both sides, one encounters people of every description and class. Caravans of stately camels heavily loaded with produce for the markets, the proverbial donkeys carrying burdens much heavier than themselves, peasant Arabs driving in a few sheep or a fatted calf to the market; and the tourist who is going or coming from the pyramids comfortably seated in an omnibus drawn by Arab studs; all these line the road to the pyramids. I failed to mention the professional beggars, who are artists in their calling and who surround the tourist at every stop. One does not know of all these who are deserving, and if he were to give a “backshush” to every one who asked it he soon would be stranded. The result is his heart fails to respond to these creatures and becomes adamant. These people seem to take a delight in begging from the white people.

After crossing the bridge over the Nile, where the desert encounters the fields one sees for the first time three immense heaps of stone which soon prove to be the world renowned pyramids. The country around the pyramids is a desert, and there is nothing to compare them with so one can scarcely form an opinion of their immense size. The large pyramid of Khufu (or Cheops) is 250 yds [. . .] each base and 150 yds high. It is built of huge stone[.] of granite and lime. On the outside it is rough and [..]th the assistance of a number of guides [. . .] the interior. The descent into the pyramid is precipitous [slippery the floor of the narrow passage is paved with alabaster, the walls and ceiling are polished granite,. The descent is short, then begins the steep ascent by a similar passage way to the king’s chamber, which is a small room in the center of the pyramid. There is only one other small chamber known as the Queen’s chamber. It is very dark and oppressive in the pyramid and candles are required. One guide holds you in front and the other steadies you from behind, and then you feel uneasy and pleased to again enjoy the freedom and light of the open air. Climbing the pyramid was a much more pleasant task. We are good climbers performing the task in 8 minutes. From the top we obtained a fine view of the country. Near by are two large pyramids, Khafre (Chephren.) and Mykerinos (Mycderinus). To the East is Cairo and the fertile valley of the Nile,— to the South are the pyramids of Sakarah and Dashur (About twelve in number); to the west is the Great Desert, and to the North is Aabu Roash. Chephren is nearly as large as Cheops, and at one time was cased in alabaster.

Our guide was a Bedouin. We accompanied him to the Arab village and in his house had a drink of Arab coffee. Just enough for the novelty you know. Wednesday we spent in the City of Cairo, and visited the Citadel, the tombs of some of the rulers, and a number of the gorgeously decorated mosques with their minarets, from where the Muzzin priests five times a day announce prayers. The interior of the Tombs of the Mamelouks are most of the mosques are magnificent and money has been lavished and talent tasked in their construction. A book could be written in describing the Native bazaars, but in a letter I can but mention them. There in the narrow crowded streets, sits the native merchant in his little shop, with his legs crossed patiently waiting for a victim. These people are wonderful salesmen, and most any desirable thing can be obtained in some one

of these bazaars. In many cases they manufacture in the shop what is sold. You would be surprised at the speed and skill of the native tradesman. Hands and feet are all [used] and still he seems conscious of all around. Cairo [has a] population of about half a million, which includes representatives from every nation and every station and degree in life. All the extremes in dress, in culture, and station in life, from the outcast young mother who with a half dressed baby in her arms begs for a living, to the Cosmopolitan tourist lapped in luxury and ease, may be seen upon the streets of Cairo. During the tourist season it is said Cairo contains the most Cosmopolitan population of any city in the world. The women and more especially the Egyptains keep their faces veiled, but their brilliant eyes, which are artfully darkened with "henna" are always visible. The native men ware loose flowing robes, corrsponding in texture and quality with the wealth of the person who wares them.

Thursday we were provided with camels, and rode from the pyramids of Gizeh to those of Sakarra and Dashsur. The ride was a novelty, but we were glad it was not more than about fifteen miles. Here we visited the Serapeum, Tombs of Tu, Tombs of Ptah Hoteb, and the site of ancient Memphis. The Serapeum is where the sacred bulls or apes were buried. It consisted of a long underground passage way, cut out of the solid rock. On each side of this large passage way, were chambers or rooms, also hewn out of the solid rock. Each of these chambers contained an immense saracophagus made from a single block of granite. Some of these sarcophagi were about 18 ft. long by 10 wide by 8 high. Think of such an immense stone being moved into one of these chambers. In prehistoric times when the sacred bull died he was embalmed and placed in one of these sarcophagus, and the coffin if not the animal has come down to us as sound as though it were made yesterday. The tombs were rather underground palaces, and though made thousand of years ago contain beautiful inscriptions on the walls, which to this day retain their color and freshness. We also visited the sight of ancient Memphis, which was one of the greatest cities of prehistoric times. This wonderful [city] has been buried by the successive inundations of the Nile, and the glory of man eclipsed by time and the onward progress of nature. Nothing remains of this ancient capital, but two colossal statues in granite of Ramese II, and a few fragments of some temples. While at the great pyramids we also visited the Sphinx and the temple of Isis.

One of our most interesting visits was to the Gizeh museum. It contains some most remarkable relics of ancient civilization. Think of beholding the powerful kings who flourished four or five thousand years ago. True the body has shrivelled some but in many instances even the features are distinguishable. Alexandria is a modern city and from a point of interest to the tourist it is not to be compared with Cairo. While there we visited Pampei's pillar, the catacombs, and the site of Cleopatra's needles.

“Steamer Omurz.” May 2nd. We have completed our tour of Palestine, and tomorrow morning we land at Naples. In the Holy Land we visited Jaffa, Jerusalem, Mt. Of Olives, Bethany, Jerico, dead Sea, Jordan, back to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Solomon’s Pools. We were only there five days but we were up at daylight and going till dark. Our guide was a Welchman, the proprietor of the hotel where we stopped and a fine man. You may be assured we got the most out of our time and can read the Bible in a much more intelligent manner. We had planned an extensive trip in Palestine, but our purses were getting low, and between expenses and the difficulty in getting passports for Turkey and catching our next boat, we gave up the trip. Some preparations had already been made and some expense incurred. When we returned to Pt. Said to catch our steamer, we found the Second class full up, and were obliged to pay a 4 [pounds] extra on our ticket and go First Class to Naples. It has already cost me almost 100 [pounds]. Of course this includes my ticket to London and expenses in fitting out. And again I have bought a few curios and presents which I am sure will meet with your approval. Expenses in this Oriental Country have been surprisingly high, much higher than we had anticipated, and I fear it would require a small fortune to take the itinerary we first mapped out. We found it would be very expensive to visit Greece, and that Athens was the only place of much interest at present. We have therefore concluded it would be wiser, for the present, to leave Greece out and visit while in Italy some of those cities which were once Grecian colonies, and which at the present day retain many relics of Grecian civilization. We hope to find travelling from now on much cheaper, and to be able to plan more accurately. The difficulty has been we have been unable to obtain reliable information ahead, and have been forced to find out from experience, which is a dear teacher. We will spend about fifteen days in Italy, catch the next boat, and all being well will reach Eng. about the 26th of this month.

I have had time to say comparatively nothing of our tour in Palestine, but we had a [...] time while there and seen so much of profit [it] would take hours to tell it. The Bible will read almost like another book and we shall now be so much more capable of appreciating it. Some of the prophecies have been so literally fulfilled, and others are now materializing so accurately.

You do not know how much I would give for some news from home. It has been so long since we have heard a word. I think Clara will forward my mail to Naples and then to think of meeting her and may I say Sina so soon, makes me hopeful and happy. Don’t you think we four would make a fine company to visit the Continent. Of course should circumstances prevent Sina from being with us my fortune has been too good to complain, and I should still try and make the most of the trip, but really I think it would be such a privilege and do hope she will be able to join me.

According to our present plan we shall reach home in Sept. and possibly in Aug. I can not realize that in a few more months I shall be home. We are just about to enter the Sts of Messina between Italy and Sicily. They say the scenery is grand. I must finish and go on deck and see all that is to be seen. Remember me kindly to all of our family, relatives and friends, and assure them no one is forgotten. Prayers and love for all, as ever

Your Loving son & Bro.

L. H. Holbrook.

Please write me c/o mission headquarters Eng. Bro. Barker may leave us soon. He has a wife and children and is becoming anxious, but Bro. Stevenson and I expect to stay together to the finish. Both wish to be remembered. Good-bye and love

Fay.

“Straits of Messina.”

[Letterhead:] R. M. S. “ORMUS.”

Wed. May 2, 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall,

Provo, Utah, U. S. A.

My Own Dear Sina,— Have I done wrong in addressing this letter to you at home, or would it reach its destination sooner if it were addressed to England. As there is no answer to my question I reason thus, if you are at home the letter will reach you soon, if you are in England Fay will see you soon. Sina you can not imagine how long it has been since any tidings from you have reached me. How I do hope there will be some mail in Italy for me. We have just passed through the Sts. Of Messina. The scenery on both sides is simply grand. The shores are dotted with villages, and the teraced hills covered with green grass, and vineyards in the Sicilian coast we got a glance of Snow capped Etna, who is much taller than all his neighbors.

Already you wonder what is the cause of so many mistakes in my letter. I must stop and tell you we are again on board a steamer and the passengers are dancing and having a gay time on the upper deck. I have no desire to participate with them, but the music is very audible and when I think of you in connection with the music my mind is inclined to wander to when you and I were in a ball room. Of course if you were with me, there would be pleasure in participating and that music would not sound so vacant. Sina, I do not know what makes me think of you so much of late unless it is that in every pretty site or happy experience I always wish that you could realize and enjoy it also; or perhaps it may be that my ship is approaching home and there will be a happy meeting in the near future. Dare I confess you are in my dreams almost every night, yes, and in my day dreams.

Well I must stop and tell you where we are at and clear up a mystery or two. To-morrow morning we will land at Naples, spend about two weeks in Italy, catch our next boat, and all being well will reach England about the 25th of this month,— much earlier than we at first intended. Can I hope to meet you so soon. Sina I dare not hope or expect to much, but you know how delighted I shall be to meet you then and there, and if I do not I shall know there are good reasons. Some way it occurs to me you are coming. I started to tell you of our travels.

We spent one week in Egypt, and one in Palestine. They were two of the most beneficial weeks of my short life. While in Egypt we spent most of our time in Cairo. This capital is a remarkable city, full of interest to the tourists, and perhaps is visited as much as any other city. While in Cairo we visited the Great pyramids, the Catcombs, the Temple of Isis, the Sphinx, an Arab village, the pyramids of Sekarrah and Dashur, the tombs of Tu and Ptah Hoteb, the site of ancient Memphis, the wonderful Gizeh museum, the Native bazaars, a number of fine Mosques, and the Tombs of the mamelouks and the Califfs. In the museum we saw the mummies of powerful kings who flourished four or five thousand years ago, and at whose command whole armies marched. Did those mighty kings ever dream they would be objects of curiosity and wonder in a far distant age like this. I had the pleasure of visiting the interior and climbing to the top of the Great pyramid (Cheops). We got a specially fine view of the surrounding country from the top of the pyramid. A letter will not permit, but I shall be delighted to spend hours in telling you of these truly wonderful things. To us they were all wonderful and intensely interesting. We had a novel ride on a camel from the pyramids of Gizeh across the desert to those of Sakarrah and Dashur. We enjoy novelties but were pleased the distance was not more than about fifteen miles. One of the most interesting features has been the study of humanity especially in these Oriental countries where every phase is so well represented.

We went down the fertile valley of the Nile to Alexandria. A day is all that is necessary to see the most interesting features of this historic city.

From Alexandria, we sailed to Jaffa or Joppa, Palestine. I can but mention the places we visited in the Holy Land, Joppa, Jerusalem, Mt. Olives, Solomon's Pools, Bethlehem, Bethany, Jerico, the Dead Sea, the Jordan and some minor places. We had a bath in the dead Sea and then drove to the Jordan and washed the salt off. Our visit in the Holy Land, though short, was intensely interesting and instructive the proprietor of the hotel where we stopped was our guide. He hails from Wales. We found him a splendid guide and a fine man. We figured on a much longer trip in Palestine, but, expenses are so high and travelling so difficult in these Oriental countries, we have thought it would be wise to shorten our trip and spend more time elsewhere. A trip to Palestine is indispensable to a student of the Bible. It will read almost like another book now. Those who doubt the Bible should go to Palestine and witness the literal fulfillment of Prophecy to have their faith established. It is remarkable.

We have learned much in our experiences in travelling that could not be gained otherwise and should you and I ever have the privilege of seeing these places again we will know how to do it to a better advantage.

We secured through tickets from N. Z. to London with privilege to break the journey when desired. Last Monday morning we caught our steamer at Pt. Said, but the Second class was so crowded we have been forced to travel First as far as Naples. We have not as nice a company as was on the "Ormuz" and there is such an excess of dress and formality, that we shall not be sorry to break our journey again in the morning. Here we have the "tafts," but how inconsistent is the dress of many with their characters. Some of them are beautiful women gorgeously attired. You hate to think them capable of a misdemeanor, but I have been shocked and surprised by these gay creatures in false but soft feathers. More grateful than ever shall I be for a companion from the daughters of Zion, where the evils of the fashionable world are but little known. Please remember me to Bro. & Sis. B. Jennie & Will and all family and friends. With best love & prayers, Fay.

36 Penton, Islington, London.

May 31, 1900

My Own Dear Sina,— Thinking you would appreciate even a short note, when you land. It is a pleasure to write one. However I hope you have already landed, but this may reach you at the Liverpool Office. Sina, I am so anxious to know how you have stood the trip, but then you will not keep me in suspense long, will you; for we are looking for you to day.

Bro. Stevenson and I arrived here last Saturday and in the afternoon succeeded in finding the headquarters. Can you imagine my joy in meeting this dear missionary sister of mine. She has grown so much and looks so well.

I thot perhaps you were here also, but soon found my mistake. However it is just as well, for now I can meet you. Oh! Sina, think how soon. Does it seem possible? Well you mujst not keep me waiting long, for these folks have begin to think me almost a nuisance so impatient am I becoming. Wire ahead, and we shall meet you at the R. R. station.

We are all well and happy, and are anxiously awaiting your arrival. As soon as you get rested, we will go on the Continent. While you and all of us are resting we will have a grand time here in London. Clara is not up yet. Hoping to see you within a day or two, as ever Yours devotedly

Fay.

P. S.

We received your letter written to Clara from on board the Rhymland, and according to our figuring, you should have landed yesterday, if not will land this morning.

N. B.

Please take fast mail for 36 Penton, Islington, London, and be sure and get off at the right place, for we will be there and meet you, and are anxiously waiting for you.

As ever yours

Fay.

[postcard to L. H. Holbrook, 36 Penton St., Islington, London]

Liverpool, May 31 – 1900

Mr. L. H. Holbrook: -

Arrived in Liverpool a few moments ago. Bro. Lyman says for me to wait till morning to go to London. Will leave here at 9:45 in the morning and reach Euston at 2 P.M. Isn't it splendid!

With Love and best wishes-

Sina Brimhall

Zurich, Switzerland. Wed. July 4th 1900

L. Holbrook.

Provo, Utah. U. S. A.

My Dear Parents and Sisters,— The little cards we have written, may keep you informed of our whereabouts, but they do not contain much news, or information. The “Glorious Fourth” chances to be a rather rainy day in Switzerland, and I know no better way of celebrating than commencing a home letter. It was three years ago- yesterday since I left home, but really it does not seem so long. However without any desire to rush our trip, it will be a pleasure to get home and get settled once again.

We have received two nice letters from home since coming on the Continent. They gave us much joy and satisfaction and assured us you are all well and happy.

During the past few weeks we have seen so much that it will be impossible to give you even a brief synopsis. We visited, that is stopped at, the following cities in Germany,— Cologne, Mayence, Frankfort, Berlin, Wittenberg, Luipsic, Meison, Dresden, Nurenberg, and Munich. From Munich we come to Lindau, crossed lake Constance to Constance, and yesterday we came on to Zurich, where we are not located. Prest. Shultess of the German mission has just stpped in. He is a fine man and we are having a splendid visit with him.

