

10 South St

New Year's Day
1889

Dearest, ever dearest Aunt Mai
I do wish you a blessed
New Year, as I am sure
you wish me -

The little book I send reminds
me so much of things you
used to say.

These lines, ^{on the other side} were written, I
believe, by Lady Aberdeen,
on a portfolio which came
from her as a New Year's
gift to my lady Secretary -
(for I am now a miserable ^{!?} old
woman with a type-writer)

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, & every setting sun as its close. Then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others - some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself."

The first two lines especially I thought you would like - the latter lines you do not need. My temptation is, I feel, to look too far ahead.

Let me thank you for this
pleasant, which come in
so handy now -
for the continual stream
of love which I always
thank you for in my heart.
For the great pleasure
your beautiful sweet presence
have given -
For ever
may God bless you -
Your dearest Anne Mai
Your loving old Ho

Claydon Ho, Whinlow, Bucks

Sept 7/88

Let me say, dearest Aunt Mai,
what I cannot say how
much I am always with
you especially during
the last month, in spirit.

In August 12 I was
with you all the day
remembering how 35
years ago you brought
me up to Marley St.

on August 7 how you
brought me back & how
thrice 32 years ago.

God bless you - and He
does bless you: have

I have but a very, very poor
account to give of faith.
But her courage is unfeigned.

I must stop now:

Ever yours all
H.

You see well as we
may lay in letters &
^{in care} ~~threaten~~ as in pay -
But perhaps more.
I always try to remember
how you look that
we must not be so
independent as to write
the case & responsibility
which are God's -
Anxiety is impertinent, you
said. And it is God's
part & not our own -
And no doubt it is
God's future & not our own

You will remember dearest Anne
 Mai, Sister Bertha, one of Miss
 Sellon's Sisters. She came to
 see me two days ago. You will
 perhaps remember that, after
 the Crimea, she went to
 Honolulu, & conducted large
 Mission Schools for years.
 On the death of Miss
 Sellon, who left her every
 thing, she came to England
 to undertake the whole
 Sisterhood, often in straits
 for money. I often think
 or rather do not like to think,
 how all the people with
 'works' who were with me
 in the Crimea must feel

how unjust it is that all the
'Testimonial' went to me.

I don't think S. Bertha is
without this feeling. How
can she? - tho' she never
expresses it. She lives
chiefly at their Devonport
Penitentiary or at their
Ascor Convalescent Hospital,
where I often have Patients -
and when she comes to London
to their little Bethnal Green
Mission House, generally
comes to see me - We are
always good friends - tho' I
always feel as if I had
injured her.

She looks very handsome
in her Lady Abbess dress -
scarcely a day older -

But she does not improve -
Such a flood of talk - & tho'
she sees so much that is
interesting, not interesting talk -
- narrow talk -

The last few years have
done this -

When she came home to
take up all Miss Sellon's
difficulties, then she was
really interesting -

You remember Miss Sellon
at Malvern?

I think S. Bertha's struggle
tho' the difficulties must be
very admirable.

You know that Dr. Sutherland
has resigned. I saw Mrs.
Sutherland the other day -
always the same - so good
& dear - But she has sadly
aged - Her nights with him
are so disturbed.

Fr

There is a thrush here. we fed
him during the winter - he is
so good as to sing in the tree
opposite my ^{bed-room} window, in all the
din of Park Lane. the only thrush
I ever heard sing in London.
Perhaps you sent him - he does
so remind me of Smbley.