

Monday 4:30. Last night

I was feverish & sleepless &
this morning had a bad
headache, so I slept till
about 12:30 & have not been
to school. It was my stomach
that was out of order I think
but I am much better & just
going along to post this myself
H.M.V.

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255 Pitmoor Road
Sheffield
May 29th, 1881

My very dear Mother

I hope you are not displeased
with me for not writing to you
before, but there was nothing particu-
lar to say till Thursday, and since
then I have had a good deal to do.

What happened then, was that I went
to Mrs. Woodhouse to ask her what I
should be, and I stayed talking
to her for more than an hour.

She was very glad to hear I was
going to do something, she had not been
sure whether I intended to: first she
thought of teaching, but I told ^{her} that I did
not much wish to do, ^{it} and why and
she seemed to think the reasons satisfactory.
She next suggested medicine, and when
she heard that I had thoughts of it too,

she seemed charmed, thought a lady-doctor much wanted in Sheffield, &c.

I told her about the chemist but she did not seem so much pleased with it, though she by no means opposed it.

Asking whether I had ever had any thoughts of the law, she remarked that she thought I had "the gift of the gab."

I said I had once thought of that for about two days when I ~~at~~ at the same period that I had inclinations for newspaper-editing; this suggested a new thought. She considered that I had more gift for writing than anything else, and that ~~at~~ as I got older I should want to write that what the woman's rights cause needed was

some woman who could write so as to call due attention to it, and pointing to a paper on her desk said there was the Married Women's Property Bill which had just been counted out for the sixth time, while cases of great injustice were going on, &c. &c. "Had my father ever thought of my taking to that?" I told her that I did not think I could ever write well if ~~it~~ it was my only business, if I had to write for money & she agreed, but suggested some such thing

as editing a magazine & writing occasionally. It's rather ambitious, I think, and I don't ~~think~~ feel inclined to look forward to that only. But she uttered these oracular sentence "Mark my words, I believe your career will be more literary than anything else!"

The final conclusion arrived at was that I should not fix finally yet, but pass Matriculation if possible get the Scholarship therein offered for the best High School girl, for Bedford College, pass 1st B.Sc. (all this is if I can) ~~then~~ then decide meanwhile keeping various proposals before my mind, and looking out for things to show me my natural inclination.

She talked about certain school matters, and when I got up to go away suddenly remembered something she meant to say, and straightway began very kindly & nicely to talk about neatness & cleanliness saying that I failed in it more than any girl in the class & always had done, gave one or two practical suggestions & I promised to try.

As for home matters, we are ~~not~~ getting on very well, though we shall be exceedingly glad to see you both again.

I am afraid I am not taking as much charge as I ought to do, leaving too much to Emily, as I discovered on Saturday by finding we were out of breakfast-bacon and tea (which latter was I think their fault, as they did not tell me till Friday-night when they had ^{used} made the last). We got some bacon from Watkinson's but it is not very nice so I think I shall get some sardines to-morrow. I indulged in 2lbs of new potatoes at 3¹/₂d for today's dinner, which Father seemed to think extravagant but I did it under Emily's advice.

You have probably heard the exciting intelligence that the cat had four kittens one without a tail, last Saturday. I think ^(2¹/₂d) Father means to destroy three, unless we can dispose of them.

Another ~~is~~ important piece of news is that the ducks have laid three eggs. The pond progresses but slowly.

I regret to state that Gertrude's autographic communication was unreadable beyond "Dear Cecil."

The lilac & lily of the valley are flowering nicely now. There was in yesterday's paper a letter from Mrs. Barber (jun) about the Flower Mission which is to begin next Thursday.

With much love to Grandpapa, Aunt Maggie and you and most to you & Gertrude.
I remain
Your very loving daughter Helen

At 1869 cont

them, and I think probably you would say something very like it, but I appreciated the pictures, I think. The eyes of the women were beautifully painted, and their aesthetic dresses were most lovely in colour and I thought, in shape too. Many of the pictures had very queer titles & were themselves equally queer, -

The Blessed Damozel - Despair - Memory -
Venus Verticordia. ^{the Blue Goggles - etc} It was wonderful how many different expressions he put in the faces, - which in features were all almost exactly the same.

One decided recommendation was that the women were all decently dressed, & ~~they had not preternatural~~ their waists & hands & feet were not preternaturally small.

While we were going round there were some other people some of whose remarks we heard. ~~It was~~ Before a picture of St. George, the

gentleman informed his companions that the Saint was a butcher of Dalmatia who supplied the crusading army with meat, - & I think they believed it.

I enjoyed the pictures very much indeed & should like to go again. But I don't think I shall be able to. When I asked Miss Ashdown's leave to go with Helen Macklin & Jessie Charles who are respectively 3 weeks & 3 months younger than I, & the former whom I had passed her 1st BA, she said she could not allow us to go to a picture gallery alone, - we were so young, - & in fact she came after us with another girl, about half an hour later; & when we wished to walk home she had great doubts about letting us come alone, as she was going to ride. So you see how well we are taken care of.

I rested in the afternoon, and in the evening went with another party to the Temple Church. It was

an interesting drive, along Oxford Street, Regent Street, & the Strand, & then suddenly turning off down a little narrow lane, with quaint over hanging houses on each side "Chambers" I suppose. Suddenly we turned into a big court-yard, on one side of which were Temple Gardens & on the other side the church. We had gone early, - expecting a crush. So we had to wait about half an hour standing on cold stone pavement under a little porch in the middle of a small crowd. At last we got in. The Church is a very pretty one. One end is round with pillars all round it, built, I believe by the Templars in imitation of the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre" at Jerusalem. There are only 3 similar churches in England, one of which I saw at Northampton last summer. The Church is large & roomy with a beautifully painted ceiling & polished granite pillars. It has an organ which was presented by Judge Jeffreys

but that does not seem to have made it less harmonious. There was a great deal of singing in the service, but as it was very good singing I did not object so much as I generally do.

We had a very good & interesting sermon from Dr. Vaughan, & drove back.

Altogether I liked that almost as well as the pictures. On the whole, I think my Ash-Wednesday was spent not only enjoyably but profitably.

I am afraid you will find this letter very dull & stupid. ~~In any~~ I am rather sleepy, & I am fear that in any case the subject would not interest you very much.

Now I will stop, sending very, very much love to yourself & everybody else.

Your loving daughter

Kelen M. Wilson