You would have smiled could you have seen us yesterday. We had the mission address, but when we got to headquarters, there were no elders at home. The good woman of the house gave us to understand that the elders had all left Zurich for a few days. So far our knowledge of German is rather limited and perhaps this is not what she said; however this is what we understood. So we took full possession, and while we were busily exploring and ransacking the cupbard, to our glad surprise elder Reber stepped in and found us managing things to suit ourselves. Well you may be assured we were pleased to see him and gave him a royal welcome, for Bro. Stevenson and I had been running about town for a long time, vainly searching for a respectable restaurant. We found dozens of places with “Restaurant” on the outside, but when we went in for further investigation we were chagrined to find most of them saloons and dirty drinking places. Bro. Reber informed me, that in Zurich alone there are more than 1100 saloons. Germany is as bad. People make a living drinking beer and it seems to me that it is the biggest business in Germany. The numerous “beer gardens” appear to be the favored resort of all classes and ages. Instead of having a social and a few friends at home, appointments and meetings with friends are made at a certain hour in some beer garden. These gardens are usually in the open, and the floral decorations and the surroundings are lovely,— fine bands are also engaged as a drawing card. Drinking and carousing in such otherwise beautiful places does seem so out of harmony and so inconsistent. The allurements and attractions held out to induce the young to bad lives of indolence and vice are awful in the world. The most appalling fact is that these evils are regarded with indifference and unconcern. Because we preferred clear water to German beer, we were almost considered freaks and when we ordered water the waiters would imagine we had made a mistake and often charge it to our ignorance of the German language. Of course all of the elders are an example to the world in this regard.

Let me not speak to disparagingly of Germany, but while dwelling upon the darker side, permit me to mention the way women are treated. It is not uncommon to see a woman with the assistance of a dog pulling milk wagons and heavy loads about the street. We see more women than men in the hay field, but the saddest thing I have seen was a section gang, all women, laying rails. They also carry mud and brick and it seems to me there is no discrimination made between man and woman. An elder met one of these women pulling a milk wagon and handed her a Gospel track. She read the heading and threw it away exclaiming, "there is where women are so mistreated." I am not sufficiently a Pessimist to believe the German people can be judged by these cases, but certainly they are unfortunate, and make us more truly appreciate our mountain home. We learn to do that more every day in our travels.

Now for a brighter and more pleasing side, for Germany has one. Perhaps it is the greatest military power in the world. Every male who arrives at the years of manhood is a soldier, and is compelled by law to serve a certain period in the army. In case of necessity, every man that is able to bear arms can be marshaled out. However this militarism is not admirable to free born Americans, but seems to be in line with Germany's ambitions.

Germany is a beautiful country, and its verdant hills are truly captivating to us who come from the dry and arid West. Berlin is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. In style of architecture it happily combines Greek and Roman. The city is richly ornamented with fine statuary and most beautiful parks and gardens for the public. The buildings are all very fine and the city conspicuously clean. The mausoleum is one of the grandest things I ever saw. At the entrance is a guardian angel in white marble. Over this figure, thru colored glass, a blue light is thrown which quite prepares one to enter the chamber of the dead. Within are four reclining figures, beautifully executed in white marble. There are four of the Royal family who were here interred. Berlin can also boast of some very fine picture galleries, art collections, museums, etc. Prest. Shultess has prevailed on our accompanying him to Basel, where he holds meeting and where we will meet a number of the elders and return again in the morning. For now Good-bye and love to all

Fay.

July 5th. We have again returned to Zurich. The trip to Basel was thoroughly enjoyed. We met Bro McMurrin of the Presidency of the European mission, Bro. Cardon Prest. of the Swiss mission and a number of fine elders. The meeting was a perfect success. Bro. Schulthess (Pres. Of Germany mission) Bro McMurrin, Clara, and Sina were the speakers. All spoke with the spirit and with power. The girls are doing a fine missionary work, and they are so willing and courageous in doing their part. There will be a meeting in Zurich tonight, and more than likely we four will have another opportunity to say a few words and express our gratitude.

Returning to my narrative, Bro. Lyman McBride kindly acted as our guide; while we were in Berlin and he accompanied us as far as Leipsic. From Berlin, we went to Wittenberg, remaining for a few hours only. While there we visited the spot where Luther burnt the Papal Bull in 1519; the university in which he lived and taught school, and the Church where he and Melancthon were buried. In Leipsic we visited Napoleon "Stein,"— the sight of the famous battle of the Nations, and the spot where the pride of the French army was for ever destroyed. We also visited the Leipsic market place, which is one of the largest in Europe.

Dresden is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and the Art Gallery classed among the three best in the world. Raphael's Sistine Madonna in this gallery is one if not the finest painting in the world. We also took a short boat ride on the Elbe, the scenery of which compares favorably

with that of the Rhine. Near Dresden we visited the Meissen Porcelain Works one of the most interesting places we have had the privilege of visiting. We watched the manufacture of China ware through all of the various stages Meissen China ware leads the world.

Perhaps the most conspicuous sights in Nuremberg were the old castle and the Apostle clock. In the tower is preserved a wonderful collection of old implements of torture. Ingenuity must have been tasked to invent such horrible means of torture. We spent a few days at Munch with elders Clarence M. Cammon and Percy Goddard. From here we went out to Oberammergau and saw the world famous Passion Play. The Play commences with the Triumphal entry of the Savior into Jerusalem and closes with his Ascension. The performance requires more than eight hours, and is conducted entirely by the villagers.

We enjoyed it immensely. The villagers are very sincere in the production, and render the play in such a simple yet dignified manner that the Sacred drama in no way savors of the unpleasantness of the stage.

Switzerland is the land of beautiful mountain scenery and lakes. Tomorrow we are going to Lucerne, one of the most beautiful places in this land. We will remain there for Sunday. We are all a little thin but very happy and we are having the finest kind of a trip.

I shall be pleased to get home and settled once more. Shall endeavor to come home prepared to turn my time and efforts in some special direction. I feel now as though I must settle down and do some manual labor for awhile. Meeting is almost to commence. Give my love to all of the folks and friends. Kiss Ruth for me and Florence. With much love and prayers. From your loving children Fay and Clara. Sina & Bro Stevenson send love to all.

[letterhead with picture, Salt Lake Temple:] *Latter Day Saints' European Mission, 42 Islington, Liverpool.*

Aug 4th 1900

Elder L. H. Holbrook
London

Dear Brother

Your card to hand. I am sorry to say that I can get no assurance of any change for the better in the matter of accommodations on the "Cambroman" for the 16th inst. And I am afraid subsequent companies will not fare much better until after September, as there is such a rush of re-turning tourists.

If your party still think of going on the 16th, will you kindly let me know at once. And also where you desire your tickets sent to. Perhaps you will be kind enough to mention this matter to Bro Stevenson.

Love to all. Your Bro in the gospel,
Platte. D. Lyman

[2nd page with letterhead...]

Aug 4th 1900

To the credit of Jean Clara Holbrook

ch Draft #8025 for [Pounds]	10 - 6 - 1
do 8086 for	<u>20 - 12 - 3</u>
Total [pounds]	<u>30 - 18 - 4</u>

To the credit of L. H. Holbrook Esq.

Ch Draft #8142 for [pounds]	<u>61 - 17 - 0</u>
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[envelope addressed: Mr L. H. Holbrook, 97 Farleigh Road, Stoke Newington, London N]

[letterhead] L. HOLBROOK, PREST.

REED SMOOT, V. PREST.

C. E. LOOSE, MANAGER.

J. R. TWELVES, SEC'Y & TREAS.

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Wed Sept. 26th 1900.

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah

My Own Dear Sina,— How natural this does seem. To be writing to you almost makes me feel like I am in N. Z. again, and of course you are teaching; but – happy thought– not eight thousand miles away,— only over in Spanish Fork. Another consolation, we do not need to look forward three years, but have the pleasure of enjoying each other's company every week. I feel happy with present conditions but not altogether satisfied. I do not like the idea of you being in one place and me in another. These letters are servicable but so imperfect. Sina, now for a confession. You may think when you are in Spanish Fork, I do not spend much time thinking of you, but would you be surprised to know that I have not went to sleep a single night without thinking of you, and our future.

I believe it was as hard for me to say "Good bye" last Sunday as it was for you to go. Now Sina I have been thinking things over seriously and do you know I have come to the conclusion that two years is one year too long to wait. If our relation has the sanction of Our Heavenly Father and we are blessed in the future as we have been in the past, I do not know why we need to postpone the remaining step in our happy association longer than next summer. What do you think? Do you think Fay is becoming impatient? Well perhaps he is, but Sina in our long trip we were together so much, that I fear I am ruined so far as single blessedness and single contentedness are concerned. That trip showed me more fully what Sina's love and presence were, and even these few days have convinced me how lonely and discontented separation from her make me. So you see I am selfish in wishing you to always be with me, for it makes me so happy. Sina, of course, I hope that the joy in our associations will be mutual and everlasting, and that you will both forgive and tolerate such selfishness in me. Perhaps enough on this subject, and now for some news.

[new letterhead page with P. S. at top]

P. S.

Sina please excuse this paper and the manner this letter is written in. Have no other paper at my disposal. Yours, Fay.

After bidding you that imperfect "Good bye," I hurried back up to the meeting house. Meeting had not commenced. The Bishop saw me and with Bro. Hodson I was invited up on the stand. He gave me the first opportunity and asked me to relate my missionary experiences. It was easy for me to speak Sunday night, but I forgot to look at the clock until fifteen to nine. I then concluded as soon as possible, but the time for dismissal had come and Bro. Hodson never had an opportunity. I was sorry I had spoken so long and apologized to him and the Bishop. It was the fault of the subject rather than my long windedness, but all paid good attention and I hope enjoyed the meeting.

Monday I visited with Elmer and his wife. We discussed financial openings, future prospects, intentions, etc. etc. He rather wanted me to accept a position to teach in Camp Floyd for \$50.00 a month during the present winter. He is sure I could get the position and he thinks give good satisfaction. Have come to no decision upon this. We had a real good visit and thought absent you were not forgotten.

Imagine if you can my surprise when I came home and met Garn just leaving the place. He and Allie were both here on their way East. They are both looking and feeling well, but are very thin. Allie has not had good health and has been under the Dr.' care for some time. She is looking much better now. They appeared very happy, and are the same Allie and Garn of old— with this exception, he has a mustache about two week in advance of that one left in Germany. Sina, I would have given any thing could you have been here, but as they came Monday afternoon and left Tuesday afternoon— it would have been impossible. They had dinner with us yesterday and went to S. L. C. Today they leave for the East. They are going to Baltimore. Garn will study for a Dr. They both send love and hope we will someday join them in the East. Well we will do some tall thinking, and if prospects are encouraging we may join them about next year. Most of our ideals have materialized and if it is right that we should go East, this one we shall also realize.

Monday night Jenetta invited Maggie, Angie and I over to a social. The girls went but Sina with you in Spanish Fork socials have lost lost their charm for me. I called on Garn and we went to visit your father, but he was not home and spent the evening with mother and Aunt Nerve. Francis Bird called and staid with us last night.— Mrs. Searle invited us in to a social. Maggie, Francis, Angie, two Miss Moores, Mrs. and Miss Searle, Mr. Stover, and myself were present. We had some music, singing, and a recitation. They asked me to relate my travels and so I monopolized most of their time till 12 O'clock. We had a real enjoyable time, and the only thing lacking, which would have made it ideal, was Sina.

Without you Sina, these socials are mechanical affairs with me, and if I go it is to be agreeable and to keep from becoming an old fossil. OI do not visit or associate with the girls or boys, without simply thinking of my own dear Sina and wishing you were here. You know when I can sit up till Twelve and talk so much, I am becoming O.K. and each day I appreciate more our trip and travels. Sina we shall derive an immense amount of pleasure and satisfaction out of our trip and it will be life long. Things are becoming clearer to me every day.

Willie Ray came this morning, and is visiting with us. Sina, tonight I am going to Snake Valley with father, and will not be home till next week about this time. He wishes me to go down with him, and this will be the best opportunity. He has a proposition to buy a farm and to buy cattle and stock his property in Snake Valley. Some thing good— may show up for me. To think of not seeing you till the following Fri. seems a long time but if I do not see you before I will meet you that Fri. on the 4/55 train. Sina I wanted to go over yesterday, but had company and could not. There will be an academy ball Friday night. If you wish go and have a dance for me. I will be thinking about you that night or any other while absent. Answered Bro. S. letter and received a

lovely letter from Bro and Sis. Going, N. Z. Please remember me kindly to both of your dear grandparents, and your cousin. Sina, I hope you are not working too hard or worrying about your school. You have my prayers and I know you will succeed O.K. This must be your last winter teaching. I shall not make any [crosses?] but then you know. With prayers and fondest love as ever– Fay.

Robinson, Utah, Tues. Oct. 16th 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Dear Sina,— How natural and pleasant it is to be writing you a letter. When in N. Z. little did I think that we would be so far separated, upon my return home, that we would have occasion for further correspondence. However such seems to be our present lot and so for a while we must be happy in separation again, and contented with this form of communication.

Sina, it seems to me we did not get to visit—hardly a bit last week. Do you know I was hardly willing to let you go home Sunday night,— without having a few moments at least to our selves. But then we can not control all circumstances, and have every thing that we want in this world. But say the next time you stay home and get dinner, if you will be good enough to invite Fay, he will not disappoint you. He hopes to have many opportunities to redeem himself in the future. You must not infer from this, however, that he intentionally disappointed you last Sunday.

Well now for the news. Sina after your train pulled away, I joined Bro Lambert and reluctantly strolled from the depot home. He concluded he would like to spend the evening at Nettie's. I walked up with him as far as the P. O. and then returned home. The folks were all away, so early I felt willing to let 'great nature have her second course,' and returned for that purpose. I was just ready to pop into bed, when Ora announced that a young lady and gentleman were down stairs and wished to see me. I readjusted my apparel, hastily attended to my toilet, and went down stairs and met Miss Briggs, and Mr. Christenson. Do you know them. He is going on a mission to New Zealand. I felt it a duty and a pleasure to give him what information I could so put my hat on and walked back with them to Nettie's. There was a select and pleasant little company present. I participated until 10, then Nettie kindly took me in the kitchen and gave me some real nice home-made candy. My second attempt at retiring proved successful. Sina, I am afraid you have ruined me, that is, my ability to go to socials, dances, entertainments, etc., and have a good time in the true sense of the word, when you are some where else. Now if you wish me to have a good time in such amusements you must accompany me and be my companion in them. You know my true happiness consists in seeing you happy, and in enjoying your company.

Monday the dentist and I entertained each other. He was congenial and talkative, but then I would not care to be entertained by such a class of people every day in the week, and trust you will not have occasion to seek their society in the future. In the evening Mrs Searle and daughter, Mr and Mrs Holbrook and Son all attended the Republican rally and heard Mr. Chandler picture and polish the Republican side of the political question. He was a logical and sensible speaker, and many times during his discussion I wished you were present. I feel sure it would have clinched the argument, and secured your vote for the Republicans, even though it became necessary for me to be absent and cease preaching politics to you. However just imagine that I have concluded a lot of political harangue, and bubbling, and close by asking you to vote for "expansion, Wm. McKinley and the Republican party."

This morning father, mother, and I left on the O. S. L. For Mammoth. Met your father at the depot. He said he had a good hunt, and pointed to a roll which must have contained a number of ducks. Bro. And Sis. Twelves came over with us. This place has built up considerable during the past four years. Some of the old timers and old acquaintances are here. We all went up to the mine. The women folks did not have the courage to go down the mine. The Supt. who is an old timer took me through. Have been fortunate in securing a good job. I will assist in the assaying and book keeping, and perhaps do some ore sorting. My work will not be very hard, commencing at about 8 A. M. and finishing about 4 P.M. My salary will be \$75.00 a month, but when you take \$28.00 for board, \$7.50 for tithing and then allow for clothing and current expenses, you will see that it will take some time to be financially independent at this rate. However I hope to learn assaying, and if energetic and faithful some thing better may offer itself in the future.

This is a nice hotel and has a [?bonton] class of people staying here. The folks wish me to board here. My little bachelor quarters have been moved away so think I will stay here. Will go home to vote. I have some books and will do some studying.

Do not expect to do much correspondence outside of the family and Sina. Now how often shall I write. Say, you were joking about Amy, were you not. My dear girl you know me to well to feel any uneasiness in this direction. Please be frank and always tell me how you feel. Sina take good care of your health and be happy. You always have my prayers in your school and I know you will succeed. Give my love to Sis B. and Sis. Garf and all your relatives. With prayers and best love, As Ever Yours lovingly Fay.

