Autobiography.

Part VII. My Life Work.

College Sessions.

1888.

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(Written June 1927.)

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Long Vacation, 1888.

Here I find much that I think should not be forgotten. This vacation is divided sharply into three parts; (1) A month at home, spent in a very low sort of depression. (2) A month in Norway, containing that was perhaps the happiest day in my life, (3) Home again, with dear father's death.

Home was as beautiful as ever, with the hay cut; Dora's pretty babies to play in it. Also the grand Flower Show was held in our grounds. Knapp got £75.00 in prizes, & Gazy gave them all away. Also I went to see old Birdie, all the village friends, also I dashed up to town, spoke at Mildmay, & saw M. Vittto married, the very first Sunday among my flock, & spent two days at Wimbledon; also, after many bad Council Meetings when I am accused of "excessive expense," everything seems flat & depressed, so had a good one to finish up the Session. I was suddenly cheered & comforted by Canon Flemings speech, for he lamented openly how Miss Duden Brown, had died the hands of the Council financially, & yet said the College had already proved a success & a blessing, that it should not be hesitated over for a moment, but must be gone on vigorously. As I was driving in a hansom cab, a violent shower of rain came on. It stopped as suddenly, the sun came out in full brilliance, & there, close beside me, in a burning out of Regent St. lay a rainbow on the very ground, right in the splashing street, showing its unmarred glory. My heart leapt up. I thought of the perfect arch straight before the press of the Temple, I thought of the patch of lovely colour in the burning sky at Rotherhithe, straight overhead, that came out after the sun had set, & here it was with foot, a fresh adaptation of the great scripture of Hope, & it should not be sent me in vain. She had been externally so calm & successful, but deep within was desolation, & I must copy a little of it, here & there.

25 July. It seems that I carry about a load of sorrow within me, & it is much the same whether I toss about in my little white bed at Westfield & smear my pillow damp with tears, or lie on a hay-cock here at home, looking up at the acciaia blossoming in full milk-white beauty against the deep blue sky. It is always the same, always. "Oh, when will these come unto me? I shall, oh, I do want to! I want to walk within my house with a perfect heart," & there is always silence.
yet "so happy." She is like the people in books, t. s. I only, am left out: do
not get one word, one smile. Outside all is so fair & calm, rose & strawberrys,
hay meadows & sunny lawns, t. stripes of golden light, t. children at play under
the spreading oaks, but within, there is simply no subjective spiritual life
beyond a longing that is actual hurting pain, or a repose that is nearly despair.
I doubt if I can endure much longer. Jesus of Nazareth quite satisfies me.
One minute of Him & my griefs would be over. I know it is all true. She sinned
is too strong, too corroborative from all sides to leave any reasonable doubt
for doubt, yet direct perception offers an immediate & absolute contradiction.
Have I sinned away my day of grace? No, no, that is an impossibility. I am
hard at work on my Rosary again, & this drowning flood of sorrow is the result.
"I am like a beast before Thee," yes, but how do I feel? Rooted despairing
long-drawn howl, when the carriage goes off & leaves him chained, fills me with
pity, & as for the cats I have seen in London, my eyes fill with unavailing tears;
a pitiful horse down in the street, a little bird with glazed eyes & feathers on
end, & you can do nothing, nothing for them. There is a kind of mornful re-
proach, & my heart is torn with a tender compassion beyond words. She desire
of the intelligent to suffer for the unintelligent goes near to break one's heart.
"I am like a beast before Thee." The claim of dumb helpless suffering could not
will be stronger, & does she not feel it as I do? A touch, a word, would save, but
it does not come."

I have dwelt on this mornful side at some length, partly as a
contrast to that which is to come. a few pages later, partly because I want
to clear myself psychologically. If my extreme devotion to St. R. Gray had been due to "a thwarted sex instinct, surely now that she had said to annoy me & become docile & affectionate & sweet, I ought to have become happy? But it was rather the other way, that one more soul having entered into rest & peace made me the more lonely. No, it was not the instinct toward marriage, surely not, it was the instinct toward God, which can be satisfied with nothing less.

