

16. Beulah Grove St.

Fork. Sept. 7th 173.

My dear Friend,

I will tell you why I only sent the post card. You know, first of all, you told me I was to do so, and then you said you should not misjudge me if I sent no more letters, and then you said Mr Stepleton was with you, and I thought if I wrote he might wonder and ask you questions, which would be simply horrid; therefore I took your letter as a hint that I was not to write, and now you have the whole truth.

Oh it will be good that you come next Sunday. I think of it very much. Will you like to preach in the evening, or will you be quiet? There is

is a poor young fellow here,
a friend of a friend of mine,
who would be thankful for a
word, if you will let me
know a few days before. You
can send a post card if you
like, and if you don't like, you
need not!!!

I am very, very glad to have
this photograph. I gathered
out a lot of my friends and
put them in a row, sixteen
of them, of all denominations
and professions, and put
yours in amongst them, and
then looked at them slowly
one by one, and — no, I
will not tell you what
I thought, but I will tell
you that I like the portrait
very much. And as for
good looks, why you know
you are very much like all

the rest of your people. I
have been studying your
likeness a long time this
morning. I have quite lost
your three brothers now, and
only see a look of Althea in
her best moods; but through
all something which belongs
to yourself alone. I will give
you mine when you come.
I have only the one like Mrs
Stephenson's, and most
people despise it. Some do
not even recognise it at all.

About hotels; yes certainly,
I will give you the names
of ever so many. There is
one at Scarborough (forty miles away)
the "Grand" where you will be
treated like a prince. Also one
at Scarborough (twenty five miles)
"The Swan" where I am told

they cook beautifully. Another
the Clarendon, where there is
a splendid roquet ground.
At Burlington (forty five miles)
there is the "Brine of Lakes"
excellently good, and frequented
by first class people. At Brighton
(two hundred and seventy miles) I can
confidently recommend you to
the "Bedford," where you have a
magnificent prospect of the sea.
If all these are too far from
our house, (which I am
afraid will be the case) then
you must come to us. Oh
what a stupid you are.

I spent last Sunday evening
in reading Udine. It made
me very sad. My did you send
it to me? And yet it is so
wonderfully and beautifully true.

Tonight I shall read Lintrens.

I was hungry for your letter.
I thought there would be one

5502
~~There would be one~~ this morning,
and I thought too, you would
quite understand why I
did not write. I do want to
talk to you about Felix Holt.
Do not forget to tell me
about the sermon next Sunday
evening. — I asked Newman
if he would give me an
advance copy of my new story
in sheets, and he has sent me
one, so you shall have it if
you like, only it will be a
trouble to carry it, and you
can put it overboard when
you have read it. That will
be better than the 'Mab.' which
the printers have spoiled
dreadfully. I wanted two
others, one for Mr Binney
who always writes reviews for
me in the B. quarterly,
and one for Mr Norton.

I want you to like my dear little petiten very much, and you must tell me all you think about her.

Why can you not wait and go on Tuesday, instead of Monday night? Think about it. I am going to that beautiful moon again on Wednesday, for one day.

It was not because I had nothing to say that I did not write to you all last week. I think it could never be that again now.

You are not quite right. You said I had had a letter from you each Sunday since you were here. No. I wrote to you the first

Sunday. The second there was one which truly had no "rest" in it. So I have only had two real "Sabbath" letters from your reverence.

Now I must give over. Am sorry I am you are going away. It is for our own church that a deacon is wanted for four Sundays.

Mr Lane reads himself in on the 28th.

Yours
Oliver Johnson

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