

5703
Lottley House

Alford. July 10th
86.

Oh dear
I'm always
thinking of
you on Friday

Dear Mary Catherine

I had your

letter yesterday morning, with
the one for Mrs. Devas, which I have
posted. What a pitiable thing about
the poor young lady. It would most
likely have done her a great deal of
good to be with you for awhile,
but it would not have been such
a good thing for you. What will
become of her. I wonder, and will
you hear of her again. We have
had a busy and interesting week
here. In the first place I heard
of an old woman here who is a
beautiful spinner, so I wrote
at once to Mr. Fleeming enclosing
a cheque, and asking him to
order me a wheel from Melbourne
and come it sent here, also

asking him to send me some
glass. I hope both will be here on
Monday, and the old woman
is to come and teach me. The
second thing is that I have
taken three rooms in the cottage
of Mr Johnson's shepherd, just
at the corner of the field by this
house, from the 5th August, and
I shall come with Noel then, and
have William & Mabel for awhile
too, and John will come as he
can. The air is so pleasant here,
I am sure it will do us all good.
The shepherd and his wife are
good steady people, they have no
children, so we can let me have a
sitting room and the bedroom,
I providing my own linen, spoon
&c. Everything is as humble as
possible. The rooms have no
carpets, but I shall have fresh
air, with a breath of the sea in
it, and the advantage of both.

Some fifty yards away. We are
all very pleased with the arrange-
ment. Last Wednesday John came
and staid until Saturday morning
(yesterday) when he went to Nottam
for his preaching there. He was to
have come next week, at the end of
my visit, but Mr Johnson will be
away then, so he asked if he could
come earlier. I went with him
as far as Boston yesterday, and
himself to Nottam. He staid for an
hour to see the church, which is splen-
did. The tower impressed me as
being quite equal to the tower
at Florence, and the sky yesterday was
as blue as an Italian sky. Then we
went on to Reckington, to see the
church where Pape and Mamma
were married. It is about ten
miles from Boston, a quiet, peace-
ful old world village. We got the
keys, spent an hour in the church
and then came back to the
station. Whilst John was fetching

the top I wondered about the church
ward and found pavestones with
the old familiar names upon
them. The church is very large
and stately, but it is cold looking
inside. There is no stained glass.
I went up the top of the tower, and
I stood in aisle at the altar
steps, thinking of the marriage
there 55 years ago, and then up
a few worn stone steps into the
little vestry where were the old
oaken chests with registers. The
church has been re-posed but not
in any other way altered I should
think. I am very glad to have been.
I shall leave here on Thursday
and by way of Peterboro' staying
until Saturday with Mrs Buck.
I think, before going there, I shall
go to Orland, as there is rail
to it now. I would rather go alone.
In that case I might perhaps stay
the night at Orland but I do
not know. Mary sends her love.
Our affectionate E. J. Stephen

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