Norway, July 20: - Aug. 20:

Here was change of rest & refreshment, for which I can indeed be grateful. The very land appealed to me, a land never seen before, never stamped upon by Roman luxury & vice, but quiet, clean & ignorant, like a simple & noble child. The sky looks blue, the pines & blue sea-tours' eyes, are a joy to look upon, & the blue foods & huge barren rocks & fragrant Greek woods reached on shelves here & there, were not the least like Switzerland, but we agreed they were like the west coast of Scotland, "only more so." My companions were George & Henry, perhaps the two clearest men in the world to me, George delicate & refined, & the most fitted for any situation beyond in the amusing little carts characteristic of the nation; & Henry, with his clothes at a minimum, his fishing-tackle at the highest stage of development, & a ruddy complexion nothing could possibly spoil, looked fit for anything save the Arctic Circle might have to offer. It was a good party & a congenial one, & both men were deep in the troubles of love, & so were very quiet. George had loved Jean Richardson for nearly a year now, & though he refused her, I always was conscious of a kind of hesitation in her refusal, & as I greatly loved to have her for him, I could not quite lose heart; however, he was refused, & he took it very patiently & sorially, saying, "My white rose was hung too high for me to reach." Henry's story was very different. One of the first-class tennis players at Wimbledon was a girl called Ethel King, & she had sincerely fallen in love with Henry, & he loved her, though I was a little more doubtful on this point. She being apparently wholly for this world, as soon as his parents heard of the engagement, they imposed a delay of two years, hoping one or other of them would care for another, but they both remained entirely faithful. For me, I hardly knew which side to take, & felt my
of approaching the subject. A whole year of the silence was over, yet I had never sounded the depths. At last one day in Norway I did so, and the fellow gave a gasp of relief that here at last was a sympathetic ear into which to pour his woes. I need not relate them here, but one sentence I will remember; Henry had always been something of a flirt, quite open and simple, but as it were gravitically inevitably toward any bit of romance between 15 and 25, his brave young buddy face and courteous manners made him acceptable everywhere. This was now gone, and as he put it, he said: “I can only say, Auntie, that Edith has spoiled me for everybody else, and that I don’t care a two-penny lumps to look at any of the girls I meet about.”

This surely was love, yet how could I encourage it? I hearten him up to bear it through? It was a very hard position, but it was a relief to him to talk.

As for the Terra itself, I have a nice compact little diary, all full of clear rushing streams, & northern flowers, & little wooden shanties, & curious marks nearly all chaos, & Henry’s exploits in fishery. I will copy only a page or two from the rest, July 28th: After rain & wind. Since been belated, here was a glorious cloudless day at last. An amusing breakfast of cheese & biberries, a Stokjarv was brought round, & George drove off (from Horse to Seljestadt) with all the good of the family packed in around him, while Henry & I started to walk up the steep sheep track. The lake, far below us shone like pure green glass in the cloudless sunshine, & not far above us was a splendid smooth sheet of snow. The air was cold. The lake was hot, & walking was no trouble over the elastic peat & the short heather, & as we neared the top of the pass it became excited over the flowers, for here were the real Arctic ones, those which one looks at with deep respect on account of their poisons of endurance. Here was the lovely delicate Tellinska, like a star of ice crystal, so fine it is, & the dwarf Lychens packed tight as a moss, & close to a patch of melting snow, the tiny Erica Boeckii, the only Ericaceae of the Southern. Here was an Alpine Veronica, plenty of Saxifrages, the beautiful Pin-quirula Gouldiflora, & a dwarf willow not a foot high, & the wonderful Arctic Birch, running over the rocks like a mat, each tree barely 3 inches high, yet quite complete. The top of the pass was marked “3579 feet.” & the wind lay in long lines, & the exquisite flowers shone between, & it was all so still & lovely, that one was very unwilling to descend to the ordinary world again. Thus
Henry & I went on, now all rocks interesting us with notions of quartz & hornblende & clay-slate, now again the cloud-berries, which one may find in the highest Scottish mountains, & always back to two things, the flowing & the trout-fishing. The streams were wonderful, & on the low foot bridges you could see 20 yards of tossing foam, subsiding below into pools queen & clear as glass under the spreading alder. Henry had the true fisherman's patience, & there I would leave him & climb the banks, & see his rough suit, brown & grey & indistinguishable among the stones, & the only land mark the spade of his muddy face. Henry & I had many tales; we read St. Mark to gather, "See here," & to discuss the right relation between Church & State & many interesting matters, but I always felt there was in him a lack of personal enthusiasm which might make his son becoming a really great man. Set me copy.

