

16. Kenley Grove St. 5499

Fork. August 21st /73.

My dear Friend

By this post

I send you the photographs.
Mr. Waterfield, who knows more
about such things than I do,
brought me a quantity to
look at. I chose that picture
of the choir looking west,
because you can see on
the right hand those two
corner stalls where we
said our prayers together,
one Monday afternoon.
I was there again a day
or two ago, and sat in
the same place, to listen
to that exquisite anthem
of Mendelssohn's - "I waited
for the Lord". Now I wish

he could both have heard
it, it would have done you
more good than many
sermons. The chorus at the
end - "Oh blest are they that
hope and trust in the Lord",
expresses so perfectly what you
will call the "victorious
tranquility" of faith. But
to return to Jacob, & rather
the photographs. I could
not get the one you wish
of the Hospitium. There is
only a picture of the one side
facing the Museum, and
that I thought you would
not care for. I hope they
will reach you safely.
Take them, not as a
commission which I

have executed for you,
but as my son little
remembrance to you
of those two days, concerning
which I too, will pray—
"Lord, keep my memory green"

How differently you
write to me in this last
letter of yours, almost with a
sort of feeling as if I was better
than yourself, and it is not
so at all. Don't you remember
how you said to me that
Monday afternoon, that if we
had been living at Sherwood
now, my "master" would often
have been walking over to
give me a lesson. And has
it then so soon changed?
I think I like the first
way best, for I had always
rather learn than teach.

I do not remember
how that piece goes on beginning
—"when the human soul"; the other

I know well enough. When I gave
you the book, I forgot de profundis
was in it, or I could scarcely
have put you to the sadness
of reading it; forgive me.

Have you found any bits
from "Felix Holt"? That was a
memorable book to me.

— For that bright, tender part
of yours, what "resting place" can
there ever be, but a daily and
most faithful remembrance.

Our truly Martineau says
"God takes our beloved from
the sight of our eyes, that He
may give them more completely
to the keeping of our hearts".

It seems to me that our
companionship with those
who have gone into the nearer
light of heaven should be
a most holy and beautiful
possession. But I cannot
speak about these things,
I can only feel them.

My sister has taken a
house at Melvern, and we
enter upon it from Sept. 24th.
I expect however we shall
not leave York before the
first week of October. No, I
cannot go to Birmingham.
It is too far and I could
not stay such a little while.
I don't think I am much
better yet, it seems to me as
if some of my life had gone
away from me. And then
there is this ^{to Melvern} remote looming
in the distance. I am paid
though that you speak as if
we should see each other
again. I should like that
much. How strange it is
that I write to you as my
dear friend, and yet if I
shut my eyes I cannot
even picture to myself
what manner of face it is
that will bend over this letter.

I do but catch a bewildering
litany first of one brother
and then of another. But
all the time I have a very
distinct impression of your
self, which is the best thing.

The meeting of the British
Association are held at Broad-
ford, thirty miles from here,
on the 17th of next month.
Shall you come to them;
then you will be very near
us. No, I made no promise
to give you a "list of my books" —
it sounds just like a publisher's
advertisement, and so I will not
do anything of the sort.

That Sunday morning service
in the Minster was like a "late
Beautiful" for us; a good be-
ginning of our age — yes, I
will do our little the good work
— acquaintance.

But I am tired and
rest yours Eliza Taylor.

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