

Ella gave me  
this letter to post  
and I have read  
it with real pleasure.

IVY LODGE,  
TRINITY, EDINBURGH.

95

28-11-95.

my dearest George,

It is not given to  
many to hear what people  
mean to say about them  
after they have quitted the  
scene, & I hope you won't  
be "excited above measure"  
by the amount of praise  
you must have had!

Whether you will consider  
it a matter for unmitigated  
congratulation that the

obituary notice was premature  
I don't know: in my own  
case, I think it would have been  
qualified by regret.

When we heard the first re=  
port, I thought the Lord Jesus  
must have had something  
further for you to learn,  
which He could not teach  
you so well here: perhaps  
it would only to give you  
a pause, in which to ask  
yourself whether you are  
as certain of His "Well done,"  
as of that of your fellowmen.  
I have had a very singular



experience myself since we  
last wrote to each other.  
It began, with a serious  
illness, I send, I don't know  
exactly where; for when I  
recovered I considered my  
life seemed to have been  
chopped in halves, & there  
was no bridge over the  
gap! The W.<sup>r</sup> tells me I will  
never recall that but  
But all through the illness  
I was strongly under the  
impression that the Lord had  
come; it was with anything  
but pleasure that I gradually

realized the fact, that my  
old Time, was still in  
possession of the field, & the  
Eternal side of things, ap=  
parently as distant as ever.  
Indeed, I still cling to the  
hope that even if it was  
a mere dream, it may at  
least have been a dream  
of what is just at hand.  
Dream, or no dream however  
His Presence, was far more  
real, than any reality I  
have ever known, & I do  
trust His coming is not far  
off: Oh, won't it be glorious  
when He comes, whose right



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it is to reign? She would  
feel so full of limitations  
to me now, "this mortal  
Coil" seems to crush against  
the sides of everything, I  
keep the "Psyche wings" from  
growing; tho' they positively  
refuse to be folded back  
entirely, into the Chrysalis  
again: I can't help laughing  
as I write, it sounds such  
utter nonsense, but I as-  
sure you Geoff, it is often  
painfully real, tho' I can't  
express it properly! Indeed, it  
sounds very much as if I

was in danger of being  
"exalted above measure",  
but in reality, it is quite  
the reverse: I feel a most  
miserable hungry wee beggar  
who had acquired an appetite  
for something which can't  
be found here, & yet nothing  
else, can satisfy! I got a  
little bit of Shakespeare  
on my birthday which helped  
me a good deal: here it is,  
"Cheer your heart! Be you  
not troubled by the time  
which drives over your con-  
tent these strong necessities,"



but let determined things  
to destiny, hold unbowed  
their way"! It came like  
our Lord "Let not your  
heart be troubled, ye be-  
lieve in God, believe also  
in me"! I still my discontent.

Well, I hope this letter had  
enough in it about N<sup>o</sup> 1.!!  
but do you know, I find  
N<sup>o</sup> 1. in the abstract of course  
a most marvellous study!  
only, it is mostly there, that  
the punch marked itself felt,  
& sets me longing to be where  
love, & knowledge, are infinite!

Do tell me a little about  
yourself Georg, if you  
can tear yourself away  
for a few minutes from  
your dry-as-dust work!  
Excuse my blindness; it may  
be the dust in my eyes.

Perhaps you see "Germans",  
where I, only see "Stones"!

With kindest regards &  
best wishes in which  
Will & Norman join,

Ever, dear Georg  
your affectionate Cousin

Ellen.