28 July. The moss here is wonderful, ankle deep, soundless, elastic, soft, & all shades of colour, from apple green to cream white, from a pale coral pink to deep brown. The reindeer moss looks more like a sea weed, & pure white lichen in long branching stems runs through it all. Henry & I sat like children calling to one another over each new treasure, & laughing about packing up a single square yard of this beautiful land & taking it home with us. He went on a little, & I lay there in the hot sunshine & the utter silence, & thought why was that not possible? Here were miles & miles of it running to waste, why not plant a square yard in the garden at Westfield? No, it needs a whole Norway to make it! - the height above the sea, the snowfall, the Gulf stream, age, the very degree of the inclination of the earth's axis, all are needed to make this one lovely view before me, into which I can plunge my hands deeply without feeling the bottom. Do I speak of my life at College? day by day as a small unimportant thing? It is to be right & beautiful, it needs all the forces, it needs the whole life & death of Christ, the whole gift of the Spirit, to make this small thing blossom as it should. I seemed to see it all clearly, but Henry called, & I had to leave the real Arctic landscape, & come down to a lower level where the brighter flowers live, hare-bells, alchemilla & piversa, which yet has not the extraordinary delicate charm of the snow-line.

In the world within I was not really happy, but the sea appears,
the freedom from all responsibility, the continuous physical exertion, put my soul to sleep for a time. Sunday night I spent at Bergen, and the flood of desolation came over me again. The English Church service was held in an empty schoolroom, I was had the communion too, but it was all lifeless in the extreme. The Rev. A. S. Harridge was a young fellow known to George who said he was good, but to me he seemed an utterly bare and barren soul going through his prescribed part with a sort of empty deicide. Can one love the uncloven? My mind turned shortly from him to his words. On Sat. I had begun reading Walter Besant's "The World went very well then," and my thoughts flew away from religion into the bright corridors where Jack and Bess lived, which seemed to me far preferable.

"After morning church, Henry and I walked up the very steep hill, up to where the flagstaff commanded the best view, while the sky reddened to a shade of crimson and scarlet. All the city lay like a map beneath us, the steep red roofs huddled together, the curious churchyards, old and new, the harbour well lined with shipping, the still backwater where MOÖRD COB cast a perfect reflection, the huge rocky walls of the firth stretching away right and left, and all that fiery tent of scarlet cloud. Everything was burning, glowing in that red light, and it seemed to feel it was real, it was the outskirts of the Eternal, while the stones, the houses, were not real, were things only children could be satisfied with. Or when will He come into me? There can I find Him? My soul seemed ripe to beakly."

