

AL/2103

32 Primrose Hill Road.
No. 3.

Tuesday. [1936]

My dear Ursula.

Can you forgive me? I have just
come out of a half-finished letter to you in
a strayed writing pad - telling you I couldn't
speak on May 20. because I was trying
to go to France. to Troyes. for the MS.
of the Athlans letters; and that anyhow
much as I dislike the woman. person.
I feel I can't speak with anything
but prejudice. for my dislike is a
and applies to any human creature
coming between the soul and God - which
is madness. I suppose - my lightness
to them is carrots or Geneva bands
with trinsen pendant, not skirts.

I have a terrifying sense. a. Law, a B. D.
who he finally became adherent to the Free
Continuing Church of Scotland - the
doctrines of the "Halditch": the
thought of her quiet again to my
views. but here again it is personal
prejudice and my passion for tradition.

Thank you for the poem. I shall
use them quietly. as such an article
acquired already. Europe is one torture
these days. I am soon to send you a
copy of the Desert Fathers; here is
the prospectus of it, which I send you
for the sake of the last sentence of the
note.

My love to you.

But the phrase was
"a word that he falls to the ancient
as arches of cruelty and pride."
H. Waddell