

will have to be made. I am
not sure that it is the law
of necessity, but I have
no objection to the very
best. Woodbourne

May 6th 1841
My beloved brother,

That touching address
with I hope shed the rosy tints
of affection over this otherwise
prosaic letter, for sentiment needs
time and of that I have not
much, just now.

I am writing to you, partly because
the glow of rapture with which I
received your last letter has not
quite faded from my mind, & gra-
titude demands that you should be
the one to receive a little of its reflec-

tion, & partly that the family by
right of custom demands a letter
once a week, & you are the member
to whom I have most to speak about.

Jessie has not come yet. I am
positively "aching" for her.
I had a letter from her last Friday
- this day week, & in it she
said she might be here the follow-
ing Wednesday or Saturday. But
Wednesday did not see her, but I am
sure now ~~she~~ ^{she} will come to-
morrow. One thing is she speaks as
though she could come the whole distance
in one day, & I am sure she could have
come from Ipsley or even Cranbrook
in time to be in the express at
the junction to meet the Western
train, & the Express is the only train
that is sure to meet it. I am quite

anxious about her, and it has
been such bad weather too all this
till this morning I hadn't seen the
sun since Sunday, & the rain said
over yet. Of course she has Robert
with her, but ^{most of the way} the journey is a
desimal place to be belated in.

I am much obliged for your
literary suggestions. Of course I have
dreamt of such things, but to have
you suggest such a thing as ^{a possibility}
made me feel ~~excited~~ rather ex-
cited. You know (I needn't remind
you of it!) my constitutional laziness,
& how difficult I find it to follow
things out to the bitter end. And what
makes it worse is I can only ^{write} with
any pleasure - and that will be the
only time anything I write is
readable - when I am excited by

anything. And you forget that there
is no "wild life" here, that it is the tame
^{style} of country life possible; that there
are days & days when that the very
smallest incident occurs. And an
hour's walk every day through the
same places, ~~is~~ ^{is} not ^{likely to} supply much
food for "articles on Country life".
But I shall do my best to make the
ground the seed has fallen into good
ground, & I shall do my best
to bring forth fruit to the rate of
thirty fold at least. I hope you
give me any suggestions that your
literary experience suggests.

In the meantime I send you
something I wrote some time ago
It intended to write an account
of 'a Day of my life at Woodbourne' for
the family perusal, but as you

may well suppose I got pretty
tired of it, feeling it might go on
forever, & now I send it open as
it is, as I think it is as well as
perhaps to make the post-plunge
although it may not be a very
brilliant one. Really it is only
just a letter without beginning
or end.

The bell has rung for school. I have
not a moment even to read over
what I have written for Mrs
Gatenby is going into Cress now
herself. I am sorry I can't write
more & that what I have is so
hurried.

I wrote to Florine Surges yes-
terday a fearful long letter
to make up for past neglect.

I had a long letter from

Miriam yesterday & I are
going to enclose it to Jane
for her to read out at her
discretion & she is to mind
& send it back at once
secret that she does.

I remain
yours truly

Mary