Then we returned to the Hotel, and I took my books from the public room to pack them. When I took, 'The World went very well then,' An inner voice warned me that I ought not to do so, that it was the same kind of temptation that drinking was to me, and though I mentally agreed, I added boldly that the spiritual world was such an exhausting empty boat, that the sailor stretching upward without response was so hornet's, that surely it was only natural that I should want to flee away into a quite other world for half an hour's relief. I packed and got quite ready for the start next morning was early, and then I took up the little Taunton volume, and actually read for over two hours. Over and over again came the quiet warning, "Stop now, you know well it is wrong," and every time I cast the suggestion behind my back, saying, "Never mind. I just will do it. It
is a very little thing." I could not sit down or make myself comfortable, but stood over my candle, trying my eyes & scaring my back, & holding one minute by minute till I had finished it. The deep-toned bell had already struck midnight, when I reached the last page, & crept into my little white bed, feeling cold & sick with weariness in mind as still as in body. "At 5 o'clock a rap sounded loudly on my door, & soon at the instant of my looking, a sad reproachful voice said in my thoughts, "Who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright." Self-confidence was gone, I had no heart to pray, I got ready in a dumb misery for the long bright day before me. Early or walked through the quaint sober streets, then had four hours in the train, kindly through lovely country, at first very fertile with tiny lakes covered thick with waterlilies, then through barren land, passing through tunnels in the solid rock cut in the steep edge of the fiord, & looking down into exquisitely clear sea below. But amid all the beauty, my heart was alone & crying out in pain at the foolish slight temptation yielded to, the casting aside the voice of God, the point, blank disobedience. Was this a sample of my life? Again & again I brought the matter before God, all true, all pitiful, all without the least excuse, all done with open eyes. I have nothing to say in my defence, nothing. No one is quite such a fool as I. To aim at flying so high for a long time, & then spoil it all by creeping so low. The words came to me again, "Who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright," & this time was added, "& he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Here my mind sprang up in resistance, "No, no! I cannot believe that, that is too much! There is hope somewhere, only here is all Norway wasted. It is a mockery to pray or do anything while I am plunged in this condemnation. Jesus, Jesus, my one friend through everything, where is the retrieving? I will pay any price, only show me, only help. I want never, never to do this again? So I bent on hour after hour, & at Vossanger, set out to walk to our destination (Teinide) alone. Mr. S. & A. were both off fishing, George alone in a holde, were with all our goods, my bag was carefully pointed out, & I set off. After some 4 kilometers I felt very tired, & allured by a beautiful scented pine-wood, I turned in to rest. I read Ps 51, putting all the emphasis g which I was capable into the words of penitence, then turned to John 1. & tried to gather my mind, without recovering on the wonderful, "If we confess? He who knows the penitence, knows also the
remedy. Then suddenly, unasked, some wicked words of poor Burns in his
"Holy Willie's Prayer" flashed into my mind. They were dreadful, degrading, sullenly
them away, I said as I stood up to go. "Sure, you see how hopeless I am! Sure,
saw it you can, but it is beyond the reach of any but divine almighty power." I
seemed to have a proof that I was too small a soul to be a part of any man in the world.
I rose, returned to the long White road, & George came driving his pony quietly along.
Soon we met, & both heaven & hell seemed to shut their doors, & all the common
peaceful, solid things of life closed round me. The hotel at Torndie looked
like a new, clean, square deal box. From the first minute the solitude sunk
into my spirit with a sense of rest. George got out his rod, & stood on the quaint
covered bridge to fish in the river which makes glorious green wounds &
depths just below. I went down a little way, cautiously stepping on the
boulders, fascinated by the miracle of the clear-flowing water close beside me.
A short way on, I climbed up the bank again & went into the fir forest. There
were great beds of dry moss & sharp-pointed rocks coming through, & bilberries,
& shrubbery, & little crow-foot. I chose a rock & sat down with a
strong determination to follow the line I was holding to the very end, here &
now. Wrong things I have done before now, & simply left & forgotten them, for
Time's effacing fingers do wonders; it seems the past is gone & need not be
counted. But Time is nothing to God, & through the mightily human brain forgets
all as clear to Him as the present. That is the ostrich's way of hiding, & I
will do it no more, but look my sin in the face in all its fierce, crude beauty.
I've told all Paradise for the desire of a moment, a man may give up hope
& children for drink, & the sailors plunged after the deadly Syrens. That
is what I am like. Here it stands, only last night, & it seems a week
ago; patiently I went over every sorrowful detail saying, "It is true. Slide
nothing, I drag every precious minute of it out to the light. It is not a
mistake, not a light thing; to some people it might be an escape, but
to me it is real sin, by sin I mean that you have plenty of sorrow &
deliberately choose the side that leads away from God. Christ tells us that
it is confess & forsake. He does forgive, & again I read some of the teaching
verses in the New Testament, & pondered them for some minutes. Then I
roused myself to go through the whole story once again, that I might
spare nothing, & be once more pierced by disgrace. I began, & then...
strange,—the details that had been buried into my empty soul a few minutes before, I could not now remember. It was as if a leaf of memory were found and held down by a firm hand, while a gentle voice suggested, “That’s all past & done with. Don’t speak of it again. Forgiveness is a real thing. I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions & as a cloud, thy sins.” At the first moment I felt unwilling to accept the release. I began again, “But it was all so foolish, so trifling & silly,” but again came a confusion of memory, the words, “Has he not forgiven you before? You have confessed. Go in peace.” At last I said, “Lord, I accept it. Thy word is true—‘faithful & just to forgive.’ Thy pardon is real. I should like never to live like this again. I accept it.” A little while I stood on this, then suddenly the practical thought came to me that George, who was still fishing on the bridge might want me, that I had been but a dull companion the last two days, & he might feel lonely. I sprang up, & bent back with a heart full of peace. Yes, “blotted out” was the very right word, gone, not to be traced, taken away, & all the air seemed full of purity & brightness & simplicity & peace. I found Henry & Mr. Stryke bridge had come up & were unhooking their tackle, eager to fish at once, so after helping them & chatting a few minutes, I climbed the high bank above them & sat to watch the stream, or rather the reflection of it. The snowfields & the distant range were lighted up pink & golden, & the huge crape above me was more splendid still, verdant & fine-branched crested with a long line of glowing colours, crimson & russet & gold. My spirit seemed set free. I was one with all this beauty, lying in the light of God, free to expand, “having no part or blame.” Then it seemed too much, I thought, “I must not be too happy. O Lord, after my long, long captivity & sorrow the freedom is intoxicating; I can stand nothing. Oh, do be careful! Alert, mind your bent over in Sanktuh.” I turned to John & read the story about the 38 years all through, trying to dwell on “Beneath those art made whole, all is no more;” but the evening was drowned in happiness, a sense of tranquil joy overcoming every thought, indeed any consecutive thought. Heaven seemed to have come to me, & I gave up thinking. Then I saw my 3 fishermen just below me, preparing to go home, & ran down to join them. After supper Henry & Mr. Stryke bridge began simply very sweetly, “Oh, how still it’s over the downs with me,” & then some gently songs. Voices sounded very well in the empty wooden rooms, & I ended with “Our Blast Redeemer,” & separated. The Moon-light was flooding my little deal box of a certainless room, & I stood there &
felt I knew what perfect peace meant. Although the day had seemed to me to be about a month long, I did not know how to let it end.

