

29th of April.

AL/2319

My dear Beatrice

I am very sorry to hear that Aunt Julia has been ill again & is not quite content with her work & surroundings.

I feel that you & I are her especial children so I hope that we shall agree about her plans. I am sure she

must not try anything new

Why not settle for summer with you at Lea Hurst & winter in some snug little home near London coming for a change some times here to see new pictures & life. She is school inspector for over a certain district including you Lea Hurst my Portman Hall & she will never be happy to cut away from her old ties. All her friends almost go to London & would only be too glad to have her in a refuge of her own near & yet in good air with a garden.

Do not let her expect anything from my pictures I do not like them to day at all I think them friends. I wish Hilary

would come next winter I want her
sympathy & I want to see her at
work at these grand Bible old
fellows. She should paint me
a job & his friends with everything
just done.

We think a good deal of job &
will & words worth at present
Do write a book as good
as Adam Bede. I do not think
it impossible some day do you?
I wish I could paint as well
as David Cox. I will not say
Jurassic, I want to do something
well even if it is only an
olive tree.

Your officer Barbara

Beatrice