

Autobiography.Part VI. Preparations for Westfield College -1880.

Tour in Italy.
Slade School.

(written 1924.)

Pages 15-21 missing -
Destroyed by Miss Gray?

See Greenbook 15 - 1880, 1881

CLM/MS/A/38

1880.

7 sheets
missing

August to December.

That volume of life is closed, clasped + locked, + I turn to other interests. For not much over a fortnight I was at home in full summer weather + among many friends, but so many things happened I must give it a page of or two. Then from 20th Aug. to 16th Oct. came the great Tour in Italy, Garry + I with the Campbells, + then on Nov. 1st I entered the Slade School which happy time lasted 1½ years, + must have a period to itself. This is the most crowded year of my life.

At Home from Aug. 4th onwards. There was Dora's baby to look at, + on the 19th it was baptised into the Presbyterian Church in the little drawing-room at Hillside. There was much coming + going, + I had a little visit from Ellie Baker of which scarcely a trace remains to me, for all was swamped in the interest of the Müller family. Mr Müller is interwoven with some of my earliest recollections, for he was the only person in the world who told us fairy-stories. They were only too few, but they were delightful. George + I used to sit on his knees + hear about the Pfannkuchenberg, + the boy who was imprisoned inside + had to eat his way out, + always answered to every hindrance with the exclamation, "Grad-där, sagt Klas Avenstachen!", + to this day I don't know what they mean except, "Man muss sich durchschlagen!" which he also taught us. After this, the summer I was 9, he sent us his betrothed to be our governess; it was but for 4 or 5 months that Jette Kröger was with us, but all our children fell in love with her, + learned German

of a colloquial sort very rapidly. In 1869 they were married + had 3 children, Edmund, Henriette + Emma. I had seen Edmund as a boy of 5, + now he came over with his father, a fine lad of 18, with brilliantly red hair + a spotless complexion. He was extraordinarily learned, knowing all the styles of architecture apart, + being able to translate a simple story into Latin at sight. To me he was quite a discovery, + in a few days I became quite fond of him. Henry was with us the first 2 or 3 days, + they compared notes, but as they hardly understood one word of each others' language, the communication had to be in Latin. Henry pronounced the amount that Edmund had to learn "quite awful," + Edmund looked with admiration at Henry's brown face + athletic prowess, + said with contempt that he was "blass wie ein Mädchen" beside him. They walked to Bodiam together one day, + when Henry left I took Edmund to Collingwood, + he was greatly charmed with some scraps of Sir John Herschel's handwriting, which Connie kindly found for him. At night we shewed him Jupiter's moons in our "Reconnaiter," + I turned over some of my stones with him, + it was quite odd to see how in every single direction one might point out, he knew so much more than the ordinary Englishman does.

But the chief outer event of the visit was that dear Mr. Müller became seriously ill, + when our doctor gave him only some two days more to live, Jette was telegraphed for, + Edmund, who among other things was very clever in finding his way about, was sent alone to London Docks to fetch her. This he did successfully, + she came + found her husband already better, + sitting up in bed in a shawl, looking so patient, + wise, + gentle, + shadowy, - I seem to see him now. All three of them awakened in me a tide of compassion that was almost overwhelming, so grateful + humble they were, with lives of the most strenuous work, + yet remaining so very poor, + I used to creep into the sick-room sometimes to hear his wise + gentle words.

But let me copy; - "With all this, Edmund is to me the most touching of the three, from his inexperience. Only 18, + so thoroughly overworked that he seems to me to have had no boyhood at all, his father's illness has shaken him out of books + the reflections of his deep German mind, + into the practical necessity of bread-winning at no distant date. Though far more learned than any lad I ever knew, + more so than most of the

tutors in our Schools, yet, slight + rather delicate, + his three years of (to them) expensive University course still to come, he says mournfully, "Mit dem besten Willen was kann ich doch thun?" He speaks tenderly of his two sisters, + how sadly soon they must begin to earn their bread, + of the plans he has to soften this hardship to them. Most interesting it has been to me to hear of the Religionsstunde he has been taking, + in that a widely divergent manner they have alternated between the orthodox + the freisinnig, + while the former had been stupid + sleepy, the freisinniger Lehrer had been so earnest + so geist-reich, + had inspired such respect by his accurate knowledge of other subjects, that it was almost impossible to withstand him. Yet Edmund admitted it was "nur immer Nein, Nein, behauptend," + that he seemed to have no constructive theory. How each young soul afresh goes through these conflicts, - + one has to stand aside with a heart full to the brim of longings to help. I gave him some of Garry's little books, + he said I certainly ought to write too. I do wish I could, but amid all the multitude of thoughts, - what should it be about? There was only one subject, I said, one region in which it were possible; I too had heard freisinnig opinions as my sisters had not, + I could not forget them, + faith had seemed to me hard + rather unreasonable, but now I was "ganz, ganz zufrieden". He looked at me steadily + said very softly, "Wenn du auch jemand anders so glücklich machest?" It is difficult to get at the mind of one so learned on one side + so utterly inexperienced on the other, + I think perhaps that by leaving him alone, living our usual lives + having him constantly with us is a new world to him. His father smiles slowly + wisely, + says the good to him is "etwas unzählbar", an influence for life, a memory with which to meet the thousand temptations of the future, + I would like to think he is right.