P. S. I forget to say “yes” I meant it about Amy.

Spanish Fork, Oct. 18/ [1900]

Mr. L. H. Holbrook,

Robison, Utah.

My Own Dear Fay:— You said it was a pleasure to write to me still and how good it did seem to receive this and the other letters you have written since we came home. It is as truly as it has always been a happy few moments when I can sit down alone, if possible, and write a few of my thots and feelings to the one whom I love as I can never love another. Fay, to be really candid as you asked me to, I don’t believe you know how much of my love you are in possession of. Not that you do not appreciate what you have been assured of; but I have often failed to express what I have really felt. Well, I believe if I have been myself in your company at all, you understand some of my feelings and I trust you will not mistake a conscious reserve for indifference or lack of affection on my part. I often feel that an all wise Father has watched over us even from the beginning of our association and I feel to praise His name that purity of thot and action has accompanied our associations thus far. And I still feel to ask for his blessings for Fay we are as you have always said, not faultless; but with the spirit of the Lord, for a companion to be with us thru our lives what joy and happiness there is in store for us! Fay, I am not preaching but only telling you what I have been thinking tonight and other nights especially since I said good-bye to you Sunday night. That was a cruel old night Fay. I thot for a little while that my heart was quite broken and prayer alone comforted me that night as well as nights before and then your letter came so now the wound is quite healed. In order to save these heart aches it’s best to have no partings s\isn’t it? So you won’t come and see me on election day will you? Fay do you now understand why I sort of dreaded getting home. Do you know I saw us in my mind then just as we are now and kind a lived these little partings then. Do not think I am regretting, complaining or wishing things are not as they are. Not so, it is the best and wisest thing for us and we will be happy in still waiting for each other for with the confidence, which is the outgrowth of our love, we have in each other we are among the favored ones and shall someday enjoy the future we are living for.

Fay, tell me how you are feeling,. Do you sleep well? Or do you sometimes spend sleepless nights as you did once or twice on our trip? I think you will be on a rapid improve now you know you were always more sleepless when I was with you. So now you are away please make up for lost time; because I am already quite ready to see you again.

Fay, there is one thing that I shall never change my mind in and that is in reference to my love for you. You think you are not as good as I think you are. Well, its alright if you’re not. I’m pretty good and so we’ll be quite like other people after all.

Four pages of philosophy now one of a few other important matters.

You found no great difficulty in getting a position. There’s one good recommendation. Your wages are O.K. Board O. K. too I guess and so is all the rest. You will like the work you are doing; but Fay what about the assaying part? Isn’t it a little apt to be hard on ones system. I don’t know much about it only grandma says it is dangerous. You have longer hours than I but I hope they will be pleasurable ones. Have a good time Fay only don’t get too “swell” for this little “milk maid.”

Fay, the next Sunday that you and I are in Provo will you please come up and have dinner with me? I tell you Fay, we'll plan on a nice time during holidays. I hope Jennie and Will will be free and we can all have such a good time. What do you say? I'll promise to be your girl for all the Xmas balls. How's that for proposing/ Now there's another important matter. I don't intend to vote ignorantly and your request includes so much let me ask you "What is Expansion"? This will require an early reply so you will not let many evenings pass before you write. Grandma is not very well and I am glad I am with her. Aunt Phena sends love and best wishes. Say Fay, she thinks you're pretty nice. She thinks I am too. Grace Beck that is Flora's sister that you met Saturday would like to run me a race. I better beware for she lives at Eureka; I have a cousin, Miss Robertson working at Mammoth. You may meet her. You are not quite as far as half way to New Zealand and this letter is about half as long as I used to write and on foreign paper too, and almost as poorly written as some of them used to be; but there is all the love and Fay there is more than there was then. You write as you feel. I could look for a letter every night; but what a silly girl. When will I see you? Be contented, as you asked of me, and sleep well, and be happy for we have a world of happiness to live for.

With fondest love and pleasant dreams I close [torn]. . . your own Sina.

Robison, Utah. Oct. 20th 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork,, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— You would be surprised to see how much anxiety there is in receiving letters even in so short an absence. Your own dear letter that should have come last night was handed to me tonight. It came O.K. last night,— but you see there was a Democratic rally in town, and things were some what up set. Robison mail in the excitement was carried on up to Mammoth, and did not get back here till tonight. Here I have been one day in suspense, for I felt sure there was a letter for me last night and could not get it till coming home from work tonight. Sina your letters are just as true and comforting now, as they were when I was in way off N. Z. and I am sure they contain all the love and [torn] wishes.

Should the Democratic party be responsible for the mistake and delay of this letter that is sufficient to insure the Republican party my vote in the future. You ask what is “Expansion.” Well, when a family increases from four to eight, that is expansion. When a purse that has two dollars in today will have double the amount tomorrow it will have expanded. When a love that first draws two lives together, increases throughout life that is Expansion. If these illustrations are true I believe in expansion, don’t you. If, when a person has loved but one he loves a half dozen; or a man who is a member of one Church joins several [unclear] a person with one unpleasant habit cultivates many, is meant expansion, why, then you and I do not want Expansion. So perhaps the merits of the term would be conditioned upon the motives and direction of the growth or increase. Applied politically the word implies to [torn]. . . tion of other territory or colonies to the [torn] . . . It occurs to me to be one of the grandest steps in American history. Suppression of others could never be intended by our free Government, but rather their welfare and advancement promoted. Enough of politics, half in earnest half in jest. Be quick to join the Republican ranks and save your self from my political speeches.

I have just been watching a harmless game of cards in the parlor. Mrs. Holbrook, Mrs. Nebecker, Miss Tyler (the daughter of a mining expert) and Miss (School Teacher) are playing a game of “63.” I accepted their invitation to be a spectator, but it occurred to me that tomorrow was Sunday and that perhaps Sina would be at Spanish Fork and that she would enjoy a letter; so I withdrew from the card-game to this much more pleasant undertaking. Sina, even writing to you affords me more pleasure, than does the presence and company of other young ladies. When with you I am happiest, while absent, happiest when writing to you.

There is one thing you will allow me to disagree in, that is, that I sleep less when you are near. Of course when you are present, there is pleasure in burning a little later oil, and trespassing slightly upon the time that rightly belongs to sleep. You must not charge your self with being the cause of my —————-on our trip; it is the result of a combination of things. In answer to how I sleep and feel. Well much better in both ways, but as yet hardly so well as formerly, or so well as I am going to in the near future; however there is marked improvement and my case is encouraging. Please assist me to see it safely through. Come, now Sina, be as frank with me— how are you standing your school work. Take lots of sleep and in every way the best care of yourself, and do not work too hard or worry over your school; for both school and teacher are O.K.

My dear Sina, thank you and bless you for such devotion and willingness to overlook my faults, and love me through them all. You have seen me under the most trying circumstances of my life, and say you think none the less of me, but more. Sina, may Heaven ever bless you; and with the assistance and approval of the Lord, I hope to repay you. I have been a good boy since you knew me.

As for my work, it may be injurious in some places and in some mines and there may be some slight evil effects here; but this is a good mine, and I look for no injury to my health. My work is not very hard and all day shift. With care and study I may be able to do the assaying in three months time. The present assayer also keeps the books, and gets \$4.00 per day. He is really only busy a few hours of the day. Now the books I already understand, and expect soon to be able to do the other part when necessary. The man took my place, when I left before, has been with the mine ever since, and now has a family living here. Horace Eldredge, do you know him. Of course I am not aspiring to usurping his position, but to be capable of doing the work and of filling this or a similiar position if needed or desired. You see my motives are good, and so I spend some of my spare time studying Chemistry and Assaying. Mr. Eldredge is growing tired of Mammoth, and so it is quite possible the position may some day be offered me if I qualify.

My circle of acquaintances, thus far, is not much larger than it use to be. Of course, am becoming acquainted with those at the Hotel. Sina, school teachers are O.K. or at least I have always found them so. The little Miss. Here is no exception to the rule. Miss Tyler is really a rare young lady, and a specimen of young beauty. There are also some fine looking young men but you must not get acquainted with them so I shall not name them. Sina you know that I only think of Amy and all the other girls, yourself excepted, as friends. You were not my resort, but my own and only choice, and if I can do my part all will be well. Mother is still with me and sends love. Have to spend most of my spare time studying. Have [torn. . .] of the miner becoming or ever wishing to bec. . . well "for his milkmaid." Oh no. It is nice to be well tho. . . se remember me to Sis Brimhall, Aunt Phenie and all your. . . Always call when you go home. As ever with prayers and . . . love
Your own Fay. (Same address)

[letterhead] HOTEL MAMMOTH,
a. Welcker, proprietor.

Robinson, Utah, Wed. Oct. 24th 1900.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— This is the fourth letter for me to-night. The last but not the least. My hopes in finding the lost ferns have again been resurrected, and two or my letters have been further efforts in that direction. The other was to my dear mother and sisters. My father may be out on the train tonight. Mother just left Monday, and were it not for complaining would say it is almost lonesome here without her.

This is rather a strange way to begin a letter. Sina will you get this in answer to your own dear letter as soon as you expect it. Your letter which was written Sunday, just reached me last night. This is my first opportunity to answer. Before going further I am going to submit a proposition to you. You see I am fishing for an early reply. Well, here it is,— if yours comes in time, I will write again Saturday night. I have decided upon Wednesday and Saturday nights for writing mail.

Sina, your letter did contain some sad news, and from the papers your report is confirmed. The paper states that Jesse Knights and family and Mrs. J. W. Knights all have the small pox. This is unfortunate and unpleasant, and I certainly sympathize with the afflicted. Sina do not worry. I feel certain that they will all be O.K. and that in a few weeks we shall see them all around, well and happy again. You know in such cases where sickness comes without people bringing it on themselves, I think the only thing to do is to be cheerful and make the most of circumstances, and that all will be O.K. in end. They shall have our faith and prayers and you will find that they will all be well in a little while.

About that book, Sina mother wrote out and said they could not find it, thinking I had it. I have written back and told them where I think it may be found. Hope you will receive it O.K. and wish I were going to be present to hear you, and then accept your invitation to go and have dinner with you and Sis. Brimhall. There is only one more I could suggest in that company you mentioned Sunday night, and that is Fay. Do you know I could not wish for better company to spend my Sunday nights with than Sina, and her grandmother. I am pleased that your grandmother likes me, for I like her and value her opinion. Sina all of my folks on both sides think considerable of us and we have a host of friends. At the mine and hotel people treat me just fine. I know that you are worthy and deserve all this good will. My prayer and one great hope is that I may prove myself worthy of the love and confidence of those who are interested in me. Your goodness may help to redeem me and your willingness certainly makes me love you the more.

Yes, yes, I remember Edinburg and all of those other pretty places. Help me to remember the good and beautiful in all our travels, and in our lives, but if I was unhappy at any time, please help me to forever forget it. Now do not censure yourself or imagine you have ever been the cause of one unhappy moment in my life. Company, environments, and all in our trip were ideal. Fay was the cause of his own condition and others effected that condition only indirectly. My independence and individuality were gone, but I find no censure or unkind thought for others, but upon the contrary feel indebted for the patience and kindness manifested. "Let the dead past bury the dead." My present battle is to cease living a retrospective life, and continue the progressive; and regain that independence of thot and action I once boasted myself to have. Now, my dear Sina, please do not mistake these few lines and imagine our experiences are to be buried. Oh, no! You may tell them and live them over to me as long as you choose or find pleasure in so doing, and you will always find me happy in recounting them with you. Sina this will be a source of future joy to us.

I have almost forgotten my little talk on politics. Now Sina you must not mistake Democratic Gov. for Gov. by the people, for Dem. Party, or that freedom is the absence of law; for it is rather the power to conform to just laws. I firmly believe than an Independent Gov under American protection, like Hawaii would be better for the Natives and for us. For us because it would have a material effect upon our Eastern Commerce, and for them because it would insure them a better Gov than they are capable of giving themselves. Another thing if America relinquishes them don't you suppose some less philanthropic nation would seize them, and that we as a nation would loose our dignity in the eyes of the nations. Sina follow your convictions even if they don't agree fully with Fay's. He will think none the less of you.

When mother left for home, she left me a fine pocket knife and one of the sweetest notes, full of loving council and kind advice at the hotel. I shall preserve the note. If I can be worthy of my parents and your love then I shall be satisfied with life. Mother, Miss Miner, and I went to Church last Sunday. They gave me a chance and have me booked again for Conjoint. Miss Miner (Teacher) is organist and has invited me to go to Choir practice. Our first practice is tomorrow night. I will the ask her about school. Well, if I go to Choir practice, etc., it will just be so I can learn to sing for you. Will you let me. My work is O.K. I shall be careful. Give my love to your grandmother and friend and relatives.

With best love and prayers As ever Your own Fay.

[letterhead]HOTEL MAMMOTH,
A. Welcker, Proprietor.

Robinson, Utah, Sat. Oct. 27. 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Oown Dear Sina,— To night after work I came home with a big smile all over my open face, feeling sure there would be a letter in the hotel for me. Now could you blame me for being just a little disappointed, when my mail box was empty. The night train is not in and so there are still hopes. It reaches here 8:20. This is my night to write, and so I do it with pleasure, even though I have none of those letters I love so well to answer. There is always one question which arises when letters fail to come when they are looked for, and that is, 'could it be possible that Sina is unwell.' Assurance that you are both well and happy whispers consolation, and make me hope for a letter yet to night. Sina nothing further has reached me concerning our Small-pox patients in Provo, only y our report was confirmed by my mother. While I am not worrying, there is some anxiety as to their condition, add news would be gratefully received.

Another Sunday is almost upon us, and it will find Sina in Spanish Fork or Provo and me alone, but thinking of her here in Robison. How many more Sundays has separation in store for us, Sina.. Now I am not complaining, but only pondering over the present, and thinking of what we hope Some day soon to be. I am contented and happy to be here working now but I could not enjoy life in Mammoth always under present conditions. The work is all right and the people are all right, but still something more important is missing. How much pleasure there would be each night in going home form your day's work, knowing there would be some loved one to greet and welcome you, instead of feeling that you are only one unheeded stranger among a lot of others. I can speak upon this from experience, for you know my mother was here for a few days, and Sina it was a positive pleasure to think of meeting her each night. I was almost selfish enough to wish she would stay here all of the time. Now you must not think me homesick or unhappy, for I am neither; but thankful to be here and have such a good position, at least for the present.

Sina, I can not put any flowers or ferns in your letters now, unless I draw them, for flowers and ferns do not grow in Mammoth. If I had have been your pupil, perhaps I could draw a good substitute for that language, but in the absence, please be assured this crude letter contains all they could express. Speaking of ferns reminds me of ours that are lost, strayed, or stolen. Have received a card from Elder Sperry. He did not bring them but thinks they are still in N. Z. To night I have written to have one of the elders in Aucklabnd send them the first opporotunity if they are still there. You see I mean to have them. I would like them for a Xmas present for some one I love, and I am sure they would make up for the basence of such in these letters written from Mammoth.

To Morrow we do not work. If it was not so far to Spanish Fork or so near election time, I would be seriously tempted to go and spend the day with you and your grandmother. That would give me an opportunity to hear you speak on the Passion Play. Just the same you shall be remembered, and I am sure it will be appreciated by the Sunday School. (Mail has just come and there isn't a thing for me. What shall I say, or hadn't I better say. Did you get my letter written last Wednesday, Sina. Miss Miner has been more fortunate. Perhaps she will have compassion on my misfortune and let me read one of hers. That would be considerate, but then it would not supply the vacancy. I would prefer hoping on and waiting till tomorrow or next day if necessary. Certainly there is nothing misunderstood in my last letter, because yin that case you would write me how you feel.

Expectation is over till another day, and so I shall go on and complete my letter as though nothing had happened. Thursday night Miss Miner and I went up to Choir practice. She is the organist. I asked her about school, and she assured me all were not bright days in school, and spoke much as you do. "However," she said, "this is my fourth year, and you see I have had considerable experience." She hopes this will be here last. I told her I hoped my lady acquaintances would not need to teach more than four years. Now for practice. They had me with the tenors for a while and later changed me to the basso. Part singing is new for me. The only place left they can change me to now and still retain me, is to the ladies section. Well we are all learning and I am not discouraged with one trial. Last night was practice for a quartet up to the mine, and Miss Miner was up to play for them, and took me along with her as it is a long walk and a rough road. Now you must not think I am getting gay, for others do not effect or change my love for Sina in the least, unless it is to increase it and make me more fully appreciate you.

