

Calcutta Seenoatho

FANE

6/10/8D

Decr 28th - 1855

I cannot allow the year to close
without sending you my best
wishes for the approaching 1856
which will open to us all (if allowed
Decr 28th) an unwritten page of the
glorious future, to be filled with
our deeds and testimonies indeed
every year is a solemn Division
of Time, which ought to make the
most careful pause, and the
most thoughtful - think - The
Year hastens from us - as We
are hastening from the world
Friends and Relations being

removed, and dying around
us - therefore as the end of all
"things is at hand be ye sober"
and watch unto prayer - Tell me
what is our life, from the days of
childhood, through all its intermedial
stages, only one view can be taken
"all is Vanity and vexation of
spirit" - I should not suppose it
probable you feel as I do (an old
woman) but Christmas has long
ceased to be a periodical season
for rejoicing, for also it is a
naturally cause retrospection
and recall to remembrance the
removal of those who once

joined with us. In our finch days
of bright youthfulness, when the
heart had acquired a force of
enjoying, free from the astuteness
Power of care (Can you not recalle
with me the feasting and revelry
at Dulish, and Vincent puffing
the whole strength of his lungs
and his Instrument, and sending
forth tones more powerful than
blowing - Then the General sending
the awfully looking Mummies
up to me which little makes
Ferne Terribly enjoyed. "But Oh!
what sad changes since - all
Gone" - happy hearts and
merry faces were

then congregated together, and
now I am sinking into the
extrimity of decrepitude
and your mind and pursuits
affording a painful and vivid
contrast from your former
and present - Self - - -

Believe me I shall ever feel an
interest in your Welfare, and
will not close my letters without
one short sentence "Be ye also
ready" - ready in the righteousness
of another. It will always

give me sincere pleasure to
hear from you, and the feeling
would be (Sorrowful)
could I be separated from you

pen, you had given up
Dunry-Covent & Co. "he that"
"is given to please me is dead"
"while he breath"-ful assured I
dare not to preach to you, but
I know you believe have your
Spiritual welfare at heart
another hint let me give you,
burn all my letters and say
not I have become your
correspondent. I have rather
no notice of the Michels. The
least said is always best.
I wish you saw the evils of the
Hanna as I did at 26
Years of age, Tho' I ^{was} play

mad, for doubtless the Theatre
is a fascinating place to the
natural Man or woman -
Can you funny the General
spearing at me because I would
not go to Jary Lane with your
cousins - I shall never forget how
he invented me - fortunately
your Aunt Michel vindicated
the feeling - so it was soon amicably
arranged - you must long for
a close with every kind and
affection - wish believe me always
your attached friend
E. M.