Letter No. 63.

No. 7 Can. Stat. Hosp.
B. E. F.
May 12/16.

Dear Mother

Begard a line to you, this warm days, I don't seem to get any letters of at all. To-day this is a nice cool breze blowing much to my delight — not that this heat has been excessive, but one feels it having to much in this often.

Letter 58 has never put in an appearance, but no. 59-60 & 61 have arrived — however think I mentioned this in my last. Everyone much put rather relieved that

Marguerites little affair is over. We are quite keep being fearfully anxious when anything out of the ordinary occurs before Land, especially after Lausia's experience.

Well this week an afternoon off, we went into Salonika by the his o'clock Cumbulance, Capt Kerfoot, one of our men lie. He's having under taken to show us one or two of the old churches. The day was hot & muggy - the sky most threatening till the end we had a shower before getting back, but it didn't in anyway interfere with our pleasure, & you can't imagine how keen we all are to get away from the camp when possible. It is rather curious sight seeing without either a guide or guide books. One can get nothing in the Italian line written in English, either here or in Egypt, & while occasionally you come across someone who really knows, the scraps of information usually, are so able & gleaned are few & far between.

The first little humble dam Greek church we visited, was apparently built by the Turks for a mosque, after the Balkan war was turned into a Greek church, & now with the exception of the apse where the altar stands, surrounded by a fine fresh space, every corner

is occupied by Serbian refugees — such a dirty, unlovely crew. Rags — sacking, bits of old carpet etc, are hung from pillar to post, to separate one family from another — an odd scrap of mattress, small pieces of carpet serve for beds & bedding: where they cook or what they eat heaven only knows!! It's awful, yet they seem far from unhappy, & those who manage to satisfy their appetites I imagine rather enjoy the lack of responsibility. There are thousands of children, & quite decent old women everywhere, all with running noses, & numerous small sores, most repulsive — but they never hesitate to clamour round one, pulling your dress, & begging for pennies.

There were a few feathered hens running around, & were a grey old stork perched on the top of the minaret looked ill fed, & un-kempt.
From there we wandered along the street over the same road St. Paul was supposed to have walked hundreds of years ago. Such quaint un-appetizing little shops, cramped, un-attractive houses, yet curiously enough picturesque. Here & there through a doorway one caught glimpses of small courtyards all untidy & ill kept, but yet most picturesque with its straggling grape vine, odd rose bush, fig-tree & sometimes an acacia, all & such a beautiful green at

this season of the year. Having wandered a short distance we were stopped by a fresh & rolled into an old-fashioned court-yard, right at the entrance of which was quite a large sunken pond, filled with good-fresh, clean water pittering through a hole, evidently from some spring, where the surrounding inhabitants evidently came to draw the household supply. Here we were informed in fearful ~~English~~ French, was situated the lunatic of the Dancing Dervishes, of which order he said was the Chief - The lunatic the most barren I have seen, and practically nothing in it except about 12 small goat-skin ~~tents~~ huts arranged in a circle, where he informed us the Dervishes knelt to say their prayers. Being told to ascend the minaret, up we went. The passage way (circular) was narrow, the steps must have been hundreds of years old they were so worn, & such are contained enough to use to build a birds-nest - But we were rewarded, when we finally reached the top, with a wonderful view of the harbour & the mountains & sea, & to see only the lovely green trees against those picturesque red-tiled roofs - like the ones used at &

Macdonald College, but ~~many~~ branch of glorious in late July time, & the & the trees covered & grey.
Then the numerous minarets, un-attractive, ~~&~~ when close by, being on the outside looking but dirty white plaster, in the distance look so graceful & gorgeously white. When we came down our friend had picked us each a bunch of garden roses. For white we resembled with a small coin, & separated, each feeling satisfied that the evening had been well worth while.
A little farther along the same street, we came across an un-usually large building

is the Lain where everything seems to be diminutive, which proved to be another church. We could not make out whether it was first erected A.D. 300 or 1430 A.D. I imagine the former. At any rate it was originally a Christian church, & the remains of what must have been exceptionally beautiful mosaics are still to be seen on the walls & a few exquisite pillars. Then the Turks came, plastered over these mosaics, & generally spoilt the place, since when the Greeks have partially restored it still more by trying to make it once again an orthodox church. I imagine

lack of funds & un-skilled labor, probably account for its present condition. But our guide they said, & that is a most wonderful bronze bell, just erected outside the church. I should love to hear it tolled.

It is huge & covered with wonderful designs.

Then we walked through several more narrow streets, & our awful cobble stone roads, & came to St. Sofia evidently the wealthy church here. Built in 1400 & some thing, then of course turned by the Turks into a turkish, & now once again to a Christian church. Beyond the minaret attached on one side, one would never know it had been used as a turkish. Beyond the general out line of the building a magnificent dome there was nothing particularly attractive about the interior, & the exterior like all the buildings here is perfectly plain, limited plaster-

Of course we know the beliefs of the Greek church are similar to our own, but their church & services then resemble the R. C.'s much more than the Church of England.

By this time we were much exhausted & made

for the principal cafe, where quite good tea can be had. As we had to pass through the shopping district, I thought I might as well get the two small articles I was much in need of. A nail file & some white mending wool! Once having started I was filled with regret, for one shop-keeper kept sending us to another until we all became utterly bewildered, & finally I was proud to buy a crochet collar, with which I mended my stockings & a nail cleaner instead of a decent nail file. I hastily took one cane bag must articles in

Sebastika, but they are
much different to find, & it
requires much time &
patience, neither of which
can we usually afford
to expend as our days
are duly -
Well dear I must away
to work - au revoir for the
present. Heaps of love
always to you & Uncle
Ever yours lovingly
Lottie.

Parkdale 86 Mrs Mitchell