It was a few days only, + we laughed at Edmund's re-iterated cry of "zum letzten Mal", for the driving + the tennis + all else, + told him he was sentimental, but I believe the impression on him was deep + real. When they were gone (Aug. 11th) we admitted in the Schoolroom that "we missed Edmund horribly," so great + keen had been his interest in everything. I never saw him again. He was impractical + his life was a complete failure, + he died in utter poverty in the Public Infirmary, - which is, I am afraid

the German for the Workhouse, - when he was but little over 30, + I blame myself for not having corresponded with him. His deference, his attachment, was so deep + real that with patient effort, he ought to have been saved.

Then from Aug. 13 to 16 I was called away to Wimbledon, chiefly to see Miss Cavendish at Addlestone + talk about the new College + see the house proposed for it. These were days so hurried, I can hardly think how I got through them! First to the Campbells, + a talk about Italy, then to St. Aubyn's, + found Frank Clark suddenly become nearly 6 ft. high, only 16 + already a Master in a School! He had won 5 prizes for athletics, + seemed well + successful. From 7. to 11. p.m. I was at Addlestone, having a long talk about "the College", + back the next morning, bought things for our Town, hunted up the blessed Mammie, + rapidly told her all. With characteristic magnanimity she released me from even a shadow of obligation to Belstead + said in her open-hearted way that "perhaps this was the true + more lasting successor to her life-work than the one she had planned + hoped for." Looking back I can see how invariably she was consolatory + helpful through all my hesitations, - a wonderful friend. On Aug. 16: Harry kindly took me to Lower Tooting to see the house Major Malan had looked out, a fine mansion, well-built, new + good, going cheap. A tennis-court, two fives-courts, + 4 acres of garden, + I thought it would hold 40, Staff included, so it could hardly be better. But I write in my private book, "All through the day seems to be clearing + simplifying, + yet I miss entirely the direct commands the impetus of abounding joy + desire that sent me to Gorton. I try to think it out reasonably, but there is not one spark of unreasoning inspiration. How that narrow gateway of the Entrance Examination 8 years ago, looked to me like the opening into life + light + freedom! - while this looks to me rather like bondage, something confining + monotonous, + as though I knew I should prove inadequate to the constant strain. No fears of that sort deterred me 8 years ago, then it was "do + dare", + rejoicing in the thought of difficulties to overcome, for "There was no such word as Fail". I hardly know how to go forward in this complete absence of feeling." The difference of spirit was of course due to long over-work, + yet for all that it was a Divine leading, for I still could feel the call of adventure + of courage.

The Tour in Italy - Aug 20: to Oct. 16: 1880.

Prof. & Mrs Campbell of St. Andrews, i.e. our cousins Lewis & Ganny, took my sister Gabrielle & me for an eight weeks tour, chiefly in the north of Italy. It was a complex affair, & the details are only worth recording here & there. We had to submit our bills to the Campbells, & travel on Sundays, & I do not remember being particularly happy, & yet there were "thrills" here & there, & the whole thing was a change & a mental rest. Between my Diary kept carefully from day to day, & my private book which deals with the feelings aroused, I have a fairly complete account, & with try to patch the two together.

The first real experience was a visit to Männedorf, on 23^d Aug. The day before was Sunday, & Ganny had been vexed with Garry & me for going to try to hear Theodore Monod at the Oratoire, & going again to the McAll Mission in the evening, & fraternising with Charles Moilliet, & we were brought full up against the wide gap that separated our ideals in travelling, & we felt the experience to be decidedly dreary.

Again, this day, there were objections, but as we were in Zurich with nothing to do, I persuaded the whole party to go down the lake, in the little sniffling, bustling steamer, the "Rapperschwyll". We landed at Männedorf, & the Campbells stayed an hour or more on the terrace of the "Widder Mann", & looking at the lovely view of the Tödi & the Glärnisch lifting their heads above the lower hills across the Lake. Garry & I, free at last, set off joyfully up the hot little village street to the Anstalt. Bräulein Zeller was sitting at a window looking not a day older, & she welcomed us heartily & gave us coffee in the dark old kitchen, & then dear Herr Zeller himself appeared. He had grown stouter & older in the 6 years interval, & with such scores of patients as he has, he evidently did not remember George & me, until both Herr Gräter's ^{too} induction & Father's noble gift of £60 came to mind. Then he was very cordial, & we had much talk, & he walked with us, & showed us with pride the little house & the convenient strip of land the gift of ~~land~~ the gift had purchased, & asked tenderly after George. In the village & the vineyards all was the same, & the very ~~site~~

