

The Hollies

Malvern Link

June 11th/83.

Dear Papa

I thank you very very much for the long letter you sent me, Mother read it aloud to us last night. I liked the story of the three children very much. I think the lily meant the better part of us. Myra kept giving herself to Christ, who was the King, and when she wanted to do anything he would not approve of, went back again. She went secretly, I suppose, so that her friends should not know that she had given herself, though in a half-hearted way, to Christ, also perhaps that she might be able to go away whenever she liked without his knowing,

as she thought.

I like Neal's sermons very much, Aunt Abigail had it when we were in Barnes, I remember her reading us "The Race".

I can't help liking the allegories best, "Duty" is a very nice one.

Major & Mrs. Perkins have been here, but they did not stay long, as they were going to see Mr. Newbold. Yesterday Mr. Bellitt came to dinner, Mother asked him to bring his little girl, but she did not come.

We had such a splendid day in the country last Monday week, Mr. Dawson took us & the Josephs & Mr. & Miss Hobbes to Bredon Hill. We went by train as far as Tewkesbury, and then on the river to Bredon. It was nearly nine when we came back, & though we were very tired we

had enjoyed ourselves very much. Isn't it a shame? Mr. Dawson says a boy has taken a poor little nightingale's nest full of young birds from the copse near here and has been selling them in Malvern.

How dreadful for that poor boy not to have seen his father at gain before he died, I suppose his death was sudden, or they would have sent for him!

Mr. West is coming tomorrow to play, and Mr. Arthur Fennison is coming, and going to read "Lionel." He said he would rather read that than one of his brother's idylls, though I think one of idylls would have been nicer.

And now good bye dear

Papa, your loving daughter
Mabel

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