

West London Mission.

KATHERINE HOUSE,  
10, FITZROY SQUARE, W.

Sunday Evening. Oct 21, 1895

Dear old Emma

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 & revolutionary stuff, which  
I think could only be said not written.

It was to the effect that you must not

think of coming back to Town, but must  
go to Lanar, follow the plough and be a  
new post for the more matterfact-  
creatures 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  
go. 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 materialists 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! think so loudly  
that the people working in the valley beneath  
will hear & look up too.

I can't do it, but you must.

Be a dreamer, a poet old Emma & you'll be  
what God made you to be.

There are workers by the score appealing to people  
rich & poor from the humanitarian point of  
view. It is the other side we want now  
We want simplicity not because it is fairer  
to others but because it is beautiful, true,  
like God. We want an call to the  
impossible, the romantic, the coloured,  
away from dreary matter of fact sordid  
gray plain doing of our duty.

We want beautifully worded poems telling of  
impossible things, anything that will lift us  
out of this complacent satisfaction of

Settled life. Sisterhoods & the like 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 clear air, blue skies, autumn to be appreciated, and it is as much our duty to appreciate what God has given us as to slave in any poky old slum.

Chuck 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 me "fair sick" to think of you degenerating into the Percy Alden type, a very better "help-my-fellow-man" type you like. Anyone with a grain of goodness can do that, but



to be your ~~own~~ old self Emma -

Mad, impractical, a dreamer, anything  
else as unearthly as possible, wild free  
a singer of air, height, depth, beauty  
and all the rest of it, that's

Your place old lady,

"Let the dead bury their dead follow thou  
me"

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

will come back to this dead level  
of respectability helping God to save  
the people.

Your loving ever so  
loving, upside down  
inside out friend  
Kathleen.

This is gospel truth Emma  
and sincere every word of it &  
no wild nonsense.