soil seemed to me sacred where so many prayers had been offered
 + accepted + so many souls had been healed. There were the narrow
 paths through the vineyards, where the message came to me like a
 command as to how I should order my life + words at Göttingen, "Ich
 been der Weinstock, Ihr seit de Reben"; there was the clear spout where
 I had often seen that servant of God helping the girls at their humble
 duties; there was the looly door + the little dark passage standing as
 a type of the utter unpretentiousness + reality demanded of each corner;
 there was the wide low large ungainly kitchen where Herr Zeller's face
 seemed to me like a lamp coming into the room when it was lifted
 up in blessing; + there, best of all, was the Betsaal where the incense
 of prayer rose constantly, + where the burning words of life fell, warming
 + stirring each heart, or like sweet refreshing rain on a dry + thirsty land.
 "Kind, mein Kind, du muss herrlich werden," - "Nehmen wie sie ist, thut
 er es gern, lassen wie sie ist, - aber Nein!" Never shall I forget words such
 as these! - My sketch of the interior of the Betsaal hangs on the wall beside
 my bed as I write these words (at the Sundial, Gerrards Cross, in Ap. 1924)
 + there is the beautiful crucifix over the desk; at the time of this visit
 it was hidden away in a small inner room. "Ein Engländer's Schuld. Mir
 war es schwer," said Herr Zeller briefly. I looked at the divine compassion
 of the face, + felt it was hard to force on these people the history of our
 past, for what is a sign of weakness + declension among us is to them
 a valiant protest against the rampant infidelity of Zurich. We had only
 time to hear the first hymn in the Betsaal at 5 oc. + then we had to go
 down to the boat, the good man coming with us. For one short short hour G. + I
 had enjoyed "the Church," + we agreed that now we must submit to "the World".
 It is curious to see how our centre of desire + happiness lies in a different
 region to that of the Campbells, + we agree that they don't know what real
 happiness is when they see it! The next morning we started at 5 oc for Chur +
 Thusis, + the day after came the Via Mala + down to Bernardino, + all the
 while the patient faces of some of the "interceding women" came before me, + I
 said to myself, - "Alle die Schönheit Himmels und der Erden, ist nur gegen
 Ihn ein Schein; keiner auf Erden, mir je kann werden, so lieb als Christ der
 Heiland mein."

The next entry of any significance is Sunday 5th Sept. dated from the Villa Minutali near Lucca, where Mr. Barston lived in seclusion alone. From Monte Genovoso we had caught a glimpse of the far away Duomo at Milan like a dim white ship sailing on the vast blue sea of the plains of Lombardy. We had come down in mist & rain, & stayed at Milan & Genoa & Spezia & Pisa, & from thence came a sudden dip down into a full fortnight of private life with its refinement within & its silence without, all among fields of maize & vineyards & olive-torraces, & a noble view of the Carrara mountains which flushed red in the sunset. Gazy & I bathed in the great fountain among the gold fish, & she sketched, & I induced a Carlotta & an Antoinetta & a Jacopo, & other little Italian peasants to sit for me, & we struggled to read some Italian poetry, & Lewis read aloud to us, & all was very peaceful.

But let me copy, - "This last week has been a pleasant one, for amid vigorous sight-seeing the blank is not felt so much as among the mountains. Whether a wound is any the better for not being painful, I cannot tell. I see how Gazy from her quiet life at home feels the blank more than I do from St. Andrews. I have been well injured, ~~from~~ for no oppression can be like Miss Summerson's; that of the ~~Campbell~~ is slight in comparison, & when all is said, I am free. The beautiful world of Art affords us more common ground than the world of Literature, though even there the abandonment of a perfect devotion a free enthusiasm seems to be checked by Christ. An instinct within me gives me strange & strong hints of what an unfettered course of devotion to Art might be. It seems as though a Christian were just pulled up at the point of liberty in any direction (the creative point) though the tether seems a little longer toward Painting & Sculpture than it does toward Poetry, or rather I should say a less proportionate region lies outside the perfect circle allowed us. Indeed I can hardly wonder at the men who pull in the cord tighter yet, & ignore or even blame the whole subject, so fascinating is it. Yet surely it need not be thus? On Thursday last as we stood before Michael Angelo's Pietà in the Albergo dei Poveri at Genoa, the boundary seemed broken. Not a rival but a help. There is a pure result of the highest & strongest feeling of which the human heart

is capable, - love, - & the motive can be read in every line. The face of Christ - as bearded & yet unutterably peaceful after the long conflict; there too was a broad manly shoulder, & yet such intense refinement & purity in the lines of the face that I wondered how the Catholics could say, "We want a Roman in heaven." In Mary's face the grief is firmly controlled, as shown by the resolutely compressed lips, but the most intense love is shown in the half-closed eyes, & the face brought sympathetically into a line with His. I felt glad that there was some one to love Him so much just then, to touch Him so tenderly & to spend their whole store of love even on His dead body. Long we stood silently looking at it, & Lewis evidently had the same thoughts, for he said very softly, "How do they do such a thing?" How grand indeed is the influence of a man who, at this distance of time can speak to our inmost hearts through the little circle of Carrara marble his hands have brought on; yet even at that moment I remembered that his personal hope was not in Art, & at 83 he wrote; -

"Painting and sculpture's aid in vain I crave,

My one sole refuge is that love divine

Which on the Cross stretched out its arms to save."