Thus far I have copied, but now I must contract the account. I remember my first waking thought next morning was “Has he come?” The answer, “Yes, yes, perhaps he has, but don’t ask.” Then Farewell to sweet Toiside, to George. I drove alone, my tongue seemed loosened, and, without telling the immediate facts, I spoke of the inner life in sorrows and its joys, and he was deeply interested. The acute joy was already passing, but a beautiful sense of security seemed to wrap me round, and I felt as though my pain had been a delusion, nothing could ever really go wrong. I looked at the rooms beside the bay, red in great patches with Sunders, both the Logipedia and the Rotundipedia; the huge rocks looking as if they had been blackened, so rough and smooth they were. From the section of the Glacial Period, and I felt I was one with it all under a Father’s care.

Next came a day of unmitigated downpour at Vini, a long train of both English and American ladies arriving at our hotel wet and miserable, the pleasure I felt in trying about to make them less unhappy, the fun I had with them. And then, alas, came a sad ball with Mr. Strawbridge, a sense of anguish and repulsion at his shallow assertions and benumbed ignorance, and then came the conviction that I was not really altered by my plunge into Heaven, then a brief struggle to get the matter right, failure, a sense of appalling coldness and indifference, my lovely bubble was irreparably burst. She died open by a crack as shut, and closed, the Beatific Vision was gone, I was left to die in utter darkness. I said, “Very well, I give up. No one can live up there on the barren Gothemburg. God must come down to me where I live. I cannot go up to Him where He lives. It is Almighty, I am tied down narrowly on all sides. The compact is not fair,” and I sent purposely down to a lower and more human level.

Then we fell in with Dr. W. R. Meade, he was a D.Sc of London, and had very slow blue eyes that seemed to be hungering after a life he had not got; I think I helped him a little. I turned from myself entirely and prayed for him again and again most earnestly. But when I turned to Westfield, my mind shrank from going back, I almost wished I might be killed in Norway. A kind of loathing came over me, then I thought of a Sunday morning, the hymn sung in the Library, the dull church-going with its meaningless repetition, the Inquire “to do good” to the Students and meeting their superficial remarks with scathing effort.
the act of cheerfulness + interest at every meal, so then going up to my little room at night to spend my whole soul in bitter tears, & often in loud-chispered sobs + cries. This is a terrible life to go back to; I don't care how over the ground once more. Aug. 15: I walked a long time alone, I kept saying "Jesus, without Thee I cannot endure. No, I have not the courage to begin it all again. With Thee, all would be noble + good, I accept all Westfield, yes, for some circumstances too gladly, joyfully. But without Thee it is a real impossibility to continue this life." Then I looked around me + said, wondering, "By whom also He made the worlds?" Yes, this is the work of the hands of Jesus, my Lord, my one Hope, the only God I shall ever know. There stood the two mountains, the Store Aasen & the Slet Aasen, with exquisite blue shadows in the afternoon sunshine, + the foreground was a riot of the richest of colours, bell heather, scarlet bilberry leaves, russet, bronze + green. I gathered some lovely sprays + held them up against the cloudless blue sky, I felt that the King also made that, + had so exquisite an appreciation of beauty, could indeed help me. Somehow this comforted me, + I prayed that before nightfall I might do some thing, tiny thing for His dear sake. I had been walking over an hour now, + George overtook me, + we rattled down, down, down, a good 4 miles downhill, to little Eidjivik which stands at the Stord level.

