My dearest Mary,

Your last most welcome Letter was to Heathier and Climate a few days ago. Today is grey, rainy, wet and Stormy. The Sea heaving like dull Motten Bad. Inside, in this little Sitting room, dead, sick and Cuddled up on the sofa reading within four feet of me. Motten also reading in an armchair. Rent knitting Muffaties! Dropping two stitches to the minute. Dad has just come to me and has been finished his letter for the mail. Heathier is "tidying up" things in
her bedroom. It seems almost delightful to be sure to have Sal in amongst us, I think for general use which she did so well. I wonder if they are still up there. When she came but it is damp. She was very good about the work and quite at home. I don't think Mr. Walker could be better. The expression is him. Practice is much of the. So successful with the photos of people. With Mr. Walker please let us have great talks about you all and please for dear, as Sand as you at night. She, he, are and earnest discussions over her bedroom free which are a great refreshment and outlet. Mutter takes the slow scientific views. Sally takes a broad, mellow me 2 a dream one. I'm afraid. However he goes, it well. Neve so pleased to see the photos of Eu and Mr. Walker and Sal has kindly lent them.
With the sky blue as the Forgetme-not (a little bluer than one) and the one with the sketchy billows. They are both so full of feeling and poetry. It is like a little glimpse upon I have time to look at. The clear, clear, clear, clear out Liems strike as fresh as that we have been away from them for ages. All clearly back.

Our Christmas Day was quite an ideal one for England. Blue sky, cloudless, sunshine, and a slight frost or the lands. We all walked out to Church in the morning, and in the after-noon Betty went to play with some small cousins, and Sad Wall ran to call on both in the same. Some of the old, dear, dear friends the Godson's, Sah, Mother. I took a quick cup of tea and chatted together at home.
Polly sat down and answered "I pulled
heads of crackers—We had one
small present—and cards at-
breakfast." She made it "Baby's
Day," and she began it with seeing
her rocking at an early hour.
And had a most joyful day
together. We were so very sorry
about Joe not being well again.
Tell her how much we sympathize
with her hopes for better news. But
it would not have suited her at all
to come to England with Sale if he
was. Mr. Clement Heathcote only
has been much too severe for her.
Now in the Summer it would be
delightful. We are much pleased
by the boys letters lately—All so
much brighter. No. We are getting
forward to the right of some of
their dears faces. Farewell, Mr—
I hear that Mr. Smithson is at home at present. He has heard that his name has come up about the boundary question. The 5th of October is supposed to be my coming to stay with the artist in London. Mr. Smithson is better but not strong enough yet. I am only sending an answer to your letter as soon as writing two. Much love to all - very much to your own self. Your loving friend.

Annie V. Mason.