The next entry is a letter from Edmund telling that after seeming to get better, his father died on the 2^d of Sept. One of the wisest men I have ever seen, & yet doowered with an unassuming humility that never stumbled. Good as he was, I think it was only five years before this time that the light of God finally flashed into his soul, & he looked round on the past & the future with new eyes. "Jesus der persönliche Freund," became his watch word now, a thought to him so new, so strong, so overpoweringly sweet, ^{that} all the poverty & bitterness was taken out of his life. A long life of over-work & under-pay, & now it is over & he is laid to rest, & all the long rest of his life will be nothing but satisfaction.

It is now Sunday Sept 12: & still the Villa Minutali, & let me copy again, a little shortened here & there, for I am evidently struggling with great thoughts & express them longingly & inadequately; -

"We live here in an atmosphere of grace & refinement such as seldom falls to one's lot. The blaze of sunshine, the splash of fountains all day long, sketching, reading Italian poetry, music, discussions on the wondrous

world of literature, these form the chief elements, + I slip into it all, oh, so easily, so gladly, though with an abiding consciousness that I stand outside it all. I have always loved to touch the topmost point in any direction + this is like a rare sight to come once in a life-time that I may be able to say, "I know how to abound." Every sunset thus far I have walked with Lewis + Nina Barstow up + up through vines + olives to the few pine trees on the stony hill top, to see the pageant of colour over the wide view. They talk together of poets, of struggles after the ideal, of failures to attain it, of "old unhappy far-off things", as well as for the hopes of our race in the future. We might just as well be heathens, except for an undefined feeling in the background that Christianity has introduced a conflict + a rigidity into life which the Greeks never knew. There is a sad, uncertain, aspiring tone about it all that makes my heart yearn over them like to break. How beautiful they are! Typical man + woman, typical at least of this over-sharpened, sensitive age, he all passionate feeling + longing firmly repressed, she all grace in look + word, + both with a kind of sorrowful patience about them, - for neither life is really happy. Is all this soft + delicate region to be shut out from God? Is there no room for it in His kingdom? Just as she lives here alone, always in pure white, in the shade of her cool rooms with closed persiennes + marble floors, while a whole world of brown peasants are toiling in the sun outside, so does this type of culture withdraw itself from the coarse + sinful human souls around, with all their wickedness + suffering. It speaks of these things often in general terms, but how can it come out of its shelter + meet them face to face, when it has no remedy to propose? It is so lovely + delicate a thing that surely there must be some place for it in the Church of Christ, + yet as soon as you send it out to work, you lose that leisure + wideness + aloofness that is its chief charm. Neither of them is satisfied. I know, in forming an integral part of that world which they feel so keenly is passing away, + it is this makes them cling so touchingly, to the more permanent world of thought as shown in philosophy + ethics."

We paid two visits to Florence, + the first was from Sept. 19th - 28th + it is all one mass of well-known names, - the Pitti, the Uffizzi, Pissole, San Miniato, + so on. Only a few reflections are worth recording here. I

write on Sunday 28th Sept. "We have had a beautiful week, a week for life, storing up treasures for the "inward eye" from this lovely city, so crowned by its inheritance from the Middle Ages. Are not these treasures of Art as much the work of God as torrents & sunfringed pines? A passage through the thinking mind of man cannot lessen the authenticity, can it? On Tuesday last we stood long before the frescoes in the Carmine, so unutterably simple, & yet telling their story so well & seriously. Mrs Barstow was still with us, & she looked herself like one of the angels, putting our thoughts into words. "These pictures must be so encouraging to the martyrs," she said, "Look at those two there having their heads cut off. In five minutes it is all over, & their too little souls are flying away to the welcoming angels. It is all so direct, so peaceful & certain - no perplexities anywhere!" She speaks as though she understood the outworks of religion, but where the innermost centre should be, the very heartstone of the being, there is a cruel chill & blank. I know for I have felt it. On Thursday last we were at St. Mark's, calling those corridors that were blessed by Savonarola's feet, & standing in his cell. There was the grated window with its sunny outlook, there was his crucifix before which he had knelt in prayer for hours & hours "with strong crying & tears," there was his Bible with notes in his own small hand writing, there was his hair shirt & pieces of his robes, & a bit of food from the scaffold on which he suffered. Under that rugged & ungainly form was one of God's true angels, a being in whom self was totally lost in ministering & serving & earning "for Jesus' sake"; a man whose very depth of tenderness opened his eyes to the great wickedness of his beloved Florence, & made him shrink from no pain to himself or to them in trying to heal them. They heard him & they trembled, but soon gathered defiance again, & finally killed him, going on their way careless & heartless. Yet surely he did not fail. Though he could not win Florence over & make Christ her King, yet surely at the last day he will have a grand throng round him, not only of the young monks of St. Mark's, but of many others who have learned to know him & to follow him since that day, - 11th May, 1498."

