

Lee Hollis Dec 16<sup>th</sup> / 85.  
5698

My dear Husband

Last Wednesday  
at this time I was writing to  
you in this same room, as  
Mamma lay sleeping. Today  
I sit here in the same place,  
all around me just the same,  
except that Mamma, instead  
of sleeping in the bed close by  
me, now I can turn and  
look upon her, is sleeping in  
her room in York. At least  
all of her that needs to sleep  
now. My sister and I took  
her on Monday to York, where  
our friend Mr. Norrell had  
made all arrangements for  
the funeral, and Mr. Alfred  
Smith had come to read the  
service. He left here at half

past eight in the morning, reached  
York at half past four, went out  
once to the cemetery, returned  
direct to the station, where we  
remained alone in the waiting  
room until twenty minutes  
to two in the morning, when  
he started home, arriving at  
eight. We have now fulfilled  
our mother's last request.

It has been a quiet, calm week.  
Whilst mamma lay here, I often  
used to come in with my eyes  
shut, and lay my hands upon  
her head, but I never saw her  
after I knelt and said good  
bye to her, and kissed her when  
we were quite sure that the  
breath had passed away. I  
am so thankful it was my  
turn to be with her during  
the last night, and I was

alone with her when she died  
though just then I did not  
know that it was death. Waking  
out of that sleep which had  
lasted all day, such a strange  
startled expression passed  
over her face, followed by a  
fixed calm look which now  
we know meant death, but  
there was no pain, and I felt  
as I kissed her and went out  
of the room, that she was near  
me still. This feeling I have  
had ever since. It was not my  
mother we were laying in the  
grave on Monday. She will  
never leave me. I have lost  
now from my earthly sight  
the one being so entirely loved  
and trusted me, and for  
whom I made the brightest  
of life. How often she has told me,

my lands, here, in this room,  
and said "My child, what do  
I not owe to you". And I'm often  
she has said that if she could  
in any way help me, after she  
had passed into the other life,  
she would. Perhaps this vision  
which I feel now, is of her giving.  
I have written to ask Mary  
Johnson to come and stay with  
us after Christmas. It will  
be bright and pleasant for  
the children, who love her very  
much. They will be disap-  
pointed if you do not come  
home for Easter, but all this  
I can leave to you. Esther  
has been so good and faith-  
ful and helpful. Nic. is  
staying with me now and  
sends his love

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Ever your loving  
E. J.