A few words about my work. Another acquirement in house keeping has been added to my collection. You would have smiled to watch me scrub our office rooms this afternoon. I have heard people sing when they are doing drudgery, so I followed their example, and can recommend it. We keep a real neat office; one that we are not ashamed of, and it is a pleasure to keep it so. Now isn't this another recommend? When you come out to visit the mine you can verify my words. In other regards work is OK. Please give my love to your grandmother and all others. I am happy and well. With prayers and best love, As Ever, Your own Fay.

[letterhead]HOTEL MAMMOTH,

a. Welcker, Proprietor.

Robinson, Utah, Oct. 31. 1900.

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Dear Sina,— With two nice letters to answer, it should be easy to write one in return; don't you think. Last Sunday morning as we did not work, I set out to see some of the mines. I went over to Silver and saw the mines there, then passed my opinion upon some property my⁶ father is interested in, and went on around to the Star. I made a short call upon Mrs. Beck Found her busy but apparently very happy. She wished to be kindly remembered. I then returned to my hotel for dinner, and was more than pleased to find a letter from you awaiting me.

It was a good letter, but Sina you were just a little blue when you wrote it. You began without any salutary address and closed with, "from Sina." If I have learned to expect more, you must blame yourself, for all your letters have been full of love and affection. I hardly knew what to make of this one, but after thinking it over could see there were suffiiciient causes and circumstances to make you feel a little blue, and I also felt that back of it all you were not feeling the best. Of course the letter in no way made me think less of Sina, but its spirit in connection with the dreams related, caused me to reflect and wonder most seriously whether thoughts of me were happy and sunshiny, or were filled with doubt and unpleasant forbodings. Considering what has transpired, even the latter condition would be perfectly excusable, but Sina for your own happiness, which always includes mine, please do not allow or tolerate such feelings. You above all others merit happiness and least deserve one unhappy moment. Sina, in my life, you have always been a fortification against temptation and evil, and an inspiration for good in thots and actions. Nothing is more certain and sure than my unchanged love for you, but as for my ability to make you happy and in every way meet those desires, their may be a question. Should the question have been considered long ago? Sina it was, but all was peace, happiness, vigor, and good health with me then; filling me with good cheer and hope. Those few confidential friends, who knew me all, my conscience and answer to my prayers, together with my heart assured me my course was right and acceptable. Why conditions which for the present are perplexing me, should arise after the fulfillment of a good mission and the manifestation of a desire for right living I do not know, but will not complain. Should my Heavenly Father see fit to return to me that contentedness of mind, and my former health and vigor, then Fay will be Fay again, and not a mere shadow that can be obscured by every cloud that comes between him and light. If I have passed through trying circumstances and have not yet entirely escaped, I never did nor do not want others to share them with me. Now Sina when I think what a source of unalloyed joy you have always been to me, and then of the probability of my being the cause of perplexing and even unhappy thots to you; it makes me wonder way down deep why circumstances force me to thus requit the one I love. Now Sina, leave me out of the consideration or at least my happiness and let us both work unitedly in securing yours. I do not mean by this you are to forsake or forget me unless in so doing you will become happier. Sina any suggestion that you can make which will make you happier, will have my hearty cooperation. If your happiness is interwoven in mine, I am willing to try and make the most of myself and shall do my best to make you happy and repay at least in part what you have created in my life. Now Sina please do not misunderstand, or allow a word of this to give you one unhappy thot. So far as I am personally concerned you know I only have one love and I feel can never have another, and if the Lord should permit us to go happily through life side by side, I would feel that of all men Heaven had been most kind to me, and that my greatest earthly desire had been granted. Now you will not misunderstand or be unhappy when you read this, will you Sina, for I mean for every word of it to give you pleasure.

Speaking of dreams I too had one and am going to risk telling it. Usually dreams we don't like or better never told, don't you think so? If repetition is the mother of memory unpleasant things should never be repeated. It is not necessary or right that we make ourselves unhappy. "Man is that he might have joy." Well for the dream before I get started again

I thot you and I were going some where, and you were very thin. I remarked , "how poor you are Sina." Further along I put my arm around you and drew you to me, and you were so thin. I asked if you were well. This time you chided me for calling your attention to it as tho I was making fun. We walked on until finally you leaned fainting against a fence, and from your arms fell some

school books and a number of things you had been carrying unbeknown to me. My heart was filled, and I turned and said— “give me the books and all your burdens for I am stronger and can carry them,” and forgive me Sina for not noticing the load you have been striving to quietly walk under.” I thot this was the cause of your condition, and that we then walked on much faster and it seemed we were soon moving happily along on a street car. The dream rather impressed me. Now my dear Sina do not carry the school or any thing that becomes a burden but give them to me before we start out, and do not let me make new ones. I loved you the same then you were thin, but really always expected to see you fleshy and happy, like you were on the Continent, or even fleshier and happier. Now please let me help carry whatever is heavy to you.

Sina your second letter was the same dear letter in spirit and style you always write It gave me nothing but joy. You almost make me believe you are a Democrat, and you have already almost exhausted me store of Political information. You speak of Gov Moyle. Well Sina, history more than anything has made me a Republican; and of that history the last four years are the most convincing. Instead of Coxie armies waning the country, which characterized Cleveland’s administration the country is prosperous and no honest man need go far in search of employment. Sina, I am a Republican because history proves that its reign and prosperity have been coincident, and it helps the majority. One is a party of promises and the other of performances. I am not tainted with Aristocracy, but am purely one of the people with my Republican inclinations, and feel satisfied that it is the party for the people. It is rather hard to think of our votes cancelling each other, but Sina vote as you choose and think best. You can always have my consent in all things to do that. A fellow asked an Irishman what he thot of the “McKinley Bill.” He said “he thot it ought to be paid.” “Well who are you going to vote for then?” Pat “I voted for Bryan last time and we have had prosperity ever since, I think I will vote for him again.”

[Postscript written along the right edge of this page is illegible due to binding.]

Sunday night Miss Miner and I went to Ch. It would make you smile to see me in the Choir. She is a palmist and Tuesday night she told my fortune. I am only to be engaged once, have one flirtation, be constant, devoted, live long, by efforts avoid a cross which was in life, sympathetic, plenty of temper, well controlled, would be a good manager, have money and know how to keep it. How is that? I had no idea there was such a fortune in my hand. Well nothing there but what I wish for. Last night we went up to the mine to a practice. Tonight is “Halloween.” I wonder what will happen. I must go to supper. Work O.K. And I am feeling good. Now this is not to make you jealous for my fortune says I am constant and I believe it. “Good night and pleasant dreams.” Love to your grandma. Prayers and best love. Your own Fay.

Spanish Fork, Nov. 1, 1900.

Mr. L. H. Holbrook,
Robison, Utah.

My Own Dear Fay:— What a comforting that it is to know that I can sit down this night and without reserve speak, as well as this mode of conversation will permit, the feelings that my heart is full of. Fay there has been from our very earliest acquaintance up to this present moment, a prayer in my heart and that prayers has often been uttered to Our Father in Heaven, that His will might be done in regard to our association for there is one testimony that is very sure to me and that is that even tho' it costs pangs that hurt long it means the truest joy in the end. How well I remember one December night when I read the letter that gave to my life its one greatest joy. It was the letter that laid open before me my future and I saw it full of the purest happiness and all the happy hopes that my girlhood days had fancied. I prayed that the Lord would bless me in my happiness and I asked him to give me His Spirit that I might know if He sanctioned what my heart felt. What the answer of my heart was, was not the question for there was but one answer that could give me the joy I felt. I had often answered that question myself even before it was asked. But if the Lord was pleased I felt that He would give me answer and thus the answer came. What could be a surer answer than the knowledge that our long separation with those little ties of love named letters and then our constant association for a whole summer and now our separation for a short time have all increased my love for you. Fay? My heart has love for no other than you Fay and in very truth my happiness will never be what I have hoped for without your love and protection. Remember your own love for me and then read this and then see if we have not an abundance for which to say “Father I thank Thee.” And thus hand in hand with the love and sympathy we can give one another let us be the heroes our parents would have us. ‘Tis true we will work together for my happiness and thus you cannot escape. Fay there is all that two souls could desire for us to live for and together we will work and our happiness will be what we live for and thus our parents and all who love us will rejoice in our joy. Fay do please always tell me when you feel as you do sometimes now. Can I help you? Then let me for I love you. I would that I had more strength with which to give you aid in trying moments. I feel so sure that the Lord is watching you and that He will bless you, that I do not perhaps express the sympathy that I feel often times when I think of your trial while away and even now. The only fault I find in you Fay that will injure us both is that you do not love Fay enough. If you care for me try to love the one that holds the deepest love my heart can give and remember that I too am not perfect but if we can only be faithful to what blessings are ours we will find all the joy in life and then in a future life that it was meant we should have. Fay the question is one that is worthy of deep consideration and having felt this we have placed it in wiser Hands than our own and feel that He will heartily join our hands in union and will bid us on our life's journeying go with His blessings and full sanction. Fay I feel this so strongly to-night and I want you to forget what you have been called to suffer and I do feel that the Lord will bless you and thus bless us both. Our hopes, our prayers, our future are one and the sweetest part of our lives is yet to come. We will be united in our prayers for each other and all must be well. With joy and comfort in my heart I bid my lover good-night with loving thots.

As ever Yours—Sina.

[letterhead]HOTEL MAMMOTH,
A. Welcker, Proprietor.

Robinson, Utah, Sat. Nov. 3, 1900.

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— Wednesday and Sat. nights are looked forward to with more pleasure than the others. Usually these are the days I receive mail and so far have been the nights I have enjoyed answering letters from loved ones. Your own dear letter was received when I came from work this afternoon. You don't care how many times I reread your letters, just so each time gives me pleasure do you, Sina. The one that came this afternoon just suited me. You know how to please me don't you.

Sina, you do not need to wish for more strength so that you can assist me more. I am afraid you could not make any changes in your self which would better adapt you to assist me and become my companion in life for all I wish I find in you as you are. Any other girl or any other Sina, would not have so much of Fay's love, and you know with out that she could not do so much with him. Sina, your faith and assurance in our future happiness, and your sympathy which does not manifest its self in tears but contents with a knowledge that a kind Father is watching us and that all will be well, is just what I admire and the kind of sympathy I most need.

Our prayers have been alike. I have always prayed, that if our love be sanctioned that the Lord would bless us and help us to live so as to be suited to each other, and so that our love would increase throughout our lives, and our course be such that our union in proper time would meet with the approval of all interested in us, and be attended with the blessings of our Heavenly Father. With you I submit all to the will of the Lord, and pray for strength and courage to always abide it. Sina we have done this from the first. My Patriarchal blessing and the numerous other blessings we have both enjoyed has always assured me our course is sanctioned. Your sweet testimony in this relation reaffirms my assurance and hopes. Well did you say 'few have been blessed as us, and few have more to be thankful for.' May we prove worthy of all we have enjoyed, and of that still sweeter part yet in store for us. Sina, I like to hear you speak that way— 'the sweetest part is yet to come,' for considering the past, that means much to us.

Now for happenings since my last. Father has been over to the mine, and brot a lovely long letter (28 pages) from Clara. She had been to two Conferences, and done some more sight seeing enroute. One who never wearys of it, and you are her equal. She is a good girl. Sina I want you to read the letter. Last night I wrote to her, and the night before to the old school teacher in New Zealand. You remember me telling you of one, who asked me to write after the excitement of sight seeing and home going were over. Well this was the one.

You did not mention the sick people in your last. Of course they have suffered and it has been disagreeable for them, but do you know Sina I have felt so sure that they would soon be alright that I have not worried abit. Father and mother were down to our old home and thru Millard Co. for a week. This time you also ommitted to express your political convictions, and give me no opportunity to pick a quarrel with you upon this score. You will make no mistake in voting for McKinley. Cast your vote for him and you will help elect the next Pres. How is this for persuasive and convincing argument? A lot of assertions unsubstantiated ought to make votes had they not.

To day is teacher convention, and you will be home. I had such a good time in the last one, that I shall always wish to attend them, at least while you are teaching and will be present. Your folks will be glad that Fay is not home this time so that you can at last have a visit with them. Well I don't wish to be selfish, but I would like to have been with you to day and tomorrow, in fact I would like to be with you all the time. How is that for a monopoly and a Republican characteristic.

You were longer than Miss Miner giving me an invitation to visit school. She has already given me two, but as yet have had no opportunity. She wants me to go and see her room and decorations. When you come out to visit school and mines we will visit her school. Sina, in earnest, I would like you to come out some Friday night and stay till Monday morning if I am here long. We could get a buggy and visit Silver, Knightsville, Eureka, and all the mines. What do you say and let me set the date.

I think I didn't tell you what happened "Halloween" night. Well, Mrs. Welker and Nebeker, Misses Miner and Tyler, and myself spent the evening in the parlor. We tried a game or two. They had me pull a weed. My lady was to be small, and her good qualities would make anyone conceited. All as I wanted it. Who do you think I dreamed of that night? Do not leave your grandmother house to find the object of my dreams. It seemed to me that you and I were surrounded by a lot of fine horses. They were ours and we were going somewhere. Have a lot to tell you about that night, when? Thurs. night Miss M and I went to singing practice. Would you believe I am improving in base. Kinda getting on to the music, that is the up and down part of it. If you wish to hear me sing, you must sing the lead so I can sing the base. Last night Miss Miner, Miss Tyler and I were in the parlor till train time. Miss Tyler is from Colorado. She formerly lived in N. Y. Incidentally the Book of Mormon came up. We had a long Gos. Con. Upon it. She has it and says she is going to read it. Her father is the mine expert and she is very well read.

Some one must have told Miss Miner's (young man?) to look after her. He came down from Logan last night, and of course now I am just a stranger to her. I wonder how long he will stay, for she has promised to go with me to the Ward social next Monday night, but we are to keep good hours. Well I am glad she has a young man, for we are only friends, and she deserves a nice one. I guess she knows there is only one girl in this world for me, and that she teaches in Spanish Fork. Now Sina you can trust me for being careful and keeping in the bounds of propriety. Under the conditions I appreciate Miss M's company, and think it very nice of her. I wish you were going to be here to the Social. If her young man stays I shall excuse my-self.

Sina I may speak on the Passion Play or some experiences in the Holy Land tomorrow night. Will go down home to election Tuesday morning. Hope to see you. Do not be surprised if I get to Sp. Fork or disappointed if I do not. Rather think I will. Can you write so I can have an answer before going. Wish you would. Work is O.K. and I am feeling good. How is school and Sina? Please give my love to your grandmother and all, as ever

With prayers and best love Your Fay.

[pressed flower and leaf attached]

Spanish Fork, Nov. 5—

My Own Dear Fay:— I was disappointed last night when I came home from Provo not to find my letter here. It was not your fault however; but someone who was not home to go to the office or someone who was home and was not interested enough in me to go. However this noon I received it O.K. Thank you Fay. It is such a sweet letter. I shall have to answer in this short time before 1 P.M. if you get it before I see you. I went home yesterday morning with pa and the boys. It was a very pleasant ride. Talked for about one hour with the Knights people at a distance. They are all getting well. Our Jennie's eye is still in a dangerous condition; but is better. Will and I went to B.Y.A. fast meeting. Fay, I would so like you to have been there. There was so much faith exercised and such an assurity given that the special object for which they met would be granted. Have you heard of the very sad death of Sister Hickman? I did not see any of your folks. I should like to have called but did not have the opportunity.

Do as you wish to Fay; but in sincerity know that I shall both be surprised and **disappointed** [triple underlined] if you do not come to see me when you come home. If circumstances should really compel you to do otherwise perhaps I can wait. Well, this is no letter at all; but it's all the time I have just now. If you don't come and see me I won't write you any long letters any more while you are in Mammoth.

