West London Mission.

KATHERINE HOUSE,
10. FITZROY SQUARE, W.

Sunday Evening. Oct 21, 1895

Dear old Emms,

I’m too full of thoughts of you and your birthday to write a coherent letter. I’ve just torn off two sheets of the most wild and revolutionary stuff, which I think could only be said not written. It was to the effect that you must not think I am going back to town, but must go to Lancashire, follow the plough and be a new poet in the more matter-of-fact manner, who have only brains enough to work settlements and the like.

I’ll come along and say it to you some day, if I go to Plymouth next week. I say it then, but I may not. I have no ideas on the subject of London work. I cannot think. For me the matter stands as it
stood when I saw you last, except that I
have begun to think hard that you were not
made for London work.
I’m tired of materials, they all are more or less.
I want to sit on the top of a mountain dangling
my legs over with my face turned up to the
moonlight and think. I think so loudly
that the people working in the valley beneath
will hear it loud up too.
I can’t do it, but you must.
Be a dreamer, a poet and Emmie! You’re what God made you to be.

There are workers by the score opposed to poorer
rich and poor from the humanitarian point of
view. It is the other side we want now
we want simplicity not because it is easier
to others but because it is beautiful, true,
like God. We want an end to the
impossible, the romantic, the clowns,
avoiding from death, wrangling, fact ended
plain, driny, on duty.
We want beautifully worded poems telling of
impossible things, anything that will lift us
out of the commonplace, satisfaction of

Settlement life. Settlements. The Bible not.
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We want heavenly stories in heavenly words that will appeal to our spirits, not our emotions. We want a poet, a dreamer who will teach us that the world is not all slums to be transformed into miniature paradises, but that beyond slums are clean air, blue skies, autumn to be appreciated, and it is as much our duty to appreciate what God has given us as to shun in any posh old slum.

Check it old lady. Follow your own bent be what you were made to be, and you'll do what no one else can do if you leave it undone.

It makes one "feel sick" to think of you degenerating into the lowest, oldest type. Many better "help-your-neighbor" type you like. Any one with a grain of goodness can do that, but
to be your own old self Emma —

Dead, unpractised, a dream, anything
deece as unearthly as possible, wild for
a scenery of air, height, depth, beauty
and all the rest of it, that's
your place old lady.

"Let the dead bury their dead. Follow them
up you go old lady, up to the top of
a mountain to think. If at the
end of a year you don't like it
well come back to this dead level
descriptable helping God to save
the people.

Your loving son so
lovingly upside down
inside out friend
Kathleen.

This is gospel truth, Emma
and sincere every word I say to
you wild nonsense.