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See Hollies. May 22nd
84.

My dear Husband,

I do not seem to
have much to say this week, for
everything goes on so quietly.
This is Ascension Day. We were
at church this morning. There
was almost as good a congregation
as on Sundays. The weather is
perfect just now, so I spent a
good deal of time in the garden.
Oh, I wish we could be there
together. You have never seen it
at its prettiest. I am sure you
would enjoy it much. It is just
one mass of flowers, fruit & fern
and scenery. I am now
correcting the proofs of my new
story. It is called "Lady Foxton's
Companion." I suppose they
will publish it some time
during the summer. I wish

We could hear something of
the cases from Cedarville, and
I have heard nothing from
Mrs Dally yet. I hope she will
send the things all right. I am
wondering of suspecting
the thing, which you have
sent. I have seen a good
deal of the Jennings lately.
Mr Jennings came in on
Saturday, just as we were sitting
down to dinner, and joined
us, and spent the afternoon
with us. It was very pleasant
and he said he enjoyed it very
much too. Yesterday Mrs
Jennings and her cousin
came in and dined. They
are busy getting their house
into order, and as we are so
near, it is convenient for them

to come in for a meal now and
then. I like her very much, she
is so bright and sensible. I
think we shall find them
really pleasant neighbours.
They have taken tea pretty little
house about five minutes'
walk down the Orsell Road.
It belongs to Mr Peaves. It is just
the sort of house I should like to
end my days in, just and
included, and yet not lonely.
Mr Jennings said he should
like to join our Christian after-
noon, and read for us. He
says he has not seen his brother
for ten years, so they don't have
much intercourse. It is in-
teresting to hear him talk in
familiar terms of a man
whom we all look up to so much

as Alfred Tennyson. He knows
Mr Browning too, and used to
know Mrs Browning, when they
were in Rome. I think he is
a man of fine mind, but he has
never turned it to much ac-
count. Mr Tennyson has to do
all the organizing, out-driving
and acting, he just reads and
wanders about. Mabel's birthday
was last Friday, but she had her
party on Saturday. She had nice
letters from Mr Aunt Abigail and
Bilda and Muriel but not a
word from Nottingham. Though
all the children had written to
Tom for his birthday the week
before. I cannot think why he
hasn't written from them but
I wonder Mr Mary is. I wrote
a long letter to him in March.
Five little robins in the rookery

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leave from today. I suppose they
will come back to the nest at night
in while, as they are too young to
take care of themselves yet. It has
been a great amusement to
watch them. The children went
to the oed hills yesterday, in
the care of Agnes, and had their
and then looked for birds' eggs.
they brought home several, and
Noel said they had not frightened
any birds, nor disturbed the
nests. He is much interested
now in the collecting of eggs.

I had your letter on Tuesday.
I shall take some opportunity of
reading to the children your
remarks about the laughing
at the prayers. I think they
were much ashamed when I
talked to them about it at the
time, and it will not occur

again. Fanny's danger will
be independent so much
on appearances. Her mind
is more mechanical than
Mabel's, and she will be much
given to preps, in religious
matters. But she has a good
conscience to guide her.
Mamma keeps much the
same. She does not give
any strength but she does
not love any. She goes into
the front bedroom now, on
warm days, and enjoys
the dance for a few hours.
She sends her love to you.
She is reading your copy
of "preps at Truth" and

and she has also read Carlyle's
Life of Sterling. I often find
books amongst yours that
interest her much. Mary
Catherine is still in London,
enjoying what is going on
there. And with good bye.
Your ever loving Ep.