Am so glad you feel so well and are enjoying your evenings and all at Mammoth. I have nothing to say in the scolding line only I'm a little jealous. Good-bye till I see you. With best love and prayers— I remain always— Your own Sina.

P. S. Take notice of the words underlined.

P. S. The night is almost perfect. I just looked out and saw the moon and I came to put this P.S. on my letter. You are about home now from practice. It is 9:20. Did you enjoy your [pressed flower pasted over word]?

Spanish Fork, Nov. 7, 1900

Mr. Fay Holbrook.

Robison, Utah.

Dearest Fay:— Just now you are at choir practice and in about one hour you and Miss Miner will be walking home. Wish it were I instead of she. I came home all O.K. last night and went to bed early. Grandma said I was a hard case because I was so restless. Guess I was trying to get away to go to Mammoth.

I have felt fine to-day; but Oh! I was cross. Say Fay it was pretty hard to have you go last night. YOU were snatched off so quickly that I didn't even get to wave my hand. Did you have a pleasant ride? I didn't have any dreams last night; but imagine from the way my thoughts have been going that I will have a nice visit with you to-night. I told you if you didn't come to see me I wouldn't write any more long letters and you came so you will have to suffer the penalty. There is so much that I like to say; but you better say to me like Clara did when we were taking our last train ride with her, "You will be sorry that you didn't talk to me more, when you are gone." Well, I was sort of hypnotized I guess because I was so silent at the station last night. There was only one thing I did say that I regretted and still regret and that was when I asked you to tell me what it was that had been causing you such suffering. I do not want to now Fay. You dear Fay I love you and the Lord will bless us if we place ourselves in a position to receive what he has for us. The truest happiness I feel is in the knowledge that the Lord will overrule circumstances for our good and the joy that He has sanctioned the mutual love in our hearts is more than I can express. I want to do my part Fay and am always happy in planning in my own mind our future. Do not think I fail to manifest interest in our future prospects; but Fay you know girls are to a certain extent dependent and I am one of them. How are your sleeping abilities? That is one thing that must figure in your recommendations. [Insertion 2 short sentences:] My lips are so sore. Can you account for it? I don't believe I know how to worry or be sleepless and you in two ways have kept me from it. I have no burdens Fay. Your chosen companion is of light weight— No one else dare say as you think. So do I.

What about that serious flirtation? Keep me posted as to which party it becomes the most serious with.

I have quite a young man pupil now. He's in his teens, is light complexioned, blue eyes and speaks a 'leetle' English. I was talking to him to-day about London, Liverpool, Scotland etc. He is good as gold; but there are more days coming. I like my school Fay and I believe I shall really enjoy the rest of the year. It is such a consolation; because I thought I never could get thoroughly interested. It was so hard at first. I know again that the Lord has answered my prayers.

Is this a long one? Too long measured by the one that pleased you last. Write me very long one. Please do Fay. With earnest prayers that you may have a sweet, sound sleep and pleasant dreams I bid you good-night.

As ever Your own Sina.

[letterhead] HOTEL MAMMOTH,
a. Welcker, Proprietor.

Robinson, Utah, Thurs. Nov. 8th 1900.

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— Will you be surprised to receive a letter so soon, after what was said? I hope it will be a happy surprise, for such surprises are always agreeable in life, come as often as they will. This may not be a long letter. I have just come from work and cleaned up; and will spend the time between now and singing practice writing. May also write a short letter home.

Sina, I never enjoyed a visit better in my life than the one we have just had. Your grandmother was so good and kind about every thing, and the time was all our own. I love you more all the time, and every separation is harder. What will become of me if there are many more separations/ Say I do hope they will not be necessary much longer. You know what an effort it cost to be brave enough to get on the train last night and leave you, but then, I knew the longer I stayed the harder it would be to go. There were a number of people on the train but I didn't see any of them. Took a seat by my self and leaned back in silent meditation, and— soon fell asleep which was really a relief. I found a number of acquaintances at the hotel. Miss Miner was in the parlor waiting for her mail. We simply exchanged congratulations on Republican victory. I told her I had had a lovely time, and then about 9 P.M. piked off to bed, sleeping soundly till called this morning. How is that after sleeping on a train. To day I have been half dozing and dreaming of you. Say I'm afraid I will not be very good to Miss Miner tonight, and it will be uyour fault. You see you are spoiling me. Can not take much interest in other girls and their company, and for the present am deprived of yours. Don't you think you should cure me of this indifference to others or give me your own company all of the time? Perhaps I had not better tell you to much. You may make me jealous again, for you have the power to make me very happy or very _____. I say this but don't believe it,— I don't mean that you can not make me jealous, but do not believe for one moment that you would intentionally. Sina the time for such deviations has passed in our lives, and now— it seems to me—, we need not hesitate to show our love and preference for each other, and that we can get the most and truest joy in laboring for each other's happiness. Now Sina a jealous mood has not caused me to write this way, for I have too much confidence in you to be in one. Neither do I mean that we can not be good to others, or that we must sacrifice a reasonable amount of independence. You understand me don't you, Sina?

Went to work as usual today, and have made up my mind to be contented and happy with work and life in Mammoth for the present. The mines are full of Experts and Mining Engineers, make preparations for the trial. Have been assisting a Mr. E. today and appreciate the privilege and experience.

How did you get home Sina Dear I would have loved to have taken you home. Would thoroughly enjoy writing twice this much, but must have supper and go to practice. When I want to thoroughly enjoy life I am going to live with you and your grandma. Give her my love. With best love and prayers. Your own Fay.

P. S. Had Co. Supt. to-day and didn't even have my boards cleaned. He was there at 8 o'clock and explored everything to my chagrin. I don't care. I'll make up for it the next time for I'll be on watch.

Pa and Mark have gone to the canyon to-night. Will and Inez are in Will's little house. I think we can visit them when we go to Provo again. When?

Spanish Fork. Nov. 9/1900

Mr. L. H. Holbrook.

Robison, Juab Co. Utah:—

My Own Dear Fay:— I think we better debate the question again who shall write the first letter if its results are always as good as this. I believe this Postman rather suspicious who my letters are from. To-day at noon when I went to post my letter and get a money order for my journal I met Melvie one of my cousins who had just stepped out of the office and said there was no mail for us. I did not ask for mail; but he made me smile when he handed me your letter. There was one from Grace too. You see he likes to make people happy and so does somebody else. I do like your letters Fay; but I like you better and would rather see you than get a letter; but it's alright and I am just as happy as I ought to be. Fay I am so glad you enjoyed your visit here because I have often felt that I would like to be able to entertain you better; but you know this Grandmas and we do not have conveniences such as you are used to and tho I know how you look upon those things yet one always feels it a little. Grandma is as good as gold for we are welcome to the best she has and she gives freely and loves to have you come if you can enjoy our company with humble surroundings. Fay, now you know just how I felt the last Sunday night that I left you in Provo. If anyone had spoken to me that night on the train I'm afraid my voice would have trembled. I thot my heart was broken; but I guess you healed it Fay for I got a very sweet letter shortly after; but I haven't forgotten the feeling quite yet. One thing I am glad of and that is that my company must have had a sort of soothing effect else you would not have done that very unusual thing— sleep on the train. O! No, on second thot, I remember on several occasions this summer that I was present while you were on the train and it was night too and you didn't sleep. So I guess it was my absence that was soothing this time. It was good news when you said you slept undisturbed for one whole night. I know you are feeling better then. I put a good deal of Miss Miner in my last and might have had a little in this only you see I thot the second time and decided that you see and hear her every day and I mustn't let you have too much of a good thing. When I read that she was in the parlor waiting I found myself wishing her in Logan and you in So, Fk.; but when I read — “for mail” and the conclusion of the thot I was ashamed. Well I want to meet Miss Miner and then perhaps I shall like her better.

Fay all in earnest now my sentiments echo yours in regard to having our preferences for each other. I have often asked myself the question, “What can I do to show Fay that I mean what I say when I tell him I love him.” Our lives are before us and as for my own I want to show you thru my life that I love you and as the Lord has blessed us so He will continue and increase our mutual love till it may be that at some future time we will say that the love and desire for each other's company that we feel now was only the beginning of that greater, deeper affection that

should result from pure and holy association. I am thankful indeed Fay for all our blessings. Let us be faithful to them all and true joy will always be ours. Have a good time Fay; but always be happiest when you can come and see me will you? Keep well and dream good dreams and remember that this is almost a 16 to 4 letter—(No I mean 8 to 4). I was going to say one. Quantity doesn't always count Fay does it if quality is not equal? Grandma sends love and says—“Fay is always welcome.”

With happy hopes and all my love I bid you good-night
Yours lovingly Sina.

[letterhead] HOTEL MAMMOTH,
A. Welcker, Proprietor.

Robinson, Utah, Sat. Nov. 10th 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall,

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— All of those pretty flowers came to me after all. Well I appreciate them more since you have worn them, and was pleased to accept them from you in the beginning. Do you know while writing my last, I was impressed that you would also write the same night. Your dear letter came O.K. last night, and contained that love and sunshine that has become such an essential factor in my every day's existence. Sina you do not know how much you are now, and have always been to me. Their has been so much true joy and such an inspiration for good in your undivided love. The only thing, I seem to want to be with you all the time, and do not seem to be able to control my feelings and be contented with separation as I did formerly.

Now Sina you do not know how thoroughly I enjoyed my last visit with you. Please have no regrets for one word uttered by you, for every one gave me joy. You are a noble girl not to wish an answer to that question, and Sina I appreciate it most heartily. You are wise and kind, for such an impression was made when not feeling the best, that much depends on my absolutely forgetting the answer to that question. If the Lord will assist me to accomplish this there is enough talent and ability in me, to have a hopeful future. The love of those who are interested in me makes me most earnestly desire to fulfill their expectations to the best of my ability. Sina it pains me to have anything in my life that can not, or at least should not be told to you. Please do not think that I have in heart and intent been one of the worst boys in the world. I simply confine this to bury it, and keep it from you because feel it is the best thing to do. Now Sina please do not worry or allow curiosity to work. Follies of childhood when overcome should not be relived, and what has worried me would have been entirely forgotten by most boys. Sina, one thing I do willingly, and that is, give you the right to question me upon any part of my life from our acquaintance. That includes a number of years, and I firmly believe those conditions will exist through the remainder of my life. Oh the best part of my life dates from my acquaintance with you. Do you know from then, a premonition of our happy future seemed to impress me, and a secret resolve to live with the assistance of my Heavenly Father, from then on, so there would not be one thing in my life I would be ashamed to have Sina know. This dates from before the time of our happy association. Have I not told you that long before you and I commenced going together that Fay loved Sina better than all of the girls and was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to show his love. I am pleased to say this much, but must not become too conscientious in a world like this. Sina it will not do for you to be conscientious. I mean to much so. You need never worry about your goodness. I know you well enough to be perfectly satisfied with my selection, and like you best as I know you. Now I shall be disappointed if you do not have some failings and fear you would be too exacting. Of course we must never cease striving to improve, and we shall always find pleasure in overcoming and opportunity for advancement.

So you have a young man pupil, have you? Well I envy him his teacher, and were I not her lover and companion, to become her pupil would be the next most desirable position. Though companion, you may teach me; and will help me to learn many valuable lessons. We will take turns teaching each other and will use gentle means in our school. You can not make me believe you will scold them. You have said so many kind things to me— and not one unkind word, that you will not know how, and that is one thing I shall try and never teach you. Well if you ever do, I shall get even making your lips sore again— Keep this and show it to me when I become an old scold. Oh you need not think you are going to make me jealous, for you know in your heart you would not like to do that. Besides I know you love me or I should not be so happy. Now just tell that pupil to study hard, and “keep off from forbidden ground” and we will both like him. That will be twice as many as will like him if he does not obey. If I keep on you will think me jealous, and there may be some truth in it.

Miss M and I went to choir practice, but I told you I could not be good to any one any more. Was hardly sociable but then she is good and patient. We saw the moon and her thots were in Logan and mine in your grandmothers home. All I could tell her was what a lovely time I had while away. She likes me well enough to rejoice in my happiness.

Last night her, Miss Tyler, and myself were in the parlor, Miss T. comes from Denver and I was asking her about the Golden School of Mines. She thinks it the best in the U. S. What do you think she told me? That Golden was only a little way from Denver, and if I would come down she would be awfully nice to me. Of course she does not know that you and I will more than likely go to school together, when we go, and then I will have all the company my heart could desire while attending school, without going to Denver for it. Sina, she is a very intelligent girl, but somewhat of a flirt. Tonight Miss M. was in the parlor making a doiley. I asked her if it was to adorn some future home; and remarked how much pleasure their was in laboring for a happy future. She smiled and I came in to write where I could also enjoy myself thinking of a happy future. The most Mammoth pleasure I have is in writing to you. That is the reason this letter is s long, had nothing else to do tonight. Hope you will not weary in reading it, ‘for she that endures to the end is indeed brave.’

Was writing a letter to my dear mother last night, when she and Ruth, and father, gave me a happy surprise. She has both her babies here now and may stay a week. I am a favored boy. Here is a letter just come from you. Must read before finishing. Am so glad because mail is not distributed tomorrow night and would not get it before Monday.

Have read your letter. As usual it is lovely. I wish it was as long as this. You know my paper is the largest. I would apologize for the length of this if you had not told me to write very long letter. You did have a soothing effect upon me, for I have been sleeping fine, and redeeming myself, every night since coming back, and even before. Wrote Bro. S. last night and sent best wishes from Sina. Have written to Ora tonight and now must retire. Can I look for another letter before or by Wed. night. Give my love to your dear grandmother and folks. Mother sends love. With prayers and best love Your own Fay.

Spanish Fork. Nov. 12-

Mr. L. H. Holbrook.

Robinson, Juab Co. Utah,—

My Dearest Fay:— It is just 3 0 0'clock and this is a fitting climax to my pleasant day. I have really enjoyed my work to-day and all evening I have spent in looking up Thanksgiving book for the coming three weeks and now I am quite willing to put aside that pleasant work for one to me more pleasurable. How much we live in and for ourselves! While I enjoy my work— sometimes— still there is always uppermost in my mind a future— something better something that gives me a secret happiness when it dawns upon my mind every now and then in the midst of my work especially when I get perplexed from any little cause. Ever since I began teaching such has been the conditions under which I have worked and it has been the 'spice' of my school life and such it shall be in the future.

It would be a marvelous resignation for me to say that I could spend my whole life in the school room and yet you know Fay there are circumstances that might come into my life and I would gladly spend what ambition might be remaining in the calling of a teacher in doing that I might in aiming to help the children forget my own sorrow in sharing their joys and helping to heal their little pains. There is little of kindness in that for to be a teacher one needs all the life, ambition, and love it is possible for one person to possess and be willing to give it all freely to magnify his or her calling. Well, what a strain of thought! Fay will think I am growing quite unlike myself. Now I am back again Fay and in retracing my thots I find where they began and I think you can to.

[ink blot and insert:] I guess this is a tear—It's a blue one and in trying to erase I might make it black. Can you take it off for me.

We are mortals and we are God's children. Have we not a right to love each other as I believe He has designed we should. And in doing this are we selfish? No Fay I believe it is natural to love and I believe our Father in Heaven smiles when He looks upon souls that love in purity and I believe that He will increase that love throughout those lives both here and hereafter. And in obeying the laws of God we can love as He would have us and forever enjoy the eternal happiness that comes from prayerful pure association. If we live right all the sorrow that comes to us we can consider as a blessing and given only to increase our happiness at some future time. Fay I want to live right. I want to feel that my Heavenly Father is smiling upon my thots as well as my actions and I want to do the work that I was sent upon this earth to do. These are your desires Fay and we can help each other. Constancy in prayer and courage in our everyday life will help us to gain the end for which we are working.

Have I been preaching Fay? I really hardly meant to when I began and now I must soon close. It will be just what you would like better than anything if your mama and Ruth wills tay awhile. Kiss them both for me and best regards to your father. I hope I can someday have the courage to tell your papa that I am afraid of him; but don't you dare do it for me.

