

Remember me to Edith & your Mother. If Colonel Ryley is
with you, give him my best regards.

February 13th 1922

Auckland Castle,
Bishop Auckland.

My dear Harold,

I was pleased to
receive your letter of the 21st Jan.
and particularly pleased to know
that you desire to repay the small
financial help which my wife and
I sent you when you were at
the University: but, my dear Boy,
I could not possibly allow you
to send me the money. It was
a present to you which we were
entitled to make to my nephew,
& which we were very glad to make.
No, no: you are right in offering

repayment: but it would be intolerable and unnatural that I should accept it. Please say no more about the matter. You give me all I want if you will 'play the man', and do your part in the world as a Christian Englishman should.

We are having a taste of winter: and, although our temperatures cannot show the tragical records of Canada, we can be cold enough to make life difficult. I have observed with some amusement the nervous pleasure with which Canadians receive the compliment implied in the picturesque appellation

"Our Lady of the Snows". They are flattered by the tribute: but alarmed by the suggestion. The first is well enough, but the last may 'wear off' settlers. So there is a mingling of contrary sentiments, which creates a certain embarrassment.

The situation in this country, both political and economic, is very bad indeed, and it is hard to resist the impression that it grows worse. In this diocese both our main industries have been stricken — mining and ship-building. — and there are few signs, if any, of recovery.

The heavy taxation makes it very difficult for ordinary life to get back to anything like normal ways: and until this return to the normal has been effected, we are all living in an unnatural world, where nobody quite knows where he is!

The situation in Ireland has become suddenly very anxious: the old curse of the country, the political incoherence of the Celtic nature, is again showing itself, & may bring about another catastrophe.

Write love from your Aunt.

I am,

your aff^l Uncle.

Herbert Dunelm: