

See Hollis. Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> / 84.

My dear Husband

I will start a letter to you now as some people, Mrs Williams &c are coming to tea tomorrow and I shall be busy. I wonder if I shall leave a letter from you from Alexandria by the Indian mail this week, I hope so, for it seems a long time since I heard. We think of you every day and many times a day. I hope you are having a good passage. I met Mr Herbert yesterday. He came across the road to ask me to tell you how much pleased he was with Lillian and Mabel in their class. He gives them questions to prepare at home and he said their answers were very good. They and Mabel have been today to dine with Miss Bradley. He said a Mr Kemett, who used to be in Darjeeling and who has lately been staying with some friends in Malvern, heard you preach that

might at the Abbey. He wished to have  
come into the vestry to you, but he  
could not be quite sure that it was  
you. He said if he had really known  
you were here, he would have hunted  
Malvern over to find you. You had  
visited his wife who is now dead. Do  
you remember the name? I went  
yesterday to see her and her Joseph.  
They both sent many kind remem-  
brances to you. Mamma is very  
much better. She has been downstairs  
yesterday and today. Of course she  
is very feeble still, but it is a great  
improvement upon what she was when  
you were here. Aletta sent me the  
£5 cheque this morning in a letter to  
Lilian. There was a third letter to  
Frank in the envelope which made  
it overweight, so for Lilian, had to  
pay 5<sup>d</sup> which made her look solemn.  
Aletta volunteered to post the  
letter, but there it is on the mantel  
piece still, and I am waiting to see

if she will remember to post it. I say  
to her word now that I will not think  
nice for them to save them the trouble  
of thinking some for themselves. I  
believe that is the only way of making  
them self-reliant. His lack of method  
and punctuality makes my home  
task much heavier than it need be.  
Mr Herbert visits after you often.  
Mr Victor has a little daughter. It  
will be a great treasure, as the two other  
are boys. You ought to be at Caden  
today; perhaps you will get the letter  
which I posted to you there on your  
way home. What a long time up that  
seems now. Noel seems very happy  
at school. I think Mr Douglas has been  
giving him some words of praise  
which have encouraged him much.  
He seems so much more cheerful  
about his lessons. The other day he  
was running along the schoolroom  
and tripped his foot and fell and  
broke off half of one of his front teeth.  
He came home apparently rather

amused about it, but I told him it  
would be a serious loss to him. It  
does not very much disfigure him,  
but of course it is a blemish. Did I  
tell you Jones has sent some tea birds  
and skins. He has really done them  
very well. The peacock is most im-  
posing. I am going on steadily with  
my work in a morning. I have  
four clear hours to myself, as  
Mamma does not come down until  
the afternoon. This perfectly quiet  
time does me a great deal of good.  
It is the constantly being obliged to  
talk which is so wearing. Writing  
here I am alone, never tires me.  
I have finished about half of my story  
now. I hope to get it done by the middle  
of March. I will put this away now  
until tomorrow when I shall add  
a little. Mamma sends much  
love to you. Frank's revised version  
has not turned up yet. Mary C. en-  
quires often about you. Ever your loving  
son  
E. W.

Thursday. I must not take this  
open any longer. We have just had  
such a pelting fall of rain, almost  
as bad as that whilst the children  
were having their act. I had to  
remind Lillian of the letter after  
all. It had never entered into her  
mind again. The photographs  
arrived this morning, very  
much crushed, but that may  
come out in the mounting.

On all I remember that Spozalizio  
in the Brera. I wish I could have  
come with you to St Ambrose's  
Church. It is the only part of Milan  
I care for. Among the Emperor Theo-  
dorus knocking at that very door  
and being refused admission  
by the good Bishop Ambrose. Would  
any bishop dare to do the like now  
a days to a sovereign who led blind  
people to be slain in an unjust war  
I fear not.