From 28th Sept. to 4th Oct. we were at Rome. It is no sort of use detailing all the things we saw, the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, the Pantheon, the Capitol, as if I were writing a Guide-book, or describing how we drove out into the strange Campagna & looked at the beautiful Sabine hills glowing in the red light of sunset, or how we drank of the fountain of Trevi & promised to come back some day; these things are endlessly repeated by others. I will only say that part of the time I had a strange chill & hoarseness, & a couple of sleepless nights; that sent Fanny into a sort of rage, for she is a complete coward in face of illness & infection, & she believed I was in for a bout of malarial fever. I recovered very soon, & there is no more to say, & I will copy out the entry of Sunday 3rd Oct.

"ROME. In the eternal city at last, the city that draws thousands toward itself so strongly & so enduringly the hearts of all the thinking world. The point nearest home where apostles' feet have trod, & inspired words have been spoken & written; the nursery of the infant Church, a hard & cruel school, yet the very one most needed, as the lovely peaceful inscriptions in the Catacombs testify, - these things are a delight to a disciple of Christ, & the very words in the Acts, "I must also see Rome," & "I appeal unto Caesar," are infused with new life & power. But there seems to me here a wider outlook even than this, an embrace of the whole world from this its central point. We look into the past & see how the Roman had his inheritance of order law & strength from the hand of God, as truly as Israel had his inheritance of religion, & Athens hers of culture & beauty; a nation such as can never again arise with its terse modelled language, its grand severity^{of} justice & courage, a pattern for all the ages that were to come after. As I look at the portraits in the Capitol, so many of them nameless, the desire to know the aims & thoughts of such men is immeasurably greater than that attaching to men of modern times. There is the beauty of young Augustus, & the manly pride of Claudius, men who look fit (if any could) to be the lord of the whole world, where the firm-set mouth & bridled chin saves their beauty from the least hint of weakness. Oh, where are these men now? The God who gave them their strength & majesty, & yet held back from them the knowledge

of His truth, that God still lives & loves them each one, nameless as they may be to us. Will He not call them to His feet? Is it not written, "Every eye shall see Him"? But how soon the thick cloud of national evil gathers, brought on by uncompleted fulness of power. Open crimes, hideous immorality, gloating cruelty, soon follow, & the very utmost degradation of satiated sin, down, down, till the whole body falls in pieces through its own corruption. But God has not forgotten the world, & the two pure elements He is silently preparing have left their record even in the sculpture. There stands the magnificent captive barbarian, with his massive brow & leather-covered feet, too pure & simple to understand half he sees, yet looking round with unutterable scorn & disgust on Roman splendour & Roman pollution, & there he is again dying in noble silence amid the brutal shouts of the Coliseum. Again, deep under the surface there are tombs often ill-written & ill-spelt which tell of souls gone home in peace. Who are these? There are slaves who went in & out amid those dark brick arches in the Palatine, they are some of Caesar's household, cooking his feasts & grooming his horses, while iniquity runs riot in the halls overhead. They "sickly, poor & mean," are the strong & lasting, & he the proud & powerful is the weak & fading, not suffered to live an instant more than he is needed, & then swept away, that the two new & growing elements, the external & the internal, may coalesce & form a purer system. It is true that some 13 centuries later, these despised Nazarenes are to be seen walking through the same streets in Roman luxury & almost-Roman sin, but this again is checked & its power spoiled. Oh, it is thoughts such as you send me, Rome, that give me hopes for the future, hopes almost too good to be spoken of, hopes of overpowering force & beauty, hopes I cannot withstand. The day will surely come when I shall be able to say with the "great voices" that proclaim it, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God & of his Christ, & he shall reign for ever & ever," but shall this make me love Him less exclusively, or follow Him less humbly? Jesus Himself renounced the world & kept Himself separate; did He then differ from His Father in His judgment as to its total value? Did He not rather take the only course open to a man giving His whole life for its good? And when He said "Follow me," did He not expressly

mean that choice + experiment were for such a man over, + that all the diffused aims + powers should be henceforth concentrated on intelligent obedience? I believe He did."

