

16. Newley Grove St. <sup>5498</sup>  
Folk. Augt 16<sup>th</sup> 173.

I will not ask that I may  
say to you, "my dear friend"  
for that you have used the  
words, gives me a right to use  
them too. So there the name  
stands, and let us hope it  
will wear well. Yes, it is  
too bad that you should  
come here for only two  
days, for there are so many  
things I want to say to  
you now, and the long  
years must come and go  
before ever we can take up  
the broken threads again.  
But I have had no end of  
imaginary talks with you  
since you went away, and  
I stand at a vast advantage



in them, for as you are not  
here, you cannot knock down  
anything that I say. I am  
quite sure you would if you  
could. Do not be disgusted  
with the bad writing in that  
little book of extracts. I am  
really quite very sincerely when  
I try - as I am doing now.

Amongst the pages in violet  
ink - which ink is my abomin-  
ation - you will find a poem  
of Jean Ingelsson <sup>(bad)</sup> beginning  
"When I remember". It is  
very true and beautiful.  
also one translated from  
Schiller, which is good.

Somewhere you will find  
one beginning "God that  
keeps all hearts." I think  
you will no more call me  
self confident when I tell  
you

those verses express the very  
deepest thought of my heart.

So I am self conscious  
too! Yes, I remember the  
exact bit of road where you  
said the other words about  
me, and this is just as  
much a story. Now is it that  
you cannot understand?

"Anxious enquiry" - No, I  
have not completely  
recovered I da - I  
have been able since Tuesday  
to do scarcely anything but  
lie on the sofa, and I have  
not quite forgiven you for  
nearly walking me to death  
on Sunday and Monday.  
However it comes back  
upon yourself, for until I  
am a little more side-saddle  
I cannot go into the town to



look after those photographs,  
and so you will have to wait  
for them, here then.

Why did you not give me  
your own little prayer book,  
and I would have given  
you for it my old Thomas  
a Kempis, which I love  
so much, and then we  
should each have had  
something which has a  
part of the other in it. The  
book of prayers which  
you mention has not  
turned up yet. Oh, I  
must not forget to tell  
you that you are not to  
blame me for any spelling  
mistakes in that St. Olaves.  
The one vol. edition was  
never corrected by me  
at all. I find in the

copies of it which have  
come into my hands,  
some disgraceful blunders,  
and I should not like you  
to think I made them.

Mr Lortefield was here  
last night. He was very  
sorry not to have seen  
you on Monday, for they  
have been finding some  
wonderful Roman  
remains lately, which  
you would have enjoyed  
examining. The Indian  
Mr Storr is vicar of  
Reelington, not vicar  
at Keworth, as we thought.

I sit here sitting in  
my little room, and  
the bells are chiming



for prayers, and at  
times there is just a  
reminder of cigar smoke  
and last Saturday at  
this time you wrote to  
me a name and  
nothing more. It  
would be pleasant if  
something would happen  
to bring you through  
Fork again.

What else have I to say  
with pen and ink -  
nothing. I send my  
love to Mrs Stephenson  
my proper remembrances  
to Mr Charles. I  
will remember you

as the days come that  
you must go back to  
the home which is no  
home now. But words  
are of no use about that.

Many years ago I went  
through the valley of  
the shadow of death  
myself, and I know  
that one must walk  
there uncomfated, save  
by God alone.

Yours truly,  
Oliver Tabor.

I trust there was  
something else. As you  
deplore the faults of my  
religious education —  
Canaanites &c, would  
it not be a proper exercise  
of apostolic charity that  
you should send me  
some of your best  
sermons to read? One  
cannot tell but that  
they might recall me  
from the error of my  
ways.

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