

Link. Oct. 7
86

be in December
the vicar sent it
to me before, but
I don't think I can
find it were not
until March.
I am affectionate
S. T. Stephens

the school
meeting for
at Mr. Ballantyne
I am glad you are
away

morning your letter from
Ireland arrived. Next a time
of sorrow about your lane land.
You will be glad to settle down
for awhile at Florence. I remember
that Carlyle says about that lion
of Ireland. I have somewhere seen a
model of it. The crop has come out
beautifully. Not about our own
affairs, which are at present very
important. On Tuesday morning
came this letter from Mr. Madstone
offering him the living at Liverpool.
I was at home when he had come
about his teeth. I telegraphed the con-
tents to him in a manner we had
previously arranged. If the letter
came in his absence. That same
day I had arranged to go with Mrs
Pears into the country. I went to her
at half past ten, took the eleven o'clock

to Malvern Wells, thence walked to
Little Malvern, went into the church,
had lunch in the fields, walked on
to the Lord's Point Inn, gathering
blackberries on the way. Had tea
there, walked back for the five o'clock
break. Had supper with Mrs Beers
and went in with her to the West,
getting home at half past ten. It
was a delightful day, though you may
be sure my thoughts wandered a
good deal. Next morning I started
bed to breakfast. Amongst the letters
was one from John to say he was going
off to Liverpool next morning at
seven, to see the parish house &c
and that a pity it was I could not
join him at once, but we must
do together as soon as he could get
free from the S.P.G. engagements,
in a fortnight or so. It was then a
quarter to nine. I looked at the time
table, found I could get off by the
9.20, and reach Liverpool by 2.30.
I telegraphed to him at the Adolphus
(where he was to stay) that I would start.

He met me at the Nine St. Station. We
had a plate of soup, drove off to the house,
saw the vicar, wife, daughter &c, then
to the church, then to the station in
time to catch the 5. train, and back
here at 10.30. He could not stay
longer, as John had to be off to a
meeting at Hereford this morning
at 11. He is to be the Bishop's guest. He
will not be home again now for a week.
The house is far beyond what I had
expected. It is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the
parish (which has a population of 12000)
The road reminds me very much
of West just about and above Aunt
Jesse's, only it is wider and land-
somer, planted with young trees on
each side. The house is about a couple
of sizes larger than Aunt Jesse's and
one story higher, wood, solid and
almost sumptuous in all its fittings,
the woodwork on the ground and first
floors massive polished pitch pine,
stairs very wide with splashed pine
balustrades. Bay windows up three
stories of the front. Three beautiful

sitting rooms, six good bedrooms
dressing room, butlers room, bath
room, three W.C.s, hot & cold water
taps on three floors, closets and
cupboards all about, ventilators be-
lieve a word, all that one could wish,
and a great deal more, staircase painted
from top to bottom a lovely sage green.
The house is semi-detached, like most others
in the road, small intervals between each
block. A strip of garden about half a long
again as Aunt Fosem is in front, and a
piece not quite so big as less behind.
From the back windows except for these
bits of garden to all the houses, you look
over interminable roofs and chimneys.
But in front, past the detached houses
on the other side of the road. It is all
park and open country. Nothing
grows well in the gardens but weeds
and ivy, the latter grows well.

The parish is entirely of the poor and
lower middle class, the church not
ugly, but far from beautiful, holding
800. The parish reaches down to the river
and you see the shipping.

In a week John must decide which he
will go, and I have a feeling it would be the
right thing. Tell me what you think about
coming with the house here. If so do, it must

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8239