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Lee Hollies.
Malvern Link.
Decr 10th 185.

My dear Husband,

Since I closed
my letter to you, the long
waiting time has ended. Our
Mother passed quietly a very
last evening, about half past
six, so quietly that my sister
and I could not tell whether
it was sleep or death. Gradually
the truth dawned upon us that
it was death. It was a good
ending to a beautiful life,
but for us the blank is very
great. How glad I am that she
lived long enough to know of
Nora's success. She said then
she had nothing else to wait for.
About six last night she began
to breathe differently, and

Mr. and I raised her a little
and gave her some brandy
and water, which she swallowed.
He thought she was swooning
and Mr. went down to the
children. I put my arms round
her and raised her a little, and
gave her some more brandy.
A strange expression passed
over her face. I laid her head
back and called Mr. telling
her I thought she had better send
for Dr. Kaynes. When he came
back to the room, he looked at
each other, and felt the end
had come, but it was so calm
he could not be sure, for
some time. Now, he thinks too
well. I can say no more,
My heart is full. I have

written to Tom, and he will
tell the others. He is to be
buried on Monday by Papa's
side, at York, we both go with
her.

My dear Dearest, my thoughts
come to you. To have rested
in your arms would have
been a comfort. But God
is good, and I have the thought
that nothing my love could
do was left undone to cherish
these last years of her life.
Mr. is here, and the children
are very good.

Love yours
E. J.