That late afternoon nice sturdy children just out of school crowded round me, + there was Storegard, Hako, Sucoor, + other such names. She brought me that he called "Heigerbeer," + when I said "Quit," others brought me a quantity. So then I organized a game, calling them by the names of different animals, + they were to come up on all fours making the appropriate noise. So I called them in turn, "Store Aasen," "gode Hund," for the boys, " lite Men," "little girl," + for the girls, + I put bonnies into their open mouths. All this occasioned peaks + shrieks of laughter. The people are a good part of the charm of Norway.

But this was not the answer to my prayer. Just before I went to my room, I once more went down alone to the edge of the Stord close by, + stood on the rough stones looking at "the green light whichingers in the west," + its reflection in the still water below. It seemed to beautiful to be left to itself. A man in a blue fisherman's jersey came near me, a tall, stooping man, with the sea-blue eyes of the Vilii, + a warm, gentle face. He said something, looking earnestly at me, but I could only smile +
answer, "Ikke forstaa." "Engelsk?" he asked, & then twice over repeated what he had said first, looking very gently yet anxiously into my face. The second time I heard the name "Jesus," pointing to the Testament I held in my hand, I said, "Ja, Jesus!" Again he spoke, & I said, "Jesus, Hellanden," pointing to the sky. He touched my sleeve, & at last I heard distinctly, "Esker da Jesus?" "O, ja, ja!" I said joyfully. With a radiant smile on his thin face, the man looked at me, then pointed to the sky & then laid both hands upon his heart. A very old man came slowly up, & my man said, "She is a Christian. She loves Jesus," & then we shook hands. I turned away, for my Norwegian was about exhausted, but oh, to find the Sun of Righteousness shining here, here in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, warming, life-producing, here, ready & waiting for me. I went to my little room as though I were forgiven all over again, & He had sent a message to say so through this poor man.

Thus ended the Norway holiday, & I went straight to Westfield & on to Calvfield, where everything seemed so bowery & scented & warm, that there was hardly room to breathe! There were 14 letters in the P.O. at Bergen, & 16 more awaiting me at home, so I was kept at my desk, & in between I spent every day to see a poor Mrs. Hill who was dying of cancer. A face more starved, more agonised, more blinded with pain, could hardly be, & it was as if the message from Heaven could not be heard, & a little human compassion was the only thing of use. I did try, but I could not penetrate the wall of pain.
the wolf is after me. Is the Good Shepherd like a hindling, who flees at the
first moment of danger? "Yes," said my watched heart, "he does, he does it
over a year ago. Heputs me to confusion all round, whether with a side
hint like this about Ralph, or a quite new duty like Westfield. He torments me
utterly. When a real call comes, I look round the whole horizon & he is not
there, I shout & cry & am left to face the solitude as well as I can." In my misery, I
soon struck poor little Mouque, those shining opportunities had annoyed me for
nine minutes past. Surely my heart is not as others' hearts, but is weak & so
clear it should be strong, or on the side where it should be sensitive it is hard
as a stone." "I think I was wrong, the letter with justice & moderation, but
my thoughts were not to be controlled so easily, & at night the devil came on
again, & I sailed over the devotions till midnight." I tried to cheer myself on
by saying that Heisman dipped 6 times & was none the better, that they walked
6 times round ferrets & not a stone fell, & that some great &? time was just in
front of me, but the hot summer days passed & nothing happened. There seemed to
be a fountain of rebellion within, always rising & always just prevented from over-
flowing, so that no one knew of it by word or by letter, & I hoped for the opposite, to
be drawn all through, to be better both in them without. Every day I said in hope,
"Oh, it is coming, & then all will be right." But he did not come.