Pa and the boys were over Saturday and it helped to liven times up a little. Pa says he thinks your idea of land in Canada is a good one. He says it is a fine country. I think it is just the best kind of news when you say you are sleeping well and I trust you will continue. I do not know why you shouldn't. I want to write to Clara soon again for I can feel for a little while like I am talking to her. I was out to dinner Sunday at Gardners and had a pleasant time. Mr. Niel Gardner had been to England so we had a nice little review of our trips in London etc. My Fay I am glad we had just a happy trip together and I trust we will remember the most valuable in it all. Miss Larsen is with us this week and I am glad.. My little Icelander is learning fine. In fact the children were little darlings to-day. There are a number of cases of the pox here; but I am not at all alarmed.

I am extravagant with paper I see; but it's easier when you are writing fast. Fay— tho we are separated it's a sweet happy time for you are not nearly so far off and I have in mind all the time between times that I will see you soon again. Jennie and Will are in their own little home. Lets go visit them. Be happy, be contented be sure of my love and every night be real sleepy. With fondest love I am as ever Your own Sina.

[letterhead: HOTEL MAMMOTH . . .]

Robinson, Utah, Wed. Nov. 14, 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— Your letter full of love and encouragement was received last night. Do you know I look for them with as much eagerness, as I use to in N. Z. and Sina they do me as much good; so you know they are thoroughly appreciated. Your letter last night contained so much Gospel and good sound sense, that I read it to mother, and knew she would appreciate it. She thot it was very nice. Do not infer that they do not all contain the qualities mentioned for all your letters do; but still some leading idea predominates and makes each letter somewhat different from the others.

Sina your ideas and conceptions of what married life should be are true and inspiring. You voice my sentiments upon this subject in your letter. Those who marry or contemplate union for other than the best of motives and soul companionship, may be greatly disappointed in the result. Sina, I feel, though mortal, our relation and happy association has so far been with the best of motives. My love for you has been pure and with the best intentions; and I know that yours has been pure and undivided. But really Sina, I love you in every way. By this I mean I would not have you an expert house keeper, a professional musician, an artist, of a different stature or in any way changed, for I have you just as you are, and would not have you otherwise.

You say you do not know much about house keeping or cooking. You know enough to satisfy and make me happy, and then if you have occasion to learn more, don't you think we would enjoy learning and the experiences we would have. Were you a professional musician, your miner would not have courage to make an attempt, and then it would be one sided. As we are, neither conspicuous for our musical ability, we can have a good time singing together, to each other, and in learning. What care we if others don't wish to hear us sing.

Sina you must not hint of staying in a school room all your life. If our home becomes a school room, and that is the one you mean to spend your life in, all well and good; you shall have Fay's hearty support and cooperation. So long as I am well and have your love, we shall not be contented with you in a school room longer than this winter at the most. If things go as I would have them, you will assist me and become my companion and partner in managing our business after this winter. Sina I am becoming selfish and impatient and every now and then, with an increasing tendency, find myself really wishing that you were going to leave the school room. Christmas and help me keep house. Am I getting in too big a hurry? Have you contracted for the entire year? When I stop to think I have nothing financially or professionally, that would insure you a home and a comfortable living and happiness; I wonder if I am a little rash in wishing one I love to share such an undertaking with me. Ah, well, we will live the present and trust and hope for the future. School has by no means been abandoned for ever, but Sina it may be a year or two before we take our turn in College. I feel, however, that time will certainly come.

Some time, before many days, I am going to have a good talk with father, lay my desires and intentions honestly before him; and get him to advise and help me plan definitely for the future. Then Sina we can plan and act with more precision. I am just waiting for an opportunity when his mind is not so occupied with other important affairs.

Have you seen in the paper where the Mammoth mine has placed an injunction upon us and almost closed us down. The affair is unfortunate as it has thrown many men with families, dependent upon their work for a living out of employment for the present. It may be some time before the mine resumes work in full. Much of course depends upon the big trial now pending. NO one knows the end of law. Both mines are full of lawyers and experts preparing for the fight. The Expense will be enormous before settled. Regret that it could not be settled out of court, but do not worry now that we are in it. Secrecy is the best policy in business and so we never pass an opinion.

Fortunately I have turned expert or better an expert's assistant and so far have managed to keep busy. When expert business is over, perhaps their will be work enough and my old job will be ready for me. I told Mr. Eldredge, the other day, I am becoming dissatisfied working for wages and for others, and that my head was becoming full of wild schemes. He said,—"you have got to stay here with me and learn the business and take my place so I can get out for a while next summer." He is becoming dissatisfied and will leave if he has another opening or finds something he likes better. His position may be OK for a year or so, but then we would not care to live in a place like Mammoth forever. Sina I love the sweet willing way you leave me to decide, but never hesitate to express a desire or an opinion to Fay when you wish.

Sina, I am so pleased you are enjoying your school work. Of course you always have my prayers for your success and happiness. You may like it, but must not love it, or you will have me even jealous of the school. When you enjoy it the work becomes easy and is so much better for you. You were looking just splendid at election. Sina you are growing fleshier and stronger every day of your life.

I am sleeping and feeling O.K. The folks all tell me they can see a wonderful difference in my color and expression. You know an expert does not put in very long hours, so of later I do not get up so early. Have received my first check for fourteen days. After my expenses and Tithing were paid there was not very much remaining; enough however to take a trip to Spanish Fork some day. So I am happy.]

Had a real pleasant time Sunday, and attended meetings in the evening. We have no afternoon meeting. What do you think, they had me speak again. Three times out of four attendances is pretty good don't you think. Perhaps they have had enough of me now. I am becoming basso, and our choir is improving in work and attendance. People make us think we can sing O.K.

Father is very busy with the experts. He takes right a hold and pushes things. Mother and Ruth are having a good time. She is learning to say everthing and we almost spoil her. I hate to think of them going home. Some day hope to have a good visit with your father. Sina do not sit up late to read this letter, but finish it in the morning. Think I better write shorter letters, don't you. Dreamed of N. Z. and Bro. And SI Going last night. Please give my love to your dear grandmother and folks. Be happy, and enjoy yourself. With prayers and best love Your own Fay.

I'd rather talk to you to-night than anybody else and I'd rather talk than write. Love to Mama & Ruth.

Spanish Fork, Nov. 16-

Mr. L. H. Holbrook

Robison, Utah

My Own Dear Fay:-Don't you think the time goes very quickly? Here is another five weeks gone. Five weeks ago to-night you and I had a pleasant walk up to Bro. Jex's and then to the school-house. Our finances are O. K. I received another of those little papers to-night. Don't you want to go to Provo with me next Saturday and help me spend it? There's a funny sort of a resolution in my mind to-night, something to this effect- I am going to do less work for my school for awhile now. This is the reason. The past few days have been hard ones. I have spent nearly all my time in preparations and the results have been less encouraging than at other times. I am tired to-night and the least little thing would get me to scolding or something else; but I'm not cross at you Fay only at a few other people. I guess I'll be better natured by and by. You wrote me such a dear long letter and there was very much of something that I liked very much in it and then I had to smile. It was a smile of satisfaction tho Fay and I'm smiling now. Guess what at? Fay, when I read that you had read my letter to your mamma I stopped right still and asked myself what I had said in that letter. Its alright- I mean your mama hearing it and you let her read all of them you wish to I know of no one who would be more interested in us and who could feel with us than your mama and when I can please her I am very happy and I want her to know alla that we think of each other and pray that she will always smile when thinking of us. I am so glad she can visit with you now and how you must enjoy having Ruth there!

Pa did not come over to-night. Some party at home to which they all stayed. I think Grace will be here to-morrow. It will be a surprise to Grandma; but a happy one. It's my turn to get the joke on her now. We are getting up a Thanksgiving concert and you have an invitation to come. Think you will be well paid for time and money. Oh! No, the admission is to be a book for our library. Just think, Fay Christmas will soon be here. It makes me glad when I think of your not being in N. Z. I see by paper that Farleigh Rd. has been formally dedicated. I haven't written to Clara yet. I must soon. You said an expert puts in short hours, that's the reason I've been putting in such long ones lately; but I must not any more or you won't like me because its sure to make me cross. Of course I have hopes that the Grand Central gets the best of those intruders. It may be that the lawyers will get the best of both. I would like to be around the excitement for a little while.

You are learning a good deal about mines and miners. How is Miss Miner's young man? I had Mr. Bowen, the Eureka supt. at my school this week also Mr. Morgan and then Miss Larson. Such a time! And such a funny letter as this is! Can you guess at all the rest of my thots and how I feel? A happy, hopeful future is in store for us and our Father in Heaven is the giver of it all. Lets work and wait. All will be well. I will get my letter Sunday.

Fondest love and prayers. Your Sina.

P...S.

Sina— some of the lady folks surprised us with a very pleasant repast. We have just finished our “boderham.” Good-night, sweet dreams

Fay

Robison. Sat. Nov. 17, “00”

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah

My Own Dear Sina,— Mrs. Welker gave me a surprise yesterday when she told me there was a parcel in my room for me. My surprise and happiness were still greater when I opened it and found it full of very pretty flowers. To find out who they were from was my next undertaking. I thot I knew the handwriting and was sure there was just one person I wished to receive such a lovely present form. A presentiment that a note in the flowers would confirm my conviction by disclosing the identity of the giver, proved untrue. I then hunted Mrs. Welker again. She did not know the young gentleman who brot them, but to my joy and satisfaction informed me they were from Miss Brimhall Sina thank you very much. Where did you get so many pretty flowers at such a rare time?

After carefully picking out enough to fill a vase for myself the rest I gave to Mrs. Welker. She put them in the parlor and they have had many admirers. When I came home from work this afternoon mine were as fresh and nice as when first picked. I poured out the old water and put in fresh. Is that the way to preserve flowers as long as possible. From the paper see the Republicans have had a huge time in Spanish Fork. Hope you participated and thoroughly enjoyed yourself.

If I would wait till the mail came this evening I think there would be a nice letter form you to answer. However, I shall reserve space in this to acknowledge the receipt of the same—, and go on writing so as to have plenty of time. Father, mother, and Ruth went home yesterday and in spite of myself feel a little lonesome. Another thing that has temporarily damped my spirits is something I just chanced to see in the paper. Hans Peterson was accidentally injured about a week ago, and died a few days latter from the effects of injuries sustained. Sina this is the same Bro Peterson that was in the mission field with me and who I use to write so much about. We formed the warmest friendship which endured through out of labors. He use to be indifferent upon the marriage question till I read him one or two of your letters, then he resolved to commence at once making preparations to marry.

I last saw him at Conference. He was in the mercantile business, and had managed to buy his partners out since coming home. Well I know this, that those who knew him loved him, and that death had no fears for him, for he was a worthy man.

Received a real nice letter from Bro. Stevenson, yesterday. He says he is lonesome to see us and wishes to be kindly remembered. He cautioned me not to come to the City any more without bringing you. He may be assured I hope to have the pleasure of taking you there before long. Wrote to Garn and Allie last night and acknowledged the receipt of their photo. Have you seen it yet Sina. It is ours, but I have it.

It has been raising and snowing most of the time since last night. Walking is rather disagreeable just now. The storm is general and so this will not be news. Sina, I am so glad you do not have far to walk to school. You will be very comfortable with you8r dear grandmother.

Most of the people who have been at the hotel have been experts and men making preparations for the coming mining case. This is the day set for the case, and they have all left, so that our hotel now has a rather deserted appearance. There is really no news. Our choir is doing fine, and we have a good time at practice. Sina what do you think I have been playing cards some during this week. Just social games of whist in which mother also participated. Miss Tyler gave me an invitation to join them in a game the night of choir practice. However I'm not a card lover to the extent that it is to be preferred before singing practice. Last night we had a real pleasant time in the parlor singing in concert. Wish you could have been with us.

Sina, the expected letter has come, and brought with it a supply of joy and satisfaction. You didn't say anything about my pretty flowers, are the Republican jollification.

You do not miss the truth for, when you say perhaps the lawyers and experts will get the best of both mines. I was considerably mixed up with the experts in every thing but their salaries. You say we are doing all right financially and what care we for money any way. Yes I would love to be in Provo or any where else with you, and help you spend some money, but then.— Oh, well as you say not long now before Xmas.

Sina you have made a good resolution about not working so hard in school. Please give my love to Grace— and your dear Grandmother.

With prayers and best love. Good bye and happy dreams Fay.

P. S. You see I can not help but write a long letter. Sina my flowers are still fresh and very pretty. Would like to take them with me on my trip. Good night, With love, Fay.

Robison. Mon. Nov. 19,"00"

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— You see I am becoming worse, and can not even wait for Wednesday night, but then this letter will not be long enough to try your patience. I hope to receive a letter from you tonight. Is such good luck in store for me.

Have just received a telegram from father to go to Nephi in the morning, and take some samples now in my possession. Whether I become sufficiently mixed up with the experts to figure as a witness, or whether father just wishes to give me the pleasure of having the case through, I can not say. Must keep the samples in my possession till delivered at Nephi, so do not expect to be able to see you on the way down, but hope to stop off on my way back. Have no idea how long I may be at Nephi; it may be two or three days or two or three weeks. Do not write till you hear further from me.

Well the train is in and no letter. It will come tomorrow night and I will have it forwarded. Yes I am becoming better acquainted with mines and miners. Have just been over and had a real nice visit with Bro Hales and family.

Sina, have a lot to tell you but perhaps had better wait till I see you again. Hope you are well and happy and thoroughly enjoying your school work. Do you know I discovered the little photo of you and Frank in my pocket tonight for the first time. I do like the photo of you, but if I look at it many more times will positively dislike Frank. See what an awful boy I am becoming, to become so jealous where you are even photoed with some other young man. Sina it is foolish in me to be so unreasonable, and I am resolved to try and be more reasonable.

Now do not be surprised, censure, or condemn, until you have read all, the few little things I am about to relate. This is not to make you jealous, but that you may understand all. The night the ladies surprised us with the little repast Miss Miner and I ate filipine(?) For a box of candy. It took two or three days to decide, but Sunday morning I surprised her and won. The candy is coming soon. Sunday night she gave me a kiss. Please do not be shocked, hard-hearted or hasty with me, and you will understand. I was not entirely to blame. This is the way it happened– and it is the only one that has ever been given me by any one but your own dear self. We were eating supper together. There was mince pie, ice cream, and kisses (cakes) for desert. I did not care for any, but Miss Miner took ice cream and kisses. She then passed one over to me, and I accepted but it was only an artificial frost. Now I feel a little guilty to make such a yarn out of the incident, and if it has pained you ask forgiveness right here. This was only artificial. I accept the genuine or wish it from no one but Sina. Now here is something that really happened. People think it is a sure case between Miss Miner and I. After meeting Sunday one of the good sisters with a broad smile called here to one side, and said, – “my little daughter said, I think Miss Miner is going to be married soon for she looks at Mr. Holbrook so sweetly.” Well it made her and I laugh. She will be married before long and how surprised these good people will be to learn that the man comes from Logan. We understand each other perfectly, and only smile. We are only friends and people at the hotel know it. One more. Miss Tyler gave me an invitation to the theatre tonight, and the buggy came to the hotel for a number of us. I almost went but didn’t. Now you will think I am trying to make you jealous but I am not. I am not very popular with other young ladies and so long as you will love me, it doesn’t worry or make me feel badly. Now Sina truthfully such a thot as love for other young ladies never occurs to me. I love none but you and if worthy will be contented and happy with no other. Mrs. Welker dreamed I would soon be married. Give my love to your dear grandmother, Grace and all. Hope to see you soon. Prayers and best love, As ever Your own Fay.

[letterhead:

Grand Central Mining Company

L. Holbrook, Prest.

Reed Smoot, V. Prest.

C. E. Loose, Manager.

J. R. Twelves, Sec'y & Treas.

Directors: L. Holbrook, Reed Smoot, C. E. Loose, Wm. Hatfield, Geo. Q. Cannon.

Provo City, Utah.]

Mon. Nov. 26, 1900

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— Was it just last night we walked down to the train together or has it been a month ago.— Say I was just thinking, that it is almost time to go— and see you again. Sina, now you can realize how you are spoiling me,— but never mind, there is much joy in being spoilt by one like you.

You had good company on the train and bus last night, and then your grandmother would be so good and keep you so busy talking that you would have no opportunity to get lonesome— last night. To day you will be so absorbed with your school work that all else will be for the present forgotten.

