

See Hollies. No 22<sup>nd</sup> / 83

My dear Husband,

We did look out eagerly for the Indian letter this morning and a good deal in your skin we found you really expected to cut off by the mail of No. 23. If by any chance you should be delayed until the mail of No. 30. you will of course come straight through without stopping at Tennessee, for it will be all you can do to get here for Christmas, and you do not know what a disappointment it will be to the children, to say nothing of myself, if you are not here then. Of course, if you do cut off by No. 23 it will be all right. I wrote to Aletta last week but I will write her again tomorrow, with the latest intelligence. I wrote to Tom, Frank and Aletta last week, have not heard from any of

them in reply. I do not know  
Frank's private address, but will  
ask Aletta to send it to you at  
Brindisi. I addressed to you  
last week at Aden I hope you  
would get it all right, and I sent  
a card to Gayding, in case you  
might not have left. I had a  
nice letter from McDermid in  
reply to my card giving him the  
news of your coming. He hopes  
to catch a glimpse of you.

I am sure you will welcome  
my resolution when I tell you  
that in spite of all my tumult  
of preparation, and my delight  
of anticipation, I stick to my  
writing note for three or four  
hours every morning. I want  
to get fairly into it before you  
come, and then I can put it

aside for any length of time and  
take it up quite readily; but if I  
have only half begun it, it takes all  
the labour of starting over again.

Mr. joy and sorrow do clash  
together here. Whilst we are rejoicing  
over your coming, poor Mrs  
Lawrence Smith is mourning  
the death of her son, a fine  
young fellow of 26, partner  
with his brother Clarence, our  
trustee. He died last week very  
unexpectedly. He was engaged  
to the sister of Clarence's wife.  
You know Mr. Lawrence Smith  
only died a year and a half  
ago, and this son lived at  
home with his mother, the  
only son who was at home. It  
is a sad loss for her.

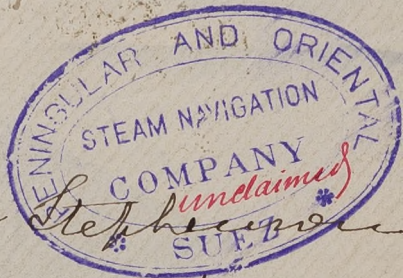
It seems almost impossible  
to think that tomorrow you  
will be at sea on your way  
home. We shall miss the liquor  
for you. Even while I write  
you will be on your way to  
Bordeaux by train.

All good winds speed you,  
and God's blessing bring you  
safely to us, is the prayer  
of your ever loving Gr.

God's cold is quite gone  
and we are all well.

You had better stay a night in  
London with Frank, and  
come on here next day. But  
you will telegraph from London.

Posted  
from India  
Nov. 23 / 83.



Rev. J. Stephenson

(Passenger by Homeward Mail Steamer  
from Bombay Nov. 25 or 30)

P. & O. Company's Agent  
Suez.

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