And now comes the account of dear Father's death. It was 88
in the previous April, 6 half, 8 strong, he walked to Church & back, 2 miles in
all, the day he died, Sun. 9th Sept. He was a just & a good man, though he never compassed
his hot tongue, & he died in a sort of majestic peace. All is fully recorded in my
Greenbook, & I will not copy the pages, & it was a quiet & sacred time till the
funeral on the 15th, & on Monday 17th Sept. I plunged back into Westfield, to
hold the Entrance Examination. Dear Father, farewell for a time!

Westfield College, 7th Session, 19th Term.

"The last fortnight or so I have been writing an article for
Woman's Work, on Is. 55.1. only the two words, "Come, Buy," & I think that with
me. It means all this: (1) I want; (2) I believe there is a supply; (3) I am ready to pay;
(4) I get up from my room chair; (5) I go outside into the cold; (6) I follow directions & find
the right place; (7) I confess my want; (8) I look over the store; (9) I choose exactly what suits

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to Christ-like?" At once I said, "No. Very well then for Thy sake I'll give it up. Is there anything more?" I thought of Mabel P. her pitiful jealous affection, which irritates me & does her no good. "Well, I will bear this too for Thy sake." The bell rang, & I went down to Prayers. There lay a note from Mabel, more utterly cold, servile, distrustful & imploring than any I have yet had. All these years I felt kindly toward her tangled sheets of outpouring, but this seemed the one drop too much, & I did what I have never done before, tore the letter across & flung it away. Then I wrote her a short note, totally ignoring her letter, & sending her a few of Wesley's hymns which she is to read every night along with me... Now post-time has gone by, & it is twilight, & there's my hope. Oh I wish I was back in that room with dear, dear Father! Jesus was dead too once, & his thin hands lay in that pathetic helpless way as Father's did. Why cannot I make things come right? I have paid down my last mite, I am bankrupt, & there, laid up in store, the Lord has exactly what I need to make me strong & ready & happy in doing this bill. Why cannot it be?"

For all these outrages, looking back I think there was some reason. There were suddenly 9 new Students, + immense furnishing, + I think it was creditably done. I had to decide about some Philosophy Lectures, + they proved a success. I lost the Chameleon M. Hofmeier had brought me from the Cape, + I stood still + prayed about it, & found him. There were too separate irritations to allay, + I did it. In all I wrote 300 letters + postcards since landing from Norway, + was ready for my flock on 2 Oct. Now I again indignation built up, but I gave no sign to others. My practical motto was "Man muss sich durchschlagen," but surely a kind protective hand was over me through it all. At the end of the first week I write that all goes well, that in Norway I used just "to sit + hate" the bondage into which I had brought myself, but that now I really had slipped on the collar willingly. Katie Tristram had a very nice farewell meeting in St. James' Hall, + on the 20th Oct. sailed for Japan, + there she is still. Henry's career was always of the deepest interest to me, & early in Nov. he was
appointed to a post in the Dover School at Upminster; nothing could possibly be better. There were visitors, interesting debates, & all went well.

Now comes a totally new subject, my adoption of Stephanie Anthea, & of this I must speak as she pervaded all my life. For some time past I had had a desire for a child, a little mind & heart to be quite quite my own, just as Gaylie was to Dora. Only the last night at home I told my sisters about it, & they did not approve, so I promised them that I could look for a child, not tell anyone about it, & if one was thrown at my head, I should catch her. They were quite satisfied, for that was most unlikely.