On Mon. 4th Oct. we all returned to the Palazzo Sorino, Florence, + Gazy + I felt rather more at home, + went about by ourselves. Fanny made us each buy some lace of incalculable age off a priest's dress (+ very expensive) + I wore mine for the next 15 years or so, + have it still; + I bought a plaster head of Michael Angelo, which has been with me ever since. Also Mr Barstow's sister, Mrs Lemon, tried to make a portrait of me, fully life-size, + at the 3rd sitting tore it across in a rage, saying I was the most impossible person she had ever attempted; + again she hired a young girl who sat for us entirely nude, but we were neither of us very successful. I had written to Harry, + he replies; -

"Just imagine the ridiculous distance I should be off from understanding the talk of Art + Literature, + yet I think I have a soul somewhere, + only too ready (if earlier trained) to plunge into these pleasures, + get away for ever from "dear Brothers so + so," + from "a brand plucked from the burning," &c. - but what then? Surely with my limited historical knowledge I may safely say that the few "who search for beauty everywhere but in the one place," as you justly put it, are but an honourable, self-restrained (though grievously mistaken) handful compared with the multitude who find beauty + self-indulgence, pleasure + sin so fearfully closely allied, that the mystery of what we call immorality has always prevailed. In Rome + in France it came in like a flood, + then comes the downward course both personally + nationally. The result must have sorely grieved the few pure spirits who hoped, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, that they could lift human nature + themselves on to a higher platform, while really Puritans of even the extreme type, objectionable Dissenters + Evangelicals, have done more towards bringing in true "sweetness + light." In Carlyle's "Cromwell" for instance, one sees how superior in effort + power, + in happiness too, is the man influenced by implicit belief in a life to come, + a God having a people preparing for Himself. For me, I know I am one to whom beauty is too intimately connected with sin, + I must wait for it until I

see the King in his beauty." Dear Harry, - all this subject was his chief & leading temptation through life. He was 40 now, & not so reticent as in younger days, & often he spoke or wrote to me in the same strain, as being the sister who could best sympathize.

But our faces now were turned straight homeward; there is no point of interest to record save a Good bye to Mr Barstow, & that I will copy; - "Bologna. 10th Oct. This day we have left the Palazzo Sonnino, lighted by the unrivalled grace of Mr Barstow's presence. It is useless to analyse these things, & the inexpressible charm of such a manner is to me as clearly an ultimate fact as is colour. From the first moment when she stood a perfect centre of whiteness in the blaze of sunshine on the long stone balcony at the Villa Minutali, to the last sight of her as in the cool shadow she leaned over her palace wall at parting, not for one instant have I seen her fail by the least look or tone or gesture from this ideal standard of grace & refinement. These things are her very self & so she could not fail in them. Yet the strength of the shadow behind her makes me almost angry at my own admiration. Not only has she in her household no recognition of God, - no Sunday, no Prayers, no Grace at table, - but even the highest moral taste seems blunted. I cannot make out how it is that, while she herself gives an impression seldom equalled of stainless purity, she can read & discuss things that go up to the very edges of sin. "Without God in the world," that is an awful blank, & one can only wonder how apart from Him such sweet evenness of self-control can grow & flourish. Will Christ some day stoop down & notice the fair blossoms of Art & courtesy He now passes by in silence? or is their beauty but the alluring bait of a poison? I do care for these things, & I do not know how to believe they are not ultimately His, though I can, - if He so wills it, - believe them to be forbidden to me through the present 3 score & 10 years."

That is the end of "Italy". The home-coming was joyful, for all were well, & Doris's baby was much admired. The circle was complete when dear George arrived from S. Africa, bringing 3 fine Chameleons. Our good dogs, Kaff & Fritz had died, each nearly 14 years old, but all else was well & happy. The great box of "Cantapalli china", which or

all seems clear. Only three months ago I was still at St. Andrews, & I do not like to turn my eyes toward the repression & misery that came over me in waves, & I wonder I endured it for so long. At last I stand beneath the open sky, I may be myself again, & I draw myself up to my full height & say, 'Free, free once more! Oh take me, love me, use me!' The sweet uncertain spring is over, but the early prime of summer is with me still, & I want to use every hour of it, for the fruit-bearing autumn depends on the long light June days. What will happen to me? I cannot tell."

"Choose Thou for me, so shall my way be bright
And all my soul be filled with Thy most glorious light."

One block was taken out of my way at once, for at one fell swoop Major Malan gave up both Miss Cavendish & myself from his plans. His letter & hers were sent on to me. He carefully subtracted both the funds & the friends he had gained, & his whole tone was so rude, so ungentlemanly, so wrong, that I could feel nothing but shame that a Christian could act thus. His reply was wise & temperate. I write, - "I do not believe this violent check will be allowed to crush the whole scheme of the College I long for. From such as the G.P.M. I hear on all sides "Do take it!" yet I had a great & unexplained shrinking from the next Committee Meeting, when I must give in my decision. Now again all life is simplified, & I see no immediate aim beyond spending the winter with George in London & attending the School of Art."