Well, if I was teaching school over in Spanish Fork— this morning, and had the natural ability and qualification to succeed as a teacher, I would be extrimely happy, especially if your grandmother would take another boarder. After all it is you, and not the school so much that I want; and it will be your company and not the school life which will make Fay so happy. So perhaps with such feelings my motives for teaching would not be the best, or a credit to the profession; and so for the present talk in this direction is not likely to materialize. There are occasions when the true spirit takes possession of me.

Would you like to hear how I have performed since a long time ago when you bid me “Good-bye” at the train. Well it is a good thing you could not see my face, when the train was pulling out or there may have been visible a real “careworn” look. To succeed in business, realized I must be courageous, and so it was not long till that look had disappeared and I was smiling again.

The best way to please you when absent is to comply with your instructions or requests. Consequently I called upon Nettie, and found her keeping house alone. Did not take off my overcoat, but remained long enough to have a real pleasant visit. You see I do not supply conditions to complain of the cold only when you are present. You and Ted, our past, present, and future, were the happy topics of our pleasant conversation. Nettie seems contented and happy, and says she will be glad when Ted is no further away than I was last night. Of course he can not be “so near and yet so far’ as I kept. While there Dean came, with the milk. Oh, its fortunate I always behave myself, for I am never in the company of another girl unless I meet one of your bros.

I did not stay long at Nettie's but went on up to uncle Ed's, wishing all of the time you were with me. Addie had some of the young people there, but uncle Ed and we older folks had a good time in another room. Business was the object but we spent most of the time exchanging experiences, and building castles. Early in the evening I arose to go, but they sit me down in my chair again. Later in the evening Aunt Addie, brot in some chocolate, chocolate and cream cake. She knew I was partial to her cream cake and it was so good— she had me eat a piece for you. Did you enjoy it, for I was thinking of you all the time. Had a real nice time, returned home about 11 and slept like a log till about 8 this morning.

Have been rustling and looking around this morning. Uncle Jim and I have gone in partners in the undertaking. He is a thorough cattleman and says we can make some money o.k. We are going to get out and rustle. Must write another letter to Saunders, yet in writing you first, have chosen pleasure before business, this time. This is a cold room. I must stop. Sina I appreciate your confidence in me. You will owe me two letters. . . For tearing one up. How is Grace. Please give my love to [your grandmother—not visible] With prayers and best love, always your own Fay.

[Note on top of page 2:] P. S. Sina, if you have an opportunity before I come, please send my valise. You would be ashamed of my dirty collar. Do not know just when I will be over. Think I had better write out to Robison and have my flowers taken care of. I look for a letter Weds. Fay..

Spanish Fork

Dec. 4- 1900.

Mr. L. H. Holbrook

Provo, Utah,

My Own Dear Fay:- You have been thinking 'absent and thus forgotten? But you better take it back for you know it isn't true. Let me see— when I said good-bye to you Monday morning I felt as tho I would write that night. This is Tuesday and you will get this on Wednesday. You didn't expect it before did you? To-night Clara came over for me to solve some problems. What a time I had. My power of reasoning is not so good as you have given me credit for. Is there a difference between being logical and reasonable? This fact is true Fay. In a few things in my life it may be that my head has ruled my heart. I can't get that word mechanical out of my mind. Did you really feel that I was mechanical in my actions while on our trip? Am I still mechanical?

I feel to-night like some kind of a machine that had better go to bed and rest for I can feel the dents in my forehead deepening. I am sitting with my feet in the oven and writing on my lap and so I cannot write well. I always feel worn out when I have a cross day.

I'm almost afraid I've been exposed to small pox; but am not at all alarmed. A pupil has been attending school in Prior's Dept. who has been to school during her sickness and now is over it and just discovered it was small pox. Is Bro. Stevenson coming down Fri.? Grandma will go over if they bring the buggy and in case she does not come I think it would be better for me to wait till Saturday and go with her.

My dear Fay, you surely understand my attitude toward Bro. Stevenson and his toward me and it was all for you that he was kind to me while abroad. Did you not know? Do you not know now who holds undisputed possession of my love? I don't express all that I feel. I don't know how. Please teach me. Help me to be as you would wish me to be— any thing but mechanical.

Fay, I am a brick; but I am quite ready to have you come again for I am lonely when you are gone. If it wasn't for that power— desirable? Or undesirable?— of letting ones head rule their heart— I would insist on seeing you about to-morrow night. But I guess now you have no more dealings with Sp. Fk. calves and I will see you when I go home.

I am happiest when I am with you Fay and you know it. How are you sleeping? How did the calves fare this morning. Will you go back to the mine? Give love to Mama, Ruth and the girls. And all that will help you to be happy keep for your own dear self I close with fondest love and prayers. From Your own Sina.

Mon Dec. 10 - 1900.

My Own Dear Fay:- I would have written this last night if I had had the opportunity. It was a lone-some ride from the station. There didn't happen to be any other passengers. When I got out at the Gate and all was still and dark, all the resolutions to go in and make a fire etc and then go get Clara to come and stay with me, fled and I found myself on my way to Uncle Emers. The girls were going to meeting so I went with them and then Clara and I came over and went right to bed. Slept well and am up fairly early writing to you. There was a nice program given by the primary associations last night; but in spite of trying to be interested I was thinking most of the time of you. Was it all imagination or were you a little worried last night. The feeling kept at me that you were until I thot I must write and then I couln't so this morning I want to know. Fay this is an accusation that perhaps will not please you but still it will not displease will it? I know how you feel and what you are scheming and planning for. I wish I could help you and perhaps I can some day. But do not worry a moment over our future. All the time I feel so sure that our hopes and desires that are right will be ours for our Heavenly Father will always be our friend and if we have faith in His help why fear? Then, our parents- Fay, they are our friends and they will always help us. I realize how you feel toward yours and what they have done for you. I realize that you want to repay in a measure what they have done for you and you can. All is well with us and the time in waiting is not wasted. My heart tells me that I love you more as I know you more and I pray that the Lord will keep us for His children and help us to be grateful for the joy he has already given us and to live worthy of greater joy.

With a prayer in my heart for you in your work and for us as lovers I close with fondest love- Your own Sina.

P. S. Someone has lost my pen and this ink is not very good and my writing is poor. Will you pardon it all? Sina.

Spanish Fork.

Wed. Jan. 9- 1901

Mr. Fay Holbrook:-

Robison, Utah

My Own Dear Fay:- I went to the office to-night and got my letter. Never was a letter more welcome. It is just five minutes to nine. Uncle Emer just left a few minutes ago and I am just thru looking over to-morrows work and I shall spend the rest of the evening in answering my letter from you.

You speak so much of what I feel as regards separation and letters. Tho I am really enjoying my work, yet many times yesterday and to-day I found myself enjoying a kind of a sudden happy feeling every once in a while. I would think for a moment that there was a letter in the office for me. Of course I didn't really expect it till to-day.

I thot you would meet some one you knew, on the train. I could have guessed what Bro. Evans said to you. Fay, he has always urged the marriage question and as he said he has always appeared more than commonly interested in our case. I count him a good friend, don't you? Fay Fay, you will soon have your lost sleep all made up won't you? I'm not the only one that can sleep on the train I see. Am glad Miss M is at the hotel for it will make it more pleasant for you. I am not feeling jealous now Fay and don't like to think of that day and night when I was and especially of the night I told you of it. But, you can understand that such feelings come even to me. I'll try to be good now and in thinking good thots and being wise in actions and trying to do our duty such feelings can be overcome by both of us and regarding each other as we do with constant love we can always be a source of happiness to each other. Our Father in Heaven has given us all we have and in still trusting in Him we can have all our good desires granted.

As for living in a mining camp I would not object to that for awhile or even all the time if you were there and there was where our interests were; but of course we can plan for just what you feel most like doing. I am happy to know you feel so well and strong. I remember you always in my prayers and feel full of hope when thinking of our future. When I think of marrying I begin to think what I don't know and it seems like its impossible for me to do even one more thing than tend to my school-work and myself. By the way, I haven't felt any effects of vaccination yet. Guess mine isn't going to work. There is no excitement here about it, my school is very small now; but I only have one vaccinated pupil. That was only a dream I had when I mentioned teaching next year. They don't ask that question till almost the close of the year. No danger Fay. I've taught as long as I want to, all but one half of a year.

Grandma keeps talking to me and I can't say things the way I want to. I'm almost cross? I wanted to answer a very important question but I better wait till I get better natured.

I feel better now. Since I have known the importance of the date- 15" of July I have always wanted to remember it and upon the coming 15' of July, counting by years you will be as old as I. Will you admit that? Then that date shall be the one we shall look forward to as our marriage day. In real earnest Fay I feel so happy in thinking of it and I pray that the Lord will be pleased to smile upon us now, then, and thru all our future. My heart is full of love and gratitude for you Fay and together we will work for each other. When my courage is normal I want to talk to both your father and mother then I will be so much satisfied.

Be happy, enjoy your stay at Mammoth and come when you think best, I am lonesome to see you.
With fondest love I am ever
Your own Sina

Spanish Fork, Jan. 16-

Mr. Fay Holbrook:

Provo, Utah:-

My Own Dear Fay:- Almost every time I go to write to you I go to address you at New Zealand and then I am so glad when I realize you are so much nearer me.

I received your letter today at noon and every word of it went to my heart. It seems to me that we are most blessed. Oh! Fay if we can only live every day to be worthy of all we have had and do now enjoy. We can for our Heavenly Father will help us to accomplish all that our hearts desire that is right. What we have to do is to live near Him. I feel so happy for so many reasons. You know what they are. If I can help to make you happy there is a very sweet mission in life for me. Be still contented and very sure that my love for you grows deeper and gives me more joy each day that I live and there is in this truth a satisfaction and also a wish that my life, as the future is unfolded, may ever give to you that same increase of pure love. I feel to thank our Father in Heaven to-night for so much goodness to us that my heart fairly leaps for joy and gratitude. I have just been resting a few moments on the lounge. While lying there a few of the promises in my Patriarchal blessing came to me and I feel full of faith and our future is among the brightest of Zion's children. Together we will help each other to carry out our missions here upon earth. I am so glad you are taking Phil. Of the Gospel. You can teach me what will be most good for me. It almost makes me want to be there too.

I am feeling O.K. My vaccination is working fine. Have least difficulty in sleeping; most in keeping awake. Will take the O. S. L. for Provo on Friday afternoon. If you have a class at that hour I will understand why you are not at the station.

Seems to me you are chopping of your sleeping hours quite short. (Shorter than the wood you chopped us. Remember you lost a good lot while away and you better allow a little for that. How fine it is for you to be home and at school. Well Fay, it is just as you have always said, your dear good father will always stand by you and your mama has been and always will be the same to us. It makes me feel a responsibility that I can only be equal to by the assistance of Our Father.

May we forever rejoice in loving each other and be true to all that is good and right in us. Then the blessings of the Gospel, health and happiness will be ours.

With fondest love and wishes for pleasant dreams and restful sleep I say good-night to the one I love.

Your Own Sina.

Spanish Fork

Jan. 22- 1901.

Mr. Fay Holbrook,
Provo, Utah:-

My Own Dear Fay:- It seems so strange to be writing to you at Provo. It makes me glad tho to know you are no farther away. After saying good-bye to you Sunday night, I could have so easily been "blue"; but I held fast to a tiny spark of cheerfulness that was still in my nature and with forced energy I was artificially cheerful. It must have been noticeable for even the conductor smiled at me and sat down to commence a conversation. Guess what he said Fay. Yes, he said if my face was an index to my heart and intentions someone would someday be very happy. Didn't I feel con-ceited? Have been so ever since. Well he was attentive and I talked as tho I was really grateful for the same and his flattery too. Guess he thot I was green!

Reached home safe and sound. Grandma was a little disappointed at seeing neither you nor Jennie. We talked till 9:30 and about fifteen minutes later I was in dreamland. Arose at eight Monday morning. School is full to overflowing. All is O. K. Miss Larsen said my results are O.K. Feel so good over it. Am almost convinced that even I must needs look for encouragement every now and then.

Grandma is feeling about the same. She has received letters from both her girls and I have answered them this week. Have been writing to Aunt Phena to-night and used short, newsy sen-tences. The habit is almost being carried to this letter; but there are thots in my mind that may not be news to one who has heard them many times. In the repetition of such thots there seems to be no monotony. Fay you know how I love you and how hard it is to keep going away all the time. Yet I don't propose being unwise in this regard and appearing ridiculous to people. The, of course a heart that can trust can wait and in waiting can be very happy. It seems to me that you would have been disappointed in me when I appeared such a "wooden statue" on Sat. evening. How wise the designer when he painted cupid as blind.

Well, I hope to improve and in the prayer of my heart that night I thanked my Father for Fay. He alone saved me from despising myself for hours that night. I slept as tho I had been the most brilliant of the company in the knowledge that he could overlook my stupidity and give me what I needed to help me.

I ceased to feel what I thot before, unbearable. You expected I would talk about this and I trust you will draw but one conclusion and that is that I have ceased to trouble over it. I could mingle in any company to-night, if you were there; but I'm afraid you must always be very near lest I fall again into that fatal error of despising self.

Why I feel as tho I could entertain the Presidents company- if you bore the title. Such con-fidence is both allowable and desirable so you must permit it. Call it conceit or what you will I have none too much of it.

Well, Dear Fay cultivation of the Spirit of the Lord. Living to be worthy of its companion-ship is the secret of life's success. Let us work together and gain that one most blessed gift and life will surely be to both a joy worth the effort.-

Do not expect me this week Fay. If I come it will be sat. morning. If not, do not be disap-pointed. You stay to conference and come the next week. What do you say?

With my best love and wishes for your success and joy I remain Yours lovingly

Sina

Provo. Jan. 24th 1901.

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— Last night I told the folks I would go for the mail because there was a letter for me. So few and far between have my disappointments been in this regard, that I know just what to depend upon. Oh, yes, the letter was there, and it contained that love and encouragement, that always affords me such joy and satisfaction. Sina you and your letters can make me smile and make me good natured and glad that I am alive, any time. Whenever I am in your company and whenever I am thinking of you there seems to be a pleasant mission in life, and life seems worth living in the true sense of the word. Sina you must know you have always been a means of inspiring me to make greater efforts, and of bringing out the best there is in my nature. Your influence has been such during the past few years, that our lives have become interwoven, and to run smoothly, must be united for the future. Your face is a good index to your heart and if Fay can do his part, you will someday make him even more happy. You have already made me very happy, and still by right living, more complete and more perfect joy await us in the near future. I use the expression of the conductor, but please do not call it flattery or an attempt at such on my part. I only speak what I know, feel, and have proven, to be true. Flattery,— the voicing of artificial expressions of studied praise,— seems so hollow, empty and spiritless, that it mocks when it comes from those we love most. We love compliments and encouragement from them because we know they are not manufactured, but come from the heart and are genuine. After all this streak of. —[?], I can see that compliments from the beholding world, thought it be flattery, are better and far more helpful than reproach. They must therefore be proper in their place.

What will you think I am aiming at with the above remarks. Do not think it is the conductor, or any other who pays compliments within the realm of consistency. I was only following a few of my thots and analyzing my own feelings without any desire or intention of casting reflections upon others. Those who consistently compliment you pay a compliment to my good taste. Your smiles are my smiles, your joys are my joys, and yes, your tears— may there never be occasion for them—are my tears. We are mutual owners in each other's joys and sorrows, and have the right to share them mutually. I should love to see your face always wear a smile, and an expression indicative of happiness and contentment and think this would be the highest compliment which could be paid to me. An acquaintance (a teacher) paid you a compliment in my presence the other day which I value. He spoke from knowledge and to this effect, 'that he had never seen finer feelings, and a more refined disposition.

Enough on this subject, and now for some news. This has been a very happy and successful week in school up to date. Have made no new acquaintances thus far. Of course in a general way I have become acquainted with the students. We have the finest Theology Class. Sina how I do wish you could take the course with us. We will take a life course in Theology together, and I am sure we will enjoy.

Your last opportunity to see Queen Victoria has gone. I know you will enjoy your school work and make a success of it, but remember Sina you must not get so attached that you will wish to teach after this year. I cannot consent. Would love to see you Sat. morning, may go down to the train anyway. Do what you think best. Must study. Please give my love to your grandmother & Eunis's family.

With prayers and fondest love Fay.

