My dearest Mary,

Just a few hasty lines in this mail, dear, for we are in the throes of preliminary packing ready for leaving next week. We all (except E. L.) go to Paris straight from here on the 18th leaving here at 8.30 a.m. reaching Paris about 7 p.m. As you can imagine we are very excited but the plans officially delicately kept at last. We shall not be there more than...
a week or 10 days but shall be hard at work eight seeing during that time. How we do wish you were with us! Fear we leave here and go to London. I will go & stay with her aunt. Mrs. Williams at Blackheath. Whilst we are away I am going to take her there the day before she knows Mrs. Williams. Then Emma G. comes. I think & you how quiet she will be. I think she will be quite happy when the first homestick is over. Mrs. Williams has children, one about Mr. age. We shall miss of you as we enjoy all the sweet patience & kindling a prayer heart.
She's certainly looking much better than she was, but still tried to easily. She ought to avoid nights to be quite well for a good long time, and take her nourishing food and fruits. We are hoping to persuade her to see a doctor soon, so that she can be acting under his instructions which she is in England, and within his reach, so that he can see how she goes on. She, Jane, and I had a day in London on Monday. We popped in the morning. Then to The Strand where brother joined us from the Hague for lunch. And after it, she went to the Academy with a gift from the Queen. We three went to the raw.
English Art Club as we saw it was closing in the 20th of this month. It is a very small show this year. The picture undoubtedly is "The Man with the Yellow Cloak" by C. H. Shannon. It is very like a Rembrandt and is a most masterly portrait, so much of the "inner man" revealed in it. There were of course many pictures that were also very so-so — saying nothing to one. Beqaa's "Ironer" was fine done. The action of the brush being very clever. I send you the catalogue. Heathen had not time to do more than sketch at the Academy. She spent most of her time in the Sculpture Room - a very good show.
Two years - and a week - a deal of work by no means. Fruit has all. Two things in this year. Heather said Jack. Homemaker's pictures were disapproving this year. I will send you a description when I've seen them. There are a good many by Sargent which seem to be so usual. Brilliantly, unobtrusively, eleven without much feeling. London is getting very full now. Things very far with the Spring attire - and the Parks bright - with trees and bedding plants. Sah. Brother. Tom and I had a lovely drive yesterday. The country looking especially fresh and green with newly spread grass and newly-sprung grass. Blue distances. Trees of lovely, varied shades. Hedges and thick with dog-rose, Speedwell, wild geranium and St. John's wort - Lark's and Buttercups singing everywhere. Greece in golden sheets - the sun a fireaxe at the ways of the Ponticas old home. We passed Chilworth - today in shower - so we are writing, packing etc. Tom is getting stronger. Told, not quite strong yet. We achecked by hearing of the good news in Tasmania. What a lot of good they will do - Sah would tell you of the arival of your Sl., Douglas' ship at the Albert Docks.
hope to see him once here. For the day before I go, the Indian has arrived but we haven’t heard from the Stephens yet. We wrote to them at Plymouth. I am such a busy dear. Many to forgive. S doubles and disembark. Comments. Dad and Mother are both well. Funny getting up before eight for the start. We do hope that Mr. Biddle is eager to much help for his trip to New Zealand. Please give him one more also to dear Captain. Dear Sir. Send all messages to the weight. When you see him. Tell the Clarks. Yerick have the best. From your very friend, Anne.