In the quite old days, life at home tended to be hedged in & decidedly monotonous, & it is quite a pleasure to me to see how this fortnight's space is filled to the brim with interests. That transition was almost entirely the beloved Gazy's doing, for her energies were great & always beneficent. From the 18th to the 31st Oct. it runs thus; "To Ellerslie to the Moillies, & then to Hillside, & saw our delightful baby with the great eyes. Mr. Harbord came to dinner. Old Tanner (head-gardener for 26 years) is nearly disabled now, & I had a great talk with him about Rome. To Collingwood, & had a vigorous conversation with Lady Herschel; she was taken about Italy by Augustus Hare. The Mother's Meeting, & I spoke of Jas. I. & our baby was handed round to their great joy. Drowning out day, & had tea with dear Lady Thompson, who seems pale & ill. To Elmwell, & had a charming hour's talk with the Brochways. Drove the 8 miles to Wadhurst; the fine old couple Mr. & Mrs. Wace are getting decrepid, but their 9 sons seem all well & all useful. A long talk with Eliza Kingston. Mr.

Wilson Carlyle came as Evangelist to the Hall, & taught the people choruses, & sang himself so beautifully, we could hardly get the people to go away. Thus the record goes on, & the last item is interesting as giving a passing glimpse of the founder of the Church Army, as he was 44 years ago. [I write in July 1924.] Young, agile, & charming to talk to, he was then, I believe, a clerk in a commercial house, but he told us he hoped to be ordained next Advent, & he was to be the 7th curate to the Rev. Canon Glynn, vicar of Kensington. "Seventh curate?" we exclaimed, "Why you will have nothing to do!" "Nothing?" he said with his curious sly smile, "The experience of life has taught me that it's the end of the tail gets the most of the bag." It must have been some 25 or even 30 years before I saw him again in his position of honour, but the seeds of all his work were within him then. On Mon 31st Oct. he went up with me to London, & he said, "Let us always be aggressive. As soon as we are merely defensive, we are gone, we are lost. Always remember, 'Why is the Dead Sea dead?' Because it has no outlet."

And now comes another break in life, & a very sweet one. My "first love" as an occupation was Drawing, & now, after teaching it for three years, I was really to learn, learn from the foundations. I was to live for the whole winter with George, & attend the Slade School, University College, Gower St. Indeed I did not know all it would bring me, - there were sermons to hear & books to read, there was Wimbledon, & E. Carprice, & Harry's "Hope" on the one side, & possible Girtton & my G. P. M. on the other. There was a friendship with dear Mr. Rundle (Charles), & a far stronger one with all the dear Bernards, there was my introduction to the very beginnings of the S. Army, there was my life-long friend, Mabel Pridcaux, working at an easel beside me though I knew her not, & in the far distance there was Anne Richardson herself, & in May Petrie & Miss Dudin Brown, the first faint dawn of my life's work at Westfield. There were visits to beloved Belstead, & a sight of several good works, & after my long solitude & antagonism there was sympathy, unity, & a whole atmosphere of kindliness. The pressure of the long hostility was over, the Session of 8½ years spent in the School of Jericho was done, & I was free, free to make my own life & sink back into peace & happiness. Whether all this was true or not, history will relate, but I had a good foreboding for on Sunday 30th Oct. I wrote thus. "Again it is 'Tomorrow I go.' It is eight years since I wrote that first, & though nothing in my whole life may again equal that brilliant prospect, this surely will come second. Hours & hours at

the Slade School, monotonous + quiet however interesting, looks like a smooth + simple form of life, yet I don't wish to shrink from responsibility, but rather to take it up in a more unhampered fashion. [I go on to tell of serving on the Gorton Committee as the representative of the Students, of Amy Mantle in the deepest distress about her father dying apparently without hope, of the Christopher Heathes, the Courtney Elberts + others. Then I add,] All silence, all false position is left behind, yet I know the temptations are only altered, not swept away, + I want to walk humbly with my God. My hopes are high, + my life begins to spread out again into the un-crushed daring of youth. But I have learned lessons, + I must now have a quicker conscience + a more exact walking." One week later I continue in the same strain. It was the crowded Communion Service at Mr. Neville Sherbrooke's church, + all my life passed in a quick review. The week had been so happy + peaceful, that when I thought of St. Andrews going on up there in the north, everything round me seemed too good to be true. I felt as though for the 8 years I had been posted like a sentinel between the two armies in something of a danger-spot, + that now I was suddenly recalled within the safe city walls. It is a long entry, but I will copy part of it, for I remember it well. As I knelt, I said,

"Is it really for me, all this kindness, this love, this pleasant free life? It is almost too much. And do you know how bad I have been? So faithless, so weak, so cowardly, - do you not remember it? Not once or twice, but my whole life has been at such a poor level, + now do you take me out of it all so pityingly, so kindly, + set me up afresh, the poor confused past all rubbed out like a wrong sum on a slate, + all the future open + clear? Oh, too, too good! I suppose this is a lower + less honourable post, but I can feel nothing but the relief + the joy. I think of the past with its tremendous responsibilities, + so thoroughly do I distrust myself that I believe if I were faced with Miss Sumner, I should be not the least braver + stronger than I was then, but the space, the rest, the quiet unshackled walking has come at last, + surely I can learn better. It is not now 'What must I do for Him?' but 'What may I do for Him?' I want some work." Late at night I add, - "The second lesson this evening was Peter's denial, + bitterly it came to me, 'you can't be surprised, you can't look down on him, for you have done the same, + more protracted + with less at stake? And earnestly I prayed that never, never again, either by word or by silence, I might deny His name, my whole life through."