Provo

Jan. 30th 1901

Miss Sina Brimhall.

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Won Dear Sina,— Received your short, but sweet and encouraging letter this evening. Did you think I would not look for one before Wednesday. Ah, well, if I had given you that understanding, I am the author of my own disappointment, and should bear it. For some reason I had prepared myself for a letter in answer to mine, last Sunday. When asked, father told me there was no mail for me. I trusted my self, thinking you would write Sunday night, and Monday morning the letter would be in the P. O. for me. Ever since then I have been carrying the post office key. Twice Monday, and three times yesterday, to the P. O. and then no letter. Sina without the slightest desire to censure, I could not help feeling disappointed and depressed last night. The feeling was very similiar to the one experienced once or twice in my mission. Really it required an effort to study last night, for I found my self continually leaving the book before me, and wondering why no letter had come. Upon such occasions my first thought is, could it be possible Sina is unwell; If she is well, then what did my last letter contain that might be construed in a manner little intended by me.

My last letter was rather strange, but I am sure I meant it to convey nothing but the assurance of undivided love, and the hopes for a joyous future, which exists only in you. Feeling this so strongly, and hoping my last letter had deceived neither of us, I determined to hunt another reason. This morning I found Wells, and was pleased to learn you were well.

What made me happier still was to receive a letter on my way home. I know and did know there was a good reason for you not writing sooner, and do not nor did not feel a semblance of censure. In fact Sina, I feel all better now and could spend the remainder of the night in study and writing were it wise.

This is considerable time to spend on this subject, when it will not make you happier and must be forgotten by me. However, Sina you can see that you are my sunshine, and when there is even a slight interruption, my mouth speaketh the abundance of my heart and proclaims in spite of me my disappointment. Enough! The sun is still shining and I must not live longer under other conditions.

Now for the happenings. Last week was a very happy and successful week in school. Thus far this week has been a continuation of last in that respect. Takes me longer now to get a lesson, but it may stay longer. Last Sat. night Ora, Grace, and I went to Literary. We had rather an exciting time in electing new officers. Our class got the Prest. and Sec. I was appointed to make a nominating speech, but did not get their in time and the girls take the blame for my being late.

Sunday attended S. S. in our ward house. It is very nice now. Was appointed associate teacher of Theo. Class B. and one of a committee to arrange a S.S. entertainment. Spent the afternoon visiting with Nettie. She, Ovena, and I went to meeting. Walked home and had supper with Nettie. Came home and we all (family) went to Ch. In ward. To night we have had a Dis meeting in our house. Very good. Bro. and Sis. Tanner are staying with us. Miss Keeler and I work together in laboratory. Extent of acquaintance.

Must speak in Priesthood Friday morning and in mutual that night. There is an Oratorical contest on in Academy Fri. night. Dr. Tanner speaks on "China and her people" Sat. Sina would you like to come to Provo to these or would you sooner I go to Sp. Fork. I have no fear whatever of your Small pox, we are vaccinated. Please tell which you prefer and if you come when to meet you. Either suits me, but I must see you. Hope your headache is O.K. Give my love to your grandmother. Happy dreams. Love and prayers Fay.

[note of top of last page] Please excuse such abrupt sentences. Now 12. Good night, Sweet dreams.

[postal card to Miss Sina Brimhall, Spanish Fork, Utah]

Provo. Jan. 31, 1901

Dear Sina,— You will be surprised to receive a card so soon. Walter come home this morning. He is going to the City and will be back Sat. Inez has invited you and I and Walter to spend the evening at her house. Walter wishes to see you and says you must sure come. Wish you could come over tomorrow. Will look for you unless you write all well and send love to you all, As ever Fay.

Spanish Fork, Jan. 31—

Mr. Fay Holbrook

Provo, Utah

My Own Dear Fay:— How glad I was to get my letter to-night! Isn't it strange, Fay that those things we want so hard, we really think ought to be. Now, I wanted to see you so much Sunday that I actually convinced myself that you would come. Thus you see why no letter came to you Sunday. As it is not the first time I have been such a bad girl, nor the second either, you will begin to wonder if you are doomed to bear such disappointments every now and then when I take a notion. Not so, when I take such notions, you will please remind me of them— and I mean to be better. You know Jennie has been here all week and we have so enjoyed it. She and I have made an engagement for Saturday. To visit Aunt Rill who lives near the station. I think I better not go home this week. If you would like to come, no one will be more welcome. You can meet all appointments, Fri. Sat. and Sun. if you come anytime Sunday. Fay do you understand me. Come when you can and would like to— Should like to hear the contest and lecture but you can repeat them to me. Had a tired week. Come, so I can rest.

Give love to all at your home and accept love from grandma and Jennie.

Your Own Sina—

We have been visiting and just got home. You must never let any little disappointment from me worry you for you know where my happiness lies and I never want to be really guilty of intentionally worrying you. Sina

Spanish Fork, Feb. 12/-

Mr. L. H. Holbrook

Provo, Utah

My Own Dear Fay:- I had intended to write last night but I came home from school, ate supper and took a sound sleep not waking till 9:30 o'clock. As 210:30 I went to sleep again and arose at 7:45 this morning, my head has felt better to-day and 4 o'clock P.M. finds me writing to you.

We had a rather fortunate incident Sunday night. Wells wanted to drive us to the station but I told him I would rather he would go to meeting as Clara and I walked down. Miss Grover was at the station and Grace Beck in the train so we had a good company to Spanish Fork; but there was no Mr. Brown or any other hackman at the station. I heard someone say that there was a buggy around to the other side. We hurried round and a man stood by it. I inquired if we could ride up town. He said we could and then I hesitated lest it was a risky thing to do. It looked so dark and such a lonely rode to walk and in a moment I prayed that the Lord would tell me what to do. We both got in the buggy.

When about half way to town we discovered we were old acquaintances and relatives by marriage. Happy girls we were then. Well, grandma had a poor little orphan boy here who stayed with us all night and left the next morning to "tramp it."

Time still flies swiftly on and each day brings me nearer the close of the school year for which I am really glad.

I have not made any decision about coming home this week; but grandma says I better stay here and rest. Will let you know later. I told her I would stay this week.

I think pa will be here to-night and I will be so glad. I never get to talk to him when I am home. Sunday night you were not absent from my dreams a moment and when I awoke in the morning my real work for the day appeared a burden; but such appearances are fatal to success and I bent my efforts to see the happy side. If I had of felt real well I would have succeeded better; but I did fairly well and to-day is a big improvement. I eat fine and sleep very soundly. And I ought to be O.K. to-morrow. Have you had a happy week? I did want to hear you speak Sunday night and how I did hate to see you go. You look so well now Fay and it makes me feel so happy to see you.

When I don't abuse my strength I am very well; but I sometimes want to do more than I can. I enjoyed seeing Bro. S- and there was one thing about the visit that gave me a satisfaction that I have wished for. There was not visible in your countenance the tiniest remblance of jealousy at anything I said to Bro. S. Forgive me Fay for even mentioning that such has ever been for were conditions the same then as they are now there never would have been such a thot dreamed of.

Please do not worry about anything I have said in my letter about my self for I feel sure I will be alright when I get rest enough.

Remember me in your prayers and know that when happiest you are the centre of my hopes, when a little cloud comes over my happy dreams then I crave your love.

Let us try to live prayerful lives and our Heavenly Father will bless us.

As Ever Your Own

Sina.

[postal card - One Cent. to Mr. Fay Holbrook, Provo, Utah]

Spanish Fork, Feb. 14/1901

Dear Fay:— Thank you for the pretty valentine. I am taking a rest from school to-day and think I will be alright to go to-morrow. Of course I shall not be home this week. Received a letter from pa just now and I will answer it to go to-day. I hope you are well. Would love to see you if you can come this week.

As ever. Sina.

Spanish Fork

Mar. 5- 1901.

Mr. Fay Holbrook Provo, Utah

My Own Dear Fay:— This will be only a short letter but it will not be because my heart is not full of love for you this night. We have had quite a jolly time to-night. Quite a crowd of relatives happened in and all had supper here. Pa, Flora, and the boys were here also.

Have not entirely recovered form my ailment, but do not intend to do any thing but be very well very soon. You must pray for me especially now for of course feeling as I have of late there have been moments when I have viewed clouds that it has seemed to me might tend to darken our otherwise bright future. Yet, I must not let such things worry me nor you and I often repent such thoughts. If we can live as we should our Father in Heaven will not permit evil to come to us and what sorrow in life comes to us, let us live that we can accept it as a blessing. I am not unhappy, neither am I foreboding anything that will cause us to look too seriously at life. But you can understand that such feelings might exist when one does not feel real well. I am better and am getting along fairly well in school. I still feel that if I can only finish out the year without endangering my future health I will be so glad; but be sure dear Fay the later shall be the greater consideration for both our sakes. As far as I know I shall continue teaching.

Will be home Saturday morning if all is well. Could not miss the Debate. I think you will win the fight or do you object to the title. The central still gaze at my new eyes. I'm most popular teacher there.

Do not worry about me for I am better and wish for a moonlight stroll with you alone on this most lovely night.

With fondest love and prayers for us both and for our future.

Your Own

Sina

Provo. Tues. Mar. 12th 1901

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— I know it has not been long since I saw you, but long enough to write a letter. However I think my letter will be short for sure this time. Have an essay to write in Theology and the evening is already well spent.

Old Dick brot me home in one hour and a half. In time for Theology, but we had no class. Your father did not come. I was a few minutes late and found the students who remained in the class, discussing the merits of the debate. I have grown so tired of the debate. Wish they would relegate it to the past and allow it to die a natural death. The discussion has not been so much among debators as class members.

Mother and father went to the city Monday morning and returned to night. They said Angie was looking fine, and that if I was not careful she would capture the quilt. However I have already numbered that with our possessions, and do not propose to be out done by any of the younger members of the family. You must assist me to keep first place.

I saw Bro. Swenson and asked him about his sister. She is staying with him. He spoke to her at noon, and thot she would be pleased to take the school. I said nothing definite about the school or teaching. Told him you would likely write or see her at the end of the week, and let her know definitely. Hope you will not think me to hasty. I only endeavored to find out where she lived, and if she wished to teach longer this year.

I must tell you the attractions this week. There will be a Polysophical ball Friday night, and Sat. night Literary will produce a farce or some sort of an original entertainment illustrating the growth in English. Every thing is a secret, but they promise a big surprise for the Academy. Miss Keeler is connected with it. She divulged enough to me to know that it will be good. Will your grandmother think me selfish. Sina if you are over here, we will go see her when you wish. You know my sentiments about dances; if you do not feel well enough it will be no disappointment to stay away. If you feel you would like to go, you know I will enjoy taking you. You decide about dance.

Sina, it will really be lonely for your grandma, but you can visit with her; and if your health is better and you are happier, she in reality will not regret the change. There would be a satisfaction in finishing the year, but now your health is called in question, it seems to me you should have no regrets in resigning. I know from all reports you have been a successful teacher, and you can look back on your years of teaching with pleasure. From now on your mission is to be happy and well. I am almost as good sleeper as eater. Please excuse the dryness of this letter and give my love to your grandma. Hope you are well and happy. With prayers and fondest love Your own Fay.

P. S. Miss Searle is wearing a new diamond ring. Do you know Mr. Suhr.

Spanish Fork

Mar. 13, 1901

Mr. Fay Holbrook' Provo, Utah:-

My Own Dear Fay:- I received your very welcome letter at noon to-day. I did not write last night because I expected a letter from you to answer first.

Old Dick did his work well. I'm afraid he will not want to come here again because we did not feed him well that night.

I am glad you spoke to Mr. Sorensen. I will write to her to-night as I have spoken to the Principal and he to the trustees. If I can get her to come over Friday and see about it I think it would be better. I must have a rest and then I will be alright. I cannot decide yet about coming home this week. When I come it is to stay. If my sister will keep me I am going to spend most of my time with her. You can tell her I am decided about quitting school. If I do not come before Sunday I will be there the fore part of the next week.

Have had a fairly good week; but some bad boys. Am sorry that my experience in teaching must end this way but I think it best to stop. I am feeling about as I did Monday so my resolve is to be carried out. I am so glad you are feeling well and I feel that I will be strong very soon. No Fay, I would not dare to go to the dance; but if you want to take the girls you know how I feel about that. Your letter seemed so good and full of hope.

Love to your mama and prayers for our future. Your

Own Sina.

[letterhead] BENJAMIN CLUFF, JR. PRESIDENT.
(Conducting exploring expedition to South America.)

GEO. H. BRIMHALL, ACTING PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY
And.....

CHURCH NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

(DICTATED)

Provo City, Utah, April 18- 1901.

Mr. L. H. Holbrook:

Provo, Utah;

My Own Dear Fay:- I won't call this a letter for you didn't want one. Just a little note on a big piece of paper. I am feeling quite well and quite contented; but I was so lonesome the day you left. I hope Jennie comes over to-morrow. An expression of a wish that you might come too would be asking quite abit when sports are on Saturday. Trusting you are well and enjoying school, I remain as ever Yours Sina.

P.S. This is a poor representation of my thots and feelings.

With love, S

[letterhead] PROVO CENTRAL MINING COMPANY

Provo City, Utah.

Apr. 19th 1901

Miss Sina Brimhall

Spanish Fork, Utah.

My Own Dear Sina,— You did not surprise me nearly so much as you pleased me with your short but sweet letter. Anticipating some thing of the kind, I went to the post office myself last night. You succeeded in making me responsible for such a short letter, and in making me regret that I had shouldered that responsibility. The only thing, in association there has been so much satisfaction and complete joy, that it seems hard for me to content myself with any thing less in the future than your own company.

I am so glad you are feeling better, that you are contented, and that you are enjoying your visit. Only one objection, if you stay too long I am afraid I will not be so contented. I rather look for you home next Sunday morning. Should you stay longer, you will let me know.

The ride home was O.K. the other morning. I did not realize how cold my feet had become, till I took the patent leather shoes off, then I thot they were frosted for a little while, but it was an illusion, for I feel fine from my feet up. The folks were pleased to see me after such a long absence. They went to Prest. Cannon's funeral the following morning and returned last evening. We had memorial exercises in the academy. I had the pleasure of speaking upon Prest. Cannon as a missionary. Have also been appointed to preside over the 2nd Domestic ward.

Mr. Tilton has gone. With school and work I now find plenty to do, but really feel happier and enjoy it. The weather has been delightful for the last few days and if it continues we will have a choice day for our field sports. Mother says the L. D. S. are coming down in force. Shall attend Mr. Thompson's lecture tonight, the sports tomorrow, have a deacons meeting tomorrow night, Sunday school class, Sunday morning, and now I must be present at the ward meetings in the Academy. I hardly expect to be able to go over. Sina, I can not help wishing you were here to attend all these things, for I know you would enjoy them.

Mark and Wells surprised all of us. It may be a good thing. I entertained a serious thot or two in that direction myself. Ora was pleased to receive a letter from Clara Brimhall. Had a fine talk with Francis last night. Sina the conclusion we reached in Spanish Fork, still has my full approval. Have had a good week in school. We are all well and happy. Please give my love to your grandma and folks.

With prayers and fondest love, Your own Fay.

[letterhead stationery, Baltimore Hotel, Absolutely Fireproof, Los Angeles, Cal.) [postmark of 2 cent letter: Los Angeles, Cal Nov 15, 12 - m, 1913: World's Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco 1915]

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Los Angeles, Cal. Nov. 15, 1913

Mrs Sina B. Holbrook

Provo, Utah.

My Dear Wife,— Have just a minute to write. Rec. your card and had very pleasant visit with Lester and Jennie. Made be home sick for awhile.

Feel fine,— one day much encouraged, another not so much. We have had some rain storms, but sun is shining bright this A. M. The U of Utah foot ball team plays here today. May go and see them. Never remember seeing a foot-ball game. May go to Santa Ana, Orange, and Anaheim for few days. Perhaps you better continue to send mail here. Will not be gone longer than Thurs.

Sina send me two blank checks from Silling Co. book. There should still be \$135.00 to the Cr. Of this Co. Am I right. May draw some. Have arranged with banks.

Have never heard about threshing and whether Vance had done plowing at Thurman's. Keep me posted on weather conditions. Take good care of yourself. Get girl when needed. Kisses & love to all. Papa