

66 St. Famille Street,

Montreal, February 18th, 1921.

Dear Saucy Morris:-

!!! And you said you were a
poor letter writer!

I do not know whether I am still
in a dream, the most wonderful one
it has been my fortune to experience,
or whether it is possible that I am
conscious. Once before I was deliriously
happy over a man, but then, six
years ago, it was in a physical sense
only, accompanied by the most terrible
fears and the realization that his
soul and mine were worlds apart.
That was infatuation, born of pity.

But now, together with the physical joy, comes that divine conviction that I have met my affinity - you are the complement of myself. But every now and then I come out of the trance and say, "No, it cannot be! What have I done to deserve this happiness?"

Then I try to reason. Perhaps my ancestors lived a higher, more spiritual life than most persons, and they bequeathed the sublime gift of an ideal mate to me. It does not seem possible that merely because I have tried to be good, do good, harm no

one, and had Faith in a Higher Power that I should be so blessed. I know all this is incoherent, but this is how I should talk, were you here. As promised, I am not holding myself in reserve.

The enclosed snapshot was taken last summer in the Laurentians, where I spent a most enjoyable week-end, the guest of girl friends. If you will hold it close to your eyes you will see the resemblance to your "inspiring flower" in the act of blinking in strong sunshine. It seems that you are having things your own way,

for I have almost decided to have a real photograph taken, which I had no intention of doing a wee while ago.

The wedding I attended was magnificent. The hotel, itself very lovely, was most beautifully decorated with plants and cut flowers, and, together with the wonderful lighting effect, made a splendid background for gorgeously gowned women. Everything betokened money, and I suppose that is a necessary evil when "showing off" is the fulfilment of some persons' prayers.

I know it will displease you to learn that I have been naughty and have not retired once before one o. m. since you left. Perhaps you will forgive me when I tell you that staying awake is pleasant, and the hours when I must sleep just seem like so much pleasure thrown away. To-night, however, I shall retire early, to lie awake thinking, I hope.

I cannot express how I feel since realization came to me. There has been within me a Holy of Holies, closed and barred against all except the One, since no one fully understood me.

Romain Rolland expresses it better, so I am quoting him. "I have a friend! Oh! The delight of having found a kindred soul to which to cling in the midst of torment, a tender and sure refuge in which to breathe while the fluttering heart beats slower."

No longer to be alone, no longer never to unarm, no longer to stay on guard with straining, burning eyes, until from sheer fatigue I should fall into the hands of my enemies! I have a dear companion into whose hands all my life shall be delivered.

the friend whose life was delivered into mine! At last to taste the sweetness of repose, to sleep while the friend watches, watch while the friend sleeps. To know the greater joy of absolute surrender to that friend, to feel that he is in possession of all secrets, and has power over life and death. To find new birth and fresh youth in the body of the friend, through his eyes to see the world renewed, through his senses to catch the fleeting loveliness of all things by the way, through his heart to enjoy the splendor of living.

Even to suffer in his suffering. Ah! even suffering is joy if it be shared.' I have a friend, and I am his. My friend loves me. Away from me, near me, in me always - I have a friend. Of our two souls love has fashioned one."

And now, can you understand when I tell you that Vancouver with you seems like Elysium as compared with Montreal without my Sancy Morris!

Affectionately,

Rosana.

P.S. No woman's letter is complete without a P.S.
 Remarks heard around the office: "We should hate to lose you, but you should have gone with him." "Believe me, he is mighty nice." "If you think so much of him, why not say yes?"



Mr. M. Soskin,
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"Personal"