Strange indeed, but on 7th Oct. I had a letter from S. Pusey, who worked with the S. Army in Paris, offering me a child of 6 years old, from one of their Orphanages. This seemed to me a sign from heaven, & there was much correspondence, & on 19th Oct. she was to bring her to be looked at. I had had a trying day, without a moment in which to go out, & Anne made me fetch my fur cloaks & walk with her for an hour round & down the garden path. It was late afternoon, the doorbell rang, & excited as I was, my heart gave a strange sink down within me. I went in. My first instant impression of a personality is sometimes very symptomatic & precise, & it was here. She squinting eyes, the squinting spectacles; the mouth open, the very narrow face, the curious little trembling motion of the head, - I thought & kissed the little thing with a positive laugh & relief made me, as though I said, "Of course she won’t do in the least! What an excitement I’ve had about nothing!" If only I had listened to this warning, I should have saved myself over 20 years of sorrow & disappointment. But I did not listen. I wanted brains, & the child was clever, I was over-entranced & took her. The mother instinct is strong, & just now & then I felt a kind of rapture of joy at having her to be all my own, but that could not stand up against the impair & evil she showed. She was an Italian, a woman, & illegitimate & I could not cope with her. Trouble followed trouble after the first 3 or 4 years, & she was a long cloud, over my life. I honestly did not mean to be self-willed in this matter, & why I was thus burdened, I do not know to this day. I have 4 volumes written of her life, & I will not add a line more. She died on 16th Nov. 1915, a disappointment to the very end.
For the rest of this Term there is not very much to relate. In the middle of November I open another large square book containing 275 closely written pages, & if I open it at random here & there it seems to me to full of miseries & troubles, of which I feel inclined to put it back on the shelf, & omit it altogether. This is not possible, & I will abbreviate what I have put down on the opening page. "Any one reading this first volume could think I was a very poor thing for a College, all my life energy running into futile struggles with myself, & unavailing attempts to open the doors of Heaven. This is alas, too true, & yet not in the sense intended, for no outward duty was neglected or even delayed, & the stream of a very full life took its course. Only once (in the 31 years) did I miss coming down to Prayers at 8 a.m., except for definite illness, I worked from 9 to 10 without intermission, giving coaching in Elementary Greek, German, Logic & Astronomy, according as they chanced to be needed, Bible-lessons steadily to both Students & Servants, writing out with one Student at a time, Poetry-readings or cheerful Games after dinner, housekeeping & accounts, & in every spare time writing 200 lines that I just reached 1000 in a Term, country post cards, bills paid, everything that went through the post. The work is immense, & I try to keep a calm & happy presence for the Students, & the natural reward is mine, that the College goes on, & goes smoothly & on the whole successfully. The turmoil within did not show in the outer world, though it must have produced great & sore loss in the world of the spirit.

She rest of the Term, but over 30 pages, is filled up with George & Jean. She refused him for fully 3 years, & then repeated. He bore the defeat so calmly, he was so gentle & loyly & kind to me & so grave & resigned when with Anne, he wrote such quiet & good letters to his Mother, that I heart was more I know not how, & she came to town. Letters after letter how I copied, one interview after another, but I minutely described, & at last on Dec. 1st, I was able to announce to every one that they were engaged. It was not very much a happy time. Jean was I confess, a bit of a spoiled child, & went through much tribulation because the saint she was it, & as for George, his character changed at once, all his sweetness in adversity melted away, & a sort of moroseness of mind began to appear. It was all very strange & unaccountable.
In the midst of all this good + blessing, the arrows flew thick + fast on the plane where my soul lived. I would come down in the morning feeling as though I had my skin off, + was hurt + irritated a dozen times a day. I could not say "Come in," when the interruptions came near together, to tear up all the papers that surrounded me, + though I can honestly say that the outward expression was always restrained, the effort was most distressing, + I knew that my state of mind below was nothing short of disgraceful. Ralph had stepped back + was carrying + conscious, + the депутton suggested "The soul of God does not rest," + Anne was so full to the bone with her fears + affairs that she never gave me a thought. One day I went to see Miss S. Swift, the S. Army leaves to deal with deep dishabees + I thought I would pour out my soul. I went, + Ellen Bosh sat in the room the whole time, commonplace, neuter + assuming, + not one word would I say. She uttered failure, the bitter loneliness remains with me.

On Dec. 19th, the Term ended, + I went to Wimbledon. I think, by the way, that for 2 or 3 years I spent Christmas with Mary + Hortie at Wimbledon. This year it was one drowsy flood of my little Effie. I gave her every poxy hour + felt her expanding + growing under my hands. Physically defective, mentally untrained, oak ankles, that runs, rolled throat, a perpetual cold in the head, no language - for she seemed to forget French before she learned English. Good manners, rude habits, wanting to be patched for every stitch in her wool-skirt, ok dear, had my head bow tied to my knees for 24 hours, I could scarcely have felt more of a captive, have felt the position more intolerable. Dear old Mr. Sisson Kearne gave me a lecture on it, "perfectly absurd, my dear!" But I had to persevere, + towards the end of the Vacation the child revealed that she really belonged to me, + then the little white figure sat on my kne€ at night by the fire, her thin little arms would go tight round my neck + she would rub her soft cheek on mine, + say "Auntie, my own Auntie!" Then a wave of joy would go through me, + I would say to myself, "yes, worth it all." And thus ended 1888.