

I saw this  
 was a card  
 so opened it  
 I read  
 the address

3/2. Devonshire Road  
 Primrose Park.  
 Liverpool Jan. 2/87

My dear Mary Catherine

This is the first  
 letter I have written this year.  
 There was a Letch night service  
 at the church. I did not go, but  
 the children said the church was  
 very full. John is carrying on  
 the ritual here just as he found  
 it and I should call it decidedly  
 "high", but it is warm and  
 hearty and refreshing to the  
 class of people for whom it is in-  
 tended. I find myself foreign  
 to much that goes on, and that  
 I am supposed to be interested  
 in. At present I like best the  
 evening home for children  
 which they leave every night in  
 the schoolroom. I am going  
 to children prizes for reading



and knitting. About seventy  
children assemble every night,  
from six to nine. They have tea  
and bread and treacle, and then  
sing, knit, read, or prepare their  
lessons for next day's school. Many  
of them are barefooted and have  
no clothes to cover them. We  
have had two big teas during  
last week, one for three hundred  
children and the other for as  
many grown ups. I was surprised  
at the good behaviour, order  
and interest of all who came.  
Noel goes back to school on the  
21<sup>st</sup>. I hope you will be here before  
he goes. I am sorry you will not  
be really the first guest, for on  
Tuesday the next week, Mr  
Hardern comes, and we have  
to put him up until we can  
find quarters for himself and  
his wife. But you will be the first  
friend who comes. I hope Mr

Hardern will prove to be the right  
man. He is a Cambridge man  
straightforward looking and  
gentlemanly, but not, I should  
say at all like Mr Kobbes. I wish  
we could have had him. A good  
part of his stipend will have to  
come out of our income. I  
wish in Rome you could get  
two or three large photographs  
from the old religious pictures,  
a single head or figure. We  
want something to look dis-  
tinct and definite upon the  
walls. I am furnishing a  
room in the Church House  
for Philip's private use, as he  
is obliged to spend so much  
time in the parish and we  
are so far away. The first thing  
is a fern blind, to shut out the  
squalor of the surroundings,  
and then I want a really good  
religious photograph for the  
walls, a head of Christ, or the



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Madonna, or St. Proine,  
 If you see one that would do  
 I think you would fit it. It is  
 a small room. I am having  
 it rainscotted three feet high  
 and then coloured, a Turkey red  
 blind and antique curtains,  
 linoleum, and a warm rug.  
 The room at present is miserable  
 in its dinginess, and to let  
 take the meals there every  
 Sunday, or his time would be  
 consumed in walking back-  
 wards and forwards. His will  
 be no life of rest to any of us. The  
 longer he stays, the more pressure  
 there will be, both social and  
 personal. But I believe it is the  
 right thing to have come into  
 one's life and A ripens one's  
 experience of people and things.  
 Noel sends his love to you. Mian  
 and Mabel come home with their  
 father to the Sunday school. I is  
 in his dearest love. Miss Alderson  
 has sent you an album of L. You about  
 E. J. Alderson