

Sunday, Dec 12th / 80

5581

My dear husband

If you could look in upon us just now, you would say we were a very literary party. Filian, Mabel and Noel are all sitting at the table writing a story each, which is to be sent to you. They are as still as mice and intensely interested in what they are doing. Mamma is still very weak from the effects of her cold. She has not been down now for a week and does not cut up her strength as I should like, but I think she is improving a little. She takes plenty of support. I give her something seven or eight times a day. The servants are both such a comfort to me. They were very pleased with your remembrance of them. I had a long letter from Mr Edgar Hill. He speaks of coming down next April. I hope he will come and see us. I still work on at my story, though I am a good deal hindered. I shall not hurry over it at all, as there is no need to finish it before April or May. Mary Catherine has been in to her and has just done.

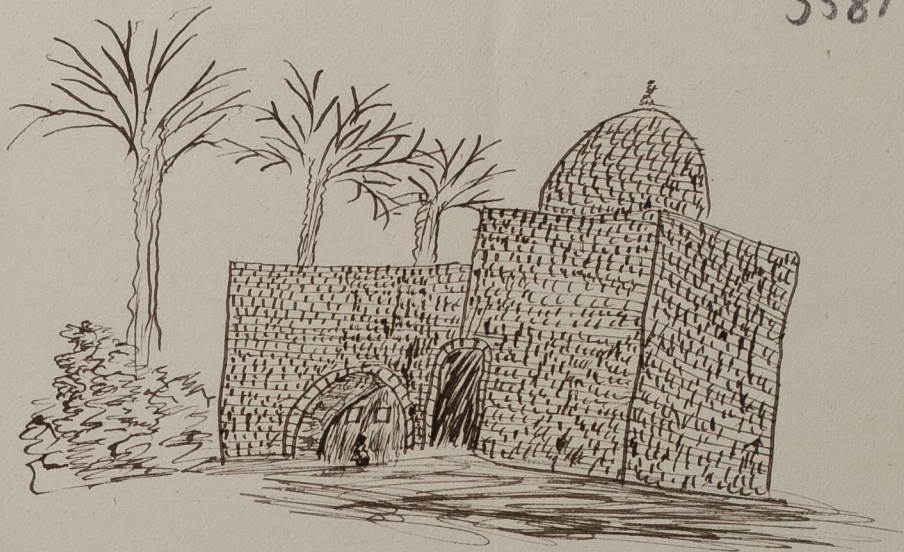
The car brought the children the
Christmas numbers of the Illustrated
and Graphic, but they are not to
have them until Christmas. I
have asked her to come then, and
Bernard Dawson. You remember
that wall at the end of his garden,
which was so shaky. It has quite
come down now and he and the
landlord came in the other day, to
ask if I should have any objection
to its being built farther down, so as
to take in a piece of our garden.
As the garden is already larger than
we need, and as I have found the in-
convenience as in Godsell's case
of underletting it, I thought I might
as well oblige Mr Dawson, so the wall
is built 20 yards lower or nearly to
the orchard. I am to pay three pound
less of rent. I am paid on the whole, to
have a little less pound, and Mr
Dawson is glad to have a little more.
I am going to have nearly all of it
laid down in grass, so that the children
can play tennis or what they like.
I wrote to Mr Knox by last mail. I

hope he will be able to come over
whilst he is at home, or I could go to
Lancaster to meet him. It would be
very pleasant if you were to come home
for three months and then at Knaiket
I have such a horror, though, of those
steep precipices all about there. Dar-
reeling is much better protected.
But then I should think the climate
of Knaiket is more healthy. But it
is an ease making plan. I think
will spend for no alien the time comes.
There can be nothing better than your
purpose to do your own work quietly, and
as far as possible, let other people alone.
I am sure that will work well. Next
week I hope I shall hear of the arrival of
Parsie. You must tell me what you
think of the pictures. I do not like them
very much. They do not express my
idea of the story at all. Do you see the
allegory, that the boy boy and the thimble
maid represent Science and Faith, or
the head and the heart; that the dis-
tortions of one and the slowness of the
other arise from their separation
and that until they kneel together

Before the spiritual world, no true pro-
gress will be effected. This is what I had
in my mind when I was writing.
Did I tell you Mr. B. is now coming
to live in Miss Williams' house next
door to Mary Catherine. The children at
one so well with Miss White. Her lessons
are a pleasure to them now, instead of
a toil. We generally have half an hour
of reading aloud after tea - French
history - in which they all take interest
and then we have a little singing, as
the piano lives in the dining room
now. I think they all pass their time
very happily. Now I shall leave my letter
until posting day.

Thursday. I had yours this
morning with values of two £100
notes, and the power of attorney.
I will send it to Clarence Smith
to see if it is all right. — Just at
this point the post came, with a
letter from Mrs Peterson, acknowledging
Bessie's arrival. She says they were
so sorry not to be in Bombay when
you landed but Mrs Peterson wrote
to you, so that letter must have
been lost too. He sends me a copy of
a book he has just published, notes
to the Caden Treasury. I have not
had time to look at it, for I sent it
off to you. I am so thankful
you keep well. Remember me to Lady
Louper. You will be sorry to hear that
Mamma is still very poorly with the
remains of her cold. She is so weak, and
not able to leave her room. But Dr. Farnes
thinks she will be better in
a week or two. She sends much love
to you. I am very thankful to be here
to take care of her, though I should
like to be with you too. Do not thin
a nice little copy book has done.

5581



the sepulchre of rachel