

(un-finished)

AL/1888
2nd Nov. 1884.

Dearest Mother

I fear I forgot to acknowledge the cheque for Bedford College, but I got it all right. I enclose the receipt.

Cecil would tell you of what I did with him. I was very glad to see him, but we did nothing exciting, nor was there a chance for much talk. I expected to see him yesterday but as he did not turn up, I suppose he went home earlier (or later) than he expected.

On Wednesday, I went with Miss Grove to see the Harrisons. It is some distance from here: we went by bus, & then had a tolerably ~~good~~ long walk. When I arrived there was some confusion, for they & Miss Grove among them had made out that I was Uncle John's daughter, so when Miss Grove asked Mrs. Harrison if I was not very like my father, she was unable to see the least resemblance, & thought I was more like my mother, - i.e. Aunt Ruth!! However, when we did get straight, they

remembered you both quite well and asked a good deal about you. Mr. Harrison talked about Sherwood, & about Grandfather. He also spoke about things in Sheffield, & told some very good stories about Samuel Smith & former minister of Nether Chapel. He had tea, & altogether stayed I think over an hour.

Miss Mary Harrison talked about her Girls' Club, of which Miss Grove had told me something; she said that all the classes were arranged for this winter, but asked whether I could sing or play at their monthly concert. As I totally declined that, she suggested that perhaps I recited, & as I admitted that I could manage that better than anything musical, at all events. So finally I had to promise either to read or recite at the next concert, which is on Nov. 25th, or Dec 2nd. As yet I have no idea what I can do, - Can you suggest anything appropriate, either prose or poetry? I think perhaps if you would send me one of those old volumes of "Penny Readings", which used so to delight our hearts I could find something in it, - if I cannot think of anything otherwise.

On Wednesday evening, as soon as I got back here, I set out again to go down to Westminster, in response to the note from Mrs. Bennett which I enclose. I wrote to Mrs. Hutchinson last week. Helena Richardson is a Friend from Newcastle. She was at Mrs. Bennett's, but now lives here; she is a year or two younger than I. We walked down through Seven Dials to the Meeting House, & there found the girls: in one class room, about half a dozen were learning cutting & sewing from an elderly lady whose name I did not catch, & in another room, three or four were doing Writing & Arithmetic with Mrs. Bennett & a young lady, Miss Aggs. At seven, they began a sort of Bible lesson; when it was over, a lot more girls had come in, & the games began. Miss Aggs seemed to be the manager of that part & was very bright & nice. The games they had were "Post", "French blind-man's buff", & "Cat & Mouse".

The girls who come are chiefly employed in envelope-making: they come there twice a week, & learn sewing, drawing, arithmetic, writing, & I think a little Physiology, - I mean classes for these things go on simultaneously. Before leaving, Miss Richardson & I agreed to go again, she to teach drawing, & I arithmetic. I am

very glad there are the two of us, because it will make going & coming so much pleasanter.

The other day I received a request to take a class in the Sunday School at the Mission Hall connected with St. Pancras Church, from a lady who had heard of me through Miss Macaldin, whose Girls Club I told you about. I declined, on the ground that I did not want work on Sunday at present, & moreover that as I was a Dissenter I did not suppose they would want me!

This evening, Miss Richardson & I are going to the Bennetts "to meet an American doctor & his wife". Who or what they are I don't know.

On Thursday, I went to afternoon tea at Bedford College, - for the nominal purpose of discussing the fate of the Debating Society, which is again in danger of falling through. but we discussed a good many other things too.

As ~~that~~ you did not seem quite sure that Mr. Fisher had left Soho, I went this morning to find out. It is like a Mission room in a back-street; the congregation very small largely Sunday School children. A young man conducted the service. I was told that Mr. Fisher had not preached there since Christmas.

‡ I want very much to know whether