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Lee Hollis.
Malvern Link. June 4/85.

My dear Husband.

We are having such a burst of hot weather, and though lovely, it is rather trying. It seems to take away one's strength, and especially when we have to spend so much time in Mamma's room. She continues about the same, quite comfortable, with no pain, and her appetite improves. She has quite recovered her speech, but her forgetfulness of the names of people and things makes it very difficult to know what she wants. She enjoys my reading to her time a day from Frank's new version. Lillian is pained in being in Paris at a time like this, for Victor Hugo's funeral is an historic event. I hope she does not find the matter too hot, but I provided her with very cool clothing, in case she needed it. Noel and Mabel are quite well. Mabel is to write to you today. She was very pleased with your letter, which I read aloud to them both. She had her first illness on Monday

and is an Italian, to buy part of her
in deep. If you would enjoy the
garden, if you could only be here now. We
are an unusual abundance of flowers
this year. The little bit of shrubbery is
lovely with ferns, and I'm sure you would
enjoy strolling up and down the long
green walk in the shade, smoking your
cigar. You have never yet seen the garden
at anything like its best. It grows prettier
year by year. I think I will have some
photographs of it this year. Truly I
shall be sorry to leave it, and leave just
nearly every flower with it with my
own hands, and a garden takes a long
time to come to anything like per-
fection. What a pity our old garden
in Calcutta is deserted. Every
clapnet that has come seems to
have a prejudice against it, I don't
know why. Mrs. Dodd writes very nicely.
I will enclose a letter for Mrs. Dalley.
I have not written to her for a long
time. Mary Lathrine was very glad
to have your letter, and sends her
love to you. I never missed a short
letter for myself, when you are writing.

along one to the others, for I know I
love it. It is to cut off the foreign letters
in a week. We are reading Hawthorne's
life, very American. Next a true marriage
his son, and what a fine woman was
Mrs. their eldest daughter. Julian,
who writes the book, does not do well.
There is such a want of dignity in his
style. About your eyes. Don't you think
it would be better to wait until you come
home and then go to a good man in
London. And if small print tries
them now, why don't read it. Small
print has made my head ache for a long
time, so now I never attempt it, nor any
kind of work which makes any great
demand upon the sight. I find that
writing tries the eyes less than reading.
Do give yourself as much rest from
reading as you can, until you are
able to get good papers here. They say
it is a very bad thing to get the wrong
sort of papers, and very likely you
would not get the proper ones in
Calcutta. I am writing this when I
write most of my letters, in mamma's

room, and I have just broken off to give
for dinner. He has a little asparagus,
with soup poured over it, twice a day,
and really seems to enjoy it; then she
eats her rice, and read several times.
This is all her table of diet. When I told
her I was writing to you, she said I was
to send her love. It seems really likely
that we shall have peace now. I think
you will surely set your furlough
sooner than October; but even then
you would have a good long time for
Egypt and Palestine before Christmas.
Do not think of going until next
May, for I am sure that is not the
path of duty. I feel very glad the Arch-
deacon business has passed over, even
though it was promotion. It is time
now that you were at home with the
children, and as for me, when my
morning work is over, I feel as if I
should wish to sleep for years. I have
been living at a great strain for a long
time. I don't think even "dixie" in Cal-
cutta could have been a peeter. But
everyone in their own order, and there
cometh the end.

Ever your loving Ep

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