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The Hollies
Nov - 13th / 84

My dear John
 As Eliza tells me
 she will have room for my scrap
 in her envelope I proceed to fulfil
 my promise, of supplementing
 my last letter with a few more opportu-
 nity. I think in that letter I said
 nothing of the children not because
 I had nothing to say but because
 space failed me. I fear my pencil
 notes for you somewhat, but I
 have quite made the use of a
 pen. I am writing in bed, so you
 must please excuse all deficiencies
 and accept the will for the
 deed. I am sure it will be welcome

news to hear that the young ones
are well and doing well. Feline
studying slowly and diligently
for the Cambridge exam. I shall be
glad when it is over for her sake,
for both her mother and I think
she is working too hard, but it was
quite her own wish to try, and we
her health does not suffer, the
most strict discipline will be good
for her. Fred too is working with
a will, Character from school,
conduct very good, always bright
and good ~~tempered~~ ^{temperament}, and he at
home can endorse the report.
Embel will never kill herself
with hard work, but she grows

very lovely and lovable, though
if she keeps the New England
gift of "Faculty" it is not yet de-
veloped. Do you know I often think
our 2 girls are striking types of
the Bethany sisters, then we have
the brother too, surely a family
whom James Lovell. I prophesy
good, if not great thing of them
all. I wonder if those dear ones
who are hidden from our sight,
know more about us than we
do about them, and whether they
have any part in shaping our
course. It is 37 years to day, since
my first boy was laid in his

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final ~~writing~~ - placed I often wonder
what he would have been if his
life had been spared, for he was a
child of great promise. You know
I was staying with me a short
time before his sudden removal,
and he was a great favourite of
hers, one of the few letters I possess
of hers, is the one I received after
his death. How she desired all
her correspondence to be burnt, I
could not find in my heart to
burn this, and she said I might
retain it. I felt the burning of
those letters, was a real holocaust.
I hope you will be able to send
this, but it is so dark I can
scarcely see to write. God bless

Ms
A
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