

[Philippa Bracey to Elihu Burritt, August 2, [1868?]]

St. Luke's Church

August 2nd

My dear Mr Burritt

I fear I have been very neglectful in not writing before to thank you for so kindly sending me your nice little book for children—it has not however been from forgetfulness but from want of opportunity. What a pleasant useful little book it is, and so nicely set up, I expect you had a good deal to do with the publishing—yet do you know it was half a disappointment to me to have it because I fancied it came instead of a letter which I would rather have had—I wanted to know what advice you would

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give on the subject so much in my thoughts—my going to India as a missionary to the ladies there—I thought perhaps what you might say would influence my father and mother in letting me go—The great question to my mind is whether my health would stand the climate—I feel that I could risk the thought of dying out there, but that it would be more probable and far worse that I should return in a few years an invalid for life—I wish it could be settled, but I suppose I must be contented to wait a

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little while—I wonder if you have noticed the heading of this letter—my sister Mary and I are almost living in the Church—we usually come early in the morning and leave about eight at night, going home to dinner and having tea in the vestry—we are painting the back of the chancel—my sister has the lion's share of work—she is painting the commandments and the text “As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.” She is doing it very nicely[.]

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I am ornamenting the oak panels on each side with a border pattern all round and a larger design in the middle—mine is supposed to look like inlaid wood—we hope I finish the work in about a week from now—When you receive this I expect I shall be gone somewhere to the sea or the English Lakes for a fortnight's holiday. I begin to feel the need of it a good deal for I have not been at all well lately—next Sunday I am to be Godmother to a dear little girl who was born the 9th of July—she is Mrs Dale's little girl and will be named

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Philippa—she will be a great pet of mine—you will be sorry to hear that Mrs Dale of Norborne has been ill with a bad finger—It was a mild kind of cancer but the doctors thought it best to take it away so last Sunday week my brother Charles cut the finger off—she is going on well but still suffers a great deal of pain, she had chloroform—and took it very well—Mr Roberts seems much better now—

My sister unites with me in kind regards and I remain

Yours very sincerely

Philippa Bracey