Before entering on the systematic story of my two Sessions at the Slade School, I think it makes the story more intelligible to anticipate a little, & to give here that which really occurred a month later, that is some final dealings with Miss Cavendish, & also with Lewis Campbell.

On Tues. 7th Dec. Miss Cavendish came, & stayed the night with George & me, & we had much talk. Major Malan's rough withdrawal was a benefit rather than a loss, for we could not have worked with him anyway. Now we were free to plan, & our thought were full of a "Christian Education Union," not to let the unbelieving world have it all its own way, but to form a core, a nucleus, an inner working circle of people with degrees, medical ladies, & others, which might spread out into Schools & Colleges. Schools combining the good work of a High School with the tone of Belstead, Colleges like Gorton only "where the name of Christ shall be loved & honoured," - for never did I forget the commission I received eight years before. Miss Cavendish insisted over & over again that no one can or will do it if I did not, so I accepted the post of provisional Secretary, & plenty of work it gave me indeed. It was not money I was after, it was people, only people, & yet even so my cowardly heart hung back at the thought of seeing my name in print on all the papers, & perhaps attached to words I thought unwise. I did not fear trouble, or organisation, or disagreement, for I pictured a glow of real unity over it all, - but I did fear the Campbells, & I confessed it to myself with tears that I was still so weak. Their disappointment, their ill-concealed scorn, & perhaps some quiet plan to get me away from it all, oh, how real & how bitter to me seemed the everlasting conflict between the Church & the World. My next words are, - "I shut that vision resolutely out, & thought, 'How shall I take it?'" & the answer came gently, 'Yes, it would be a good thing. There stands the G.P.M. a levor of action ready to your hand, & if you don't do it no one will for a few years, & then God will prepare Himself a better instrument, a more faithful soul'. As soon as this step was taken, help was sent to me even with regard to the Campbells, ay, even that very night a decision in the shape of some letters was speeding down to me from the North [It was a sad kind of help, for it broke the bond between Lewis & me, & it was never wholly renewed.] It appears that Miss Lumsden has appointed another Unitarian to the Staff of the School, Miss Woods to teach History in Miss Kinnears' place, and Adeline Mactior wrote to me in the greatest distress, & asking me about it. In

a distant fashion I had known Alice Woods from childhood, + I told her all I knew. A few hours after, by the next post, came in a really dreadful letter from Lewis imploring me to write at once + to "use my influence with Mr. Mactier," who he said was "burning with zeal" to split up the Council, most likely to force Miss Sumner to leave, + possibly destroy the whole School. He actually, + that at considerable length advocated Unitarianism as being the right medium, + as 'freeing those who held it from the bitterness of those religious factions which so mar the course of history'. That was his chief plea, not a word about truth."

Here was a sort of unconscious self-exposure that I had never quite had before. A doctrine one might go to the stake for, spoken of thus. I replied to both letters at once. Of mine to Adeline I have no record whatever, but I had a very sweet answer a few days later, saying that though she had lamented my leaving she had not realised how great the loss would be to the whole position of the School, + that now they were in a sea of troubles, + she did not know if she could go on working on the Committee. To Lewis I wrote carefully + cautiously, + looking back on it all I am pleased to see that though I was only thirty-one, - + that is not old! - I had already learned one of the great lessons of the give + take of life, + that is not to be merely "shocked". To be shocked stops confidence in communication + stiffens opposition, as I had learned by sad experience of Cousin Mary, who, on account of this one failing had been of no help to me since I entered Gorton, + had failed when I needed her most. So I wrote to Lewis quite gently that surely by this time he knew me well enough to be sure that I should not draw back at a mere name, but that a reality of difference was here; that Miss Woods might teach + do her duty in all respects as well as any one professing otherwise, but that if each side were conscientiously carried out I believed there was a radical difference of aim that would be clearly shown in time; that History especially must be taught with some bias, + Miss Kinnear had been an example of a strong + noble one. I touched on Adeline as of course agreeing with her, + giving him a hint of sarcasm, added, - "but really it is so difficult to work closely with such one-sided people as Mr. Mactier + myself, - however much you may personally love + respect us, - that as one has left you, perhaps the other had better also. Then you can have all things your own way?" He wrote back three letters, once close after the other, all utterly unsatisfactory. I think he

felt that as a clergyman of the Ch. of England he really had stepped too far over the line, & that I did not respect him, & though he would not withdraw his words or apologise, he was anxious to slur them over ^{& to} make me think of happier things. The controversy about the School went on, & the day he wrote seemed to shew me depths of ignorance as to what Christianity was. The deed was done, & though no great & obvious break occurred, I was never so intimate with him again. I see I mention him again at the close of the year, but for the present I will leave that, & begin the bright & cheerful story of my work at the Slade School.